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by the American press misses the story in Iran

by Edward W. Said



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Working Smarter

A new buzz-word is coming into vogue among people concerned about America's economic decline. The word is *reindustrialization* — as in "the reindustrialization of America." It bespeaks the need to revitalize the economy and reverse America's slide into an economic second-rater.

The marks of malaise are all around — unemployment lines, declining living standards, entire industries in trouble, whopping foreign trade deficits. Small wonder there's so much attention being focused on ways to reindustrialize America and get our economy back on a growth track. "Even the trendy set in economic policy has sensed that something is wrong in the American economy," says one economist.

One of the main things wrong is the stunting of productivity. Productivity, or output per employee, is a key measure of economic health. When productivity grows, so does the economy in real terms, raising people's living standards. When it declines, real economic growth slows and stagnates. Increased productivity also yields resources to meet public needs, such as reducing poverty and improving environmental quality.

America traditionally has led the world in overall productivity. It still does. But other countries are catching up. If current trends continue, Japan and West Germany can be expected to surpass us during this decade. Among the non-communist industrialized nations, the U.S. lags at the bottom in productivity growth. The grim results are higher prices, unemployment, lower real pay, and a blunting of U.S. competitiveness in world markets.

American productivity actually declined in 1979 for only the second time in the last three decades. It grew at about 3% a year during the 1950s and

1960s, then slumped to less than half that rate during the '70s. Had we maintained the 3% rate during the last decade, real U.S. output would now be about \$400 billion higher. Personal income would be up about \$4,000 per household.

Raising productivity doesn't mean working harder. It means working *smarter*. And this demands large doses of the twin I's — investment and innovation.

More money has to be channeled into capital investment for the modern plants and machines that enable people to work more efficiently and productively. Research and development must be stepped up in the quest for new technologies and innovative ways of doing things.

Whatever has happened to Yankee ingenuity, anyway? The number of U.S. patents issued to Americans has fallen 25% since 1971 while the number issued to foreigners has risen 14%. About 40% of the patents now issued by the U.S. go to people from other countries. America's most formidable foreign competitors, Japan and West Germany, outperform us both in capital investment and research and development measured as a percentage of total national output.

The reindustrialization of America must start with recognition that invigorating our productivity is a top imperative.

Policies and programs are needed to expand saving and investment, stimulate technological advances, enhance the climate for risk-taking and innovation, encourage adequate corporate profits, and ease the tax and regulatory burdens that undercut business' ability to create, compete, and produce.

Nothing less than a rebuilding of the nation's productive might is required if America is to regain its economic health.



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JANUARY 1981 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 262, NO. 1568

Adam Hochschild 16 ENLIGHTENED DESPOTISM

South Africa's government is attempting to build up a black middle class, but the gambit is doomed to failure.

Michael Klare 20 RESOURCE WARS

Despite the near impossibility of protecting imported raw materials—such as Persian Gulf oil—the navy has renewed its claim for unlimited expansion.

Edward W. Said 25 HIDING ISLAM

The press has lavished time, money, and energy on coverage of the Iranian revolution and the hostage crisis, but little has emerged save a few myths amounting to "Islam hates America."

T.N.R. Rogers 38 ARBOR DAY

A short story.

Geoffrey Moorhouse 46 THE MOONIES INVADE GLOUCESTER

Much to the displeasure of the townspeople, the followers of the Reverend Sun Moon have bought up waterfront property and outfitted boats to compete with local fishermen.

Theodore Roszak 54 IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS

Science is losing ground to the growing pursuit of strange visionary adventures by intellectuals.

John Michell 64 NATURAL LIKENESS

Faces and figures in nature.

ARTS AND LETTERS

POETRY

John Engels 44 THE DISCONNECTIONS

I. F. Stone 66 PLATO'S IDEAL BEDLAM

Some harsh words for philosopher kings.

BOOKS

John Lahr 72 DREAMERS OF THE DAY

Studs Terkel's America.

Jim Hougan 77 THE RUSSIANS HAVE

ARRIVED
Collaborators.

Sally Helgesen 81 INSTANT TRADITION

Erica Jong's eighteenth century.

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS

5 MacNelly

Lewis H. Lapham 8 THE EASY CHAIR

33 THE COUNSEL OF THE DEAD

34 THE PUBLIC RECORD

David Suter 37 THE MIND'S EYE

Tom Wolfe 43 IN OUR TIME

Steven Brodner 53 ARS POLITICA

Jeffrey Burke 83 AMERICAN
MISCELLANY

E.R. Galli and 88 PUZZLE
Richard Maltby, Jr. Abecedarian jigsaw.

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LETTERS

The gas guzzler's fate

William Tucker's long, rambling article never really explains its title, "The Wreck of the Auto Industry" [*Harper's*, November]. Even less accurate is the cover line, "Cheap gas put Detroit on the road to ruin." Certainly the industry has had its ups and downs, but it is hardly at the point of ruin, unless one considers only the Chrysler Corporation. On the other hand, GM is investing \$40 billion over the next four years on product and plant development—hardly "the road to ruin."

While U.S. auto manufacturers are indeed facing their greatest challenge ever, it should be remembered that overseas car manufacturers are in the same boat. Many knowledgeable industry people believe that with competition what it is, there will be increasing corporate mergers, to the point that before this decade expires there will probably only be eight major auto manufacturers worldwide.

On another note, Mr. Tucker quotes Mary Ann Keller, who pities the poor people left to operate the gas guzzlers built between 1976 and 1979 while well-off people can buy economy cars. Certainly, the "gas guzzlers" will continue to guzzle, at least from the point of view of some. Last year a well-off engineer friend of mine who has no aversion to saving money bought a used, rather clean 1976 Olds 98 Regency sedan, loaded with every possible option, at a distressed market selling price of \$2,000. He figured that over a five-year period, with average driving of 12,000 miles per year, this car would annually consume about 380 more gallons of gas (at 13 MPG) than the new 22-MPG compact he looked at. At an average of \$2 per gallon over those five years, his additional running cost would be \$3,800, which together with the purchase price (\$2,000) works out to \$5,800, still considerably less

than a new, smaller economy car.

In return, he says, his bargain-priced "gas guzzler" provides him with all the power he will ever need, comfort, and a greater accident safety margin.

If this is typical, it sort of makes one wonder if the poor folks won't have the last laugh.

J. RUTLEDGE
Birmingham, Mich

I am somewhat less than convinced by William Tucker's apology for the American auto industry. Tucker asserts that we are all fools to suspect that the oil embargo of 1973 was anything less than the real thing. I'm not at all sure of that. To quote from "Ten Ways to Break OPEC," by Craig Karpel, in *Harper's*, January 1979:

What we experienced in the winter of 1973-74 was a pseudo-embargo. The flow of non-Arab OPEC oil to Western countries continued as usual. The flow of Arab OPEC oil did not continue as usual: it increased....

Tucker would have us gullibly chew the many reports of various journalists who state that much more exists than the Seven Sisters want us to know about. He'd simply allow the American Petroleum Institute to lead us down the road to drastic oil price hikes, unconscionable inflation, soaring oil company profits, and, of course, such necessary evils as nuclear power plants, presumably to rid us of dependence on those nasty Arabs.

Tucker would have us revive the spirit of the "free-market system," using the plight of the auto companies to demonstrate that such a system is just a myth after all: *There are poor old Ford and Chrysler under their beds to keep up with the awful whims of the cantankerous public, and just looking their shirts in the process.* If we feel sorry enough for them, we worry mind so much the huge federal loan

to bail them out of the fact that they simply mismanaged their markets.

JAY E. HENDON

Having just read William Tucker's piece on "The Wreck of the Auto Industry," all I can say is that he is one good reporter. It is the most accurate, straightforward, factual account of a piece of history with which I was involved that I've yet encountered.

CLIFFORD D. MERRIOTT
Director, News Relations
Public Relations Staff
General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

Although William Tucker touched some bases in his cogent and insightful dissection of a largely self-induced, nasty malaise, he nonetheless missed a couple of bags to home plate.

He failed to mention the innate degeneracy of character within this grotesque oligopoly that has striven since World War II to make cars ever more cheaply (as opposed to inexpensively) and to pour dollars into huckstering them. The conscious, institutionalized policy of "Detroit"—a term used to

denote everyone who must follow General Monster's sorry leads—has been to cut corners to a point of homicidal negligence and then brag about its concern for safety. Robert Kennedy once pinned down the head of GM, on the stand, to admitting that General Motors reinvested less than one percent of its profits in safety work.

Real safety and comfort (support for the body, not gadgetry) begins with maneuverability; the braking, suspension systems, and overall handling of most Detroit iron are scandalous, and have been for about thirty-five years. There will never be a true assessment of the damages done and anguish suffered from being victimized for obscene profits and then laughed at for seeking relief.

ROY E. TRABAND
Amarillo, Tex.

William Tucker let the industry off too easily in his article. It must share culpability with ridiculously low fuel costs. I say this because every time I turn around I find that I am Mr. Average Citizen, and here is what I did over the years.

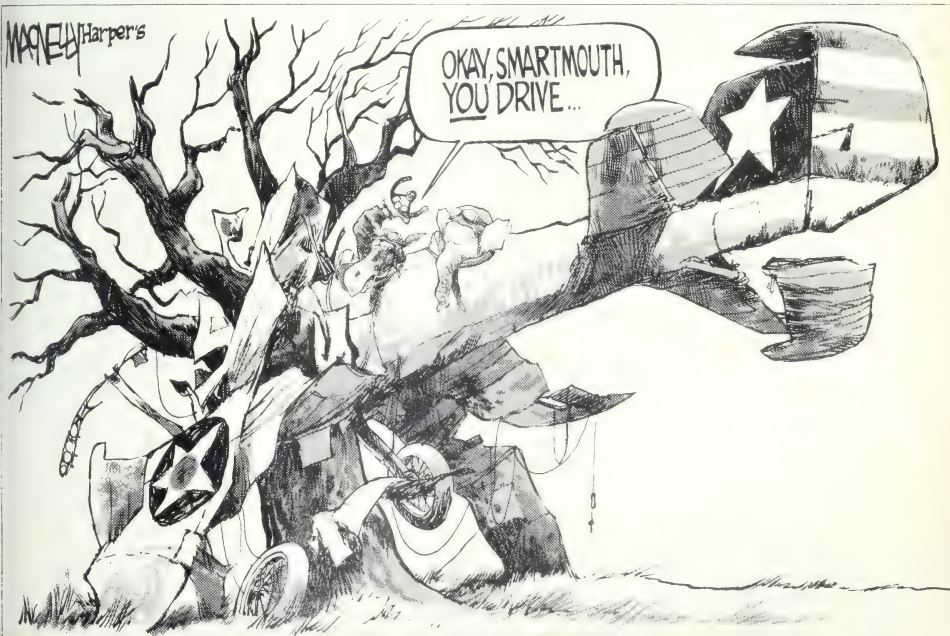
Tucker mentioned that the first compacts came out in 1959. In 1960 I traded in a Cadillac for a Plymouth Valiant. But later Valiants got fatter.

He said that the Mustang came out in 1964. Well, I bought one in 1965. The Mustang then proceeded to start bulging at the seams, and took on macho names like Mach 1.

He observed that trouble began to build for Detroit in 1970. My one-year lag time (of which I was then quite unaware) again asserted itself, and in 1971 I bought my first Japanese-made car.

Since then I have driven Pintos and Vegas and Hornets and other small American cars as rentals on business trips, with disappointing results. They all fell miserably short of my Japanese model, and I simply gave up on Detroit. I bought a Japanese station wagon in 1976 and another Japanese coupe this year. The decisions to buy were based on a mix of both quality and economy, a mix not available in American cars.

I hope for our economy's sake that the new lines of cars are good, but I remain a skeptic. It is my conclusion



that Detroit made the mistake years ago of assuming that small means cheap.

ROBERT H. PASCHALL
Sacramento, Calif.

WILLIAM TUCKER REPLIES:

I take Mr. Rutledge's letter as convincing proof that America's love affair with the big car may not be over.

The letters from Mr. Paschall and Mr. Traband are typical of many other responses I have heard to the article. They run as follows: (1) Detroit has skimped on safety, fought air-pollution standards, run obnoxious advertising campaigns, and acted like an oligopoly; (2) the auto companies are now in big trouble; (3) *ergo*, the auto industry is in trouble *because* the companies have skimped on safety, created pollution; and so on.

I can heartily agree with at least a few of these criticisms of the auto industry. But the point of my article is that none of these factors even begins to explain the condition in which the industry now finds itself.

The fundamental question is this: Why did people buy big cars in record-breaking numbers from January 1976 to January 1979, despite the general knowledge of an "energy crisis," and why did they suddenly *stop* buying them after that?

The conventional answer has been that Detroit made us all buy big cars during the period because it has big advertising budgets and can manipulate consumers. The question then remains, if the auto companies could make people buy big cars from 1976 to 1979, why couldn't they make people do the same from 1973 to 1975, and why can't they do it now?

The only conceivable explanation is that the direction of car sales has been governed by gas prices, as the graph included in the article clearly shows. Unfortunately, gas prices have been governed by the U.S. Congress since 1973. When Congress lowered the price of gas in 1976 and kept it down until 1979, people responded by buying big cars. When Iranian production was shut down and international oil prices (over which Congress has no control) took off, in 1979, people stopped buying big cars. The subsequent recession has kept all car sales down, although big cars are doing much more poorly than small cars.

I don't mean to suggest that people wouldn't have discovered foreign cars and bought more of them if gas prices hadn't been kept under controls in 1976, as Mr. Paschall suggests. The auto companies probably would have made less money during the period, and the Japanese and Germans probably would have done better. The point is, we would have avoided the roller-coaster ride of drastic, overnight shifts in the entire public buying pattern, which no company can survive, no matter how well it plans. I doubt Chrysler would have made it in any case, but the company might have stayed in good enough shape to make an attractive merger with Volkswagen, which was suggested several times, rather than having to throw itself on the U.S. government.

As for Mr. Hendon's quotation from Craig Karpel's article, I can only tell him that it is easy to take a few isolated sets of statistics and "prove" anything. Arab production may have risen for the whole of 1973, but what about American production? The fact is, it was falling. In addition, those were the days when American consumer demand still rose at about 4-5 percent a year. Perhaps the Arab oil embargo of 1973 was simply a mirage.

Personally, though, I prefer the *prima facie* case, rather than elaborate conspiracy theories. If we believe that the changing situation in supply and demand for world oil is simply a plot hatched by a few oil barons, then all we have to do is throw those people in jail, or perhaps line them up before a firing squad, and our troubles are over. It's been tried many times before. But if we think that our problems involve changing resource patterns, shifts of economic realities, and an unprecedented dependence on whole nations of people whom we know very little about and who do not necessarily share our view of the world, then probably we can start making the effort to confront the new realities. Personally, I prefer the latter course, simply because in the end it will involve less risk.

Celluloid heroes

Sally Helgesen's attack on Woody Allen in "The Man in the Movies" in the October *Harper's* is inspired by

such a fine sense of indignation that it's too bad the facts simply won't accommodate her rage. When she says that "in order to conceive of Woody Allen as a sex symbol, an ideal, a woman must... abandon the idea that a good man is a loving father, a reliable provider, a self-confident lover and, should it prove necessary, a brave soldier," one wonders which movie she is writing about. There are so nicely understated scenes in *Manhattan* that show a loving father spending a day in New York with his son. In *Play It Again, Sam*; *Annie Hall*; *The Front*; and *Manhattan* Allen plays characters who all have high-paying, professional jobs—that is, men who transcend mere reliability as providers. In *Manhattan* his scenes with Mariel Hemingway very specifically underline his character's sexual competence.

This attempted emasculation of Woody Allen is excessive, but the excess is outdone by an even grander pronouncement when Helgesen subsequently dismisses Philip Roth, Jack Kerouac, and Norman Mailer as mere literary adolescents. Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Jimmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart, and Spencer Tracy, she says were heroes who were "never, ever" childish. I grew up watching the movies made by these men and, for openers, Helgesen should know that James Stewart's screen persona was virtually defined in the Thirties and Forties by one of the same words she uses to pillory Woody Allen—namely, *confused*. He was a master at portraying confused men back then, in movies like *The Shop Around the Corner* and *It's a Wonderful Life*, and he continued to do so throughout the Fifties and Sixties in movies like *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, *The Flight of the Phoenix*, and *Bell, Book, and Candle*. Moreover, in *Harvey*, probably his best-known role in the Forties, he played the part of someone who was quintessentially childish. To be sure, Stewart played other kinds of people too, which is what an actor does—and we are talking about an actor, not the one-dimensional icon of an imagination.

Cooper? Isn't he the actor who played John Doe and Sergeant York Tracy? I fear that Helgesen will have to agree that those were childish jinks he was up to with Clark Gable in

Boom Town—of which Bosley Crowther noted in his review "at the time, 'But when the story is turned into the channels of human frailties—when Mr. Gable and Mr. Tracy take to squabbling childishly, mainly because the latter thinks the former is not doing right by Miss Colbert—then it and they begin to lose drive and direction.' Nor, I'm afraid, is the venerable Duke himself exempt from this purge. In all honesty, was his behavior with Capucine in *North to Alaska* or with Maureen O'Hara in *McClintock* more or less childish than Woody Allen's behavior with any of his female costars in any of his movies?

The really astonishing thing about Helgesen's essay, though, is the enigmatic contention that the childish male hero in the movies is a product of Method acting, and that it began with Brando. The tradition of the mummer as hero is as old as the movies. It started with Chaplin and has been sustained for more than half a century by innumerable others, among them Danny Kaye, Red Skelton, Bob Hope, the Marx Brothers, Jerry Lewis, and Woody Allen. They all usually got the girl in the end, too. The point I think Helgesen misses is a very simple one: the mask worn by the mummer often conceals an intellect and cleverness that make the traditional matinee idol seem dull and ponderous by comparison.

LARRY TRITTEN
San Francisco, Calif.

Sally Helgesen's essay, "The Man in the Movies," was brilliant. I've never seen those arguments expressed so well. She was perfectly forthright in her presentation; everything followed from her personal declaration, which was made without the slightest qualification.

Helgesen's comments about Brando were good, but I have one bone of contention. She did not mention his role in *On the Waterfront*, perhaps because that character is the exception to the rule. His character in that film initially demonstrated adolescent characteristics, but the beauty of *Waterfront* was director Kazan's ability to follow the character's rise to manhood—precisely the type of courageous manhood that Helgesen finds lacking. The exception of this one character is important because it combines a

truly heroic character with the realism that is often missing in the "John Wayne" characters.

Anyway, good show.

DAVID ASMAN
New York, N.Y.

In the October issue Sally Helgesen bemoans the disappearance of the classic film hero who was prevalent before 1950. The relationships of this image to earlier times, a severe depression, and a massive war are neatly overlooked. Her lack of scholarship is made more glaring, however, when she goes on to denigrate the achievements in film of the last twenty years. The realism, relevance, power, and artistic success of such films have been acclaimed by the public and knowledgeable critics. If Ms. Helgesen's superficiality is not enough of an affront in a magazine such as *Harper's*, she goes on to suggest that "we would all do well to inhibit the display of those weaknesses and failings that do society no good." These exact words have been used by Nazi Germany and modern Russia in controlling the arts. Is Ms. Helgesen putting us on, is she an agent of Phyllis Schlafly, or is she just one woman who is disappointed with male sexuality?

DAVID K. BERLER, M.D.
Arena Stage Board Member
Washington, D.C.

I found Sally Helgesen's reflections in "The Man in the Movies" well focused and fascinating. I agree with her thesis: "the celluloid image has proven a powerful means of influencing human behavior and style."

As a teenager, I saw my mother imitating Clara Bow and Theda Bara. In my twenties, I was pleased when one friend called me "Ann Sheridan" and another called me "Olivia de Havilland." When I was in my forties, a young woman who worked with me on Park Avenue said to me: "I can't make up my mind whether I'm Marilyn Monroe or Grace Kelly." I saw her as an auburn-haired actress.

Now, at age 63, I'd be more flattered to be likened to Eleanor Roosevelt or Margaret Mead.

The trouble with young women enamored of men who are confused, ambivalent, timid, and inarticulate is that these traits bring out predatory traits in them: manipulation, domina-

tion, browbeating, and coyness.

Men reveal the same traits when women allow themselves to be sex objects.

MABEL M. JASUT
Newington, Conn.

SALLY HELGESEN REPLIES:

Most of those who objected to my argument seemed to believe that I am "hung up" on some stiff, aggressively macho image of the male. Larry Tritten is an example. I cannot share his idealistic vision of "a loving father spending a day in New York with his son," when that same loving father has left his family to shack up with a teenager; I can't automatically assume that any man who holds a "high-paying professional job" is necessarily a reliable provider, especially when I see no evidence that the man is providing for anyone except himself. When I say that certain earlier movie heroes were not childish, I do not mean to imply that they were never carefree, irresponsible, madcap, idealistic, contentious, or wrong-headed. I mean, rather, that a neurotic bratty pride in their own ambivalence and self-pity was not the repeated theme of their every film. Moreover, these actors did not write and direct their own films and so were not responsible for presenting their audience with a coyly autobiographical persona.

I see no objection specific enough to answer in David Berler's letter. I can only say that if I *am* one more woman disappointed in the general tenor of modern male sexuality, so what? Better that than being a Nazi agent or a put-on artist.

David Asman points out that I did not mention Brando's performance in *On the Waterfront*. That is because this role was an exception to my thesis.

I don't believe that I have confused actors with their roles on the screen. What concerns me, and what I was writing about, is the public's infatuation with the portrayal of adolescent attitudes and behavior in grown men.

ERRATUM

In Kevin Phillips's article "An American Parliament" (*Harper's*, November), Andrew Jackson (page 19) should have read Andrew Johnson.

REAGAN'S ACADEMY AWARD

All the King's horses and all the King's men

by Lewis H. Lapham

ON THE SATURDAY evening after the presidential election I was driving across New York's Triborough Bridge when I noticed, between the bridge and Yankee Stadium, a neon sign flashing the message GOOD LUCK REAGAN. The words alternated with readings of the time and temperature (5:23 P.M., 47° Fahrenheit), and they appeared at the base of a billboard raised up on the rubble of the East Harlem slum. Not knowing who owned the billboard, or who had thought it worthwhile to buy space on Mr. Reagan's behalf, I couldn't decide whether the intention was sentimental or sardonic. Depending on the inflection of the voice, I could hear the words pronounced either as a pious wish or a cynical farewell.

The ambiguity of the greeting corresponded to the irony implicit in the view to the west. From a height or a distance New York always seems a beautiful and resplendent city, and on this particular evening it was made lovelier by grace of a northwest wind that had blown away the usual burden of smoke. The dark wall of buildings glittered with light, and the sky was the color of roses. So magnificent was the effect that it might have been thought unpatriotic to observe that, in the streets below the neon sign, the going price for burning an empty tenement stood at \$100 (\$400 if people happened to live in the place) and that nine-year-old boys could earn \$3,000 a day selling heroin to their peers.

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

For four days the newspapers had been describing the magnitude of Mr. Reagan's victory as if it were an event comparable in historical importance to the Norman conquest of Britain. American opinion supposedly had shifted heavily to the right, bringing to an end something called "the era of liberalism" and bestowing upon Mr. Reagan a mandate to take down the stage scenery backing the romance of social justice. The city's most eminent journalists had retired into confused abstraction, shuffling through their notes and polls in search of an explanation for a result that none of them had foreseen. In the literary salons it was being said that the Visigoths had sacked the Senate, that the warmongering professors who ordinarily confined their adventurism to the pages of *Commentary* would soon be working out the logistics for a siege of Moscow, that the multinational corporations had hired a mouthpiece eloquent in his defense of greed, and that the evangelical rabble from the Middle West was already dragging its tents and Bibles into Washington.

Few elections offer a text so easily explicated. Mr. Reagan's "landslide" (the third such marvel in the last five elections) rested as much on paradox and contradiction as it did on the spending of Republican money for television commercials. As follows:

The ambiguous good news. Mr. Reagan presented himself as the candidate bringing hope, faith, freedom, and pros-

perity to an electorate sorely in need of good news. As opposed to President Jimmy Carter, who spoke so mournfully about the passing of the American dream, Mr. Reagan held out the promise of a bright future. Maybe it was a fatuous promise and an illusory future, no more substantial than the idiot blessing of a California parking lot attendant reminding his patrons to "Have a Nice Day," but at least Mr. Reagan gave people an excuse to believe that the next ten years might be better than the last ten years. This is probably as much of a future, or as much of a campaign platform, as any politician can be expected to provide. Certainly Mr. Reagan didn't articulate a coherent system of social or economic thought. Nor did he attempt anything so foolish as a political agenda. He made do with slogans and amiable improvisations, the charm of his persona embodied in the sweetness of his actor's voice, calmly reassuring his audience that once again all would be well, that nobody would be trampled to death in the escape from the burning theater.

The Democratic party had nothing to say about even a spurious future. Mr. Carter spoke of perils beyond measure, of poisoned seas and dwindling stores of money and light, of blacks and Jews tearing at each other in second-class restaurants, of Russians armed with invincible weapons. He cast his politics as a medical report instead of a lullaby, and the voters turned away from him as if from the spectacle of death.

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"Doesn't back up the facts ...flawed."

This one won the Gerald Loeb Award for Distinguished Business and Financial Journalism.

"Hysterical ranting... propaganda."

This one won the Amos Tuck School (Dartmouth) Media Award for Economic Understanding.

"Not able to organize his material."

This one won the University of Missouri School of Journalism Award for Business Journalism.

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This one won the Overseas Press Club Mary Hemingway Award.

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Harper's.
The battlefield of the mind.

But so also did the voters turn away from everything else that conspired against their intimations of immortality. By getting rid of Jimmy Carter they hoped to get rid of all the other ills afflicting the nation. When questioned as to their reasons for voting for Mr. Reagan, a majority of the respondents mentioned something they were against—inflation, unemployment, David Rockefeller, the Russians, taxes, abortion, real-estate prices, the poor quality of hotel service, the taste of frozen orange juice.

When taken together with the eighty million eligible voters who didn't bother to go to the polls, Mr. Reagan's majority might be said to embody a mandate of rage, disappointment, impotence, resentment, and disgust—all of it directed not only against the hapless Mr. Carter but also against the very idea of politics.

If the more cheerful augurs could read in the entrails of the election a renewed faith in the prospects of American democracy, their more skeptical colleagues could as easily read the same signs as the harbingers of anarchy. A political system decays when large numbers of reasonable and high-minded people come to the conclusion that politics is beneath them, that the familiar political speech no longer answers to the complexities of the age, and that only demagogues of the worst sort would prostitute themselves to the lust for simplification. Democratic government succeeds not because majorities win elections but because minorities submit to being governed by the results. Last November the statistical majority neither won nor consented to lose; in the name of conscience it reserved the right to disobey.

Christian values. All the authorities agreed that Mr. Reagan derived much of his support from the evangelical congregations, among them Christian Voice and Moral Majority, Inc., which were determined to reawaken the Christian faith among a populace gone sick with atheistic humanism. This interpretation offers the irony of Mr. Reagan, the candidate of marriage and the family, entering the White House as the first president of the United States ever to have been divorced. One of his sons, a ballet dancer, lives in a state of sin with a young woman in New York's

Greenwich Village. Given the suspicions aroused in the Christian mind by both the ballet and the artistic quarters of society, how is it possible that nobody thought to mention the subject in all those churches in which Mr. Reagan was welcomed with a grateful murmuring of *amens*?

Nor did anybody seem troubled by the prospect of so many Republican oligarchs buying membership in Paradise as if it were a country club only slightly less restrictive in its admissions policy than Bel Air or Palm Desert. If the revival-meeting Christians take the Bible as seriously as their sermons imply, I assume that as a remedy for the feeling of envy they have frequent recourse to the nostrum about it being easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. But Mr. Reagan, himself a man rich in the patronage of Mammon, stands at the head of a political party devoted to the amassing of wealth on a scale that would have embarrassed Pharaoh. The candidate referred to this acquisitiveness as "Americanism" (a good thing), as distinct from "materialism" (a bad and probably Japanese thing).

IT IS A CREDIT to Mr. Reagan's grasp of American politics that he resolved the theatrical dilemma by recognizing the inseparable union of church and state. Ordinarily this is an insight vouchsafed only to an incumbent president. When Jimmy Carter campaigned for office in 1976, he promised to rid Washington of the Pharisees who defiled the temples of government with their lies and wars. Once invested with the robes of office, Mr. Carter discovered what his predecessors had always known—that the crimes of government were mere illusions and that the power of the presidency was sufficiently miraculous to make the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

Addressing a congregation of the Reverend Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority, Inc., in Lynchburg, Virginia, a few weeks before the election, Mr. Reagan made a more elaborate statement of the same truth. He began by talking about the Supreme Court decision that had restrained the authorities from reciting morning prayers in the public

schools. If God had not been expelled from the classroom, Mr. Reagan said, the United States would be a lot better off. He didn't explain the reason for God's expulsion, but he was quite sure that the disciplinary action hadn't been God's fault. God had not been caught stealing football helmets or selling cocaine on the playground. He had not been trapped in the act of bribery by an FBI agent posing as an Arab nor had He been arrested, like Congressman Robert Bauman (Rep.-Md.), for making sexual advances toward a sixteen-year-old boy. No, God had behaved in an exemplary manner throughout His long attendance in American schools, and so His dismissal was obviously the result of some chicanery, probably (although Mr. Reagan didn't say so) the work of Communists.

If God wasn't at His desk, then conceivably He might be a truant, wandering along a railroad track or hanging out with a crowd of delinquents in a massage parlor. But this wasn't like God. He had always been an orderly and upright youth, good at His lessons and dutiful in His service to the prejudices of the community in which He happened to find Himself, and so maybe He had become a politician.

Governor Reagan didn't pursue this line of speculation, but he gave his audience in Lynchburg reason to hope that something of the sort may have occurred when he said, "The halls of government are well nigh as sacred as the churches, temples, and synagogues of our religions."

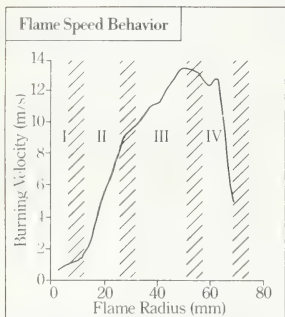
If God has taken up residence in the halls of government, then the confusions of the last few years can be quite easily explained. God had been testing the faith of the people and weighing the coin of their belief on the scale of His opinion poll. When confronted with Richard Nixon's iniquity, or with Henry Kissinger's Christmas bombing of Vietnam, the weak and the faint of heart made lamentations in the newspapers and corrupted themselves with the luxury of doubt. But these were people of little faith, deceived by the ways in which God moved so mysteriously through the halls of government. They noticed that a host of minor politicians routinely plundered the public treasury, but they failed to understand that the politicians did this in order to prove that the riches of this earth

The Turbulence Parameter



The Turbulence Parameter

Energy-efficient operation of the internal combustion engine requires the highly turbulent movement of fuel and air in the chamber. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories provide a new basis for determining what degree of turbulence will get the most work from each drop of fuel.



Burning velocity plotted as a function of flame radius. Combustion stages are indicated by roman numerals.

High-speed photographs showing flame evolution (lasting six milliseconds) through four stages: initiation (I), flame growth (II), full development (III), termination (IV).

WITHOUT TURBULENCE, the highly agitated motion of cylinder gases, combustion would take place too slowly for the gasoline engine to function. Predicting combustion behavior in order to design engines with greater fuel efficiency depends upon understanding the relationship between vital, turbulent gas motions and burning rate. The challenge is to quantify this relationship—a complex task made more difficult by the requirements of measuring a transient event occurring in a few milliseconds within a small, confined space.

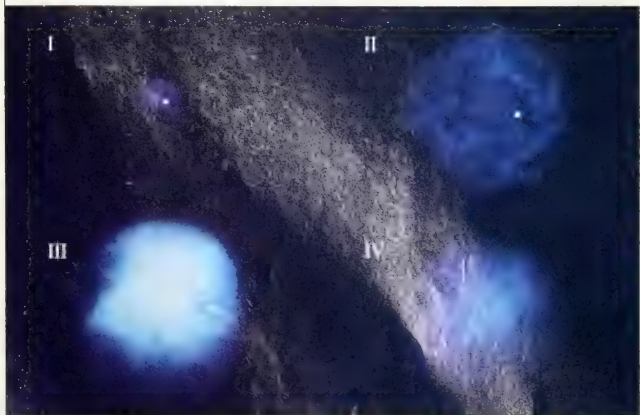
New knowledge of how turbulence affects flame speed has been revealed in fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories by

Drs. Frederic Matekunas and Edward Groff. Their investigatory results have been incorporated into a model that successfully predicts the effect of engine design and operating conditions on power and fuel economy.

The researchers separated their experiments into two phases. In the first phase, they measure turbulence in the engine cylinder. In the second phase, they determined flame speeds over a broad range of operating conditions. Testing took place in a specially designed, single-cylinder engine equipped with a transparent piston to permit high-speed filming of the combustion event.

Hot-wire anemometry was applied to measure the turbulent flows while the engine was operated without combustion. Instantaneous velocities were calculated from the anemometer signals and simultaneous measurements of gas temperature and pressure. More than 400,000 pieces of data were processed for each ten-second measurement period.

The significant measure of turbulence is its "intensity," defined as the fluctuating component of velocity. Because conditions in the cylinder are both transient within cycles and variant between cycles, separating the fluctuating and mean components of velocity is inherently difficult. The researchers overcame this problem by using a probe with two orthogonal wires properly aligned with the direction of the mean flow.



In the combustion phase, tests were performed at over one hundred operating conditions of varied spark timing, spark plug location, engine speed and intake valve geometry. Detailed thermodynamic analyses were applied to the recorded cylinder pressures to calculate flame speeds throughout combustion. High-speed films were analyzed frame by frame to validate flame speeds and to characterize how gas motions influence the initial flame.

The researchers used these measured flame speeds, turbulence intensities, and the conditions under which they occurred to formulate a burning law for engine flames. They divided the combustion event into four stages. The initiation stage begins with ignition and ends as the flame grows to consume one percent of the fuel mass. In the second stage, the flame accelerates and thickens in response to the turbulent field. The third stage exhibits peak flame speed. In the final stage, the thick flame interacts increasingly with the chamber walls and decelerates.

OVER THE RANGE of turbulent intensities encountered in engines, the researchers were able to describe the turbulent burning velocity, S_T , during the critical third stage of combustion with the expression:

$$S_T = 2.0 S_L + 1.2 u' P_R^{0.82} \beta$$

S_L , the laminar flame speed—a known function of pressure, temperature and mixture composition—is the flame speed that would exist without turbulence. The variable u' is the turbulence intensity. P_R represents a pressure ratio accounting for combustion-induced compression of the unburned mixture. The dimensionless factor β accounts for the effect of spark timing on geometric distortion of the flame which occurs during the first combustion stage and persists into the later stages.

The researchers also observed that the burning velocity in the second stage increases in proportion to flame radius, and that in predicting the energy release rate from the burning velocity equation, it is necessary to account for the finite flame-front thickness.

"The form of our burning equation," says Dr. Matekunas, "shows a satisfying resemblance to expressions for non-engine flames. This helps link complex engine combustion phenomena to the existing body of knowledge on turbulent flames."

"We see this extension," adds Dr. Groff, "as a significant step toward optimizing fuel economy in automotive engines."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Matekunas and Groff are senior engineers in the Engine Research Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.



Both researchers hold undergraduate and graduate degrees in the field of mechanical engineering.

Dr. Matekunas (right) received his M.S. and Ph. D. from Purdue University, where he completed graduate work in advanced optics applications.

Dr. Groff (left) received an M.S. from California Institute of Technology and a Ph. D. from The Pennsylvania State University. His doctoral thesis explored the combustion of liquid metals.

General Motors welcomed Dr. Matekunas to its staff in 1973, and Dr. Groff in 1977.



General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

are as nothing when compared to the rewards of Heaven.

The unnecessary Utopia. The Democrats win elections when enough people think that the government can build Utopia in the temporal wilderness. The Republicans win election when Utopia doesn't appear on the ballot. If the Kingdom of Heaven already stands revealed in Grosse Pointe or Palm Beach, then what is the point of going to the trouble of constructing a paltry substitute for the poor? The corollary fantasy holds that if everybody looks out for his own interest the common interest will take care of itself. Republican economists describe this process as the working of Adam Smith's invisible hand, which, like the household staff in "Upstairs, Downstairs," finds itself more generously rewarded in private service.

The most intricate of the ironies implicit in the November election thus has to do with the value placed on words. Probably what defeated Mr. Carter and elected Mr. Reagan was the obsolescence of the liberal Democratic notion that the United States would govern the world with adjectives, that for military victory and economic supremacy it could substitute the rhetoric of sublime moralism. The notion has been current for thirty years, as characteristic of leftist intellectuals wallowed up in the universities as of the media operatives at large in the realms of policy. To the extent that enough people thought the wealth of the United States infinite, it was possible to design schemes for redistributing that wealth on the premise that the government could impose an infinite succession of taxes. The dominant opinion held that the United States could have it both ways—guns and butter, peace and war, profit and well-being, wealth and nobleness of soul, art and fame. Under this system of childlike belief, law became an applied science and politics a department of engineering.

Unfortunately, like so many of the journalists who backed his campaign for the presidency in 1976, Mr. Carter believed in the rule of words. He had little appreciation of the sources of power different from his own, and he relied, together with the rest of the Democratic establishment, on parables and exhortations.

Although Mr. Reagan apparently also believes that the United States can have it both ways, he undoubtedly recognizes the existence of powers other than those available to the paid entertainment. Mr. Reagan is an accommodating man who has made it his lifelong habit to defer to his social and financial superiors. As an actor he makes use of words, but they do not bind him to a mythology, and he doesn't think of them as magical incantations. He reads a script, not a manifesto or a sermon. When, on the night of the election, his victory had become plain to him, he gave what amounted to an Academy Award speech on the stage of the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, accepting an Oscar for best performance by a supporting actor with the appropriate show of gratitude for the director, the grips, the costar, and all the other wonderful people who had made possible the most "humbling moment in my life."

Given Mr. Reagan's ingratiating manner, his actor's lack of interest in the meaning of words instills a sense of confidence rather than alarm. The same thing cannot be said of the political cadres employed by the fanatical right wing of the Republican party to vilify those liberal senators (Messrs. Bayh, McGovern, Culver, and Church) whom they nominated as enemies of the state. By reducing words to objects, the Christian propagandists transformed language into stone, thereby forming an ecumenical union with those totalitarian states against which they hurled the clichés of freedom.

The new beginning. Although I doubt that the country has become more conservative than it was two weeks or twenty years before the election, I think it probable that people wish to feel more conservative. They talk about restoring old values and old houses in the same way they talk about Mr. Reagan's economic and foreign policy. If in the 1970s it was thought fashionable to indulge an expensive habit for cocaine or divorce, in the 1980s it will probably be thought fashionable to stay married and drink gin.

During the last two decades of the twentieth century the scientific revolution that has been gaining momentum for eighty years promises to accelerate

the rate of change at computer speed. At the dawn of a new era, the United States chooses to elect a president who literate in the sciences, a man born in 1911 (six years before the birth of John F. Kennedy), whose ideas about international affairs correspond to those of Teddy Roosevelt. In the ecological, as well as the economic and political, sciences the lines of recent discovery point toward the existence of an interdependent world that has become, for all practical purposes, one nation. But Mr. Reagan still mumbles the threats of an antique nationalism as quaint and appealing as the Fourth-of-July cannonade in colonial Williamsburg.

Among Mr. Reagan's fervent admirers the wish to believe in the simplicity of the lost frontier override the contradictions implicit in his rhetoric. And so, for the time being at least, it doesn't matter that Mr. Reagan champions "the right to life" while promising to give full employment to those arms manufacturers who used to be called, in a simpler age, "the merchants of death"; it doesn't matter that for all of Mr. Reagan's talk about "free enterprise," the corporation that he would rescue from the toils of government regulation depend for much of their profit on government subsidy. Mr. Reagan offers to substitute happy problems for sad problems and perhaps the most instructive of all the ironies attendant upon his election was suggested by something that Nancy Reagan said to a reporter from *The [London] Observer* during the last week of the campaign.

"Ronald," she said, "really hates to have conflict around him. He doesn't want to have to get on the plane having to hold his stomach."

Neither do the children in East Hampton like to have to hold their stomachs though more from hunger than from the pangs of anxiety. Mr. Reagan will need all the luck he can get, which only a churl would begrudge either him or the rest of us, but the idea of democracy rests on incessant conflict (between old and young, rich and poor, capital and labor, city and country, yours and mine), and if Mr. Reagan doesn't have the stomach for it, the all the gold in Fort Knox and all the missiles in all the silos in Kansas won't put Humpty Dumpty together again. □

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ENLIGHTENED DESPOTISM

South Africa against the world

by Adam Hochschild

IN THE CENTER of downtown Johannesburg is an old 20th Century-Fox movie theater. Its sloping floor is now cleared of seats, but the walls still have decorative plaster bas-reliefs of an odd mixture of musical instruments, bells, painter's palettes. Today, however, the debris a black workman is sweeping up is not popcorn but shell casings. At the candy counter out front, the manager is selling lead bullet heads in lots of 100, packed in small cardboard trays with plastic wrap over them, like steaks in a supermarket.

Most white homes in South Africa have firearms, and Gun City is one of five shooting ranges in Johannesburg. Business is good. In the last year, which has seen the country's worst racial turmoil since the Soweto uprisings of 1976, it has been very good indeed. About forty people a day come in to shoot, 20 percent of them women. Along with the bullets and pistols you can rent bulbous yellow ear protectors to muffle the noise. There is no doubt about who the eventual target of all this firing is to be: at the end of each of Gun City's nineteen shooting bays, a target frame holds the silhouette of a black man, head lowered, a pistol in his right hand pointing directly at you.

All this, of course, is not unexpected here. One of the stories foreign journalists always file when they troop to South Africa to cover the country's latest upheaval is a feature on whites holding target practice. Nevertheless, the manager of Gun City, an affable, talkative man named Henry Fester, is not even white. He is a mulatto, or, as they say in South Africa, Coloured. "I have taught Indians, Africans, Coloureds here at my range," he says. "You have to have a permit to have a

Adam Hochschild is on the editorial board of Mother Jones.

firearm, but if you are a capable person and have a good business going that you need to protect, they'll grant it to you no matter what color you are."

That Gun City has gone multiracial is a macabre symbol of some of the recent changes in South Africa. Compared to the early 1960s, when I last spent a good deal of time here, differences I saw on a visit earlier this year are striking. Black traffic policemen now carry guns. There is talk of inducting blacks into the army in large numbers, as did the white regime in Rhodesia. Johannesburg and the other big cities are sprinkled with integrated hotels, restaurants, theaters, and even private schools. In the streets are blacks with business suits and briefcases. If, like all too many visiting diplomats and businessmen, you want to convince yourself that integration is progressing, it is easy to do so.

THE CHANGES in part reflect the dominance of the *verligte* ("enlightened") elements in the ruling Afrikaner community, who have won the most recent round of infighting against the *verkrampte* ("narrow") hardliners. Under Prime Minister Pieter W. Botha, the *verligtes* have consolidated their hold on the government through Cabinet reshuffles and other complex bureaucratic maneuvering. The *verligtes* believe that the best chance for the country's white minority to remain in power is to abandon the more outlandish rigidities of apartheid and build up a black middle class. The class, they hope, will identify with whites and, in the long run, act as a buffer against the great mass of blacks pushing for equal rights. Thus in the cities you

now find a number of blacks in white-collar jobs, well paid enough to afford hitherto whites-only luxuries like TVs and cars. PARKING FOR NON-WHITE PERMIT HOLDERS ONLY, reads a sign at the Johannesburg railway station.

Some *verligtes* would go still further, and believe, for example, in doing away with things like the Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act and the Immorality Act, which make interracial sex a crime. When Prime Minister Botha cautiously said in Parliament that he wanted to "improve" the two acts, an Opposition member asked how. By allowing sex between the races on certain days? In certain cities? With a permit?

With a white population that is only 10 percent of the country's total, the *verligtes* are urgently trying to buy time. There are other parts to their gamble, too, of course, such as the creation of the Bantustan homelands in the black rural areas. But that effort has been falling on hard times recently: all other nations of the world still refuse to recognize the three officially independent Bantustans. Moreover, in some of the other Bantustans, even the conservative chiefs that the South African government installed at the head of these regimes have refused the "independence" Botha is so eager to give them.

And so the government has shifted its emphasis back to trying to build up the black middle class in the cities: for example, the government this year announced increases in spending on urban black education. But that gambit is doomed to failure. For there is simply no way middle-class prosperity could ever expand to include a sizable percentage of the black population without making white South Africans pay a greater price than most would

be willing to do. South Africa's position as the continent's most industrialized nation (with 6 percent of Africa's population, it has 45 percent of the telephones, 48 percent of the tractors, and generates 60 percent of the electricity) is dependent on the use of low-paid black labor. In 1975 the average white in South Africa earned 8.6 times the income of the average African. That, and not segregated park benches, is the essence of apartheid. If these black workers were ever paid even half-way decent wages, factories would go out of business, many mines would no longer be profitable to operate, and, for the first time in history, millions of white South Africans would have to do their own laundry. Until their backs are to the sea, most whites will be unwilling to abandon one of the world's most leisured life-styles. So universal are African servants in white homes here that even a Toyota commercial on TV (with all the characters cheerfully singing the praises of a new van in Afrikaans) shows a black nanny as part of the white family.

IN THIS COUNTRY of two extremes, that African nanny, like servants everywhere, will know her masters' lives in intimate detail. But rarely is it the other way round, where anything forces most whites to notice in a fundamental way the quality of black life.

One morning however, I did see such an episode. It took place in an office of an organization called the Black Sash. This is a women's group that gives paralegal help to Africans who have run afoul of the country's draconian pass laws. The women of the Black Sash take down the details, search for legal precedents and loopholes, and help these Africans draw up affidavits and petitions to defend themselves against various government agencies. Most people are here because they have lost a job and therefore have had their passes stamped, in the two official languages: ORDERED TO LEAVE THE PRESCRIBED AREA OF JOHANNESBURG WITHIN 72 HOURS. GELAS OM DIE VOORGESKREWE GEBIED VAN JOHANNESBURG BINNE 72 UUR TE VERLAAT. The regulations are complicated and have spawned yet another tongue of their own. Even when one of the people seeking help speaks only an African language, you can still

recognize "residential permit," "a T.I.C.," "Section 10" in the soft flow of Xhosa or Zulu words.

From the reception counter, a line of sixty or so blacks stretches back out the door and down the corridor. Men and women wear clothes from work they no longer have: a hospital orderly's green smock, the khaki hat of a doorman or bus conductor, many workmen's blue jumpsuits. There is little talk. Shoulders are hunched, heads tilted downwards. They are used to waiting.

Suddenly, through the door comes a young white woman: long sandy hair, sandals, a sleeveless blouse and skirt. A breath of June in New York. She goes straight to the counter and explains she has come about a problem with her maid's passbook. Then, before she can get an answer, she feels embarrassed at having jumped to the head of the line and says, "I say, is there a queue or what?" She retreats. The woman does not want to claim priority just because she is white; on the other hand she doesn't want to wait all day with the mass of Africans in blue jumpsuits. So she stands by herself, leaning against a wall, frowning, uncomfortable, giving little impatient flicks of her long hair, temporarily sharing the African experience of endless waiting. When I leave, an hour and a half later, she is still there.

IFIND IT somewhat remarkable that any black in South Africa is ever willing to talk to a white foreigner. The normal level of suspicion, always substantial, rose still higher some months ago when Craig Williamson, a white South African exile prominent in anti-apartheid circles in Europe revealed himself to be not only Security Police Agent #RS 167 but a police captain; he came in from the cold to claim his medals. A short time earlier, an undercover agent had defected from the police, going public with a list of prominent South Africans whose telephones were tapped, and so on. The more mundane types of surveillance everyone takes for granted. "I think the chap who opens our mail at the post office got promoted and a new man has taken his place," an activist minister told me. "Sometimes now the letter from Sweden comes in the envelope from the United States, and so on."

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Nonetheless, once people decide you're not an agent of some government, they will talk. Not out of any great faith that this accomplishes anything, but because, when almost all above-ground political activity is forbidden, it is one of the few things they can do. One evening I spent a couple of hours at the house of N——, one of a handful of black reporters who now work on the country's big English-language dailies. They have their jobs because a few years ago the white publishers woke up to the fact that most of their readers were now black. Although a member of the outspoken black journalists' union, N—— enjoys his perquisites as a member of the new black elite. It is with an almost conspiratorial glee that he checks out a company car for a reporting assignment but uses it to drive me out to his house in one of the African townships.

I ask him first about prison, where he spent some time after the 1976 uprisings.

"I was kept naked for three weeks. They did the electroshock to me for two days. I knew, although I did not dare tell myself, that if I had one more day of it I would break. But they didn't do it that third day. Now I feel a kind of strength. I have been through the worst; I know I can survive. My father died while I was in prison, but of course I was not allowed to go to the funeral." After he got out, he adds, it took a long time to adjust to the after-effects of the torture: "I lived on drugs. I bought drugs. I stole drugs. I had to take four Valium each day in order to sleep at night."

He talks about the necessity of armed struggle. "The African leaders today are the very last group that would ever be prepared to negotiate anything with whites," he says. "When this generation goes, there will be no more possibility of talk."

He talks slowly so I can take notes. He is at once sincere, and, by a kind of necessity, playing a role. I notice how each South African inevitably takes a part: defender of apartheid, conscience-stricken liberal, moderate black, militant black. N—— has assigned himself the last role and plays it with gusto. He smiles with professional satisfaction when he sees he has delivered a good quote. ("Oh, that 'last generation' bit," scoffed a white liberal to whom I repeated it a few

days later. "They all say that. I've heard it a hundred times.")

N—— continues: "The next generation—these kids, my kids—will take over when we've been phased out. Today, young as they are, they hate whites. My kids always get into altercations with white kids whenever we go somewhere in town. They question it that I bring white friends to this house. They are all under thirteen, but already, from the time when I was detained, they have developed a very disturbing hatred of all white people: 'the people who took Daddy away.' The three who died at Silverton [a guerrilla raid last January] were like that."

As we sit talking in his living room, his teenage daughter brings us plates of food. She is quite surly toward me, shakes my hand only unwillingly when introduced, does not look me in the eye, jerks the empty plate away. So: a role it may be, the lines have been said before, but the play is for real.

ISPOKE WITH an older activist, from an earlier era: Zeke S. was arrested in the early 1960s. He spent ten years "on the island"—Robben Island in Cape Town harbor, first used as a prison in the 1600s when Dutch settlers locked up a tribal chief who resisted their arrival. Today it is where the government keeps all the long-term black "politicals." Security is tight: you are allowed only one half-hour visit from a relative each month, talking through glass, over a telephone. The conversation is recorded. For four more years after he was released, Zeke S. was under house arrest. I expected an angry, bitter man. But his face was gentle, with a quizzical smile.

"Of course that time on the island was a bit long. But it was never boring. Never uninteresting. To come to one's maturity under those circumstances was an important experience. I found myself among older people who had thought deeply. It was a kind of practical university."

Zeke described the psychological effect of prison as a closed space. Things you say rebound back to you; you cannot run away from anyone. "For instance, the impetuosity of a young person runs up against those you are in close contact with. You realize the seriousness of words. For instance, if

out of a sense of pride, vanity, immaturity, you push a particular polemic too far, it leads to strained relations. That affects the unity of the whole group. And you are responsible to the whole group: you have to stand to gether against the authorities. Egotism is a drawback. You realize that all the personal quirks you may have have consequences for people around you."

"The other thing about maturing was to be with people like Mandela Sisulu, and Mbeki [the three top leaders of the banned African National Congress, imprisoned since the early 1960s], who have had decades of experience. Amidst the petty quarrels you find in all prisons, they were people who ennobled their environment. Mandela even the warders treated with great deference."

The 62-year-old Mandela is serving a life sentence. Born into a royal family in the Tembu tribe, he renounced the privileges he could have had there to join and finally lead the African National Congress. His speech in his defense at his trial is one of the great documents of the resistance movement. Today no South African can read it; there is a ban on printing anything he has ever said, or even printing his picture.

"In prison you have a lot of time," said Zeke, "although most talk has to take place while you are working in the lime quarry. I had a two-year discussion with Mandela about what a 'nation' means in South Africa—is there an African 'nation,' a Coloured 'nation,' and so on. He is a man with a judicial temperament and an abiding interest in people. Even when you disagree with him, you never feel offended. You can always reopen a question. It is an event in one's life to meet someone like that."

ON THE MAP of white-ruled Africa most white South Africans carry in their heads, their country is now the only one left. On the streets of Johannesburg, amid the broad, slightly singsong white South African accent, I hear the clipped, more British tones of white Rhodesians, who have been immigrating here by the tens of thousands. Snatches of Portuguese are a reminder of the other big group of white refugees, those from Angola and

Mozambique. After Portugal withdrew from Africa in the mid-'70s, many whites refused to return to the home-land and in their view had betrayed them (and in any case had no jobs for them). Portuguese restaurants here feature salsa music and defiantly advertise shellfish from Lourenço Marques, ignoring the fact that the new government in Mozambique has long since changed the name of its capital. The refugees have heightened the sense most whites feel of being surrounded on all sides. For foreign consumption, this is usually translated from black/white to Communist/anti-Communist terms. "We are," an Afrikaner journalist told me, "being Finlandized."

White rule will last far longer than anybody would have predicted a few years ago. Against the regime's powerful repressive apparatus, no organizing strategy has thus far succeeded. All the great black leaders of the '50s and '60s are dead or under house arrest or in prison for life. Those who will be doing the much more bloody fighting of the future—veterans of the 1976 Soweto uprisings who fled the country when that revolt was suppressed—are or the most part still receiving military training abroad.

One thing that could set off the next big upheaval in South Africa is that which, more than anything else, accounts for the country's current economic strength: gold. *Egoli*, the Afrikaners call Johannesburg, the City of Gold; gold revenues are what make possible its skyscrapers, its well-manicured parks, and the extra-long-range jets of South African Airways, which can fly from here all the way to Europe without refueling, avoiding all the countries that won't let them land. The rise in gold prices a few years ago set off an enormous real estate and construction boom. But if there were ever a sharp drop in the world gold price, hundreds of thousands of miners and workers in secondary industries would be thrown out of work, and because of "job reservation" policies, almost all would be African, Coloured, or Indian. The loss of mine tax revenues would mean a fall in what meager government social services these people now receive. The poverty-stricken Bantustans, unable to absorb still more unemployed Africans, would be threatened with famine. The jobless would protest on a scale dwarfing such events in the

past. And if the South African armed forces were still tied down in their dragged-out Vietnam-like border war in Namibia, a new revolt at home could pose a considerable threat.

At the moment, though, such events seem far from many white persons' minds. Even the *kitsch* of Afrikaner South Africa celebrates its longevity. A popular style of hotel and restaurant decor, for instance, is what they call Cape Dutch: imitation seventeenth-century paintings of men and women in those huge collars of ruffled lace, copper pots on the walls, sheetrock ceilings painted to look like oaken beams, chandeliers made from horizontal wagon wheels. It is all as if to say, we've been here three hundred years; we'll be here another three hundred.

Perhaps they will, but under what terms? There is a recent, haunting novel, *Promised Land*, by Karel Schoeman, set in the distant future. In it an Afrikaner who has grown up in exile returns to visit the native land he left as a small child. This happens many years after some never-described upheaval has occurred, referred to only in a shadowy way. The hero finds a fearful, poverty-ridden race of white farmers scratching out a living with no electricity and little food. Members of many families have met early deaths, in ways never spoken of. At the end, the police break up a timid gathering of these farmers.

On the surface this seems to be a playing out of the fantasy most white South Africans have of black rule: anarchy, chaos, bloodshed. But gradually I came to realize that the embattled white farmers of the novel are living in a white Bantustan in a black state, under almost exactly the same conditions—certainly no worse—as Africans in South Africa today. The book is less a prediction than a mirror. Of course any black government, like today's regime in Zimbabwe, will have strong economic motivations for keeping whites from leaving. But the longer that South Africa's whites keep blacks in peonage, the more superhuman will be the statesmanship required to stop blacks from someday turning the tables. Schoeman's book is all the more remarkable for having been written by an Afrikaner and first published in Afrikaans. But thus far his countrymen have paid little heed. ☐

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Second Chance Press finds and republishes great books which were overlooked when they first appeared. This recent review by Hayden Carruth, writing in *The Nation*, is typical of our list:

To say that *The End of It* is the best writing by an American about World War II is to say practically nothing, because we know the mediocrity of the rest. What I say is that *The End of It* is the only good writing by an American about our part in World War II, at least in prose. And by this I mean it is the only genuinely convincing and compelling war novel by someone of my generation that I have read.

It is a poetic novel. Not that its sentences are fancy or its imagery fanciful; rather, it is composed in the deep, strong cadences of elegy, which I associate with American, as against British, writing. I hear in the book echoes of John Bradford, John Woolman, parts of Hawthorne, Whitman of course (but not Melville), and then Willa Cather, William Carlos Williams, Delmore Schwartz. It is in that plain, strong tradition. Naturally it is about military action, the campaign in Italy, battles, death and horror and folly, political insanity in the broadest sense. But above all it is about fear. It is a work of psychologists, the spirit-word. It is a book of damage, an elegy.

The End of It was first published in 1961. I am glad to have *The End of It* publicly available again, and I hope many new readers will discover it, and one or another of the big paperback publishers as well, and then translators and film producers—in short, anyone who can help make known the single American masterpiece about our most dreadful war. I call it "most dreadful" not simply for its massive destructiveness but for its moral complexity. *The End of It* is a classic of American literature; we must treat it as such, and if we do not we will have failed exactly where we have failed too many times already.

The End of It is available in cloth (\$15.95) or quality paperback (\$7.95) editions. To order your postage-free copy clip coupon, enclose check, and mail to Second Chance, Harpers Magazine, 2 Park Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10016.

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RESOURCE WARS

On the navy's case for unlimited expansion

by Michael T. Klare

AFTER SEVERAL decades of uncertain purpose, the navy has finally discovered a rationale for unlimited expansion: the protection of imported raw materials. For most of the nuclear age, the navy sailed about aimlessly while the air force built up its arsenal of missiles and the army enlarged its presence in NATO; now, as a result of the energy crisis and growing U.S. dependence on imported minerals, the navy has acquired new prominence as guardian of the world's trade routes. "These sea lanes," a navy publicist observed recently, "are the Life Lines of America," carrying the essential raw materials needed to sustain "our high-velocity Twentieth Century industrial system." Of these "lifelines," none is more critical than the oil route extending outward from the Persian Gulf, and it is here that the navy has amassed its largest fleet since the heyday of

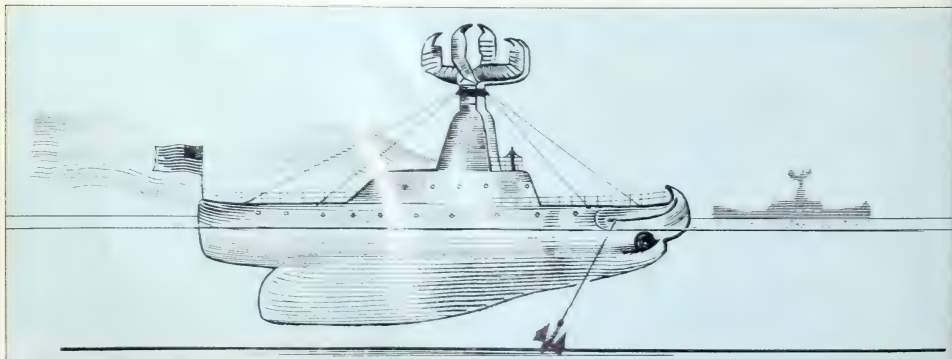
Vietnam. And while no one has demonstrated how this force can protect U.S. imports if the oil fields are in flames, the navy is already planning similar forces along all other sea routes used to transport vital raw materials.

The protection of imported commodities is not, of course, an entirely new rationale for naval expansion. During the nineteenth and earlier twentieth centuries, such concerns were often used to justify the construction of large naval forces. After World War II, however, the materials issue was overshadowed by the Soviet nuclear buildup and the emerging threat to NATO. For a time, U.S. strategists questioned whether we even needed a navy, save as an escort service for Europe-bound supply ships. But then came the Arab oil embargo of 1974, and the protection of imported materials again became a strategic priority. With the fall of the Shah, moreover, America was left without a reliable ally in the Persian Gulf area, forcing Washington to assume direct responsibility for the protection of Mideast oil. And

because the navy, alone of U.S. military services, had the immediately available capability to mount a convincing show of force in the Gulf, it was able to assume responsibility for the defense of oil supplies from that region.

As one crisis has followed another in the Persian Gulf area, the navy has steadily expanded its presence in adjacent waters. Originally, this presence was limited to the two destroyers of the Bahrain-based Middle East Force, since the fall of the Shah, however, the Indian Ocean has been crisscrossed by a steady convoy of aircraft carrier along with a large supporting cast of submarines, escorts, supply ships, and tankers. At the present time, there are two large carrier task groups in the region, and the navy is talking of deploying a permanent "Fifth Fleet" in the Indian Ocean. And if, as appears increasingly likely, the United States moves to protect oil exports through the Strait of Hormuz, it will be the navy that will execute the maneuver involved.

Michael T. Klare is a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., and author of a forthcoming book on the international arms trade.





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FLUSHED WITH success over its capturing of responsibility for the protection of foreign oil, the navy has mapped out plans for an even more ambitious role as guardian of U.S. mineral imports. Because America's high-technology industries are so dependent on scarce materials like titanium and cobalt, and because many of these substances are concentrated in volatile areas of the Third World, Pentagon officials are increasingly warning of mineral shortages in the same apocalyptic terms they once used to describe the energy crisis. "Should we become isolated from the rest of the world and our stockpile of raw materials become depleted," the navy warned recently, "the operations of our basic industries would be sharply curtailed," with a consequent decline in our ability "to achieve our national objectives in time of war, and to support our way of life in time of peace." Given this danger, the United States must, in the view of many prominent strategists, establish a global picket force of the sort already deployed in the Indian Ocean. "One can only conclude," former NATO commander Gen. Alexander M. Haig (and possible Defense Secretary under President Reagan) testified recently "that the era of the 'resource war' has arrived."

The protection of strategic minerals is an attractive rationale for expanded military activity for several reasons. First, of course, the public is already persuaded of the need to protect imported petroleum and so should be primed to accept any similar steps taken in defense of imported minerals. Second, mineral deposits are scattered all across the globe, and thus a strategy to protect minerals would require an even bigger expansion of military capabilities than that required for protection of Persian Gulf oil. (The Pentagon has estimated, for instance, that it will cost us \$5 billion annually to protect the oil flow, so it is reasonable to assume that defense of mineral supplies in Africa, Latin America, and the southwestern Pacific could cost another \$10 to \$15 billion per year.) More important, perhaps, is that many Americans are worried that materials shortages—combined with what is perceived as growing instability in Third World areas—will produce a decline in U.S. living standards, and so presumably they would be inclined to support a

military posture stressing the protection of resources needed by the U.S. economy.

An econocentric defense posture of just this sort was unveiled by Defense Secretary Harold Brown in his report on the fiscal 1981 defense budget. "The particular manner in which our economy has expanded," he explained, "means that we have come to depend to no small degree on imports, exports, and the earnings from overseas investments for our material well-being." Because these interests are threatened by what he termed "international turbulence"—meaning social, political, and economic unrest in the Third World—America must be prepared to use force where needed to protect its overseas commerce. "In a world of disputes and violence," he declared, "we cannot afford to go abroad unarmed."

WHILE ALL four military services are likely to benefit from the new emphasis on imported materials, the navy is expected to reap the lion's share of any new Congressional largesse. The navy's preeminent position is based on a number of basic propositions:

—Mineral deposits are scattered all across the globe, and only the navy has the "global reach" to protect all of these far-flung resources simultaneously. Because U.S. geopolitical interests "span continents and the interconnecting oceans," Chief of Naval Operations Adm. Thomas B. Hayward affirmed, "It is critical that we maintain the kind of navy that can go anywhere, and stay as long as necessary, to support our military aims in war and our national policies in peace."

—Most imported raw materials must travel by ship, and the navy is the acknowledged guardian of the world's sea lanes. The flow of raw materials, Adm. Isaac C. Kidd, Jr., argued recently, "must not stop. It moves by ship. Ships are of the sea. This is a matter for our navy."

—The most powerful instrument of Soviet influence in the Third World is the Russian navy, and thus we must expand our own navy if we are to ensure the continued freedom of the seas. "The Soviet geopolitical offensive," Admiral Hayward observed, "has a strong maritime cast to it," providing Moscow

with a growing capacity "to interfere with the world's ocean-borne commerce."

Impelled by these arguments, Congress has demanded a rapid buildup in naval forces, and particularly of surface warships of the type used to patrol oceanic trade routes. So adamant is Congress on this issue that it has repeatedly funded more ships than the Pentagon itself has asked for. Thus when Secretary Brown requested \$6 billion to build fifteen new warships in 1979, Congress appropriated several billion more to produce four additional ships (two submarines and two guided-missile frigates) and to purchase four *Spruance*-class destroyers originally built for Iran and later rejected by the new Islamic regime. And when, in 1980, Brown announced a fiscal-year 1981 plan for seventeen new ships, the House Armed Services Committee recommended an addition of still another four ships.

The new Congressional emphasis on naval shipbuilding will have an ever greater impact on the Pentagon's future programs. In 1979, when Brown unveiled a five-year, \$40-billion plan to construct sixty-seven new warships by 1984, many lawmakers charged that it was insufficient to counter the Soviet naval buildup. So persistent were the plan's critics that the administration came back one year later with a new five-year plan totaling ninety-seven ships—a 45-percent increase over the earlier plan.

THE NAVAL buildup, and other military programs favored by the Department of Defense, are sure to be accelerated as the concern over imported minerals intensifies. These efforts, costing U.S. taxpayers many billions of dollars per year in increased military outlays, are being described as a necessary response to the threat of mineral cutoffs. If we examine the materials issue closely, however, we find that the situation is not as grave as that described by Pentagon analysts in defending their requests for higher military spending. Nor is military action the most effective response to any such problems as may arise.

To begin with, the United States has large reserves of a great many essential minerals. For many of the basic

industrial materials—copper, iron, lead, gypsum—U.S. sources provide most or all of domestic needs and even, in some cases, provide a surplus for export. (According to the Department of State, the United States imports about \$4 billion worth of minerals per year while exporting \$3 billion worth.) Nevertheless, the nation must turn to foreign suppliers for some critical materials not found or not produced here. These materials are not always consumed in great quantity, but because they are needed to produce exotic alloys and other specialty products, they are considered vital to America's high-technology industries.

Fortunately, many of the most critical minerals not produced here can be obtained from Canada, Mexico, Australia, or other countries with close ties to the United States. Canada, for instance, is a major source of copper, nickel, and zinc, while Australia supplies much of the ore used in making titanium. But many other essential materials can only be obtained from Third World countries where political turbulence or military conflict could threaten U.S. supplies. War-torn Zaire, for instance, supplies 34 percent of U.S. cobalt needs, while Malaysia provides 47 percent of our tin and Jamaica 50 percent of our bauxite. Because many of these countries are currently or potentially unstable, *Air Force* magazine warned recently that "neither the United States nor its allies can be assured of the long-term availability of minerals from these nations." And because alternative sources would take years to develop, any interruption in these supplies could, according to Sen. Howard H. Cannon of Nevada, "severely threaten national economic security, disrupt industrial production, and threaten the meeting of other national needs."

To prevent such a catastrophe, the Pentagon would have the United States spend billions of dollars a year to protect key trade routes and to develop "rapid-deployment forces" for intervention abroad. But while such moves appear to provide some security against potential shortages, they are neither the only nor necessarily the best response to future cutoffs. As a hedge against temporary shortages, the United States can add to its materials stockpiles—a \$14-billion storehouse of essential commodities established in 1946 to supply

U.S. industries in the event of another global war. (In 1980 the Carter administration requested \$170 million to expand the stockpile, but Congress, despite all its talk about the materials crisis, slashed the request to \$100 million.) To safeguard against longer-term cutoffs, we can begin developing substitute materials—many exotic alloys, for instance, can be replaced with "composite" products made from common metals and advanced ceramics—while simultaneously stepping up conservation and reclamation efforts.

THE SUREST way to reduce U.S. dependency on precarious foreign sources is to eliminate that dependency altogether by developing alternative supplies. Many of the materials now imported from turbulent areas of the world are also found in other regions, although usually in less concentrated form; by employing new mining and smelting techniques, however, it should be possible to produce adequate supplies from such sources. Thus, while the United States presently imports most of its chromium from Zimbabwe and South Africa, development of the very large reserves of low-grade ores found at home and in Canada can compensate for the loss of these supplies. True, ventures of this sort will be costly and involve some risk for the mining firms involved, but the United States is already committed to an even more ambitious effort of this sort in the energy field, and it is obvious that even the enormous expense involved will not begin to approach the cost of an unlimited naval buildup or a prolonged resource war in the Third World.

Admittedly, the development of new sources of minerals at home and abroad will not, in all cases, assure the United States of immunity from future cutoffs of critical raw materials. Future upheavals, like the present conflict between Iran and Iraq, may temporarily curtail our access to some materials. It is in such cases that Pentagon strategists talk of using military force in defense of U.S. supplies. But no one has indicated what form such action would take or how it would actually result in the resumption of deliveries. Before we rush into any such adventures, therefore, it is essential to ask what, if any, benefit may result from military action.

Surely, if the current Iraqi-Iranian conflict has anything to tell us, it is of the near impossibility of protecting resource flows through military means. In only a few days of fighting, the oil installations of both countries sustained damage that will take years to repair. At this point, no one can predict when those two countries will again be able to ship any substantial quantities of oil to customers abroad. If the fighting should spread, moreover, there is little, if anything, that the United States can do to ensure the survival of other Gulf oil facilities. A U.S. naval squadron in the Strait of Hormuz may satisfy the need to "do something," but it will have little meaning if the oil fields themselves are destroyed. And if U.S. forces are deployed in any kind of strength, the country may find itself in an expanding conflagration that will consume more fuel than will ever reach its shores from that area.

True, mineral supplies are not as combustible as oil wells. But smelters and ore-loading facilities are just as vulnerable as refineries and just as difficult to replace. More important, soldiers do not miners make, and there is no way to coax ores out of the ground if the local work force is out on strike or, more likely, up in the hills hiding from our troops. In sum, there is little the navy or marines can do to restore production even if they succeed in occupying the minefields.

It appears obvious that military action is no solution to the problem of insecure mineral supplies. As in the case of U.S. energy needs, the more economical and prudent course would be to lessen our dependency on imported materials rather than to permit such dependencies to draw us into a catastrophic "resources war." And, having adopted this approach, we will discover that the materials problem is not as precarious as Pentagon officials—for their own, essentially parochial, reasons—would have us believe. "As long as we keep up our science and technology," the director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, Dr. John Morgan, observed recently, "the world has more resources now than ever, and there will be even more in the future. Given relative peace in the world, reasonable price incentives, and a continued effort in technological development, we're not going to run out of anything." □

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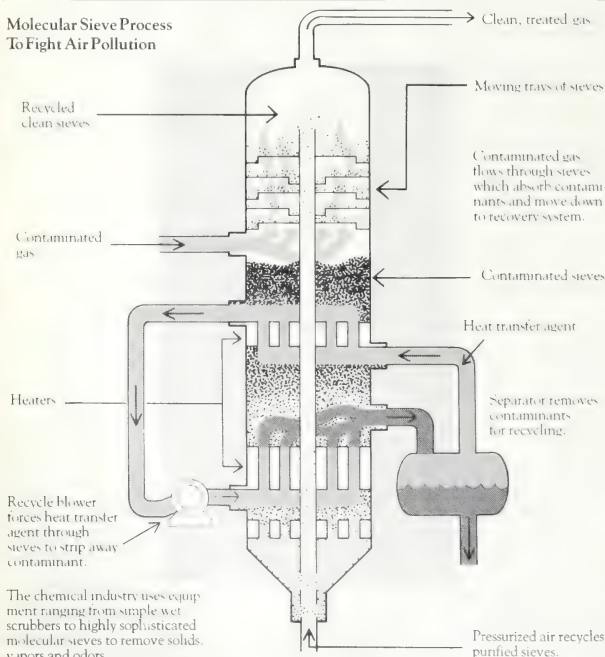
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INSIDE ISLAM

How the press missed the story in Iran

by Edward W. Said

IRAN HAS AROUSED seething passions in Americans. This is as much the result of the extraordinarily detailed, highly focused attention of the media on the taking of the hostages and their release as of the insulting and unlawful siege of the U.S. embassy in Teheran, which began on November 4, 1979. It is one thing to know that the country's diplomats have been seized and that the United States seems incapable of freeing them; it is quite another to watch this taking place night after night on prime-time television. But there is need to evaluate the meaning of the "Iran story," as it has been called, to understand its presence in the American consciousness rationally and dispassionately, especially since about ninety percent of what Americans have come to know about Iran has been through radio, TV, and newspapers.

Iran took up much of the nightly network news immediately after the embassy was seized. For several months ABC-TV scheduled a daily late-evening special, "America Held Hostage," and PBS's "MacNeil/Lehrer Report" ran an unprecedented number of shows on the crisis. For months Walter Cronkite would add to his "that's the way it is" a reminder of how long the hostages had been in captivity: "the two-hundred-and-seventh day," etc. Hodding Carter III, the State Department spokesman during the period, achieved star status in about two weeks; on the other hand, neither then-Secretary of State Cyrus Vance nor Zbigniew Brzezinski was very much in

evidence until after the abortive rescue effort in late April 1980. Interviews with Abolhasan Bani-Sadr, with Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, with parents of the hostages, alternated regularly with film of Iranian demonstrations, three-minute courses on the history of Islam, bulletins from the ex-Shah's hospital, solemn-faced commentators and experts analyzing, reflecting, debating, haranguing, advancing theories and courses of action, speculating about the future interpretations of events, about psychologies, Soviet moves, Muslim reactions; and still the fifty-odd Americans remained incarcerated.

Throughout the period, it became evident that the Iranians were using the media to what they considered their advantage, a consideration certainly not lost on the networks. The students in the embassy would frequently schedule "events" to meet satellite and nightly news broadcast deadlines in the United States. From time to time Iranian officials indicated that this was how they planned to turn the American people against the policy of their own government. At the beginning this was a bad miscalculation. Later, the policy had a peculiar, not altogether unwelcome, effect, which was to stimulate the media to a more openly investigative attitude. But what I want to discuss is how Iran and the world of Islam appeared to Americans during the most intense period of the crisis.

Much of the most dramatic news of the past decade, including not only Iran but the Arab-Israeli conflict, oil, and Afghanistan, has been

Edward W. Said is Professor of English at Columbia University and author most recently of Orientalism (Pantheon Books, 1978). This article is excerpted from Covering Islam: How the Media and the Experts Determine How We See the Rest of the World, to be published by Pantheon in the spring of 1981. Copyright © 1981 by Edward W. Said.

news of "Islam." Nowhere was this more evident than in the long Iranian crisis, during which the American consumer of news was given a sustained diet of information about a people, a culture, a religion—no more than a poorly defined and badly misunderstood abstraction, really—always, in the case of Iran, represented as militant, dangerous, and anti-American.

The beleaguered West

IT IS NOT TOO much of an exaggeration to say that before the sudden OPEC price rises in early 1974, Islam, as such, scarcely figured in American culture. One saw and heard of Arabs and Iranians, of Pakistanis and Turks, rarely of Muslims. But the oil price increases soon became associated in the public mind with a cluster of unpleasant things: American dependence on imported oil, usually referred to as "being at the mercy of foreign oil producers," and, above all, a signal—as if from a new, unidentified force—that energy was no longer ours for the taking. Words like "monopoly," "cartel," and "bloc" achieved a remarkably sudden, if selective, currency. Such expressions were reserved for OPEC members and rarely applied to the small group of American oil multinationals. It now seemed that with the new pressure on the economy, a new cultural and political situation was also at hand. From being the world's dominant power, the United States had become embattled. It was the end of the post-war period, Fritz Stern said in *Commentary*.

An early discussion of the change came in a series of articles published in *Commentary* during the early part of 1975. First there was Robert W. Tucker's "Oil: The Issue of American Intervention," then Daniel Patrick Moynihan's "The United States in Opposition," both of whose titles made their arguments unmistakable. Neither man had anything to say specifically about Islam; but the role of "Islam," as it appeared a year later, had already been preordained by the sudden and unacceptable changes described by Tucker and Moynihan. And these changes in turn supplied rhetoric for what many Americans were experiencing. For the first time in U.S. history, it seemed, as Tucker put it, that egalitarianism was being applied from abroad to the United States itself. Here, according to Moynihan, were foreign nations, essentially the creatures of British imperialism, whose ideas and identities were borrowed from British

socialism. Their philosophies were based on the expropriation or, failing that, the distribution, of wealth; they were interested in equality, not in production or, it seemed, in liberty. "We are of the liberty party," he said, and then went on to add, with a military flourish, "and it might surprise us what energies might be released were we to unfurl those banners."

What Tucker and Moynihan were saying followed, in part, the logic of a canonical hymn to the beleaguered Western ethos, a refrain that periodically appears and reappears in the modern history of the West. At best according to Moynihan, the new states of the Third World were imitations, known only through what they were imitating, not by virtue of what they were. There seemed to be no point of reference to the new "international society" that Tucker referred to, except that it violated the old order. Who were the people, what were their actual desires, where did they come from, why did they behave as they did? These were unasked and consequently unanswered questions.

Islam explodes

AT ALMOST the same time, the United States was retreating from Indochina. Much has been written about the post-Vietnam syndrome in American politics, although few people have also noted how the claim that distant American interests needed military defense against instability and insurrection was transferred from Vietnam to the Muslim world. Along with that went a progressive liberal disenchantment with Third World causes in general. I think, for example, of Gérard Chaliand's book *Revolution in the Third World*, an anguished *cri de coeur* by a well-known supporter of the Vietnamese, Cuban, Angolan, Algerian, and Palestinian liberation movements; in 1977, he concluded that most anticolonial efforts resulted in mediocre, repressive states, hardly worth Western enthusiasm.

In short, what the consumer of news and oil sensed was an unprecedented potential for loss and disruption, with no face or visible identity to it. All the United States knew was that what we took for granted was about to be taken from us. We could no longer drive our cars the way we used to; our comforts and habits were undergoing a radical and most unwelcome change. Oil, the actual material in question, remained vague in comparison with

the threat of losing it; no one seemed to know whether there was a real shortage, whether the long gas lines were induced by panic, and whether the oil companies' inexorably rising margins of profit had something to do with the crisis. Robed Arabs, fantastically moneyed and well-armed, appeared obtrusively everywhere in the West. The suddenness of Islam's capacity to trouble the United States in the mid-1970s was a disturbing concomitant of our lack of knowledge about its past and identity. A large number of Islamic states, personalities, and presences passed imperceptibly into the general consciousness, from the status of barely acknowledged existence to that of "news."

There was no real transition from one to the other. Neither was there any significant segment of the population ready to explain or identify what appeared to be a new phenomenon, except for those, like Moynihan and Tucker, who drew world-historical conclusions in a framework that accommodated, but made no specific allowances for, Islam.* As a result, everywhere one encounters it, the image of Islam today is an unrestrained and immediate one. There is an unstated assumption that the proper name "Islam" denotes a simple thing to which one can refer immediately, as one refers to "democracy," or to a person, or to an institution like the Catholic Church. A noteworthy instance is an essay by Michael Walzer in the December 8, 1979, issue of the *New Republic*. Walzer's title is "The Islam Explosion," and he deals, as a self-confessed layman, with a number of important, if largely violent and unpleasant, twentieth-century events—in the Philippines, Iran, Palestine, and elsewhere—which, he argues, can be interpreted as instances of the same thing, Islam. What all these events have in common, according to Walzer, is first that they show a persistent pattern of political power encroaching on the West; second, that they are all generated out of a frightening moral fervor; and third, that these events shatter "the thin (colonialist) facade of liberalism, secularism, socialism or democracy."

In all three of these common characteristics it is "Islam" that can be discerned, and this "Islam" is a force that overrides the distances of time and space that separate all these events. By the end of his essay Walzer has convinced himself that when he says the word Islam he is talking about a real object called Islam, an

object so immediate as to make any mediation or qualifications applied to it seem supererogatory fussiness. With this immediacy goes the tendency to treat Islam as something without a history of its own. If a history is conceded to it, that history seems pointless.

Hostages to misfortune

FOR MOST AMERICANS the branch of the cultural apparatus that has been delivering Islam to them consists of the television and radio networks, the daily papers, and the mass-circulation news-magazines; the cinema also plays a role, if only to the extent that a visual sense of history and distant lands informs our own. This powerful concentration of mass media can be said to be providing a certain picture of Islam. To sift through the immense amount of material generated by the U.S. embassy takeover in Teheran on November 4, 1979, is to be struck by a number of things. First, it seemed that "we" were at bay, and with "us" the normal, democratic, rational order of things. Out there, writhing in self-provoked frenzy, was "Islam" in general, whose manifestation then was a disturbingly neurotic Iran. "An Ideology of Martyrdom," proclaimed a prominent box about Iranian Shi'ite Islam in the November 26, 1979, issue of *Time*; concurrently, as if copying the same testimony, *Newsweek* featured a box entitled "Iran's Martyr Complex."

There seemed to be plenty of evidence around for that. On November 7, 1979, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* printed the proceedings of a workshop held in St. Louis on Iran and the Persian Gulf. One expert was quoted as saying that "the loss of Iran to an Islamic form of government was the greatest setback the United States has had in recent years." Islam, in other words, was by definition inimical to U.S. interests. The *Wall Street Journal's* editorial for November 20 announced that the recession of civilization was the result of "the decline of the Western powers that spread these [civilized] ideals to begin with," as if not to be Western—which is the fate of most of the world's population, including Islam—was never to have had any civilized ideals. Or there was Professor J.C. Hurewitz of Columbia University, who, when asked by an ABC reporter on November 21, 1979, whether being a Shi'ite Muslim meant being "anti-American," responded with a categorical affirmative.

The world of Islam

Countries with a significant Muslim population by percentage.

90–100%

Afghanistan
Bahrain
Egypt
Indonesia
Iran
Iraq
Jordan
Kuwait
Libya
Morocco
Oman
Pakistan
People's

Democratic
Republic
of Yemen

Qatar
Saudi Arabia
Singapore
Somalia
Turkey
United Arab
Emirates
Yemen Arab
Republic



* The handful of academic experts on Islam were marginal to its sudden importance, either because that they were writing seemed irrelevant to the problems at hand, or because many of them actively downplayed the importance of what they studied.

All the major TV commentators, Walter Cronkite of CBS and Frank Reynolds of ABC among them, spoke regularly of "Muslim hatred of this country" or, more poetically, of "the crescent of crisis, a cyclone hurtling across a prairie" (Reynolds, ABC-TV, November 21, 1979); on another occasion Reynolds voiced, over a picture of crowds chanting "God is great," what he supposed was their real meaning, "hatred of America." Later in the same program we were informed that the Prophet Muhammad was "a self-proclaimed prophet" (what prophet hasn't been?) and then reminded that "ayatollah" was "a self-styled twentieth-century title" meaning "reflection of God" (neither interpretation accurate, unfortunately). The ABC short (three-minute) course on Islam was accompanied by small titles to the right of the picture, which told the same unpleasant story of how resentment, suspicion, and contempt were characteristic of "Islam": Mohammedanism, Mecca, purdah, chador, Sunni, Shi'ite (accompanied by a picture of young men beating themselves), mullah, ayatollah, Khomeini, Iran. Immediately after these images the program switched to Jamesville, Wisconsin, whose admirably wholesome schoolchildren—no purdah, self-flagellation, or mullahs for them—were organizing a patriotic "Unity Day."

"Militant Islam: The Historic Whirlwind," announced *The New York Times Magazine* on January 6, 1980. Both this and Michael Walzer's *New Republic* essay, like all the others, purported to prove not only that Islam was one unchanging thing that could be grasped over and above the remarkably varied history, geography, social structure, and culture of the forty Islamic nations and the approximately 800 million Muslims who live in Asia, Africa, Europe, and North America (including many millions in both the Soviet Union and China), but also to reveal—as Walzer had it—that wherever there has been murder, war, or protracted conflict involving special horrors, "Islam clearly played an important part." It did not seem to matter that the normal rules for evidence were suspended, or that the writer knew neither the languages nor the societies on which he pronounced, or that common sense simply withdrew when "Islam" was discussed. The *New Republic's* lead editorial reduced Iran to "the rage of thwarted religious passion" and to "Islam amok," arguing learnedly about what the Shari'a, "the holy law of Islam," has to say on spying, safe conduct, and the like. All this reinforced the main point: if Islam is at war with "us," we had better join battle with our eyes open.

SYMBOLIC in a small way, perhaps, was Walter Cronkite's inability to pronounce names correctly. Ghotbzadeh's name was changed nearly every time it was pronounced, usually into something like "Gaboozaday." On November 28, 1979, CBS called Beheshti "Basheti," and not to be left out, ABC on December 7 changed Montazeri's name to "Montessori." Almost every capsule history of Islam was either so confusing as to be nonsensical, or so inaccurate as to appear frightening. Take, for example, a CBS New segment on Islam, Nov. 21, 1979. Moharram was described by reporter Randy Daniels as a period when Shi'ite Muslims "celebrated Muhammad's challenge to world leaders"—statement so wrong as to be silly. Moharram is an Islamic month: Shi'ite Muslims commemorate the martyrdom of Hussein during the first ten days of Moharram. Later we are informed that the Shi'ites have a persecution complex, and "no wonder they produced a Khomeini"; it is reassuring, though no less misleading, to be told that he does not represent Islam as a whole. On November 27, 1979, a CBS reporter informed us that all of Iran was suffering from "revolutionary hangover," as if Iran were the corner drunk.

But it was when the maximum authority of *The New York Times* was brought to bear on Islam that the depressing nature of the force that "held America hostage" stood forth. The *Times's* Islam, however, had a great deal to do with what the *Times* is: not only is it America's leading newspaper; its catholicity, level of expert reporting, responsibility, and its ability to write credibly from the viewpoint of national security, taken together, give it a force of unusual gravity. In other words, the *Times* can speak authoritatively about a subject and also make that subject pertinent for the nation.

DOUBTS ABOUT what "we" were to think about Islam were cleared up when, on the last four days of 1979, the *Times* published a series of long articles by Flora Lewis, all attempting to deal seriously with Islam in crisis ("Upsurge in Islam," December 28, 29, 30, 31). There are some excellent things in these articles; her success in delineating complexity and diversity, for example, but there are serious weaknesses too, most of them inherent in the way Islam is viewed nowadays. Not only did Lewis single out Islam in the Middle East (the upsurge in Judaism and Egyptian or Lebanese Christianity, for instance, was scarcely mentioned), but she went on to make statements, in her third article in particular, about the

Arabic language (quoting "expert" opinion that its poetry is "rhetorical and declamatory, not intimate and personal") and the Islamic mind (an inability to employ "step-by-step thinking") that would be considered racism or nonsense if used to describe any other language, religion, or ethnic grouping. Her authorities were frequently Orientalists well known for their rancorous views: one of them, Elie Kedourie, who in late 1979 did a study of the Islamic Revolution, purporting to show that it was equivalent to Marxism-Leninism, is quoted as saying that "the disorder of the East is deep and endemic," and another, Bernard Lewis (no relation to Flora Lewis), pronounced on "the end of free speculation and research" in the Islamic world, presumably the result of Islam's "static" as well as "determinist, occasionalist and authoritarian" theology.

One could not expect to get a coherent view of Islam after reading Flora Lewis, whose scurrying about the sources and unfamiliarity with the topic give her readers a sense of a scavenger hunt for a subject that was never there to begin with; after all, how could one get hold of several hundred million people whose words "are an expression of wish rather than a description of fact"?

In a perhaps unintentionally revealing interview published in the May 1980 issue of *Esquire*, Flora Lewis described the assumptions, and the work that stemmed from them, that resulted in her Islam articles. The patchwork reporting and helter-skelter manner suggest that the *Times* could get away with it because Islam is Islam and the *Times* the *Times*. This is what she says: note the informal authority of the remark, "nobody knows what he hell's going on in Islam."

A few months ago, for instance, I was involved in a project that was absolutely staggering in its proportions. New York had just given me this special assignment on the ferment in the Islamic world. They had a meeting in New York, and someone said, "Jesus, nobody knows what the hell's going on in Islam. Let's send Flora." So they called me up, and I went. It was crazy; I wasn't even sure how to use the material I would gather.

I had to make arrangements frantically so I would be sure of seeing people beforehand. I did not have time to go anywhere and sit around for three days.

I started off in Paris and London. Then I went on to Cairo, because that's where the Islamic university is located, and also to Algiers and Tunis. I came back with twenty notebooks and ten pounds of paper and sat down to write.

An illuminating comparison can be made between the *Times's* feature coverage of "Islam" and, say, that of *Le Monde*. The *Times* had its coverage quickly put together by Flora Lewis: she discusses neither the great theological and moral issues debated all across the Islamic world nor the history and structure of the various Islamic schools that fuel the "upheaval" she tries to document. Instead she relies on random quotations from even more random people, she uses anecdotes to do the work of analysis, and she makes no effort to report the actual terms of Islamic life, whether doctrinal, metaphysical, or political.

It is useful in this regard to compare the elite American newspaper with the elite French newspaper. Exactly one year before (on December 6, 7, 8, 1978) *Le Monde* commissioned Maxime Rodinson (an eminent French Marxist Orientalist quoted by Flora Lewis) to study the same phenomenon. The difference could not be greater. Rodinson completely commands the subject; he knows the languages, he knows the religion, he understands politics. There are no anecdotes, no sensational quotations, no "balance" in relying on "pro" and "anti" Islam experts. He tries to suggest which forces in Islamic society and history have cooperated with present political configurations to produce the current crisis. As a result, a coherent experience—of imperialism, class conflict, religious dispute, social morality—emerges from his work, not merely a collection of attitudes displayed for the benefit of suspicious and frightened readers.

Keeping America strong

ASIDE FROM the relentless pictures of the confrontational experience I have referred to, there were the expense and the sheer volume of news on Iran. For the period of ten weeks during which I monitored eight daily newspapers, the three television networks and PBS, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, it seemed that every leading newspaper in the country prominently carried Iranian events, plus "backgrounders" and smaller associated features. John Kifner of *The New York Times* wrote on December 15, 1979, that there was a corps of no fewer than 300 Western reporters (most, if not all, of whom needed interpreters) on the ground in Teheran, and on December 16, 1979, Col Allen reported for *The Australian* that between them the three major American networks were spending a million dollars a day in Teheran. In addition to its bureau chief,

80-90%

Algeria
Bangladesh
Kirghizia,
U.S.S.R.
Malaysia
Tunisia
Turkmenia,
U.S.S.R.
Uzbekistan,
U.S.S.R.

40-80%

Albania
Gambia
Kazakhstan,
U.S.S.R.
Sudan
Syria



10-40%

Benin
Bulgaria
Central African
Empire
Chad
Congo Republic
Ethiopia
Gabon
Ghana
Guinea
Ivory Coast
Liberia
Malagasy
Mali
Mauritania
Niger
Nigeria
Senegal
Sierra Leone
Tanzania
Upper Volta
Yugoslavia



CBS, according to Allen, "had a team of 23 journalists, a cameraman, audio man and film and technical experts aided by 12 Iranian interpreters, car drivers and guides." A \$6,000-a-month hotel suite served as operations center, and thirty-five additional rooms at \$70 a day each housed journalists, drivers, and interpreters; add to that the cost of private planes, telex machines, cars, and phones, as well as a telecommunications satellite used four hours a day at \$100 a minute, and the costs rise very steeply.

Returning to the United States after a trip abroad, Vermont Royster commented in the *Wall Street Journal* that the accumulated pile of newspapers and TV programs he started going through testified to

how little I learned about the Iranian crisis I didn't already know, despite the voluminous coverage given it. Once home I was startled to find myself inundated in a daily tidal wave of television, radio and newspaper stories about Iran. The papers carried long stories under huge headlines, while TV devoted most of the evening news to the topic and then ran late-evening specials almost every night.

And from that arose another heretical thought, that the news media were engaged in overkill.

This may seem a strange reaction about a story of such obvious importance. . . . But the volume of words to tell a story doesn't necessarily equate with information imparted. The truth is that in much of that wordage there was no real news at all.

Day 28 . . . day 35 . . . day 40. Most days there was hardly anything different to report from the day before.

Perhaps Royster was also reacting not so much to the sameness of the news but to the by then unsatisfactorily narrow and quickly exhausted range of assumptions used to look for the news. How long is it possible to rely on experts or reporters who are understandably concerned about the hostages, incensed at the impropriety of the whole thing, perhaps also angry at Islam, and still hope to get fresh information and analysis? If one were to read the *Chicago Tribune* on November 18—a longish piece by James Yuenger, which cites experts who say that "this is not something that's up for rational discussion" or that Iranians "hunger for martyrdom" and have a "tendency to look for scapegoats"—and then either *Time* or *Newsweek* the week after, and the several features in *The New York Times* the week after that, one would continually encounter the information that Iranians are Shi'ites who long for martyrdom, are led by

a nonrational Khomeini, who hate America; are determined to destroy the satanic spies; are unwilling to compromise, and so forth. Were there no events taking place in Iran before the embassy takeover that might illuminate things? Was there no Iranian history or society to write and speak about that wasn't translatable into the anthropomorphisms of crazy Iran gratuitously taunting "good-guy America? Above all, was the press only interested in diffusing news seemingly in keeping with a U.S. government policy to keep America "united" behind the unconditional demand for the hostages' release, a demand—shrewdly assessed by Roger Fisher of Harvard on the "Today" show, December 3—itsself subordinate to the real priority, which was not their release but "keeping America strong"?

I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not saying that there was direct collusion between the media and the government, nor am I saying that *everything* reported about Iran was essentially flawed by the ideological hobble I have been discussing. Nor do I believe that there is any way to condone the holding of hostages. No one can doubt that in the long run the Iranian revolution was harmed and the cause of the most retrogressive elements in Iranian society was helped by the protracted embassy holding. But what I am saying, in short, is that the world we live in is much too complex and much too different now, and much more likely to be producing unconventional situations (however unappealing they may be to the United States) to be treated as if every event could be translated into an affront to, or enhancement of, American power. Americans cannot continue believing, for example, that the most important thing about "Islam" is whether it is pro- or anti-American. The bias involved in a view of the world so xenophobically reductive would guarantee a continued confrontation between the United States and the rest of an intransigent mankind, a policy of expanding the Cold War to include an unacceptably large portion of the globe. I suppose that such a policy could be considered active U.S. advocacy of the "Western way of life," but an equally good case could be made that the Western way of life does not necessarily involve the provocation of hostility and confrontation as means for clarifying our own sense of our place in the world.

My own assumptions about what I have been suggesting, a newly emerging worldwide political situation (of which Iran is a major harbinger), I can put forward here briefly. Whereas a great many people argue that American power is in decline, I would say that

more of the world than before is politically aware and less likely than before to be content with the status either of a satellite-colony or of an unthinking ally. The Iran and Western Europe of today illustrate, respectively, what I mean. I think it is both wrong and foolish to consider "Islam" as a bloc, just as I think it is bad political judgment to treat "America" as if it were a person rather than a complex system. Therefore I believe that we need to know more about the world, not less; we should consequently expect higher standards of reporting, more sophisticated information, more sensitive and accurate accounts of what is taking place, than we are now getting. But this means getting much more than is commonly available to newsmen and women working in a society whose awareness of the non-Western world is essentially determined either by crisis or by unconditional ethnocentrism; whose ability to build an elaborate structure of information for itself out of quickly gathered clichés and narrowly defined self-interest is remarkable; whose history of interaction with the highly diverse Islamic peoples has been shaped recently only by oil and by rulers, like the ex-Shah, whose alliance with the United States brings the limited, badly underexamined rewards of "modernization" and anti-Communism.

The new colonialists

THE COVERAGE—and with it, the work of academic experts on Islam, geopolitical strategists who speak of the crescent of crisis, cultural thinkers who speak about the decline of the West—has given consumers of news the sense that they have understood Islam, without intimating to them that a great deal in this energetic coverage of Islam is based on far from "objective" material. In many instances "Islam" has licensed not only patent inaccuracy but also expressions of unrestrained ethnocentrism, cultural and even racial hatred, and deep, yet paradoxically free-floating, hostility. All this has taken place as part of what is presumed to be fair, balanced, responsible coverage of events. Aside from the fact that neither Christianity nor Judaism, both of which are undergoing quite remarkable revivals, is treated in so emotional a way, there is an unquestioned assumption that Islam can be characterized limitlessly by means of a handful of recklessly general (and repeatedly deployed) clichés. And always it is supposed that the Islam being

talked about is some real and stable object out there where "our" oil supplies happen to be found.

The misunderstanding of Islam is both a typical and—because its history in the West is so old and well-defined—a special case. By this I mean that, like so much of the post-colonial world, Islam belongs neither to Europe nor, as Japan does, to the advanced industrial group of nations. It has been regarded as falling within the purview of "development perspectives," which is another way of saying that Islamic societies were considered, for at least three decades, to be in need of modernization. The ideology of modernization produced a concept of Islam whose apex and culmination was the ex-Shah of Iran, both at his zenith as a "modern" ruler and, when his regime collapsed, as a casualty of medieval fanaticism and religiosity.

On the other hand, Islam has always represented a particular menace to the West. Of no other religion or cultural grouping can it be said so assertively, as it is now said of Islam, that it represents a threat to Western civilization. It is no accident that the turbulence and the upheavals that are now taking place in the Muslim world have exposed the limitations of simple-minded Orientalist clichés about "fatalistic" Muslims, without at the same time generating anything to put in their place except nostalgia for the old days, when European armies ruled the entire Muslim world, from the Indian subcontinent right across to North Africa.

The recent success of books, journals, and public figures arguing for a reoccupation of the Gulf region and justifying the argument by referring to Islamic barbarism, is part of this condition. It is no less remarkable that the times have seen the emergence of "experts" like J. B. Kelly, onetime adviser to Sheikh Zayid of Abu Dhabi, now contemptuous of Muslims and soft Westerners who, unlike Kelly, have sold out to the oil Arabs. None of the occasionally critical reviews of his book had anything to say about the astonishingly frank atavism of his concluding paragraph, which, for its sheer desire for imperial conquest and its barely concealed racial hatred, deserves quotation here:

How much time may be left to Western Europe in which to preserve or recover its strategic inheritance east of Suez it is impossible to foretell. While the Pax Britannica endured, that is to say, from the fourth or fifth decade of the nineteenth century to the middle years of this century, tranquility reigned in the Eastern Seas and around the shores of the Western Indian Ocean. An ephemeral calm still lingers

1-10%

Burma
Burundi
Cambodia
Cameroon
Cyprus
Greece
India
Israel
Kenya
Laos
Lebanon
Malawi
Mozambique
People's
Republic
of China
Philippines
Romania
Rwanda
South Africa
Sri Lanka
Thailand
Uganda
Vietnam
Zaire



there, the vestigial shadow of the old imperial order. If the history of the past four or five hundred years indicates anything, however, it is that this fragile peace cannot last much longer. Most of Asia is fast lapsing back into barbarism—into the condition, in short, they [sic] were in when Vasco da Gama first doubled the Cape to lay the foundations of Portuguese dominion in the East. . . . Oman is still the key to command of the Gulf and its seaward approaches, just as Aden remains the key to the passage of the Red Sea. The Western powers have already thrown away one of these keys; the other, however, is still within their reach. Whether, like the captains-general of Portugal long ago, they have the boldness to grasp it has yet to be seen.

Although Kelly's suggestion that fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Portuguese colonialism is the most appropriate guide for contemporary Western politicians may strike some readers as a little quaint, it is his falsifications of history that are most representative of the current mood. Colonialism brought tranquillity, he says, as if the subjugation of millions of people amounted to no more than an idyll and as if those were their best days; their abused feelings, their distorted history, their unhappy destiny do not matter, so long as "we" can continue to get what is useful to "us"—valuable resources, geographically and politically strategic regions, a vast pool of cheap native labor. After centuries of colonial dominion, the independence of countries in Africa and Asia is dismissed as a lapse "into barbarism." The only course left open, after what he characterizes as the craven demise of the old imperial order, is a new invasion, according to Kelly. And underlying this invitation to the West to take what is rightfully "ours" is a profound contempt for the native Islamic culture of the Asia that Kelly wishes "us" to rule.

Let us charitably leave aside the retrograde logic of Kelly's writing, which has brought him the respectful accolades of the American intellectual right wing, from William F. Buckley, Jr., to the *New Republic*. What is more interesting about the outlook he presents is how blanket solutions to messy, detailed problems

are immediately preferred to anything else, especially when they recommend forceful action against "Islam." Nothing is said about what might be taking place inside Yemen, for example, or in Turkey, or across the Red Sea in the Sudan, Mauretania, Morocco, or even Egypt. Silence in the press, which is busy covering the hostages; silence in the academy, which is busy advising the oil industry and the government how to forecast trends in the Gulf; silence in the government, which looks for information only where "our" friends (e.g., the Shah, or Anwar Sadat) direct us to look for it. "Islam" is only what holds the West's oil reserves; little else counts, little else deserves attention. The result has been a gross oversimplification of "Islam" to further the realization of numerous manipulative aims: from the stirring up of a new Cold War, to the fomentation of racial antipathy, to mobilization for a possible invasion, to the continuing denigration of Muslims and Arabs.

Lest I seem to conform too closely to Oscar Wilde's cynic, who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing, I should say finally that I recognize the need for expert opinion; that the United States as a great power is likely to have attitudes toward the outside world that smaller powers do not; that there is great hope for improvement in the dismal situation that now prevails. Nevertheless I do not believe as strongly and as firmly in a monolithic and abstract notion of "Islam" as many experts, policy-makers, and intellectuals do; on the contrary, I think it has become more of a nuisance than a help in understanding what moves people and societies. What I really believe in is the existence of critical sense and of citizens able and willing to use it to get beyond the special interests of experts and their *idées reçues*. By using the skills of a good critical reader to disentangle sense from nonsense, by asking the right questions and expecting pertinent answers, anyone can learn either about "Islam" or the world of Islam and about the men, women, and cultures that live within it, speak its languages, breathe its air, produce its histories and societies. At the point, humanistic knowledge begins and communal responsibility begins to be shouldered. (



OF MAHDIS, MULLAHS, AND IMAMS

The Syrian army is as fanatical as the hordes of the Mahdi. The Senussi have taken a hand in the game. The Persian Moslems are threatening trouble. There is a dry wind blowing through the East, and the parched grasses wait the spark. And the wind is blowing towards the Indian border. Whence comes that wind, think you?"

Sir Walter had lowered his voice and was speaking very slow and distinct. I could hear the rain dripping from the eaves of the window, and far off the hoot of taxis in Whitehall.

"Have you an explanation, Hannay?" he asked again.

"It looks as if Islam had a bigger hand in the thing than we thought," I said. "I fancy religion is the only thing to knit up such a scattered empire."

"You are right," he said. "You must be right. We have laughed at the Holy War, the Jihad that old Von der Goltz prophesied. But I believe that stupid old man with the big spectacles was right. There is a Jihad preparing. The question is, How?"

They are not fools, however much we try to persuade ourselves of the contrary. But supposing they had got some tremendous sacred sanction—some holy thing, some book or gospel or some new prophet from the desert. Islam is a fighting creed, and the mullah still stands in the pulpit with the Koran in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. Supposing there is some Ark of the Covenant which will madden the remotest Moslem peasant with dreams of Paradise? What then, my friend?"

From the novel Greenmantle by John Buchan, published in 1916. By permission of Lord Tweedsmuir.

"Then there will be hell let loose in those parts pretty soon."

"Hell which may spread. Beyond Persia, remember, lies India."

You never know what will start off a Jihad! But I rather think it's a man."

"Where could he get his purchase?" I asked.

"It's hard to say. If it were merely wild tribesmen like the Bedawin he might have got a reputation as a saint and miracle-worker. Or he might be a fellow that preached a pure religion, like the chap that founded the Senussi. But I'm inclined to think he must be something extra special if he can put a spell on the whole Moslem world. The Turk and the Persian wouldn't follow the ordinary new theology game. He must be of the Blood. Your Mahdis and Mullahs and Imams were nobodies, but they had only a local prestige. To capture all Islam—and I gather that is what we fear—the man must be of the Koreish, the tribe of the Prophet himself."

"But how could any impostor prove that? for I suppose he's an impostor."

"He would have to combine a lot of claims. His descent must be pretty good to begin with, and there are families, remember, that claim the Koreish blood. Then he'd have to be rather a wonder on his own account—saintly, eloquent, and that sort of thing. And I expect he'd have to show a sign, though what that could be I haven't a notion."

"You know the East about as well as any living man. Do you think that kind of thing is possible?" I asked.

"Perfectly," said Sandy, with a grave face. □

THE PUBLIC RECORD

SGearing:MJMcFadden/ma

1111

January 20, 1976

Edward H. Levi
Attorney General

Sinclair Gearing & Mary Jane McFadden
Attorneys, Antitrust Division

File: 60-0

Vermin, Main Building

We are reluctant to trouble you with this matter but those in the Division upon whom we must rely for eliminating the below described situation have been ineffective in alleviating our problem.

The seventh floor of the Main Building is infested with mice and cockroaches. We have not seen rats up here but have seen them in the courtyard and in the bushes surrounding the building. Beginning in September, 1975 when we first came here from the Star Building* we have seen mice scrambling in and out of the fan-cooler units under the windows of several of the offices of the 7600 corridor. Last month one of the secretaries sat down at her desk of a morning, moved a waste basket, and apparently awakened a sleeping mouse. Anyway, she frightened it and it frightened her. It leapt out of the basket and fled to a corner where the only apparent exit is into a ventilator grate. She headed in the opposite direction. Two days ago another secretary arrived in the morning and put her feet under her desk. A mouse ran across them and vanished down an open telephone cable conduit. Work came to a screeching stop that endured some minutes as we poked sticks down the hole and explained the transaction to those whose curiosity had drawn them to the clamor. A similar incident occurred last week. Ms. McFadden left a sandwich in a double-thickness doggy bag on her desk. The next morning, the bag had been gnawed through, the sandwich partially eaten, and the digested remains of that or a previous meal left on the desk.

* Star is an old (slavel) building but better managed than this one. Between 1963 and 1975 there were no mice, no rats, and prompt extermination of occasional outbreaks of cockroaches.

itself and atop official papers superimposed thereupon, including one from Senator Bagleton dealing with the Federal Reserve Clearinghouse in Kansas City. Droppings are also routinely found on other desks or the floor. Cockroaches are more frequent. In the pakes I have stomped as many as four at one brief sitting, without even rising from the ceremonial place.

The truth of the matter is that mice and mouse turds are only cutesy-poo in Beatrix Potter books andarchie was the only tolerable cockroach in the history of the world. It is demeaning, unprofessional, and unhealthy regularly to associate with rodents and roaches. It is also dis- comfitingly third-worldish to find that a great agency of the United States Government is surrendering to slum fauna in this the two hundredth year of the Republic.

We urge that you direct the appropriate persons to solve the problem forthwith, using whatever emphatic manner of speech is necessary.

OF MICE AND MEN (AND WOMEN)

Mr. PROXMIRE. Mr. President, I wish to call the attention of the Senate to a problem that faces us all, one of widening dimensions and rightening possibilities. What is this menace that has touched every Senate office with its icy fingers, striking fear into a thousand hearts? What is this plague to good government? Mr. President, I can sum it up in one word—mice.

Now, I am not just talking about a few mice, a solitary Mickey Mouse or Minnie Mouse. I mean legions of mice that have invaded the Dirksen Office Building and that seem to be moving in the Capitol from many directions.

Mr. President, the great American figure of the last generation did not come out of the golden age of sports. It was not Babe Ruth or Jack Dempsey or Bobby Jones or Bill Tilden or Red Grange. It was not Franklin Roosevelt or Churchill, Hitler or Stalin. It was Mickey Mouse. Sure, Mickey was a creature of the media, but what modern historic figure is not? Mickey was not a joke. He became a way of life. After all, millions of kids were not wearing Red Grange hats or Jack Dempsey or even FDR hats. But they were sure wearing those mouseteater hapeaus.

Mickey and Minnie Mouse are cultural institutions. They took Hollywood by storm, invaded the White House, captured the Nation, and captivated the world. That was all good and fine. But this phenomenon has to top somewhere. At the present rate, he progeny of Mickey and Minnie Mouse will soon have more voting power than the U.S. Senate. They will dominate the Banking Committee, eat out the cafeteria, control our lawmaking procedures. How long will it be before the majority leader's job is threatened by a mouse coalition?

The majority leader did not hear that, but he ought to be concerned about it, because it could happen. While he is conferring with the minority leader, the mice undoubtedly are moving on all areas of the Capitol.

I once thought there were many different kinds of Republicans—conservative Republicans and liberal Republicans, Northerners and Westerners, big-spending and tightfisted Republicans—but they are nothing compared to these mice. We have brown mice, white mice, soft furry mice, spotted mice, short-tailed mice, long-tailed mice, blunt-nosed mice, fat, satisfied, arrogant, omnipresent mice. You do not know mice until you have seen one devour a full bowl of poison and look up for more.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, the Senator did not mention the country mouse and the city mouse. Does he know the old story about that?

Mr. PROXMIRE. No, but I would like to hear it.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Are they involved here?

Mr. PROXMIRE. No, but we have many types of mice and they could include country mice and city mice.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. They were cousins, you know.

Mr. STEVENS. How about arctic mice?

Mr. PROXMIRE. We have arctic mice, Southern mice, Alaskan mice, Wisconsin mice, West Virginia mice. They are eating us up. I can tell you.

Yes, Mr. President, mice—from the sixth floor to the subbasement, behind every radiator, beneath every bookcase—the Dirksen Senate Office Building has been invaded by a marauding battalion of scurrying, foraging rodents. The parade of mice is as long as a New Yorker article about Senator CULVER. It goes on and on and on endlessly.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Would the Senator suggest that the Pied Piper might be able to get rid of these mice?

Mr. PROXMIRE. We are looking for him. They have a Pied Piper up there, but the poor fellow cannot do much. The mice are taking over. They are leading him.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Do you suppose I might take my fiddle and lead them away?

Mr. PROXMIRE. It might help. I think a little fiddling might do the trick. It did not work for Nero, but might for the majority leader.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. It worked for Thomas Jefferson. He was a country fiddler.

Mr. PROXMIRE. But he had to cope with rats. We have to cope with mice. The mice are more numerous and they are there.

It began as a small thing—a mouse here, a mouse there. But the problem has grown to epidemic proportions. We can no longer escape it. The mice are everywhere, and their size and number increase daily in geometric profusion.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. If the mice ever join hands with the roaches, what will happen to us then?

Mr. PROXMIRE. Well, I would bet on the mice. I think the mice can do it. The mice have already invaded Hollywood, invaded the White House. Believe me, they are way ahead of the roaches in our office. We have a lot of bullets, but the mice seem to be way ahead.

These mice are a brazen crew, entirely without fear. No room is inviolate, no conference so weighty as to be spared their squeaky presence. They have no morals, no sense of decency. Their presence is an outrage to the dignity of the Congress, an affront to basic human rights everywhere.

This is the age of the mouse.

We have a mouse-like energy bill before us right now. It is not a vicious steal of a bill, but a furtive, timid, gnawing at the public interest. Any self-respecting rat would sneer at it. And I might add that quite a few are doing just that. There is mousiness everywhere. Not only the Congress, but the executive branch and the Supreme Court are not fearsome and tough. All these institutions seem to be made up of a conglomeration of midgets, individually innocuous as a mouse but, in aggregate, as threatening as this army of mice has become.

Take the press. No longer are we plagued with yellow journalism of the ilk of William Randolph Hearst or Bertie McCormick. There are no lions in the press, no wolves. We have to strain even to call them jackals. There are not even any rats in the press, only hundreds of nibbling, on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand mice. Take this speech as an example: it had an embargo for Friday, but the release time was broken by AP. Now that is a mousy move if there ever was one. Embargoes, unlike mice, should be honored.

Even organized crime—the classic home of the dirty rat—lacks the class and clout of Al Capone or Lucky Luciano. These days, even the crooks are mousy.

Except for the defense contractors, shipbuilders who are taking rat-sized bites out of the taxpayers, even the rip-offs are more like a gigantic assemblage of mice-nibbles than the spectacular steals of yesteryear.

Sure there are more dollars of waste—more extravagance, more special interest chiseling, but it is a problem of too many little marauding rodents, each of them harmless but in aggregate nibbling the body politic as never before.

Mr. President, there is only one man, one heroic man, who stands between the Dirksen Building and this marauding horde. One man alone guards this fortress against the enemy.

In its unfathomable wisdom the Senate has hired an exterminator. Every Tuesday night he returns to make his dreary rounds. From office to office, armed with traps and poison, cheese and odor-proof plastic bags, he trudges, struggling to stem the endless tide.

Life is cheap for these mice. When our hero returns next Tuesday, grim and determined, another bloody spectacle will await him, another senseless carnage scattered through Senate offices.

Mr. President, what is the explanation for this vicious cycle of slaughter, this ceaseless attrition? Why must this lone crusader return week after week, to endure the screams of frenzied secretaries, to be greeted by the light, acrid stench of decaying

mice? Why, Mr. President, why?

I will tell you why.

Like some enormous sponge, like the U.S. Tax Code, like some gargantuan Swiss cheese, the Dirksen Senate Office Building is riddled with holes—gaping three-inch portals pierced by slender one-inch pipe yawn in every wall, behind every radiator, giving the rodents access to every floor, every room.

And what is the Senate's response to this gross breach of integrity? How have we acted to stem the blight now afflicting this Congress?

With characteristic myopia, we have treated the symptoms while ignoring the causes. We have merely hired one solitary individual, a courageous man but one hopelessly inadequate to rid us of the pest.

Mr. President, how much longer can we wait to attack this problem at its roots? Think of the time lost by Senate employees afraid to return to their offices, having been displaced by thousands of mus musculi. Consider the trepidation of those who fear to open their desk drawers only to face a quickly departing mouse colony. How many mice have secretly typed out a memorandum by random application of their quadrupedal appendages during the night? Could this account for some of our less worthy legislation?

Oh, the irony of this plague. Even now, with one porous Senate Office Building riddled with vermin, another rises up right next door. This lavish structure, the newest Senate Office Building, now rising from the ground almost as fast as its price tag, stands next door to the "holey" Dirksen Office Building, and I mean holey.

If we were to take only one ten-thousandth—one ten-thousandth—of the fortune required to build the Hart Senate Office Building, and rather than throw that money down the mousehole, if we were to take that small sum and plug the holes in the Dirksen Building, I assure you that the results would be startling. We could stuff those holes with dollars and be money ahead. The dollar is not worth much these days. Jamming a few hundred thousand down a mousehole would be a new and exhilarating change for the Senators from shoveling them down rat holes. No longer would mice scuttle through these formerly respected halls. The wanton horde that now afflicts the Dirksen Building would quickly recede. There would be so much extra room that we would not have spent over \$200 million to build a new edifice. It would be the best investment of the dollar by Congress in years.

Mr. President, I had hoped for Republican support in my efforts to rid

the Senate of mice. But the Republicans are running scared. Elephants and mice do not mix, as we all know. Perhaps that is why there are so few Republicans in the Senate.

This desperate situation cries out for action. Behind the marbled walls of the Dirksen Building there flourishes a mousey Byzantium. Just as the barbarians descended on Rome, this wave of rodents, this pestilence, this Sodom and Gomorrah of the mouse world, now gnaws at the very foundations of the Senate. Unless we act now, the Dirksen Senate Office Building, like Rome, may fall.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD addressed the Chair.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from West Virginia.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, I am encouraged to believe that the epic story of Beowulf, and Oliver, Roland, and King Arthur and all of his knights, Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, are about to be relived, as I have listened to this brief and noble speech made by the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin.

He has declared, virtually, a one-man war on mice, and if it were not that I suffered from great trepidations I would seek to join him. But I shall be content with following from afar. I congratulate him.

Just a few days ago I saw a streak. It was not a streaker, it was a streak that went across the floor.

Mr. PROXMIRE. A fully-clothed mouse.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. In the Lyndon B. Johnson Room. It was one of those mice the Senator was talking about.

So does the Senator know what I did? I got myself a couple of these old-fashioned mousetraps, put a little piece of cheese on it, came in the next morning, the cheese was gone, the trap was sprung—no mouse.

So these mice have developed a technology, I suppose, in this age that has rendered the old-fashioned mousetrap useless.

Mr. PROXMIRE. These mice are smart. We have all kinds and varieties of traps in our office.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Oh, yes.

Mr. PROXMIRE. We have the old-fashioned traps, we have the new-fashioned traps, we have all kinds of poison. They are not only smart, they are tough. They eat that poison. It makes them stronger and bigger.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. They have a built-in resistance. Their IQ is undoubtedly very high.

Mr. PROXMIRE. It might improve the quality of the Senate as they come on to replace some other kinds.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. May I say in closing, the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin has labored greatly,

and what has he brought forth? A mouse.

Mr. PROXMIRE. I thank my good friend, the leader. I thought he was going to ask if I was a man or a mouse. I was going to say that these days I would rather be a mouse. They are winning.

Mr. DANFORTH. Will the Senator yield?

Mr. PROXMIRE. Yes.

Mr. DANFORTH. I would point out these mice have not only infested the Dirksen Building, they are in the Senate restaurant, as well. The Senator may have wondered what he was eating in the Senate restaurant. Think of what the mice are wondering.

But I wonder, at a time when we can send people to the moon, when the Congress of the United States has such originality and such excellence, why it is beyond our ability and beyond our imagination to be able to build a better mousetrap.

Mr. PROXMIRE. I thank the distinguished Senator from Missouri.

That is the question. As he pointed out so well, he and Senator CHAFEE led the fight on that Hart Office Building. I can understand, that is one of the reasons for it, because they have been driving the mice out of that area into the Dirksen Building.

If we take one ten-thousandth of that money and stuff these holes—the trouble is that Dirksen has a series of holes in every office—and if we stuff them with dollars we would be ahead. The dollar is not worth much. That probably would be the best investment we could make.

I might say, it is good to have Republicans joining in this because I indicated Republican elephants have an aversion to having anything to do with mice.

Mr. HATCH. Will the Senator yield?

Mr. PROXMIRE. Yes.

Mr. HATCH. I am afraid the Republicans, in their characteristic fashion, will bring their elephants in and stamp the mice out, and I think that could have a detrimental effect on our buildings.

I compliment the Senator from Wisconsin for spending so much of the Senate's time on worthwhile merit in comparison to, I would say, 40 percent of the legislation that concerns our time in this Chamber.

I think the Senator will come up with some very extensive, decent, and worthwhile legislation, which we can in a bipartisan effort join to solve this otherwise incredible problem.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair advises Senators that the time for the Mickey Mouse program has expired.

THE MIND'S EYE

MIDNIGHT OIL

by David Suter

The young captain leans back from his weeks-old newspaper, fitfully illuminated by the oil lamp. So the Americans have elected yet another former governor: from *gubernator*, helmsman.

The ship moves on across the midnight water, deflected by forces known and unknown. The captain dozes, while beneath his charts a small Russian book on popular science presses this lesson between its pages:

In the autumn of 1912, the ocean liner Olympic . . . was steaming ahead out on the high seas, when another much smaller ship, the cruiser Hawk, rapidly approached it on a parallel course a hundred meters away.

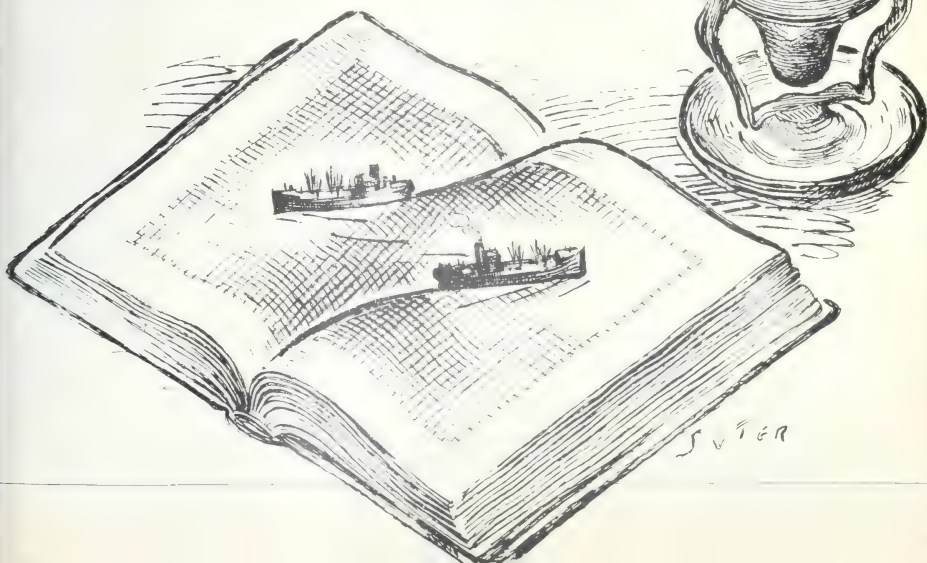
. . . a surprising thing happened. The Hawk sharply veered off its course, as if obeying some invisible force, turned toward the big liner, and, heedless of the helm, rammed into it.

A tribunal examined this queer case and found the Olympic's skipper guilty . . . attributing the accident to the skipper's negligence. Actually this was the result of a totally unforeseen circumstance, a case of the mutual attraction of ships at sea.

*When ships were small, their mutual attraction was not so much in evidence. However, now that floating cities are plying the oceans, it is far more noticeable and warship commanders duly reckon with it when maneuvering.**

This phenomenon is known as the Bernoulli effect, and is due to the varying pressure associated with fluids passing through wider and narrower channels.

* From *Physics for Entertainment*, by Yakov Perelman, a Russian writer.



ARBOR DAY

A short story

by T. N. R. Rogers

MY SISTER has decided to become a writer. Now that she is fifty and her five girls are all grown, she says she is finally getting around to doing some of the things she has always wanted to do. She says she realizes that her husband, Pork, has been keeping her in bondage for thirty years—and so insidiously that she was never aware of it. Now she is freeing herself. She is teaching Crafts and Edible Wild Plants down at the nature center, she is taking whitewater kayak lessons, and last year she went on a balloon expedition in Manassas. She is talking of climbing mountains, of exploring caves, of diving into shipwrecks and coral reefs, of sailing alone across the Pacific. All these experiences, she tells us, will be grist for the writer's mill.

Her story is going to be called "Arbor Day." It came to her in a flash when she was helping the Girl Scouts plant trees along Lowland Creek. In the story the girls will come across a severed human hand when they dig a hole for a seedling. In another hole they will come across a foot, and in another a rib or two. Suddenly everybody will remember how McTavish, a thirty-year civil servant, disappeared six months before, and how his wife had been strangely jubilant at the time.

We all laugh. Cissie's laughter is the loudest and brightest of all.

"That story sounds awfully familiar," I tell her.

"It isn't going to be me who murders Pork," she says. "It'll be one of those kids he's taking into that precious house of his. Probably Holly's boyfriend—he's got a murderous streak in him, no doubt about it. He's knocked her around a few times, anyway."

"Oh darling," my mother says. "He has?"

"Doesn't sound like the sort of person you want hanging around your daughter," my father says: but his words take too long to get out, and Cissie is already expounding on the vengeance that will overtake Pork. Pork will ask Holly's boyfriend to do something, per-

haps to flush the toilet (another failing of Holly's boyfriend, other than being murderous, is that he has never learned to flush the toilet), and Holly's boyfriend will split Pork's head open with an ax. If an ax is not available, he will knock Pork down the stairs and break his neck.

Cissie laughs at this. It sounds like an improbable scenario, but these days, who knows?

We are sitting in the cramped living room of my parents' tiny apartment in Washington. They live in a dilapidated brick building half way between the public housing, from which even now we can hear shouts and loud music and laughter, and the expensive waterfront high-rises. Four blocks from the Potomac; that was the only advantage of the place, but now, after Mary's operation and Bart's series of strokes, they cannot manage to walk more than a block. Surrounding us in these few tiny rooms are the impedimenta and tangible remembrances of my parents' conjoined lives: the walls are covered with Mary's paintings, and a shelf of one of the bookcases is devoted to Bart's books.

They have been married for fifty-five years, and for longer than that he has been a writer. Now, gathering dust beside his typewriter in the far corner of the room, there is a stack of 250 pages of a novel he was rewriting when he had his bad stroke almost a year ago. He had eighty or ninety pages to go, and all through his slow recuperation he has had those pages in mind. But he has not been able to type. His fingers cannot seem to hit the correct keys: he believes that that is the problem, and that as soon as he regains the proper use of his fingers he will be able to get the writing done. As soon as he gets it done he will embark on a new novel, to be called *The Great-Grandfathers*. In his slow, halting speech—the words flow and stop in little bursts, like rusty water from defective plumbing—he tries to tell me about that book. He believes it will be his finest. It is a book I would like to read, a book I would like to pass on to my son

But Bart has stopped talking. He puts his hands up to his head, clutching at his skull as if to take hold of the ideas bottled up in there and bring them out into the open. All that he has in there—it is bottled up forever.

Cissie's cigarettes are getting to me, and I jerk one of the windows open. After the rain it is cool out, and there is a refreshing smell from the lilacs Mary planted six or eight years ago. Cissie is going on and on, about her husband who does not know the meaning of joy and about her daughters whom she nurtured in her bosom but who have turned out to be as thankless as vipers. I turn from the window and look at her: Is this really my sister? This laughing, melodramatic woman—is this who Cissie has become?

I DROVE in this afternoon, on my way from Provincetown. Tomorrow I will continue on toward Iowa, where I have a house and where my son, Eric, lives with the woman who used to be my wife. Washington was a detour, but it might have been the last time I see Bart.

The highway seemed to fill me with words. The words were not for my father. I had never really talked to my father; my role in his life, I learned a long time ago, was to be a listener, a sounding board. He would listen now, in the wake of his strokes, his own torrential voice gone bubbly and full of rust, to whatever I might say. But I had never learned to talk to him.

The words were for Eric. I have not seen him for six months, and some days, out on the whale-watching boat or alone in my little

bayside room. I have groaned under the weight of my unspoken words for him, the observations, the admonitions, the words of love. On the highway, the words seemed to take shape. They seemed to be forming themselves into something so important that I thought that I would sit down and write Eric a letter as soon as I reached my parents' place, even though he does not read yet and even though the letter would not reach Iowa as soon as I would.

But what was it that I wanted to say? The message seemed to keep changing. There was a great deal of change in the air. In Massachusetts the trees were still bare, and under the heavy wind and rain the land through which I drove seemed autumnal rather than vernal. On the Jersey Turnpike the day suddenly opened up: behind me the sky was black with clouds, and ahead it was blue and cloudless; the highway and fields still sparkled from the rain, and the trees were thick with fresh greenery and flowers.

Not much farther on I had a breakdown. I was towed off the turnpike at midnight and slept in the front seat, under a blinking neon sign, till dawn. It was an all-night station. When I awoke and went into the station, the night-shift man who had towed me in was having a cup of coffee with the day men, who had just arrived. He was talking about a car he had towed from the highway after a terrible crash late at night; it had jumped the barricade and smashed head-on into another car.

One of the men who had just come in looked up from his coffee with a bored expression and said, "Who bought lunch?"

"The two kids in that car," the night man said, "and one man in the other car. He was

"I turn from the window and look at her: Is this really my sister?"



sliced all up with broken glass. They tried to stop the bleeding, but it was coming out in too many places; they just didn't have enough hands."

And somehow I wanted to tell Eric about that, too, to tell him that death comes as easily to humans as it does to other living things, and when it comes it is not even hallowed. It is a matter of twisted metal and broken glass, a matter of bored talk over morning coffee by men who will not even speak of it by its rightful name: over the rims of their paper cups, yawning, they ask one another who bought lunch last night.

And then what? When the mechanic came in he found that the starter needed to be replaced. A simple job, but it cost more money than I had. I would have to get somebody to wire me the \$50 I did not have. So I called Phyllis and told her what had happened.

"I don't know if the bank is open," she said. "Where am I supposed to get fifty dollars?"

"The bank is open."

"This is Saturday, you know."

"It's open till twelve. That gives you two hours, right?"

In the background I could hear Eric demanding to speak to me. Phyllis put her hand over the phone and said something to him I could not hear.

"Can't you get your brother to do it?" she said.

"I guess I could. I can, yes."

It hurt me that she should ask. My brother had done things for us so many times that I did not like to ask him for anything more. Once when we were stuck in upper Michigan he wired us \$300 to have our engine replaced. Now I dialed his number to ask a favor once again, but there wasn't any answer. I hesitated a few minutes, but I could think of no one else. So I called Phyllis back.

"I don't even know if there's a telegraph office in town," she said.

I closed my eyes and waited, saying nothing.

"The closest office may be Cedar Rapids. I may have to drive to Cedar Rapids."

"Will you please do this for me?" I said. "I don't know what else to say—I need the money. The work has already been done. I can't get out of here without the money."

"It's raining here," Phyllis said.

Her voice sounded wistful. I knew by her tone that she had decided to help me.

"Well, I'll see what I can do," she said at last.

Three hours later the money came through, and I was on my way. But I was still hurt by Phyllis's unwillingness to do something that

seemed to require nothing of her but simple decency or kindness. It did not require love; it did not require her to give of herself. I had always tried to do what I could for Phyllis. I had always tried to be kind.

BEFORE CISSIE stopped by, I sat and listened to my father stumbling over his words, trying to say to me, perhaps for the last time, the things he felt were important. They were things I had heard many times before. How he had come to write this book or that story, how he got paid less than he should have for one story or another, how we would not have lost the house in Dobbs Ferry if he had been able to get back into the army for World War II.

I have heard these things before, all of them, but there is one thing that is new. He is trying to sue his publisher, but he is not satisfied with the young lawyer he engaged. The lawyer reported that he might be able to get a settlement of \$300, but my father believes he should be able to get \$30,000. He believes his stroke last year was caused by his worries about the publisher's apparent breach of contract. The publisher refuses to take him seriously—that is the most painful thing of all. The publisher knows he is an old man and supposes, correctly, that when he dies his heirs will drop the suit. Bart doesn't want the money for himself; since going on social security, he and Mary have felt wealthier than ever in their lives. He wants it for his children. Of course, none of us needs the money now. He is thinking of twenty and thirty and forty years ago, when we had to do without; he would like to rewrite that part of our family history. Before he dies, he wants us to have the money for the roller skates and bikes we did not have, for new clothes, for two weeks at summer camp.

"Don't you remember how you wanted to go out to Colorado that summer?" he said.

"To tell you the truth, I completely forgot about that."

"It meant a lot to you, boy, at the time."

"As it turned out, I was happier to be at home that summer."

The old man cannot tell anymore when I am lying. Still today in my subrational self I believe my whole life would have been happier if I had gone to Colorado that summer.

But now Cissie is here, and she does the talking. Beneath her vibrant good humor, she is indignant. Pork, she tells us, is trying to cut her off without a nickel.

This phrase of hers strikes a chord in me. A long time ago, before she got married to

Pork, she was married for less than a month to a fellow utterly devoid of redeeming qualities. One day Cissie showed up at Grams's house with the complaint that Albie gave her only two cents a week. Two cents a week! I was eight, and I was indignant. The adults gathered around her in conference. When Albie knocked at the door a little later I confronted him immediately.

"How come you give Cissie only two cents a week!"

"Huh? How about moving, kid? I want my wife."

What a nice guy Pork seemed when she started going around with him. She loved him even after they got married. For years she was a terrific advocate of marriage and babies. Ten years ago, when I admitted some uncertainties about my own relationship with Phyllis, Cissie put her arms around me. She got stars in her eyes and told me blissfully that I should give it a chance; I would find, as she had, that everything got better and better.

But now Cissie has forgotten all that. She goes back to how Pork lost his job. After thirty years as a maritime specialist with the Commerce Department and then the Transportation Department, he was fired because he disagreed with the new administration's policies on shipping oil.

"*Supposedly* because of that," Cissie says now. "But actually it's because he's been an incurable neurotic for the past ten years."

This is something I have not heard before. Until recently, in telling us about his troubles at the office, she was furiously supportive. He was Horatius at the bridge.

"Everybody knew he was neurotic," she says. "It must have been perfect hell to work with him. Even the neighbors have known for years that he was neurotic. Jane Oliver's mother calls him Old Stone Face. They all wondered how I could stand living with him. And imagine!" she says, turning to me and breathing her smoke straight into my face, "he calls *me* neurotic!"

I realize that Bart is not listening to Cissie. His eyes are not on her, but on me, and I have a sudden apprehension that he is seeing me as his future, seeing me as his hope, in some sense, for immortality. He is waiting for me to speak; he is hoping for me to tell him what I have been doing and what is on my mind.

But what can I say to my father now? For all the years of my life he has tutored me in silence: I have become the one who listens. And now already I am looking toward my son for my own immortality. How can I tell Bart that? How can I tell him anything? He will

never know me, now, no matter what I say. A son may know his father—already Eric seems to see right through me—but how can a father ever know his son?

"I have a sudden apprehension that he is seeing me as his future."

AS SOON AS I came in this afternoon, Mary filled me in on Cissie's problems. Cissie's problems are marital problems. On Easter Sunday, Pork gave Cissie the loveliest card you would ever hope to see, satin and scented and sentimental, "To the only woman I have ever loved." The next day his lawyer got in touch with her and told her he was filing for divorce. The grounds were incompatibility and two counts of adultery, which Cissie denies absolutely. Cissie is furious at Pork for having given her that message of love the very day before filing for divorce. She is extremely upset. What upsets her the most is that for weeks she was preparing to ask for a separation. Pork beat her to the punch.

She is upset, too, because she feels abandoned by her children. She feels that all of them except the youngest are siding unfairly with Pork. There are five girls, and for years they seemed very close to Cissie. The eldest is married now and the youngest is still in high school, but in recent years the middle three have adopted a mock-hippie life style, living with a group of pimply freaks, in a house where plaster rains from the ceiling. Cissie, as she approached fifty, thought she was one of them since she was young at heart. She became the hippiest of all. She would show up at their communal house at three in the morning with a gallon of wine or half an ounce of marijuana; she would want them to wake up, to bay at the moon, to come out and fly a kite, or perhaps to dance naked under the arc lights in Lafayette Park. "Why, Mom?" they said.

Now the whole lot of them have been evicted, and the three girls have decided to move back into their parents' house. They want to have their boyfriends move in with them. Pork has always been rather stodgy about such matters, but this time he called a family council, which was composed of the three middle girls with himself as Supreme Arbiter. The girls voted unanimously to have their boyfriends move in, so Pork went along—"simply to spite me," Cissie says.

Now they have all moved in or are moving in. It's a big house; there are rooms enough for all of them. Cissie is still living there, too, afraid that if she leaves before the divorce goes through she will be charged with abandonment. She moved out of the master bedroom six months ago, telling everybody in



the family that it was Pork's fault. She said Pork was no longer able to discharge the duties of a husband because he was not "young at heart." He was a man incapable of love, she said, but that wasn't why she moved out of his bed. She moved out because he was sitting up in bed till four o'clock every morning, with the lights blazing, snipping interesting items out of the newspaper. He said he was gathering material for a book. She would wake up at odd hours in the middle of the night to the sound of the scissors. Sometimes Pork would be giggling over one of the items he had cut out.

"And he thinks I'm crazy!" Cissie says. She turns to me again. "Didn't Mary tell you? He called up Mary and told her he thought I was acting a little psychotic!"

This is certainly one of Cissie's exaggerations. Before Cissie came down, Mary told me she called the house to speak to Cissie, but Cissie wasn't in. Pork answered the phone. He told Mary he was a little worried about Cissie; she had been acting somewhat unstable lately. "When he said that," Mary reported to me, "I told him, 'Maybe she just needs to feel loved.' He didn't have any answer to that."

But now, when Cissie transmutes this "unstable" into "psychotic," Mary nods as though the two words are synonyms.

"Psychotic!" Cissie exclaims. "Pork's so used to standing up for that mother of his that he's probably come to think she's normal and everybody else in the world is nuts!"

Pork's mother is wacko, an alumna of St. Elizabeth's. When Pork was a baby she tried to bury him alive in the backyard. Now she is harmless, just one more little white-haired old lady shuffling her shopping cart along the streets of St. Petersburg, Florida.

"What does he mean, psychotic?" Cissie says. "Do I look psychotic to you?"

I pretend to think about it. "Gee, Cissie, that's a hard one to answer. How much time do I have before you go into your catatonic state?"

NOW MY SISTER has gone. Bart and Mary are nodding in front of the television, performing the final ritual of the night, the watching of the ten o'clock news. They are too tired to be getting anything out of it, and I feel like insisting, as I would to my son, that they get to bed. Someday, perhaps, in some aseptic nursing home with white tile walls and fluorescent lighting, a bright young Irish nurse will take one of them in hand—the survivor, that is, of this love affair that has persisted through the ups and downs of fifty-five years—like a child,

like all her other enfeebled charges; she will insist that the television be off at half-past nine, that everybody go to sleep like good sweet dear darlings. But I cannot.

I was the youngest of their children, and that is what I shall be forever: the littlest one, in need of their protection, their advice. So I watch them nodding in front of the television, and when the news is over their eyes look up blearily. Bart stumbles over to the set, almost loses his balance for a moment—I am ready to jump up and catch him, but that proves not to be necessary—and when he has switched it off, he looks around the room a little uncertainly. His eyes alight on me. He takes a step toward me and grasps my arm with an old man's imitation of a grip that used to be guiding and strong. This is the hand that held me safe when I learned to swim, that held the bike upright when I first learned to ride.

"G'night, boy. Get plenty of sleep."

Steadying himself with his arms against walls and bookcases, he hobbles down the hall toward the bedroom. Mary stays behind and fusses over her youngest son.

"Sweet dreams, my child," she says. "You think you have enough blankets? Is that couch wide enough for you?"

She brings me out sheets, a pillow, a blanket that smells of mothballs. When she is gone, I drape one of the sheets over the couch without any attempt at neatness, pull off my shoes, and turn off the lights. But I cannot sleep. Something is worrying me—the letter I was going to write my son. On the highway it seemed so pressing, and everything seemed so clear. But what was it that seemed so clear? What was it I wanted to say to him?

It is a warm night. A man walks by outside, on his way to or from the public housing, singing at the top of his lungs: I cannot make out the words, but he sounds happy as the devil.

I suppose that all I felt impelled to say to Eric was a few passionate banalities: Things change; Winter passes suddenly into spring; Life is brief; Love is a flower that is apt to stink when it dies. On the highway I believed I was on the verge of something important, but now I see it is all nothing, nothing but a vague cry, a vague *carpe diem*. "*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus*"—that was the first Latin phrase Bart ever taught me.

Now, lying on this narrow couch, I think again of the fellow at the service station telling us a man bled to death on the highway last night because there were just not enough hands to stop the bleeding. That is the crux of it, I think. Not enough hands. Never enough hands to stop the bleeding, and one thing after another buys itself lunch. □

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The Ringleader

Joe Rocks' one asset was his face. Since early manhood he had possessed the countenance of a proud, fierce, if rather battered, nobleman. Unfortunately, as Selective Service was to discover, his IQ was 78 and falling. The appellation "Joe Rocks," which he had picked up as a boy, did not refer to his hard face but to his brain, as in the expression, "This guy's got rocks in his head."

His face had served him well at the level of street robbery and petty extortion. When he attempted anything more complicated, however, Joe Rocks seemed to run into bad luck and had spent half of his mature years behind bars.

So it was that during the riot one of the young guards they were holding hostage panicked and bolted, and Joe Rocks, unable, as usual, to think of anything brighter to do, stabbed him; and he died. This was one of the few crimes for which a man could go to the electric chair.

Half the newspapers in the country ran the Associated Press picture of a platoon of National Guardsmen leading Joe Rocks out of the cellblock. He had never looked harder, nobler, more formidable in his life. The captions identified him as the ringleader, which gave everybody in Cellblock C a big laugh. Joe Rocks could barely lead his shoes across a level floor.

No one was more startled than Joe Rocks himself when Leonard Wringer, the famous lawyer and defender of underdogs, turned up at the prison and offered to take on his case. Ever the wary animal, Joe Rocks said: "What's in it for you?" Wringer launched into a goulash of prison slang—half of which Joe Rocks couldn't follow—and Marxist philosophy. There was no way the eminent counselor could bring himself to explain that in fact his real source of income was public lecturing. He gave seventy-five lectures a year at universities at \$4,500 a crack, a heady livelihood that depended, however, on his staying in the news. Nothing served the purpose so neatly as great public eruptions reeking of blood, iron, and social conflict.

Two days later Joe Rocks was visited by Loren Miller, author of several best-selling crime books, who said he wanted to write Joe's autobiography for him. Joe Rocks said, "What's in it for you?" "Fifty percent," said Loren Miller.

He asked Joe Rocks a lot of questions about the

ring he led. This brought a rare laugh from the noble face. "Ring?" he said. "There ain't nothing in Cellblock C but psychos and f—ups." The writer didn't even blink. He asked Joe Rocks how the ring in one maximum security prison managed to keep in touch with the rings in the others. Gradually Joe Rocks began to get the drift.

A book called *The Rocks* began to take shape, a book about the inverse nobility-behind-bars who today control life, death, and destiny in America's prisons, a secret society of super-hard carborundum criminals known as the Rocks.

"Who's gonna believe it?" said Joe Rocks. "Everybody," said Loren Miller, who had already spent a small part of their \$600,000 advance to arrange for a correction officer to leak the existence of the dreaded cabal to a young investigative reporter named Bob Siding.

Even young Siding, who still wore his hair over his ears, thought the story smelled a bit high, but he was at a desperate point in his career. Six months ago he had been hired, at a big salary, as an investigative reporter; so far, all he had dug up was an assistant city manager who had charged the city for five consecutive dinners for two in excess of \$125 per at an urban renewal conference in Seattle.

His exclusive about the Rocks was immediately picked up by the wire services, and soon all of America knew of the Rocks and the rock of all the Rocks, Joe Rocks. At his many televised news conferences Leonard Wringer told how the American penal system had broken down so completely that it required hard men like Joe Rocks and the other Rocks to bring some semblance of justice, however brutal, into the jungle-inside-the-cage.

As befitted a millionaire celebrity—by now the paperback and motion-picture rights had been sold—Joe Rocks' charge was reduced from first-degree murder to negligent homicide, his remaining term was changed from hard time to "country-club" time, and he received an early parole.

He was tempted to accept some of the many talk-show invitations he received, but for once he used his head and followed the advice Wringer, Miller, and Siding had all given him: "For God's sake, Joe, if anybody asks you anything about anything—just stare at him like Al Pacino in *Godfather II*, and never mind the dialogue." □

THE DISCONNECTIONS

When suddenly he took, whom I had sought
in my endless trolling back and forth
off Cape Bianca (froth
of bonito boiling
at sardines on the quarter, brake
and plunge of pelicans, off the bow
the huge cloud shadow
of the manta, the stony sea
shattering on the Santa Helena reefs,
and then the black fin

trailing the rigged *balao*, the cobalt bill
thrusting up from the wake, the line
unclipping from the right
outrigger, running loose)
I waited and struck
into the living shock and weight
of sea and sailfish; and at
the hookbite the sheer silver of him
leaped and leaped, the great fin
for an instant billowing
with purple light; and then

he broke away, the line end writhing
far astern, the big rod
springing back; whereupon
I reeled in and sat
stunned, to imagine his stunned
and panicked seaward flight,
the snapped line snaking
at his flank; and remembered

what in fact had been too brief
in the true light of the afternoon
to have truly recollected
with much in the way of faith, except
for the usual conviction
out of evidence: my hands

loosening on the rod, my heart
giving a little, salt crystals
grainy on my lips, my wondering
how it might have been, this time

to have brought him flaring and wallowing
in iridescences of spray boatside,
wide-gilled and azure, shimmering,
gaffed him in and lashed him down
astern, swathed him in damp sacking
against the sun. And even earlier,

heading out to sea, sighting
along the thread of current
to the oyster wharf diminishing
astern, I saw the black girl
standing on a heap
of shells, waving, though not
to me, crumpling
a red hibiscus blossom
in her hand, until

the headland rose
between us; and felt again
the irrupt quickening, my body
urgent to cherish its express
knowledge of loss: girl

with flower, white
and distant flowering of the sea,
the great fish shining
in mid-air, all of it
risen or fallen
to improbable form,

though none of it
in any true or final nature
of the evidence (except perhaps
for the salt which on my tongue remains
a taste I cannot subdue, seem never
to have forgotten).

Days later

and ashore again I take
to cover, and at night
fall into something like sleep
on something like an incandescent sand,
prepared against the dry inclemencies

of loss, worry
the disconnections
in the considerable excess
of my way, consider

what has torn loose from me or breaks away
and then goes on as if
we had never touched and for
the moment caught
and held: I dream
of the bloodshock in the beautiful
pelagic bodies against mine, as if—
at least in the saltless dream as if—
each were required to be taken as
some shining, vigorous extrusion of
the sea. Here,
in the close dream which the body bears,
out of the whole repertoire of memory,
I sense the slow
movement which conceals itself (headland

rising, the fish
suspended in its leap) and find
that what is small and far away
exhausts my sight (over the sea
which scarcely moves
and even as I say it
becomes more still,
an inclusion of gulls

hovers). And what
of all the congregate shapes
a body makes most clearly moves
is the shadow of the girl sweeping
the white stone of the wharf from one
side to the other of her, power
of the circling light by which
I have come to yearn
for all that is pastless
and disjunct (slow

clasp of the strangler fig
shaping itself to the warm bole

of the palm, huge
flowering corpus
of the sea. whatever
is made of the caught
and leaping body by what
bears in on it: infold of water,
salt or sun, the sea
shaping itself
to the bone's
mandrel). Here,

in the dream
where all my people are,
stunned valencies loosed
to the toils of the assimilation,
I stand among the white waves
of the stones which root
in the vacuoles of the graves
and bloom with oleander
and hibiscus. Here I breathe

the salt air of the slow season,
which, of what might be,
exhausts only the part,
and call on myself again to dream
on this ten-thousandth night without
amendment, to make of it all again
the generosity beyond the need,
extend without correction

the vision: how it might be
that in the end we come together, red
flower, fish and girl, volume
of our beings here embraced,
and all that stood between us
in the dazzling, translucent sea-light,
union of particles
beyond all series, never
so light as then, the earth
closed on itself and
centered, gravid
with bodies, trembling
to give birth.

— John Engels

THE MOONIES INVADE GLOUCESTER

A sea of discontent

by Geoffrey Moorhouse

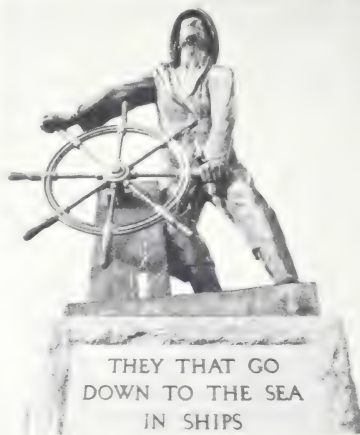
I RETURNED to Gloucester last year just as New England was enjoying that delicious moment when its summer heat expires into the annual balm of fall. The sumacs' fingers were already tipped with red, and the grackles seethed each evening around the firs on Rust Island as they mustered before moving South. Down in the harbor the pleasure craft were still tacking and whizzing about among the fishing boats, but the summer people had begun to muffle themselves against winds that were cutting in from Massachusetts Bay and the Gulf of Maine. It was their last fling before the launches were hauled high and dry, to be towed away inland for the winter or left snug beneath tarpaulin in the marinas like rows of stranded whales. Soon the roar of outboards would give way to the lamasery note of halyards tinkling against bare steel masts, and the draggers and scallopers working out of Gloucester would have the harbor and the sea beyond the breakwater all to themselves.

The town itself seemed to be more or less as I had left it three years before, after living through twelve months of its untidy, warm, exuberant, and frequently boisterous

ways. Main Street had been widened a bit at one point to accommodate more easily the endless procession of trucks that roll up empty from most of the United States and return whence they came, loaded to the roof with fish sticks and other produce of the sea. The wasteland at the top of the harbor had been cleaned up and fenced in, its adjacent road now smoothed with tarmac where it had been deeply rutted and potholed before, as if from an assault by tanks. Otherwise nothing had changed.

The Yankee General Store on East Main Street was still overflowed with implements old and new, with bygones and bric-a-brac stretching back a century at least. The hostelry where Rudyard Kipling stayed for three weeks while he made notes for *Captains Courageous* remained blessedly old-fashioned, untouched by the passage of time or the invention of Holiday Inns. The clapboard homes rose in terraces and dabs of white and olive, blue and brown, yellow and pink around the harbor in precisely the pattern I recalled. Returning to Gloucester was like putting on a pair of old slippers that time had molded easily around the feet.

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THE COMFORTABLE familiarity was deceptive, for Gloucester is in as great a turmoil as it has known in its three hundred and fifty years. It has worries that have always come from its relationship with the sea, and its fishermen have been nagging as usual about the inequity of the marketplace that decreed, in the first six months of 1980, that although landings increased by 52 percent, their value rose by less than half as much. Beyond that there is an ominous cloud angling offshore over Georges Bank, possibly the richest fishing ground left on earth, where Mobil, Exxon, and other oil companies will start drilling and inevitably polluting if the Departments of the Interior and Commerce under the baton of the White House) have their way against the protests of the fishermen, the environmentalists, and the attorney general of Massachusetts. Neither of these issues, however, ranked as 1980's Topic Number One among the people of Gloucester.

By a fair margin, that was provided by the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity, a mouthful more conveniently uttered as the Unification Church. In short, the Moonies have moved in, and the result can be seen as a storm in a local teacup, or as the case of a small community that feels threatened by something much bigger and possibly better organized than it is itself. There are about twenty-eight thousand people in Gloucester, and some of them reckon that the handful of Moonies already in their midst are merely the scouts for an invading army that has spread from Asia and now claims three million adherents in 120 countries.

The Moonies first came to town in 1977. Their American holdings already extended from Alaska, down and around through California, Alabama, Virginia, and, most substantially, New York. And twelve months earlier a boat had been discovered at Swampscott, on Boston's North Shore, offloading tuna into a truck labeled Tong Il Enterprises, which drove its cargo to Logan Airport, where the fish was put on a plane for Japan. In the summer of 1977, the Moonies had rented a house on the northern outskirts of Gloucester, and four or five boats began to fish as the tuna season began. Occasionally their numbers were augmented by the Rev. Sun Myung Moon himself, founder and all but godhead of the movement, who turned up like a holiday maker in his 48-foot yacht. And so sensitive were these newcomers to public opinion that in December of that year they called an open meeting to "share our hearts with you about the activities of the Rev. Moon and the Unification Church in Gloucester."

This communion seems to have been a bit short on theology but high on deodorized mysticism if a quotation from Aidan Barry, head of the church in Massachusetts, is anything to judge by. "For ecologically minded people who are not just thinking of preserving wild life but of preserving civilized life," he told his small audience, "the ocean is very important. The Reverend Moon grew up by the sea in North Korea. He has a passion for the sea. For me, too, the ocean is a very spiritual place. You can go out there in the middle of winter and sit on the rocks and you can go to many places in your mind." This may not have tallied with the maritime reflexes of most Gloucestermen, but the locals let it pass and the meeting ended without incident.

The first of these was to come a few weeks later, when a deputation of Moonies met the mayor of Gloucester, Leo Alper, to discuss their future plans in the district, which might very well require certain civic indulgences. American history is littered with ringing phrases that have called good republicans to the flag, and Mayor Alper now came out with another one that is sure of immortality in at least the local anthologies. "You'll have strap marks on your ass," he informed the Moonies, "before you'll get a permit out of me for any sort of harbor development." Nothing has been quite the same since.

IT IS said that on that explosive occasion a Moonie spokesman promised to notify City Hall of any impending purchases the church might make in the town, but no warning had been given when, in April 1978, it was announced that three acres of land had been bought at Freshwater Cove. At once the mayor closed the cove as a public mooring and threatened to condemn the only road leading into it, thus causing confusion for several well-established residents whose boats had long been sheltered there. Unperturbed, the Moonies went onto another tack, and three months later, again without advance notice, bought the ailing Gloucester Lobster Company for \$300,000, which was about twice the price any local businessman would have paid for it, although a consortium hastily organized by the mayor had been ready to bid as high as a quarter of a million dollars. At a stroke, the Moonies had acquired a waterfront base in the upper and busiest part of Gloucester Harbor to counterbalance their handsome landholding at the seaward end opposite the breakwater. More important, they had secured the only business in town geared to handle

"... Gloucester is in as great a turmoil as it has known in its three hundred and fifty years."

Geoffrey
Moorhouse
THE MOONIES
INVADE
GLOUCESTER

the catches of local lobster fishermen. They renamed it International Seafood Company, adding this to the exhausting list of titles under which the Unification Church conducts its affairs in the United States (the *Congressional Record* in 1976 enumerated 59, but an ex-Moonie more recently purports to have blown the gaffe on 141).

After that there were two years of consolation on one side and aggrieved suspicion on the other, with the vast majority of citizens doing little but watching and waiting in their no man's land between Freshwater Cove and City Hall. The dragger *Sea Rich* arrived at the International Seafood wharf, to reinforce the Moonie flotilla of small tuna-fishing craft but, unlike them, was never seen doing much work. Businessmen who had long monopolized the commerce of the waterfront kept an eye on all this and noted the Moonies had taken about 15 percent of the bluefin catch brought into Gloucester in the 1978 season. It was understood that most of it was destined for the Far East, where tuna is in much greater demand, at far higher prices, than in the beef-eating United States. Lobster being another matter, the local shell fishermen cautiously began to trade again with the premises on which they had always landed their hauls, and were pleasantly surprised when the new owners offered higher prices than they had known before, comparable to those that had long been standard over at Rockport, on the other side of Cape Ann. Most people who had dealings with the Moonies, indeed, found them a thoroughly civilized bunch of young people, distinguished by their courtesy and gentle speech. Nevertheless, from Beacon Hill, Sen. John King was to be heard calling for a full investigation of religious fund-raising and business activities in the Bay State (at which Aidan Barry observed that "we're aware of the history of religious persecution in Massachusetts"). And in City Hall, Mayor Alper began to compose a map of his bailiwick, with Moonie encroachments blocked out in red, and the taxable value of each such encroachment marked on every block.

IF ALL this may be regarded as a period of truce, it was abruptly shattered by a sequence of events this past summer. The first and most dramatic concerned the Cardinal Cushing Villa on the land behind Freshwater Cove, just down the old Boston stagecoach road from Gloucester's most famous monument—Leonard Craske's bronze figure of the *Man at the Wheel*, who stands, seabooted and sou'westered, by his helm on

the harbor wall, forever looking out at the Atlantic horizon. The villa, an impressive example of New England Tudor (built in 1845) was once owned by John Hays Hammond, Sr. mining engineer, friend of Cecil Rhodes, and father of the man who invented the organ that bears his name and who, on the eve of World War I, electrified Gloucester by sending an empty launch careering round the harbor under remote control. The villa was presented to the Archdiocese of Boston and for several years was used by His Eminence the Cardinal for rest and relaxation. It was later taken over by the Daughters of Mary of the Immaculate Conception, a teaching order of nuns with headquarters in Connecticut, and maintained by them as a convalescent home and retreat house.

Last June somebody got wind of a rumour that the villa was coming up for sale, and emissaries from City Hall were told by the nuns that, although this was true, they certainly weren't bargaining with the Unification Church. Their anonymous buyer turned out to be a businessman from Salem, New Hampshire, who duly purchased the property for one million dollars, and then, within twenty-four hours, resold it at a profit of \$127,600 to the Moonies. Aidan Barry had scarcely finished justifying this remarkable piece of brokering (there had been no alternative to subterfuge, he claimed, because the mayor's prejudices would have blocked a straightforward sale) than Mayor Alper was cabling the Pope an assurance that "any effort you can exert to reverse the sale will be deeply appreciated by citizens of all faiths within my city and along the North Shore." Presently and by airmail, the Vatican replied that it was helpless in the matter, regretted "this unfortunate occurrence," and hoped that as little harm as possible would be done the population. For the first time, Gloucester as a whole began to regard the Moonies as a phenomenon that might be set for a bigger influence on the town's future than had been generally supposed. Before the month was out, the worst fears of those most hostile to the *arriviste* were confirmed when a bankrupt waterfront restaurant, Bob's Clam Shack, was put up for auction. Four days before the sale, a spokesman for International Seafood said publicly that he doubted whether anyone representing the Unification Church in Gloucester would even attend. With a bland manipulation of words that anybody's attorney might admire he was absolutely right. The three young fellows in two-ply suits who outbid all rivals by a clear \$25,000 to secure the property for \$650,000, did so on behalf of Uni-World Sea

foods Enterprises Inc., of New York City—an affiliation that increases the number of Moonie aliases to at least 142. The new property lay right alongside the premises of International Seafood and gave the Unification Church in Gloucester a useful extension to its piece of prime waterfront. Shortly after the sale, it was announced that the old Clam Shack would henceforth trade under the name of the New One Restaurant.

AT THIS point genuine fury was let loose round the town, and things took a turn for the worse. An effigy of the Reverend Moon was hanged from a pole on Pavilion Beach, and stones were thrown at the windows of the New One, where self-appointed pickets have gathered every weekend since it opened, to deter potential customers. A young Japanese trainee at a Gloucester engineering factory was accosted and frightened outside the restaurant one night, because the pickets assumed that anyone who looked like him must be a Moonie, which he wasn't. The moment the Moonies moved into the Cardinal Cushing Villa, local robboes began to intimidate the new neighbors by driving past at all hours of the day and night, honking car horns, firing guns into the air, and hurling obscenities over the high tone wall. The epithet "Commies" was, of course, banded about as well, which, given the Reverend Moon's anti-Communist philosophy, is another ludicrous happening in a saga that has not been without its share of arce. In July the city council officially urged all citizens to boycott any property deals the Unification Church might try to make and within days had to eat its words on the advice of the city solicitor, who had just taken a look at the United States Constitution and suspected they might be violating the First and Fourteenth Amendments. Meanwhile, T-shirts began to appear on the streets, emblazoned with SAVE THE HUMAN RACE/PUNCH THE MOON IN THE FACE. Bumper stickers were pushed off the presses, too. By the time I returned to Gloucester in September, I frequently found myself driving behind vehicles with two exhortations plastered along the back ender. The offside was apt to read REAGAN; he nearside said DON'T LET THE MOON RISE OVER GLOUCESTER.

The immediate response of the Moonies to this increased hostility was a push for better public relations. Within weeks after acquiring the villa, they invited all comers to attend a Sunday morning service there, and a small aggle of temperate citizens, fortified by re-

porters and television men, joined twenty or so Moonies in singing "Joyful, Joyful" and other choruses demonstrably inappropriate to the prevailing sentiments of the hour. A much larger and more varied section of the community turned out for a lecture in a Gloucester school on the principles of the Unification Church, but that event ended in uproar, with four Moonies needing police protection out of the building. The head of the church in America, Mose Durst, descended on City Hall, where he and Mayor Alper discovered that they had more in common than either could have dreamt of; both Jewish, and each the son of men who had emigrated from the same town in Russia at approximately the same time. Durst had scarcely departed for New York when the largest gesture of all was announced. The seafood companies attached to the church were going to sponsor one of the richest fishing competitions in history, offering \$100,000 to prizewinners catching the heaviest, the longest, and the highest aggregate of tuna in Massachusetts waters during the last week in August, the only qualification being that the fish caught must be sold to the Moonie companies. It has to be said that the majority of local tuna fishermen promptly put their prejudices or their principles where their financial instincts normally are and failed to rise to this bait. Relatively few participated in the tournament, and it became statistically probable from the outset that Moonie fishermen would clean up most of the prize money, as they did, taking \$97,000 of the whole. The most successful of them declared at the weigh-in that he would be donating the whole of his \$70,000 to local charities; but when I inquired a month later which charities these might be, I was told rather vaguely that the church was still trying to figure that out.

"... Mr. Moon's mind business"

THE MAYOR, for one, was not surprised when I imparted this item of non-news. "I'm telling you," he said, "this is just an active money-making organization as far as I'm concerned—and anyway, which charity round here is going to accept their money, even if it were offered?" He spoke with the air of someone who was perhaps born slightly cynical and has improved on it by trying. But even political opponents of this bulky man (imagine, if you can, an even fleshier version of the late Zero Mostel) concede his unswerving devotion to what he deems the best interests of Gloucester since

"We're aware of the history of religious persecution in Massachusetts."

Geoffrey
Moorhouse
THE MOONIES
INVADE
GLOUCESTER

he arrived at City Hall in 1976. He denies that his objection to the Moonies is rooted in an almost personal experience some years ago, when the son of a close acquaintance was induced to join a similar cult and somehow contrived to dispose of half the family fortune in its favor. He says he is hostile partly because he doesn't much like the idea of brainwashing, but mostly because he doesn't see why local businesses should be unfairly threatened by an organization that enjoys apparently infinite financial backing and that obtains all its own labor free of charge. The first reason caused Mayor Alper to alert the local Cub Scouts when he heard the Moonies might be trying to form a pack. The second maybe comes from both heart and pocket of a man whose own substance is based on a Main Street laundry and a certain amount of Gloucester real estate. Add to that his leverage at City Hall, and the Moonies could not have a more difficult opponent. He is awaiting with some relish the moment next September when the Moonies will be obliged to apply for charitable tax exemption on the Cushing Villa, if ever they're going to try—and he doesn't doubt they will. "I tell you," he says, "I don't intend to let 'em get away with a goddamn thing. And if they start unlicensed begging on the streets, I'll knock 'em off for that, too."

If most of the respectable fire and brimstone in Gloucester issues from City Hall (and it does), there are also several worthy stokers at work lower down the municipal scale, quite apart from those businessmen who had come to regard Gloucester Harbor as a profitable private estate over the years, and who are ever ready now to do whatever they can to keep things that way. The local publisher of the *Gloucester Daily Times* (which is owned by a subsidiary of Dow Jones) has refused to accept advertisements from any organization connected with the Unification Church, although the paper's reporting of the entire story has been scrupulously fair. Two protest groups have arisen in the past few months, both marching in close order behind Mayor Alper and both, most strikingly, officered by women—nearly all young mothers with children at school.

One of these groups, the Concerned Citizens of Gloucester, arranges the weekend picketing of the New One Restaurant and any other active demonstration that circumstances might suggest. They have regrouped as the Citizens Against Unethical Subjugation and Exploitation. CAUSE is an offshoot of the Coalition for a Free Gloucester, which was formed as a propaganda unit (or, as its leaders would say,

to educate) against any local influence the Unification Church could have. Among other things, the Coalition has disseminated a lot of those stickers seen around town and distributed literature—from the Congressional Frase Report of 1978 on Korean-American Relations to broadsheets written by ex-Moonie and the bimonthly journal of the America Family Foundation. It has organized a petition with five thousand signatures supporting the mayor's stand. And it has produced its own list of Do's and Don'ts for uncertain citizens, under the heading "Our Response to the Moonies." Examples: "DO invite them to your churches. Express your hope and confidence in our society. DON'T go on a weekend retreat with them, no matter how spiritually strong you might think you are."

When I speak to one of the indefatigable women at the head of the Coalition, I discover a lurking fear that appears to lie behind most of the hostility offered the Unification Church in whatever country this has been expressed. She says that "we don't want them to take over our businesses to make money for Mr. Moon's mind business" and extended this into a nervous condemnation of mind control "as used in the Korean War and by the Chinese." Surprisingly, she didn't believe that Gloucester parents were in much danger of losing their offspring to the sect, though this is the stigma that has been most widely attached to the church (as I write, the High Court in London is rumbling through a libel action brought by the leading British Moonie against a newspaper that published a story headlined THE CHURCH THAT BREAKS UP FAMILIES). The Coalition is evidently cool on this topic not because Aidan Barry has publicly promised that there will be no recruiting in Gloucester but because it doesn't think the Moonies would be so dumb as to make such a move. One member remarked, "There are people in this town who'd tear that villa apart if they did, and the Moonies know it."

THE CAUSES and objects of these antagonisms are, as even their critics admit, remarkably civil in the flesh though they have been known to lose their poise under stress. Somewhere along the line (possibly when the Pope was being telegraphed, or when smoke signals were sent to the Scouts), a Moonie spokesman voiced his opinion that the mayor was a clown who might be possessed by the Devil. Anathema was not in the air, however, when I visited the Cushing Villa one Sunday morning after only a short negotiation by telephone for per

mission to see things there for myself. I had hoped to talk to Aidan Barry in these surroundings, but he told me that would be impossible, as he had to conduct a seminar that weekend and then would be away in New York during the rest of my time in Gloucester. The seminar, in fact, was in full swing when I arrived, involving resident Moonies and "a few guests from Boston." It was taking place behind heavily padlocked iron gates, which was understandable enough in view of the recent harassment. Just inside were a number of pickups bearing registration plates from three or four states, and several rows, regimentally neat, of tubs with tuna fishing lines coiled in each. A large circular garden plot had been stripped of vegetation and would, it was explained to me, be replanted with flowers next spring in the pattern of the Moonie symbol, which is a globe with its meridians and parallels distorted to form a cross.

I was led into a small room off the kitchen to await Aidan Barry's henchwoman, who turned out to be a wide-eyed Californian with a steadfast smile, engaged to marry another Moonie, who is a carpenter by trade. After checking with Barry, she said we might move upstairs, where it was more comfortable, so long as I didn't mind leaving my shoes behind; and, indeed, everyone treads the upper floors of the villa in stocking feet, like good Muslims in a mosque. A number of these faithful, I noticed, also walk demurely with downcast eyes and hands folded in front, as the nuns would have done when the place was occupied by nuns. There were, perhaps, three dozen people in the building while I was there. I was told that twenty Moonies now live in Gloucester, with a permanently floating population of maybe half as many again), and I doubt whether more than one or two were over thirty years old. All but my smiling lady crept into the old chapel shortly after I arrived, and the oak-paneled walls of the long mock-Tudor gallery where we sat bounced hereafter to the echo of a sing-along-and-clap, which was being conducted most vigorously from the other side of the door. A great deal of comfortable chintzy furniture was deployed about that room, together with vases and other knickknacks, but I don't believe there is one piece of orthodox Christian symbolism in the Cardinal Cushing Villa these days—not a crucifix, not a text, not a "Light of the World"—a curious omission I have also observed in places where the Mormons meet.

I can't pretend that our conversation was particularly illuminating, occurring as it did between two people whose terms of reference were far apart and whose understanding of

words did not always coincide. She spoke to me of her own conversion to the church in muffled phrases similar to those I have heard from monks and nuns who believe they have made everything about their vocation crystal-clear when they refer to "having received a sign" or "hearing a call from God"—which is not much help when you yourself have some difficulty in defining God. I made a note of what she said about the Reverend Moon, in response to my question whether she thought he was the Messiah, and it came out verbatim like this: "He's one of the most humble men I've met. He's the kind of person who, when he prays, gives everything he's got. He never asks anyone to do anything he won't or hasn't done himself. He's never too grand. He's a very creative person"; then she drifted elaborately away onto another subject. I was rather astonished when she said she didn't feel at all persecuted in Gloucester. "These people," she said, "love us. They really do." Then she took me outside to inspect the dilapidated folly that John Hays Hammond, Sr., built to give himself a splendid view of Gloucester Harbor. We were standing on one of its turrets, admiring the lovely day, when in an expansive moment she pointed to Ten Pound Island, where early Gloucestermen used to impound their sheep, and where Winslow Homer spent a whole summer with his easel and watercolors, painting like mad. "We think," said my Moonie, "that would make a marvelous marina one day."

AT INTERNATIONAL Seafood the atmosphere was similarly benign in the portable office where someone has propped above his desk an opened wallet of photographs of the Reverend Moon and his family, just as a dutiful son would. The adjacent shed where the lobsters are graded, bought, and sold is a model of order and hygiene, and the two Moonie draggers berthed at the wharf looked as though any fisherman would be happy to take them to sea. In fact, I was told, the *Sea Rich* is a monstrously ill-designed boat, which rolls like a barrel even in five-foot waves; and the *Sun Rise*, which the Moonies built themselves, is not really fit for work in northern waters, where reinforced decks and plating are necessary to withstand violent seas. My informant said he had made certain recommendations to the hierarchy of the church and, if these were accepted, those two boats would be returning south before winter set in and would not be seen again in Gloucester until spring. He implied that to do otherwise would be en-

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dangerous crews whose experience of deep-sea fishing is limited and mostly confined to the more tranquil conditions found in the Gulf of Mexico.

Some of those Moonie fishermen may have been taking lunch later that day at the New One Restaurant next door, because when I inquired about the chances of a meal I was politely told it was closed to outsiders "because we're giving a banquet for members of our church." Later in the week, however, I enjoyed (in solitary state) a splendid brunch in surroundings that had changed a bit since the days of the old Clam Shack. Gone were the busy miniskirted girls who used to serve drinks, and Bob's arrangement of nooks and crannies that invited romantic (or at least confidential) twosomes to sit and linger had been replaced by a wide-open space that resembled a superior works' canteen. The building had also acquired a broken window, which my waiter shrugged off as the product of hooliganism weeks before. "Things have quieted down a lot," he said. "And, anyway, we now have a couple of Brothers on guard outside on weekends, just to keep an eye on things."

Money-spinning habits

IT SEEMED a miserable precaution to have to take in such an inoffensive place. And yet it is not hard to see why a large proportion of Gloucester's people are so inflamed against the new organism that has taken root in their town. My own experience of—what shall I call it?—the *oblique* and mercenary ways of the Moonies is trivial but suggests a certain element in the Unification Church that didn't originate in the Sermon on the Mount. At the Cushing Villa I had asked for a copy of *The Divine Principle*, which has roughly the same status in the Unification Church as the *Book of Mormon* holds among the Latter-Day Saints; and which no less a person than a professor of Religious Studies at the University of Toronto has described as "the most interesting theological treatise I've read in twenty years. It may even be the most important theological treatise of the twentieth century." At the villa I was told that I couldn't have a copy right there and then, because they were all kept in a locked room, but that arrangements would be made for me to pick one up from International Seafood a few days later. At the end of my stay in Gloucester, and on my second visit to that portable office, the man entrusted with this delivery reached for a volume above his desk and said,

"Sure, I've got it for you—it cost me ten dollars to get it, though." So I took the hint and tipped him ten bucks—and he may care to know that he's the first religious official I've known, in a fairly long experience of them, to accept money for a tract that I was likely to write about in publicizing his religion. When I got home, however, I found that I hadn't been given *The Divine Principle* at all. That I understand, runs to more than five hundred pages of pure text. I had been seen off with a publication called *Outline of the Principle, Level 4*, with 214 pages, most of which are extensively decorated with the sort of multi-colored diagrams thought necessary for the encouragement of backward ten-year-olds. The most intriguing of these seems to postulate a third world war between the forces of Cain (depicted by a hammer and sickle) and Abel (represented by the Statue of Liberty).

A trivial complaint, as I say, but when magnified to the level of property worth \$2.5 million and placed in the context of these past three years in Gloucester, one can see how deep unease has resulted in certain quarters. Oddly enough, with one exception, these do not include the other churches in town, which have been reticent in expressing their views on the Reverend Moon and his sect, none more than the Catholics, who are probably the most numerous denomination there. The exception is the Rev. Wayne Morgan of the Pigeon Cove Chapel (theology indeterminate, liturgy spirited), who has written aggressive letters to the press and led a protest day of fasting in Stage Fort Park in the fall, and who, it is said, coveted the Cardinal Cushing Villa for ambitious plans of his own.

When I canvassed local secular opinion about the Moonies, I heard everything from downright abuse to absolute tolerance, not all of it, on either extreme, very well informed. Of those who have actually had many dealings with the Unification Church, by far the most balanced person told me that "they're terribly nice people when you meet them; they just happen to be barefaced liars." Well, their record has been patently less than straightforward so far. At the same time, the Moonies are regarded with a strangely acute form of tunnel vision by those most hostile to them in Gloucester. The money-spinning habits of Christianity, after all, have a perfectly respectable pedigree now, extending all the way from the Vatican to the ineffable Billy Graham. And deviousness has been an article of faith in big business ever since John D. Rockefeller manipulated the railroad-freight rates to build up Standard Oil and make himself the world's first billionaire. □

ARS POLITICA



IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS

Science joins the occult

by Theodore Roszak

THERE IS A moment in Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf* when the hero is ushered down a dark alley into a "magic theater" where he will witness an esoteric ritual. Above the door through which he enters a sign reads: NOT FOR EVERYBODY. But the novel which offers us this tantalizing glimpse of a forbidden rite is (as Hesse would never have guessed) a paperback best seller available in drugstores and supermarkets across America, an assigned text for thousands of college students each year.

The mysteries of redemption, the secrets of initiation: "not for everybody," but on display in every shop, for sale on every street corner. It is an apt and ironic summary of the strange cultural condition in which this generation finds itself as the public fascination with transcendent experience intensifies on all sides.

Until the end of the second world war, even a passing acquaintance with the spiritual crisis of modern Western society might have been labeled "not for everybody." The age of longing was not presumed to be a democratic fact. The stuff of high art and difficult literature, it was the elite concern of tormented poets, anguished philosophers: the soulful few sensitive enough to suffer the pangs of metaphysical dislocation. The philistine bourgeoisie—what more could one expect them to have on their shallow minds except money and new clothes? Their religious attention was wholly invested in the gospel of wealth. As for the woebegone masses at the bottom of the social order . . . their heads were filled to distraction with hunger and hard times. If they were also in search of a soul, surely the effort would lead them no further than Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor or ideologies of social revolution.

But by the time I reached college, in the mid-Fifties, the death of God had become the stuff of undergraduate survey courses, even in a state university like UCLA with a vast enrollment of middle- and working-class stu-

dents. The standard reading list must be familiar to all of us: *The Trial*, *The Waste Land*, *The Age of Anxiety*, Russell's "A Free Man's Worship," *The Magic Mountain*, *The Stranger*, Colin Wilson's *The Outsider*, *Waiting for Godot*, a dash of Kierkegaard and Heidegger snippets of Nietzsche and Sartre. The elite concern had become three units of freshman humanities. We learned the existential abyss, the cosmic abandonment of man like so many data points in the history of the modern world; we took essay exams on "contrasting concepts of the absurd in human existence—time limit thirty minutes."

Perhaps these grave matters are still handled in the same pedantic way in the universities. But something has clearly shifted in the surrounding society. The longing has gotten around; the sense of absurdity and alienation, now widely publicized, has invaded the popular culture of our day, suddenly and massively. Weekly newsmagazines run slick features on crisis theology and the death of God; a clever comic like Woody Allen confabulates with existentialist clichés, finessing heavy angst into successful film satire. But as the experience of spiritual crisis enters the popular mind, it is significantly transformed. The tragic sense of life becomes a temporary discomfort; the dilemma becomes a problem. And like all problems that appear in the public realm, this too is presumed to have a solution . . . somewhere, somehow. A technique, a medicine, a cure-all that will bring fast relief.

Does such vulgar optimism cheapen the experience? Or does it introduce a certain brash and healthy resiliency into what too often becomes, in more complex minds, a morbid fascination with despair? It may, after all, be the bad habit of creative talents to invest themselves in pathological extremes that yield remarkable insights but no durable way of life for those who cannot translate their psychic wounds into significant art or thought.

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The higher gullibility

OVER THE PAST several years, in the opportunities I have had to travel and speak, I have become acutely aware of this restless spiritual need in the audiences I meet. They wonder: Have I a vision, an epiphany, an uncanny tale to relate? A moment of illumination or unearthly dread, a close encounter with arcane powers . . . ? It is a need, I hasten to add, which I have never tied or been able to gratify. This hunger for wonders powerfully engages my sympathetic concern, but utterly outruns my knowledge and skill. I have, however, seen it fasten upon others about me in ways that often leave me ad or fearful, because the appetite can be so indiscriminately eager, so mindlessly willing to be fed on banalities and poor improvisations in the extraordinary.

I realize that the eclipse of God in our time has never been the exclusive anguish of an intellectual and artistic few. As a nameless moral anxiety, a quiet desperation, it has been festering in the deep consciousness of people everywhere, and at last it has erupted into the totalitarian mass movements of the twentieth century. Self-enslavement to easy absolutes and mad political messiahs: that is the poison

tree that flourishes peculiarly in the Waste Land.

Mercifully, the metaphysical insecurity of our time does not always reach out toward such vicious manifestations. Currently, its foremost expression in the industrial societies is the rapid spread of evangelical and charismatic forms of Christianity, faiths that teach the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit. These highly personal, emotionally electrifying versions of Christianity are now the most burgeoning congregations of our day. In America they are fast developing an alternative educational establishment and their own mass media, which now rival the outreach of the major broadcasting networks.

Beyond such formal, religious affiliations, the hunger for wonders expresses itself in countless forms of pop psychiatry and lumpen occultism which thinly disguise the same impetuous quest for personal salvation. The most widely read newspapers in the United States—weekly gossip and scandal sheets like *The National Enquirer*—carry steady coverage of UFO cults and ESP, spiritualism, reincarnation, and faith cures. Esoteric forms of Oriental meditation have been opened to the public by university extensions and the YMCA; they have even been organized into successful franchise businesses that promise tranquility and

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enlightenment to anyone who can spare twenty minutes a day. At the other extreme from transcendental calm, there is the undiminished popular fascination with Gothic horror, which makes Satanism, demonic possession, supernatural thrills and chills one of the film industry's most reliable attractions. And there exists a busy trade in mystical comic books in our society: *Dr. Strange, The Eternals, The New Gods, The First Kingdom*, a pulp-paper folklore of sorcery and psychic phenomena whose avid readership is by no means restricted to mindless adolescents.

One might conclude that at the popular cultural level such preternatural curiosities have always been incorrigibly and insatiably with us, from the mystery cults of the ancient world to the table-tilting spiritualism of the late nineteenth century. That would be true, and all the more to be pondered that they should survive and even flourish as a feature of modern industrial life. But more significant is the fact that the allure of psychic and spiritual prodigies has lately traveled up the cultural scale, and not only, as at the turn of the century, in the form of clandestine fraternities like the Order of the Golden Dawn. We might say it has "come out of the closet" for academics and professionals who have been touched by the same metaphysical yearnings as the public at large, and who have simply stopped fighting them off as if they were some form of unmentionable sexual perversion. They make up the principal audience for the human-potential therapies, the main membership of the Association for Humanistic Psychology and the Association for Transpersonal Psychology, organizations that offer a professional shelter where psychiatry, Eastern religions, etheralized healing, and the exploration of altered states of consciousness may freely cohabit.

Far and away the largest number of students who have gravitated to Zen and Tibetan Buddhism, and to spiritual masters like Swami Muktananda, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, and the lama Chögyam Trungpa are maverick or dropped-out academics. Intellectuals constitute the largest public for such developments as Elisabeth Kubler-Ross's investigations of immortality, and the remarkably successful Course on Miracles (a new Christian mystical discipline revealed by way of "channeled messages" to a New York University clinical psychologist). There are also the many study centers—the Institute for Noetic Sciences, the Division of Parapsychology at the University of Virginia Medical School, the Kundalini Research Foundation—which draw academic talent into the realm of the extraordinary.

I CANNOT VOUCH for the depth or quality of these efforts: what I do know is that more and more frequently I find myself at conferences and gatherings in the company of learned and professional people who are deliberately and unabashedly dabbling in a sort of higher gullibility, an assertive readiness to give all things astonishing, mind-boggling, and outrageous the chance to prove themselves true . . . or true enough. Among these academic colleagues, as among my undergraduate students, the most prominent laudatory expletives of the day are "Incredible!"; "Fantastic!"; and "Oh, wow!"

Let me mention only a few of the "incredible" breakthroughs and "fantastic" possibilities that have come my way lately: A prominent psychotherapist remarks to me over lunch that people sleep and die only because they have been mistakenly "programmed" to believe they have to . . . and goes on to suggest how this erroneous programming might be therapeutically undone. A neurophysiologist tells me of her research in liberating lateral mental controls over pain, infection, and aging. A psychologist shows me photos of himself being operated on by Philippine psychic surgeons whom he has seen penetrate his body with their bare hands to remove cartilage and tissue. I attend a lecture where another psychologist tells of his promising experimentation with out-of-body phenomena. I come upon a physicist writing in *Physics Today* about "imaginary energy" and the supposedly proven possibilities of telepathic communication and precognition. I find myself in a discussion with a group of academics who are deeply involved in Edgar Cayce's trance explorations of past and future, which they accept as indisputably valid. A historian tells me of his belief that we can, by altering consciousness, plug into the power points of the earth's etheric field and by so doing modify matter and control evolution. An engineer, meet at a party explains how we might influence the earth's geomantic centers and telluric currents by mental manipulations, which he believes to be the technology that built Stonehenge and the pyramids.

In the presence of such dazzling speculation, I find myself in two minds. These are hardly things I would believe at second or third hand; and insofar as they involve physical or historical events, I am inclined to hold that standard rules of verification should apply in distinguishing fact from fallacy. I tend to welcome the clarity that a decent respect for logic and evidence brings to such matters.

On the other hand, I can so clearly hear the restless spiritual longings behind the reports

the urgent need to free the fettered imagination from a reality principle that brings no grace or enchantment to one's life, that I usually listen sympathetically, unresistingly . . . though seldom credulously. This is not the course I would follow, but perhaps these unauthorized speculations can also lead to a renaissance of wonder. In any case, I am leading here with people who learned all the objections I might raise—and did—in their undergraduate years. This is clearly a post-keptical intellectual exercise for them, requiring a critical response that is more than simple doubt and denial.

Scientist mysticism

WHAT IMPRESSES ME especially about these strange metaphysical fevers is the way they blithely appropriate the authority of the hard sciences. In these circles, far from being ejected, science enjoys (or suffers) a smothering embrace. There is a certain broad license, borrowed from theoretical physics—specially by nonphysicists in the academic world—which leads even well-educated minds to believe that, since the fifth Solvay Conference a half century ago, all standards of verification and falsification have been indefinitely suspended in the scientific community, and anything goes. For, after all, if matter is energy and time is space, then all things are one, as the Upanishads taught. And if the observer jostles the infinitesimal observed, then the world is our will and idea, and one paradigm is as good as the next.

Accordingly, the revolution in modern physics is freely interpreted as having abolished the objective reality of nature and sanctioned all forms of paranormal and mystical experience. Einstein is understood to have established that "everything is relative"; Bell's theorem and the uncertainty principle are invoked as a defense of unrestrained subjectivity; split-brain research is said to validate the status of metaphysical intuition; Kirlian photography is cited as evidence of auras and astral bodies; holograms are construed as proof of extrasensory perception, synchronicity, and transcendental realities. In recent days, I have had students spin me tales about "charmed quarks" rather as if these might be characters invented by Tolkien.

Robert Walgate, discussing books like Lyall Watson's *Supernature*, John Gribbin's *Time-warps*, Gary Zukav's *The Dancing Wu Li Masters*, and the science fact and fiction magazine *Dmni*, has made an interesting distinction.

Such literature, he suggests, is not "popularized science but a truly popular science, transformed by the interests of the readers it serves. . . . Like science fiction, it is much better supplied with speculation and myth than the dry, exclusive world of science that feeds it."

Popular science in this vein is not much to my taste. I sometimes enjoy its freewheeling and fanciful brainstorming, but I back off rapidly as it approaches a scientized mysticism. By my lights at least, this is a fruitless confusion of categories. Still, it is hardly within my province to censor these rhapsodic variations on scientific or quasi-scientific themes. The positivists among us, however, seem to have a tricky new problem on their hands: *scientific superstitions*, the loose use of scientific ideas to appease an essentially religious appetite.

What I offer here is only a brief sketch of a post-Christian, post-industrial society in search of the miraculous. I believe this search can be documented at great length and at many social levels—from teenage acid rock to the painstaking labors of scholars and philosophers to salvage the teachings of the world's endangered spiritual traditions. But even this impressionistic survey points to a significant conclusion. If we can agree that Western society's most distinctive cultural project over the last three centuries has been to win the world over to an exclusively science-based reality principle, then we have good reason to believe that, for better or worse, the campaign has stalled and may even be losing ground in the urban-industrial heartland. In the deep allegiance of people, in the secret crises of decision and commitment, the scientific world view simply has not taken, though it continues to dominate our economic and political life.

Our culture remains as divided as ever—top from bottom—in its metaphysical convictions. Now, as at the dawn of the Age of Reason, the commanding intellectual heights are held by a secular humanist establishment devoted to the skeptical, the empirical, the scientifically demonstrable. That point of view may admit a sizable range of subtle variations; but taken as a whole, as a matter of stubborn ethical principle, it refuses rational status to religious experience, it withholds moral sanction from the transcendent needs.

But meanwhile, in the plains a thousand miles below that austere high ground, there sprawls a vast popular culture that is still deeply entangled with piety, mystery, miracle, the search for personal salvation—as much today as were the pious many when the Cartesian chasm between mind and matter was first opened by the scientific revolution. If

"In the deep allegiance of the people, the scientific world view simply has not taken."

anything about this cultural dichotomy has changed, it would be, as I have suggested, that the membership of the humanist-elite has lately been suffering a significant and open defection as academics, intellectuals, and artists take off in pursuit of various visionary and therapeutic adventures. It would be my conclusion that the great cultural synthesis of the Enlightenment—Reason, Science, Progress—is in a much less secure position today than it was in the heyday of crusading positivism—the time of Darwin and Comte, Freud and Marx. (On the other hand, as I have indicated, the democratic values of that synthesis are very much with us now as a brash demand for access to the mysteries and wonders.) It may be that the only substantial popular support the ideals of the Enlightenment and the scientific revolution still enjoy stems from their lingering promise of material abundance, and how heavily will we be able to lean on that expectation in the years ahead?

The psyche at war

THERE ARE TWO major interpretations of this schizoid state of affairs open to us. The first—I would call it the secular humanist orthodoxy—would be to regard the hunger for wonders as a continuing symptom of incurable human frailty, an incapacity to grow up and grow rational that is as much with us today as in the Stone Age. Sadly, one would have to conclude that the masses are not yet mature enough to give up their infantile fantasies, which are—as Freud once designated religion—illusions that have no future. As for the intellectuals who surrender to that illusion, their choice would have to be regarded as a lamentable failure of nerve. They betray the defense of reason, the cause of progress.

It is important to recognize that this interpretation of religious need as neurosis or moral weakness is deeply rooted in humanitarian values. Any criticism it may merit must begin by acknowledging its essential ethical nobility, or it will fail to do justice to a central truth of contemporary history: namely, that the rejection of religion in modern society is an act of conscience and has functioned as a liberating force in a world long darkened by superstition and ecclesiastical oppression. There should be no question that the service done by secular humanism in this regard is to be respected and preserved.

Then there is the second interpretation of our society's undiminished transcendent longings. It accepts that need as a constant of the

human condition, inseparably entwined with our creative and moral powers: a guiding vision of the good that may often be blurred but which is as real as the perception of light when it first pierced the primordial blindness of our evolutionary ancestors. In this interpretation, it is not transcendent aspiration that needs critical attention, but the repressive role of secular humanism in modern culture, which may be seen as a tragic overreaction to the obscurantism and corruption of the European ecclesiastical establishment: a justified anticlericalism that has hardened into a fanatical, antireligious crusade.

In following out this second line of interpretation, I have found the work of William Blake especially valuable. Because he was gifted with an extraordinary visionary power, Blake was among the first to perceive clearly the way in which a psychology of willful alienation had fastened itself upon the ideals of the Enlightenment and the world view of science. Hence his prayer:

*May God us keep
From Single vision & Newton's sleep!*

"Single vision" would be Blake's term for secular humanism in its alienative mode. In his prophetic epics, he embodies this sensibility in the mythic figure of Urizen, an awesome and dynamic titan who turns against the other energies of the personality—the "Zoas," as Blake called them: the sensuous, the compassionate, the visionary. The result is a cruel censorship of human experience in body, emotion, and mind. Urizen is "Your Reason," acting as a repressive power in the personality, tyrannically closing the doors of perception until only a narrow range of scientifically productive objectivity is left to occupy the mind—and carrying out this psychic mutilation as the agent of high moral duty. Curious, is it not, that in modern Western society alone "Enlightenment" with a capital *E* came to mean the repression of transcendent aspiration, the destruction of religious experience.

Here we have the secret psychological warfare that has underlain the tumultuous history of industrial society since the advent of the "dark satanic mills." In the depths of the psyche, a brutal politics of consciousness has been played out, which pits critical intellect against the innate human need for transcendence. Because both parties to the struggle are welded into the foundations of our full humanity, neither can finally be cast out. But the personality—torn between them—can be disfigured to the point of insanity and self-destruction.

Steadily, as the best minds of our society have been drawn into the service of Urizen's

Withering skepticism, the human will to transcendence, especially at the popular level, has been left without counsel or guidance. Untutored, it runs off into many dead ends and detours. It easily mistakes the sensational for the spiritual, the merely obscure for the authentically mysterious. Dominated by the technological ethos of single vision, it strives to outdo the technicians at their own game by identifying psychic stunts (ESP, levitation, spirit readings, etc.) with enlightenment. It may reach out toward emotionally charged, ornate religions that generally weaken toward smugness, intolerance, and reactionary politics. It may blunder into occult follies and peer gullibility, discrediting itself at every step. At last, it falls into the vicious circle: its spiritual need becomes more desperate for ratification, it rebels against intellectual and moral discernment, losing all clear distinction between the demonic and the transcendent.

Accordingly, the secular humanistic establishment is confirmed in its hostility and proceeds to scorn and scold, debunk and denigrate more fiercely. But, indeed, this is like holding starving people for eating out of garbage cans, while providing them with no more wholesome food. Of course, they will finally refuse to listen and become more rebellious.

Under severe critical pressure, the transcendent energies may be bent, twisted, distorted; but Blake's dictum finally holds true: "Man must & will have Some Religion," even if it has to be "the Religion of Satan."

The wisdom of Blake's diagnosis lies in its honest attempt to integrate the splintered faculties of the psyche. He recognized that the "mental fight" within the self cannot be brought to peace by choosing sides between the antagonists. To choose sides is not to win but to repress—and only for the time being. Our course is not to strengthen half the dichotomy against the other half, because *the dichotomy is the problem*. It must be healed, made whole.

Transcendence in exile

IN THE MOST general terms, what we face in the tragic stand-off between single vision and spiritual need is the place of experience in the life of the mind. "Experience" is not an easy word to use here; I take it up for lack of any better term, recognizing that it sprawls troublesomely toward ubiquity. What *isn't* an experience, after all? We experience words and ideas as meanings that stir the mind to thought. We experience another's

"Human nature seems to recede into a phantom province that is nothing like the everyday world of appearances."



report of experience. Let me, arbitrarily then, limit experience here to that which is not a report, but knowledge before it is reflected in words or ideas: immediate contact, direct impact, knowledge at its most personal level as it is lived.

In the growing popular hunger for wonders, what we confront is an effort to experience the transcendent energies of the mind as directly as possible, to find one's way back through other people's reports to the source and bedrock of conviction. Charismatic faith, mystical religion, Oriental meditation, humanistic and transpersonal psychotherapy, altered states of consciousness . . . there are obviously many differences between these varied routes. Yet I would argue that they point in a common direction—toward a passionate desire to break through the barriers of single vision into the personal knowledge of the extraordinary.

All this must be seen against the background of an important historical fact: that ours is a society that has been peculiarly starved for experience as I speak of it here. It is the uncanny characteristic of Western society that so much of our high culture—religion, philosophy, science—has been based on what contemporary therapists would call "head trips": that is, on reports, deductions, book learning, argument, verbal manipulations, intellectual authority. The religious life of the Christian world has always had a fanatical investment in belief and doctrine: in creeds, dogmas, articles of faith, theological disputation, catechism lessons . . . the Word that too often becomes mere words. In contrast to pagan and primitive societies, with their participatory rituals, and to the Oriental cultures, which possess a rich repertory of contemplative techniques, getting saved in the Christian churches has always been understood to be a matter of learning correct beliefs as handed down by authorities in the interpretation of scripture.

Philosophy has shared this same literal bias. True, Descartes, at the outset of the modern period, developed his influential method by way of attentive introspection. Even so, his approach is a set of logical deductions intended for publication. Philosophy has not gone on from there to create systematic disciplines that seek to lead the student through a similar process. Instead, one works logically and critically from Descartes's argument, or from that of other philosophers, writing books out of other books. As philosophy flows into its modern mainstream, it invests its attention more and more exclusively in language: in the minute analysis of reports, concepts, definitions, arguments. For example, in a recent work the English positivist Michael Dummett, seeking "the

proper object of philosophy," concludes

... first, that the goal of philosophy is the analysis of the structure of thought; secondly, that the study of thought is to be sharply distinguished from the study of the psychological process of thinking; and, finally, that the only proper method for analyzing thought consists in the analysis of language.

I do not question the value of such a project. I only observe that it is, like the theological approach to religion, a "head trip." If its virtue may be the utmost critical clarity, but as the literature of linguistic and logical analysis grows, we are left to wonder: is there anybody out there still experiencing anything besides somebody else's book commenting on somebody else's book? Where do we turn to find the experience—preverbal, nonverbal, subverbal, transverbal—on which the book and reports must finally be based? If we follow Dummett's program, such "psychological processes" are driven out of philosophy. Where? Presumably, into psychiatry, psychotherapy, meditation—which is exactly where we find so many people in our day turning to have their untapped capacity for experience authorized and explored.

If Existentialist philosophy has found its way to a larger public in our day than the various linguistic and analytical schools, it is doubtless because the Existentialists grounded their thought in vivid, even anguished, experience: moral crisis, dread, the fear of death, even the nausea of hopeless despair. There is the high drama here of "real life," the urgency that allows philosophy to flow into art and so reach a wide audience.

But there are strict limits to what Existentialism can contribute to our society's need for the transcendent. Excepting the Christian Existentialists, the range of experience that dominates the movement is restricted almost dogmatically to the dark and dreadful end of the psychological spectrum. The terrors of alienation we find there are posited as the defining qualities of the human condition. This is, in fact, the bleak underside of single vision, employed rather like a scriptural text for endless painstaking exegesis. Paradoxically, we are offered a minute examination of such experience as is left over for us after the experience of transcendence has been exiled from our lives. We are left to explore a psychological Inferno with no Purgatory or Paradise in sight beyond.

It may seem strange to include science among the nonexperiential "head trips" of our culture. Isn't science grounded in physical experimentation and empirical method? Yes, it

"Philosophy might find a guiding ideal in its own history: the image of Socrates in the marketplace."

s. But as science has matured across the centuries, its experiments and methods have become ever more subtle and technical, ever more mediated by ingenious instruments whose readings must be filtered through intricate theories and mathematical formulations. As scientific techniques of observation grow steadily more remote from the naked senses, they require the intervention of more intricate apparatus between knower and known. Whoever may be doing the "experiencing" in modern science, it is not the untutored public. Here, indeed, is a body of knowledge, supposedly our only valid knowledge of the universe, which is "not for everybody"—except by way of second-hand accounts. We are a long way off from the day of the gentleman scientist, figures like Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Young, who might keep up with the professional literature and even make significant contributions to basic research in their spare time.

There is a special irony to this development in the history of science. As the field has moved toward professionalization, it has become more and more involved with subliminal realities, entities, or theoretical structures that, while understood to be in some sense physical" (surely the word has been strained to its limit) are yet "occult" in much the same sense in which Newton understood the force of gravitation to be occult: known only by the mathematical expression of its visible effects. Particle physics is obviously such a science of the subliminal; microbiology is only a shade less so in its dependence on techniques like X-ray crystallography. Astronomy, in its use of radio-wave, X-ray, and gamma-ray observation, in its reliance on advanced physical theory, becomes ever more preoccupied with bodies, vibrations, processes beyond the range of direct visibility. There are no longer fields of study that can be explored by those lacking special training and elaborate apparatus; often even ordinary language will not cope with their subtleties.

For that matter, much the same tendency toward the subliminal can be seen in psychology and the newer human sciences like semiotics, or structural linguistics and anthropology, or highly statistical forms of sociology. These too tend to relocate their realities in exotic theoretical realms that defy common sense and the evidence of ordinary experience. In search of the foundations of human conduct, they burrow into unconscious instincts, into hidden structures of language and the brain. Currently, the sociobiologists are busy tracing human motivations to the subliminal influence of as yet undiscovered (and perhaps undiscoverable) behavioral genes.

IN ALL THESE cases, the surface of life is understood to be underlain by deep structures that cannot be fathomed by untrained minds and that are envisaged as being of a wholly different order from surface phenomena. I grant that all these entities and forces are still dealt with by scientists as objective and physical; but from the viewpoint of the unschooled public, nature—including human nature—seems to recede into a phantom province that is nothing like the everyday world of appearances. The visible and tangible stuff around us becomes a Maya-like shadow-show; nothing that happens there is the "real" nature of things. Only trained minds can penetrate this veil of illusions to grasp the occult realities beyond.

And here is the irony of the matter. Psychologically speaking, the relationship this creates between scientist and public cannot be widely different from that between priesthood and believers in more traditional societies. It might even be seen as a secularized transformation of the age-old religious distinction between the esoteric and the exoteric. And in modern science, as in religion, much that crosses the line between the priestly and public realms becomes garbled in the mind of the laity. Hence the "scientific superstitions" I alluded to earlier—essentially attempts, like all religious superstitions, to wring some hint of the extraordinary from reports and verbal formulations imperfectly understood. If I interpret the contemporary hunger for wonders correctly, it is at once a profoundly religious and a profoundly democratic movement. Its rejection of single vision is a rejection of the peculiar literalism of Western culture, and of the elitism that has dominated almost every culture of the past. It is a demand for mass access to sacramental experiences that have traditionally been the province of a select spiritual minority, and that have been "retailed" to the populace by way of prescribed rites under priestly guidance.

I will not presume to judge every culture of the past that dealt with the mysteries in this way; perhaps not all were plagued with corrupted mystagoguery and caste privilege. But surely most were, within the civilized period, where, again and again, we find priest and king, church and state interlocked as an exploitative power elite grounded in obfuscation and brutal dominion. They betrayed and discredited the natural authority that may properly belong to spiritual instruction. So today we are faced with an unprecedented demand

Theodore Roszak
IN SEARCH
OF THE
MIRACULOUS

for popular access to the temple, a demand that could arise only in a society deeply imbued with democratic values. That, in turn, could happen only in a society that had passed through a secular humanist phase in which all hierarchical structures had been called into question.

We might see this as a dialectical process that progresses by way of contradiction. The theological literalism of Western religion makes its doctrines vulnerable to the skeptical thrust of single vision. Thus, single vision undercuts the religious establishment of its society and projects a revolutionary, humanitarian ethic into the world. In its turn, single vision produces a new scientific and technocratic elite that betrays its democratic commitment; at the same time, it inflicts an even more oppressive, because wholly secularized, literalism upon its culture. As a result, it leaves the transcendent longings of the populace unsatisfied. So we have the insurgent contemporary demand that sacramental experience cease to be labeled "not for everybody," that the esoteric be demystified and democratized.

Socratic unity

PERHAPS THAT IS an impossible demand . . . perhaps. If that is so, then we may see our society settle for a dismal and degrading compromise. The familiar pattern of priestly authority will regenerate itself, only now it would most likely organize itself around the sort of ersatz religion that Nazism and Bolshevism have represented, with priestly authority vested in the state, the party, the leader; and the mass rituals of the totalitarian cult would be vicious celebrations of collective power. So our industrial culture in its time of troubles might lurch from one "Religion of Satan" to another. We have had more than enough signs to warn us that such forms of self-enslavement remain an ever-present temptation for desperate people.

But there is a happier possibility: that we will indeed find ways to democratize the esoteric that are morally becoming and life-enhancing. And here philosophy might find a guiding ideal in its own history: the image of Socrates in the marketplace, among the populace, practising his vocation as an act of citizenship.

We know that Socrates went among the ordinary people—tradesmen, merchants, athletes, politicians—and brought into their lives a critical clarity that only a persistent gadfly could achieve. It is this element of intellectual rigor that distinguishes Socrates from prophet,

messiah, mystagogue. There is the willingness to put the uncomfortable question—to oneself and others—which separates philosophy from faith. But why was the populace willing to come to Socrates? Why were these ordinary citizens willing to face his hard critical edge? I suggest it was because this gadfly was also something of a guru: both at once at the expense of neither. Socrates placed personal experience at the center of philosophy; he used deep introspection as his primary tool of inquiry. There was that quality of personal attention, even loving concern, about his work that we might today associate with psychotherapy or spiritual counseling.

More than this, Socrates himself embodied the promise of transcendence at the end of the dialogue. For him, criticism and analysis were not ends in themselves: there was something beyond the head trip, a realm of redeeming silence where the mysteries held sway. Socrates had been there and returned many times. So he was often found by his students standing entranced, caught up in his private vision. He had escaped from the cave of shadows; he had seen the Good. Something of the old Orphic mysteries clung to this philosopher and saved his critical powers from skeptical sterility. I suspect it was because he offered this affirmative spiritual dimension that Socrates found affectionate and attentive company in the agora—though, of course, finally martyrdom as well.

Just as he had borrowed his fragile balance of intellect and vision from Pythagoras, so Socrates bequeathed it to his pupil Plato. But neither Pythagoras nor Plato was daring enough (or mad enough) to follow Socrates into the streets in search of wisdom. Instead, the one sequestered philosophy in a secret fraternity; the other retreated to the academy. At these two options come down to us today, they have fallen disastrously out of touch with one another. The academy has come to specialize in a sheerly critical function; the spiritual fraternity—any that survives—has concentrated upon techniques and disciplines of illumination that are no longer on speaking terms with critical intellect.

Can these two be brought together once again in their proper Socratic unity as an idea of rhapsodic intellect: the critical mind open to transcendent energy? More challenging still, can that balance of intellect and vision once more be taken into the public realm, to meet the spiritual need that has arisen there? Or will philosophy shrink back from the importunate vulgarity, the citizenly burden of the task? This much is certain: we will not find what we refuse to seek; we will not do what we refuse to dare. □

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NATURAL LIKENESS

by John Michell

HUMAN FEATURES ARE everywhere: in the shapes of the earth, in rock, ice, and cloud formations, in plants and trees, in the markings of living creatures. If, as the alchemists said, all metals are aspiring to become gold, so does nature constantly strive to re-create the human form.

Opposing this fanciful view is the fact that we are pre-programmed to recognize our own image. Tests show that a new-born baby, before it could have learnt by experience to interpret what it sees, responds to the pattern of a human face. Anthropomorphism is built into us and conditions our view of nature. □

Photographs from the book Natural Likeness, by John Michell, published by E. P. Dutton.



A profile on Dundy Island in the Bristol Channel.



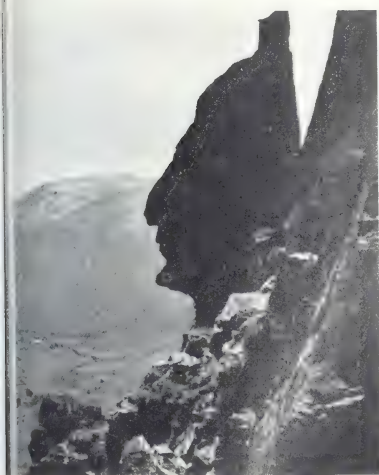
A profile in mountains near Beddgelert, North Wales.



A boy at his desk appears in a formation at Dalriada, Scotland.



lava formation on the island of Maui, Hawaii.



Sphinx Rock looks out over Wastwater in England.



"Old Stone Face" in Franconia, New Hampshire.

PLATO'S IDEAL BEDLAM

Another look at those philosopher kings

by I. F. Stone

THE OLDEST and hoariest idea of political philosophy is that ordinary people cannot be trusted to govern themselves. It is also the most persistent. For if one looks closely enough, one will find that it is still the hidden first premise of all bureaucracies, however diverse they may otherwise be, whether in the capitalist democracies, the Communist dictatorships, or the makeshift military despotisms into which most of the Third World has been liberated.

The most glamorous packaging of this ancient and disdainful notion was provided more than two millennia ago by Plato. No other thinker has ever gotten away with so much egregious nonsense as this fastidious Athenian aristocrat, so seductive are his artistry and charm. The foremost example, and the best known, is his proposal for government by "philosopher kings."

This, the most famous of Plato's utterances about politics, appears midway in the *Republic*. There, as almost everyone knows, Plato has Socrates say that until philosophers become kings or kings become philosophers, there is no prospect of happiness for the human race.

Plato waged a lifelong vendetta

against democracy, although that vendetta was only made possible by the free speech and free inquiry the democratic institutions of his native Athens allowed him. It was democracy that enabled him to pursue his teaching unmolested and to found an Academy that lasted for nearly a thousand years. It was closed down by two forces that shared his own belief that absolute government was best: the Roman Empire and the Roman Catholic Church. It is ironic but fitting that the Academy should have fallen victim to the very doctrine its founder propounded.

Plato's preference in government assumes different forms in different dialogues, but the underlying theme is the same. In the *Politicus*, or *Statesman*, Plato taught that the "right form of government must be sought in some small number, or one person" with absolute power, *unrestricted even by law*, to the point where the ruler or rulers may "purge the city for its good by killing or banning some of its citizens."

This practice is no stranger to our turbulent times.

In Plato's *Laws*, the government is a gloomy theocracy, buttressed by an inquisition that is embodied in a Nocturnal Synod empowered to execute those whose heretical or dissident view it cannot "correct." The best-known form of the Platonic ideal is sketched in his *Republic*, which was not a republic at all in the modern meaning of the term, but what we would call an absolute and authoritarian regime, presided over by one or more philosopher kings.

Everyone, including Plato, admitted that so miraculous a combination of genetics and politics as a philosopher king was unlikely to occur. Nevertheless, the idea of a philosopher king has ever since been reverently touted as the loftiest imaginable form of good—indeed, perfect—government. All through the ages, ambitious climbers (and even philosophers, in their more practical moments) have borrowed the phrase to flatter a wide variety of monarchs from the Roman emperor Constantine to Frederick the Great and Napoleon.

But few scholars have subjected the idea to common-sense examination. Perhaps this is because the scholars feel themselves to be philosophers and too the heady flattery implied in the idea of philosopher kings as no more than their due. One notable contemporary exception, however, is Karl Popper, in whose *The Open Society and Its Enemies* Plato's ideal state is shown to be a totalitarian nightmare. Milton and Jefferson, as the foremost champions of



I. F. Stone was for many years the editor and publisher of I.F. Stone's Weekly, a Washington newsletter. Last March he delivered the annual William Kelly Prentice Classics Lecture at Princeton. This article is part of a book in progress.

Mr. Stone's essay inaugurates a new Harper's department, REVISIONS, in which famous classics will be subjected from time to time to fresh assessment.

ree speech and free press in the Anglo-American tradition, felt the same repulsion for Plato's utopia.

NEITHER PLATO nor the Platonists, dazzled by the genius of their master, recognize the fundamental difficulty that at once strikes the fresh and irreverent reader of the *Republic*. Philosophers spend their lives disagreeing with one another, and they disagree about everything. How could a government of philosopher kings be kept from breaking down into a disputatious bedlam? How would they ever come to agreement and decision? Even those who call themselves the followers of the selfsame teacher manage to disagree, often violently, about just what it was that their master actually taught them. The warring sects of Christianity provide the most notorious example. The followers of Socrates were busily disagreeing and founding rival schools of Socratic philosophy even while he was still alive.

St. Augustine, himself one of the earliest and greatest of the Christian Platonists, saw this tendency quite clearly. In an astute and astringent passage in *The City of God* he noted with some amusement that "so contradictory were the opinions maintained among the Socratics" that "incredible as it seems for adherents of a single master" they differed even on what he defined as the Supreme Good, some asserting that it was "virtue" and others "pleasure."

Plato understood this problem quite

well. He himself had seen the followers of Socrates develop into antagonistic sects. One of his bitterest feuds was with the Cynic Antisthenes, one of the oldest and earliest Socratics. In fact, Plato's own Academy was not free from dissent and schism. His most famous pupil, Aristotle, seceded from the Academy during Plato's lifetime and founded a rival school at the Lyceum. Within a century after Plato's death his Academy had abandoned his absolute Idealism and become a stronghold of absolute Skepticism. This was a complete somersault in metaphysical theory.

Plato took a firm though somewhat startling step for dealing with philosophical feuding. He decided, in effect—and quite conveniently—to outlaw all but one school of philosophy from his utopia. He never says so explicitly in the *Republic*, but in his Seventh Letter we find it clearly stated that it is not just philosophers who must come to power but the "right kind" of philosophers. This means, of course, those who agree with Plato. Even the philosophers, indeed the philosophers especially, have to toe the party line in his utopia. In short, the concept of the philosopher king is a cloak for the dictatorship of one school of philosophy, Plato's own.

IN MODERN times the idea of the philosopher king has been interpreted as a way of mobilizing the best minds and foremost experts and applying their views in the solution of complex problems. A British Platonist of the last century, Bernard Bosanquet, who was also a Hegelian, interpreted the philosopher-king idea as a metaphor for this mode of procedure. "Somehow or other," he wrote, "the best and deepest ideas about life and the world must be brought to bear on the conduct of social and political administration if any real progress is to take place in society."

There are two fundamental misconceptions in this not uncommon view of Plato's world view. Plato, first of all, was not interested in progress, real or otherwise, but in stability. He wanted to create a perfect society and therefore a changeless one, since any change from the perfect would by definition be imperfect.

Second, Plato was not interested in

bringing the "best and deepest ideas" to bear on the problems of government. The pluralism implied by Bosanquet would have displeased Plato. For Plato there was only one set of ideas that were real, and those were his own. Bosanquet's interpretation, like those of many apologetic scholars before and since, smacks of eclecticism, even relativism, and an openness to new ideas. Such notions were deeply alien to Plato.

Once in his life, Plato was given his chance to reform a government and create a utopia. Plutarch tells the story, and it illustrates how differently Plato's mind worked from that of such latter-day followers as Bosanquet. The opportunity came in Sicily, where a new tyrant, Dionysius II, summoned Plato to his court in Syracuse and asked him to reform the government. Such an invitation had long been Plato's dream. One way to achieve his utopia, as Plato tells us in his *Republic*, would be to find a tyrant willing to place his dictatorial power at the disposal of a philosopher. This is what Dionysius seemed ready to do.

Plato did not proceed by mobilizing experts in trade, economics, law, and government for their "best and deepest ideas." From Plutarch's account, he seems to have sought the reformation of society by teaching the rulers higher mathematics.

Plato was deeply influenced by the Pythagoreans, for whom the secrets of existence were to be found in mathematics, particularly geometry. Plato's first step was to set the tyrant and his associates to work on geometry lessons.



Geometry in those days was learned and taught by drawing diagrams in the sand. Plutarch tells us the tyrant's palace was soon strewn with sand "owing to the multitude of geometricians there." Every courtier was eager to curry favor by conforming to this strange new fashion.

An opposition party, however, began to form at court. The oppositionists could make little sense of what was going on. They saw it as a kind of cuckoo Athenian plot to get Syracuse into the power of Athens by persuading Dionysius to dismantle his military dictatorship and rely instead on the axioms of geometry to keep himself and them in power.

The opposition was apprehensive, Plutarch tells us, lest "the Athenians, who in former times had sailed to Sicily with large land and sea forces [during the Peloponnesian War] but had perished utterly without taking Syracuse, should now, by means of one sophist [Plato], overthrow the tyranny of Dionysius." This tyranny depended on a private army of mercenaries, and the anti-Platonists feared that Plato would get Dionysius to dismiss them "in order to seek in [his] Academic philosophy for a mysterious good, and make geometry his guide to happiness." Mathematics suddenly seemed subversive. Whatever its merits, Plato's schoolmasterish plan came to naught when it was discovered that his sponsor at court, Dion, an in-law of the tyrant, actually was conspiring to take power himself.

The point here is that Plato's procedure as a reformer bore no resemblance to what we think of as government by "experts." Plato was not concerned with the here and now, but with the eternal. His idea of a perfect government was a hierarchical society governed by mathematical mystics free to devote their lives to the contemplation of ineffable metaphysical mysteries while a special policing caste kept the lower, but producing, classes in awed submission.

The strangest aspect of Plato's utopia is that it put the reins of government in the hands of those who care least about human concerns. Plato makes Socrates say outright that "the man whose mind is truly fixed on eternal realities has no leisure to turn his eyes downward upon the petty affairs of men." Instead, "he fixes his gaze

upon the things of the eternal unchanging order." This may qualify him to be the abbot of a monastery, where men retire to meditate. But is such a man the kind to run a government?

IF NOVELS—and utopias—can be read psychoanalytically as daydreams, the vicarious fulfillment of subconscious fantasies, then the *Republic* may be read as a schoolmaster's daydream, the vision of society as an enlarged schoolroom, peopled by dutiful, submissive, and adoring pupils and ruled over by a professor who brooks no disagreement.

The most paradoxical feature of Plato's republic is that although it was to be ruled by philosophers, in it no further philosophizing was to be allowed. To maintain the one "correct" philosophy, the Platonic party line, there was to be no freedom of speech or of teaching or of inquiry.

Plato's philosopher kings were to establish a monopoly of education, screen out potential dissenters from higher schooling, control the content and means of communication, censor the poets and especially the theater, establish a state religion, and formulate a theology to which all must conform.

Few have noticed that Plato was the first to use that word, theology—theologia in Greek—and to use it in its full medieval and modern sense. Little wonder that, as a model for his republic, Plato preferred Sparta, the most regimented city in ancient Greece, over

Athens, where freedom of inquiry welcomed the clash of contesting philosophies. Only by authoritarian means Plato seems to have believed, could philosopher kings batten down the hatches against all the storms of change. For Plato change was the enemy.

It is said that in his youth Plato was a follower of Heraclitus, perhaps the greatest of the so-called pre-Socratic philosophers, whose oracular fragments still stir our awe and admiration by insights that anticipate all the main trends of modern philosophy. Heraclitus was obsessed by change. No man, as he once put it, could step into the same river twice. Everything was perpetual flux and being changed.

Plato swung to the opposite pole of thought. Since the visible universe was constantly changing, he rejected it as unreal. He sought refuge in a world of invisible 'forms' or 'ideas' in which he saw the only unchanging, and therefore true, reality. This perfect world existed somewhere in the celestial stratosphere, beyond even the stars and was perceptible only to the mystical vision of the initiated.

Plato was a refugee from change, and found refuge in this otherworld of the changeless. It was this otherworldliness in Plato that later drew many of the Church Fathers to him. "No school has come closer to us," St. Augustine says in *The City of God*, "than the Platonists." The two were closest in their intolerance and their readiness to hunt down dissenters. "You must not consider the constraint in itself," St. Augustine wrote in a once-famous letter that consecrated the persecution of heretics "but the quality of the thing to which one is constrained, whether it be bad or good." This was the doctrine that ultimately lit the fires of the Inquisition and is on the direct line of descent from Plato to the Politburo and Mao.

Nor are these conceptions safely outmoded in the so-called free world. The current revival of religious fundamentalism in all three Western religions—Christianity, Islam, and Judaism—has brought to the surface a fresh impatience with the liberal tradition. Plato's advocacy of strict censorship is no longer a harmless antique.

A fresh defense of Platonic censorship that all three varieties of fundamentalism would find congenial turn up in the most authoritative recent Catholic history of philosophy. This is



Federick Copleston's multivolumed *History of Philosophy*, which has run through at least nine printings since its first appearance in 1948, a work of otherwise admirable sweep and scholarship. In describing Plato's utopia, this learned Jesuit father writes that "it is the duty of the public authorities to prevent the ruin of the morality" of the people. He says that "to speak of the absolute rights of Art is simply nonsense, and Plato was quite justified in not letting himself be disturbed by any such trashy considerations." So the first Amendment is trash?

PLATO'S BOLD aim in the *Republic* is nothing less than to fashion a New Man. He has Socrates explain the process of this creation, or re-creation, in the most beautiful and spiritual terms. First the philosopher refashions himself and then he refashions mankind.

Socrates begins by saying that the true philosopher "contemplates a world of unchanging and harmonious order, where reason governs and nothing can do or suffer wrong." The true philosopher, "like one who imitates an admired companion," tries to fit himself to this celestial vision, so that he himself will, "so far as man may, become godlike."

If summoned to take the reins of power, our godlike philosopher will show that he does not lack "the skill to produce such counterparts of temperance, justice, and all the virtues as

can exist in the ordinary man." Like an artist, he will remake man and state "after the divine pattern."

Sounds lovely, doesn't it? Then Socrates is asked how this "artist" will set to work. And here the shivers begin, for Socrates replies:

He will take society and human character as his canvas and begin by scraping it clean. That is no easy matter; but, as you know, unlike other reformers [i.e., the moderates and gradualists] he will not consent to take in hand either an individual or a state or to draft laws, until he is given a clean surface to work on or has cleansed it himself.

In other words, the philosopher will not take over rule unless given total and absolute power. Socrates uses the metaphor of the painter, and this is charming—until one begins to see what it really entails.

"Combining the various elements of social life as a painter mixes his colors," Socrates says, "he will reproduce the complexion of true humanity." This "true" humanity, it soon becomes clear, is decidedly not existing humanity. Socrates goes on to say that in this task of re-creating human character the philosopher will be "guided by that divine pattern whose likeness Homer saw in the men he called godlike." These of course were not ordinary men but heroes and demigods. So, Socrates continues, the philosopher king "will rub out and paint in again this or that feature, until he has produced, so far as may be, a type of human character that heaven can approve."

Here Socrates' interlocutor interjects admiringly, "No picture could be more beautiful than that." But we who have just lived through two experiments in creating a New Man, Nazi-Fascist and Communist, may not find this quite so attractive. To "rub out and paint in again" conjures up memories still fresh of crematoriums to "rub out" whole races and Arctic gulags to "paint in" new characters by "corrective labor."

The nightmarish climax of this wacky mystic vision comes in a too-little-noticed passage at the end of Book VII of the *Republic*. There, finally, Socrates says he will show the "speediest and easiest way" a perfect city and perfect people "could be established and prosper." He says the philosopher kings

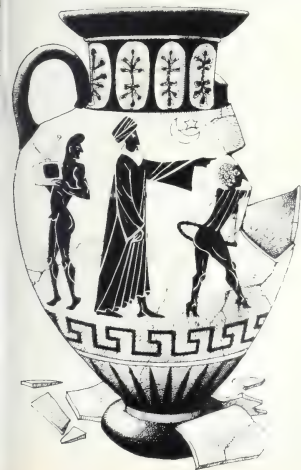
could simply expel all inhabitants over the age of ten, "take over the children, remove them from the manners and habits of their parents," and bring them up in accord with the new customs and laws imposed by the philosopher kings. This would indeed be a "clean slate."

The Platonic commentators skip over this frightful suggestion with embarrassment. None of the questions that would arise in a real discussion of such a proposal is raised. We are not told how these self-proclaimed practitioners of the highest virtue would justify the condemnation of every adult inhabitant to the loss of his city, his home, and his children. Plato's suggestion seems the archetypal model for the utopias we have seen in this century. In every one of them some sort of genocide has lain across the threshold to the earthly paradise they promised.

IN THE construction of Plato's utopia, fundamental problems of morality and power are glossed over or ignored. The underside and scaffolding have to be kept in the dark; they would otherwise make the process of erecting Plato's ideal society too repulsive. The gruesome details are made easy to hide by the absence of normal thrust and rejoinder in the dialogue, which needs only be compared with the agonizing debates in Thucydides to see how far the highly touted Socratic dialectic falls short of the genuine article. In these fixed boxing matches, the opposition always takes the count, and Socrates always walks off with the verdict while smugly advertising his humility.

But when it comes to maintaining power in the new ideal state, the mechanism is clear to all whose eyes are not too clouded by Platonic piety. The fundamental step is to disarm the citizenry and to allow weapons only to a professional police-soldier caste.

Plato calls them *phylakes*, which basically means watchmen or guards, but which is usually translated into English with a word of gentler connotation, *Guardians*. According to Socrates, the Guardians are to serve as "watchers against foemen without and friends within, so that the latter shall not wish [my italics] and the former shall not be able to work harm to the City." Of course, nobody asks Socrates how these Guardians are to make sure that the



disarmed citizenry will not even "wish" to throw a monkey wrench into the works. Apparently the citizenry was not only to be spied upon but to be brainwashed against any desire to dissent.

Aristotle once observed that politics was the struggle between the rich and the poor. One way of easing the struggle was to achieve internal peace by widening the rights of citizenship to the poorest class, as in the participatory democracy of Athens, thus creating a sense of community. The other was to hold down the lower classes by denying them fundamental rights and treating them as a race apart, as was done in Sparta and Crete. That was also Plato's solution.

Plato was an absolutist in every aspect of his thought, and his politics ran true to form. As Aristotle, his first and most famous critic, pointed out, "There will inevitably be [in Plato's republic] two states in one, and these antagonistic to one another": on one side the Guardians, "a sort of garrison" or occupying army; on the other "the Farmers, Artisans, and other classes." Aristotle saw a parallel between Plato's divided state and Crete, where the ruling class forbade the workers gymnastic exercises and the right to bear arms, thereby ensuring their inferiority in physique and in weaponry.

But these lower classes in Crete were slaves, and their lack of strength kept them so. Were the common people in Plato's republic to be slaves, or citizens? It is difficult to answer the question. Certainly both commoner and slave would be accorded fewer rights than they had in Athens. In Plato's republic the common man, like the slave, would be taught to know and observe his place. But the *Republic* sometimes blurs the distinction between them by equating the status of a free commoner with that of a slave.

The great contemporary Platonist Gregory Vlastos, in a seminal essay on slavery in Plato's thought, calls attention to an often overlooked passage in the *Republic* wherein this blurring takes place. The passage has often been fuzzed in translation, probably because a literal rendition struck many translators as too shocking.

Paul Shorey's masterly translation provides the most exact rendering of the Greek text when he has it say that the ordinary citizen of the republic "ought to be the slave of that best man

who has within himself the divine governing principle." The word in Greek is *doulos*, which unambiguously means slave, although in this passage it has rarely been translated that bluntly.

Plato explains that this subordination is of course for the common man's own good, and not for his exploitation. Shorey, who was a great scholar but a frightful reactionary, even welcomes the literal implication of *slave* with a learned footnote in the Loeb Library bilingual edition of the *Republic* quoting a wide selection of antidemocratic theorists in support of Plato. The one from Carlyle is representative of them all. Of all "the rights of man," Carlyle once wrote, "the right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be gently or *forcibly* [my italics] held in the true course by him, is the indisputable." It is a pity Thomas Paine did not live to provide the rejoinder.

PLATO KNEW that submission could not be won by force alone. How did he propose to make this new bondage acceptable? His answer was that a sense of irremediable inferiority had to be inculcated in the minds and souls of the lower classes. This bit of mental engineering was to be the achievement of what Plato called the Noble Lie.



To understand the Noble Lie or must understand that in Plato's utopia the truth is demanded of the governor but mendacity is to be a creative tool in the hands of the philosopher king Socrates is quite specific about this:

For if we were right in what we were just saying and falsehood is in very deed useless to gods, but to men useful as remedy or form of medicine, it is obvious that such a thing [i.e., lying] must be assigned to physicians, and laymen should have nothing to do with it." "Obviously," he [Socrates' interlocutor] replied.

"The rulers then of the city may, if anybody, fitly lie on account of enemies or citizens for the benefit of the state; . . .

This kind of sophistry is still the rationalization for what the CIA calls "disinformation" activities. Socrates goes on to make sure that mendacity and perjury* remain a monopoly of the state:

No others may have anything to do with it [i.e., lying], but for a layman to lie to rulers . . . we shall affirm to be as great a sin, nay a greater, than it is for a patient not to tell his physician or an athlete his trainer the truth about his bodily condition, or for a man to deceive the pilot about the ship.

The questions inevitably follow from this—for instance, what happens when a citizen contradicts an official lie? Will he be punished for telling the truth?—are not aired in the *Republic*. What Socrates is leading up to is the propagation of the one whopping falsehood upon which the whole structure depends: those in the ideal city were to be taught that, although all citizens are brothers, the god of creation used an admixture of gold in fashion-

* Victor S. Navasky's new book, *Naming Names*, on the witch-hunt of the Fifties gives on pages 14 and 15 the sworn testimony of an FBI man in which he says, in quite Platonic fashion, that while the interests of the government were at stake he was ready to lie even "under oath in a court of law," something I would do "a thousand times." Similarly in 1975, Richard Helms admitted that as head of the CIA he had lied under oath to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, to hide the CIA's covert efforts to overthrow the Allende government in Chile. He escaped with a suspended sentence in a plea bargain with the Justice Department that allowed him to plead no contest to a mere misdemeanor. Platonism still has its triumph

ing those fitted to rule, silver in making the Guardians, and, for the lowest class, composed of the farmers and craftsmen, iron and brass.

The common folk were to be taught that the rulers and soldiers had precious metal in their makeup and were intrinsically superior to the lower class. Thus, the myth would stamp a sense of inferiority on the lower class so indelibly that it would be forever submissive to its "betters." This would be a caste system, like India's, not merely a division into classes; in short, social status could be inherited, although provision could be made for ruthlessly upgrading or downgrading occasional "ports" in the breeding process.

The question of how this Noble Lie could be enforced during the first and believing generation and of what steps would be necessary in later generations to prevent disbelief from cropping up again are never even faced in the *Republic*, but it is not difficult to see where they lead. The greatest danger would lie in the brightest and best minds; indeed, among those instinctively philosophical in their nature and thus naturally prone to examine beliefs for themselves. The rule of philosophers would find its most dangerous enemy in dissident philosophers.

Obviously the underside of this utopia would have to be an omnipresent secret police; to listen in on private conversations and meetings to detect subversion and nip it in the bud. The ancient world was as familiar as the modern with such "thought police." Aristotle discusses the spy systems of Sparta at length in his *Politics*. To maintain the myth of intrinsic inequality in a Greek city would require extensive measures of surveillance and control. The net effect would be to get rid of the brighter and bolder spirits, to intimidate the inferior, and encourage sycophancy and lip service.

Needless to say, this hardly seems the way to create an ideal society or a shiny New Man. It resembles, in fact, the manner in which Sparta, that most unequal city, dealt with its helots, or serfs.

It had an institution called a *krupteia* (or secret service). Young Spartans armed with daggers were sent out into the fields, where they hid themselves and could listen and observe what went on among the helots. Usually by night, but sometimes by day, they emerged to murder potential troublemakers and keep the "uppity" helots in their place by intimidation. Their ultimate purpose was to debase and degrade. But so, really, was Plato's. The lower classes were to be bred or bullied into believing the myth that they were intrinsically inferior to their rulers.

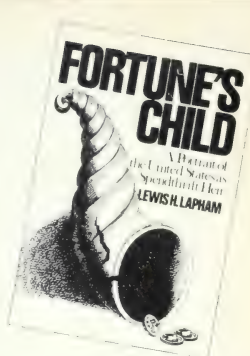
In this respect, indeed, the human landscape for most of the two-and-a-half millennia since Plato wrote has resembled his ideal city. Until the comparatively recent American and French revolutions, the common man almost everywhere was regarded, and conditioned to regard himself, as of a nature inferior to his betters.

Most of the Platonists, and the classical scholars over the intervening centuries, have reflected—as Plato did—the ethos of the landed aristocracy, of the gentlemen born to no pursuit other than that of governing, policing, and indoctrinating the lower classes, whether in the officer corps of the armed forces, in the various churches and universities, or in the government itself.

The English gentleman, like the Prussian Junker and the landed nobility of Europe well into the nineteenth century—and some even to this day—shared the lofty condescensions of the Attic gentry, which Plato embodied in its utmost perfection. And most of mankind until recently provided the mire in the human garden where these exquisite creatures bloomed for their day.

Plato remains the darling of the hierarchs, whatever their guise, a sacred cow to both the Left and Right. To dare an irreverent look at him and his doctrines is to unite even the otherwise irreconcilables of Right and Left in his defense. His philosopher kings are still with us, though in new guise, in wide stretches of the earth. □

HARPER'S/JANUARY 1981



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DREAMERS OF THE DAY

Talking to Studs Terkel

by John Lahr

"...But do other enchanted people feel as nervous
As I do? The stories do not tell."
—Stevie Smith
"The Frog Prince"

EVERY SOCIETY is built on a sense of collective mission, but the particular virulence of America's dreams had its origin in the promise of the New World. Zealots, malcontents, entrepreneurs, the early settlers were a self-selecting group of dreamers who implanted in the New World a sense of optimism and fierce ambition to make life in such inhospitable terrain equal to their dreams. It wasn't easy. "What could they see?"

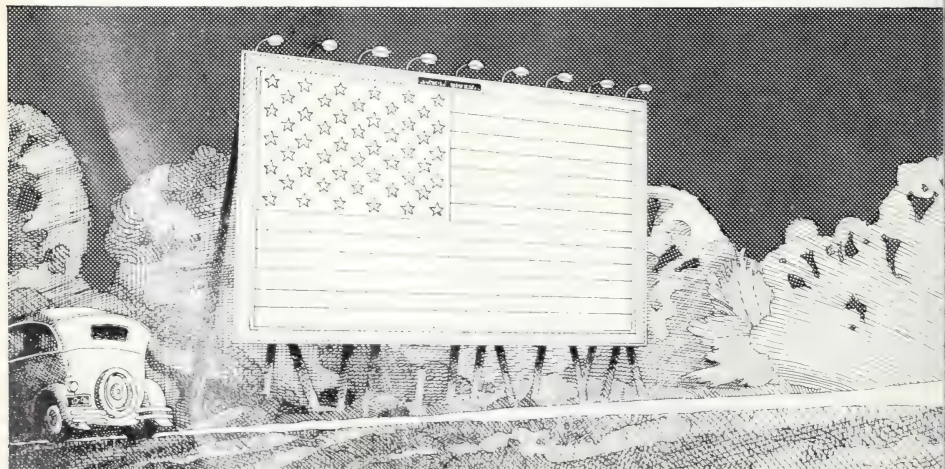
John Lahr, a contributing editor of Harper's, is the author of *Prick Up Your Ears: The Biography of Joe Orton*. He lives in London.

wrote William Bradford, an eyewitness to the landing of the *Mayflower* in 1620, describing the unpromising vista of the Promised Land, "but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beast and wild men? and what multitudes there might be of them they knew not." Dreaming, not freedom and equality, was the first inalienable right of the settlers. From the outset, the nation's credo was "I dream, therefore I am."

"America was meant to be everything," wrote an early English visitor, Harriet Martineau, implying how its space had become synonymous with hope. The vagueness of America's boundaries, the variety of its climates, the vastness of its territory, and its newness created an irresistible atmo-

sphere of expectation. A society inventing itself, America was a laboratory for fantasies of freedom, a haven before it became hog heaven. "If New England be called a Receptacle of Dissenters, and an Amsterdam of Religion," wrote Rev. Hugh Jones in 1751, cataloging the range of experiments in the American dreamscape, "Pennsylvania the Nursery of the Quakers, Maryland the Retirement of Roman Catholics, North Carolina the Refuge of Runaways, and South Carolina the Light of Buccaneers and Pyrates, Virginia may be justly esteemed the happy Retreat of true Britons. . . ."

When the colonies became a nation, democracy tumbled the barriers of privilege and replaced them with the obstacles of competition. America



arning was quickly channeled into a rest for status and well-being, wealth being the only recognized distinction in a society that had rejected the aristocratic distinctions of birth and position. Having revolted against its parent, America built its society around distrust of authority and a belief at each generation should surpass the former in attainment. "No matter how many generations separate an American from his immigrant ancestors," wrote Geoffrey Gorer in *The American People*, "he rejects his father as authority and exemplar, and expects his sons to reject him." Thrown back on himself, compelled to surpass his parent, each new American is forced to recapitulate the democratic dream of total individual transformation. The result is a society heavy with dreams of ambition and escape.

The American Dream required a dance to make it credible, and it worked as an inspiration to achieve it. The dream promised a payoff for hard work: pluck 'n luck would yield the American reward of increased wealth, status, mobility, and financial security. There was a large component of fact in the fiction. The sources and technology could make great number of these dreams come true and thus keep the populace enchanted by them. The land fostered the hope of freedom and equality even in the face of disillusion. If the immigrant was frustrated in his abilities to improve his lot, he could always move west. The land seemed to offer an endless second chance, and the American dream goaded every citizen to test his freedom. The immigrant could leave his failures and his past behind him, write his history, pursue the idea of perfectibility that seemed built into the continent and the Constitution. Tomorrow, he might find his fortune, his homestead, his roots.

America's abundance teased the imagination with a sense of blessing and also created an appetite for contest. America gained not only the ring and idealistic, but the rootless and unscrupulous. Then, as now, America was a percentage play. Gamblers and the feckless with nothing to lose thrived in such a climate of uninhibited self-assertion, adding their spirit of self-aggrandizement to the American character. As Philip Slater writes in *The Pursuit of Loneliness*:

We gained an undue proportion of persons who, when faced with a difficult situation, tended to chuck the whole thing and flee to a new environment. Escaping, evading, and avoiding are responses which lie at the base of much that is peculiarly American—the suburb, the automobile, the self-service store, and so on.

But the combinations of courage and cunning, righteousness and ruthlessness were adaptations to the rigors of a dangerous, brutal, and unshaped continent. The dream that first galvanized the country would come to spellbind it, at once an agent of inspiration and forgetfulness. If the dream came true for everyone, it wouldn't be a dream. Within the American's fantasy of vindictive triumph was the fact of vindictive tragedy. (In 1660 the slave population comprised 8 percent of the population; by 1770, slaves represented 21 percent of 1.6 million new Americans.)

The dissonance between the society's democratic ideals and practice forced white Americans to rationalize their ruthlessness by clinging tenaciously to their "manifest destiny." As Alexis de Tocqueville observed about the Americans' systematic annihilation of the Indians, "It is impossible to destroy men with more respect for the laws of humanity."

DREAMS MADE the society great, and anticipation drove it crazy. By the time de Tocqueville toured America in 1831, he found "an agitated mass" who were "restless in the midst of abundance." Even then the dream was entrenched and the populace spellbound in its hurry for well-being. The abundance that inspired dreams of perfectibility also robbed Americans of peace of mind. They were in the thrall of expectation and in fear of disappointment. They fueled their nervous solitude with frantic activity. "Besides the good things that he possesses," de Tocqueville wrote, characterizing the restless insecurity that dreaming added to the American character, "he every instant fancies a thousand others that death will prevent him from trying if he does not try them soon. This thought fills him with anxiety, fear and regret and keeps him blind in ceaseless

trepidation, which leads him perpetually to change his plans and abode." Dreaming made Americans more hopeful, but it also made them more insecure. The insecurity served the function of keeping the society at work.

With industrialization, the spellbound became a feature of the modern American landscape. Describing the new momentum of the twentieth century, Henry Adams wrote in his autobiography:

Prosperity never before imagined, power never yet wielded by men, speed never reached by anything but a meteor, had made the world irritable, nervous, querulous, unreasonable and afraid...all the new forces, condensed into corporations, were demanding a new type of man—a man with ten times the endurance, energy, will and mind of the old type.

The new metabolism had to be manufactured by raising the amperage of American dreams. With the frontier closed, with the exodus to the big cities, with mass production promising a democracy of objects while reducing man's labor to a series of movements, the dreaming's negative aspect became apparent. Dreaming was not only a spur to but a refuge from the momentum and boredom of the new industrial rhythm. Daydreamers became a central theme of American culture. The dazed resilience of the silent film clowns, those little men who bounced back from every act of violence while staunchly pursuing their goal, epitomized the spellbound triumphant. Edward Hopper painted the dreamy American self-involvement, people in a city landscape forever lost in thought and set apart in a melancholy dialogue with themselves. George Kelly's *The Show-Off* (1924) created the epitome of the spellbound's trance state in Aubrey Piper, who imagines every dream a reality, a self-aggrandizing psychopath who somehow manages to end on his feet.

Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* (1947) used the metaphor of a flop-house bar to evoke the spell: the dazed contentment of pipedreamers with their "touching credulity concerning tomorrows." The characters talk of breaking free from the bar's safety, but they never stray. "It's a great game, the pursuit of happiness," says one of them sardonically. The weird security

of the skid-row bar is a haven from the competitive dream: "No one here has to worry about where he's going next, because there is no farther to go." Arthur Kopit's *Indians* (1969) portrays Buffalo Bill retreating from the reality of Indian annihilation into the daydream of heroism he helped create. And Sam Shepard's finest play, *The Tooth of Crime* (1972), is about the competition of two famous rock stars to remain in the enchantment of fame. Shepard is explicit about "the way things are"—"everybody's walkin' asleep eyes open." The winner of the rock 'n' roll battle ends up praying for the enchantment to last. He sings:

*If I'm a fool then keep me blind
I'd rather feel my way...
Just keep me rollin' down
Keep me rollin' down
Keep me in my state a' grace...*

"If one could control the songs of a nation," John Dewey wrote, "one need not care who made its laws." The radio allowed the popular song to become an agent of enchantment, fulfilling a function first set out by Plato in *Laws*: "Songs are really spells for souls, directed in all earnest to the production of... concord." Popular songs never stop urging Americans to "wrap your troubles in dreams" and to "dream when you're feeling blue." After all, the song insists, if you don't have a dream, how you gonna have a dream come true. Television keeps the citizen literally spellbound, comatose in front of flickering images; and television is controlled by those who have the most vested interest in the Dream. Advertising owns the air, selling the dream of abundance and creating what market consultants Charles Kettering and Allen Orth dubbed "the new necessity" in 1932. They saw that "the simplest way to assure safe production is to keep changing the product—the market for new things is infinitely elastic." Paying lip service to consumer sovereignty, advertising has fostered an easily manipulated public that is prey to novelty.

America has become a society of exciting distractions. The media reinforce the glamour and drama of this pageant of abundance and mobility, charting the personalities, the payoffs, and their positions on the wheel of fortune. Easily charmed, Americans are gourmands of the new. The latest ob-

jects have a kind of magical status in a society that confuses the democracy of objects with equality and forgetfulness with hope. It is not simply the driven, obsessive army of businessmen pursuing profit at the expense of conscience, or their spendthrift wives, who are spellbound. Enchantment is promoted as a desirable state of mind. And much of the average day is spent tuned into the network of persuasion.

Roller skaters glide down the streets of New York with earphones, surrounding themselves with a wall of sound that keeps out the world while giving a backbeat to their fantasy of grace and speed. On football fields across America, hundreds of thousands of boys act out the capitalist daydream of their fathers in a game that is a paradigm of the corporate struggle. All American sports reinforce the dreams of action and vindictive triumph, becoming ritual enactments of social Darwinism. But football is especially potent as a performance of mastered will and survival of the fittest. The game is one of specialized functions and teamwork, of strategy and execution, of controlled violence and victory, of one organization intimidating and outwitting another. A nation obsessed by sports, America believes that sport acts out the competitive rules for success. In turn, sport adds a dimension of epic heroism to competition.

STUDS TERKEL's wonderful *American Dreams: Lost and Found* is inspired by the spellbound. A populist, Terkel has gone in search of the little man with a big story of struggle as an antidote to the enchantment he sees around him. Terkel is specific about the spell:

Forfeiting their own life experience, their native intelligence, their personal pride, they allow more celebrated surrogates, whose imaginations may be no larger than theirs, to think for them, to speak for them, to be for them in the name of the greater good. Conditioned toward being "nobody," they look toward "somebody" for the answer. It is not what the American town meeting was all about.

In his introduction, Terkel quotes Tom Paine saying that America was "the only spot... where the principles of human reformation could begin."

Terkel still clings to that hope. *American Dreams* treat the Dream as a fiction but it is an amalgam of fictions. Terkel has chosen his subjects, conducted a few hundred interviews the way a novelist chooses his characters. They may speak for themselves but they make *his* points. Terkel rightly acknowledges that in his oral history "there is no pretense at statistical truth." But he presents the testimony as evidence that "a long-buried American tradition may be springing back to life," that the "hitherto quiescent are finding voice." This is Terkel's dream. And in these tales of frustration, demoralization, and occasional success, a strong sense of the Dreipolitic emerges.

Terkel's book begins as a meditation on winning and losing. He's a media celebrity who loves both the famous and the underdog. He reminds us that his mother died embittered at having "the most, though never quite, caught the brass ring." The prologue to his book is the voice of a former Miss U.S.A., Emma Knight, soured on her success as a winner who refuses to wear her laurel. It sets a tone of skepticism about the society's obsession with winning, which the book pursues. Even before Book One begins, Terkel greets his audience with a quote from Albert Einstein about man finding meaning "only through devoting himself to society." Terkel wants to reaffirm a spirit of cooperation and community.

In a society where the individual is made to feel success and survival depend solely on his effort, winning becomes an inevitable obsession. It is a cruel and wasteful ethic. "A dog ya feed will not hunt," says a black entrepreneur, S. B. Fuller, damning work and celebrating insecurity as a way of life. "Only in America, you free to eat if you can find something to eat and free to starve if you don't." America makes a myth of competition at the expense of cooperation. Winners acquire magical status. "People don't like failure. It's a real mark, especially in business," says Jann Werner, the founder and editor of *Rolling Stone*, whose interview shows how competition can make a monster of man. Crime acts out the dream of winning, the *reductio ad absurdum* of enterprise. The issue isn't *how* you win but *that* you win. Discussing his la-

s a thief, Ken Jackson tells Terkel:

I was learning the American value system, the Syndicate value system. What you were supposed to do is steal and get involved with the American Dream. You made big money, bought a home, and got away from the niggers. It's a corporation. They're not licensed by the state of New York, but it's a buyer's market. Supply and demand. We supplied, and then we demanded they pay us. It's capitalism at its best.

Competition and the myth of winning are necessary to capitalism. The realm is of other people losing. "The realm is not losing," says Stephen Ruiz, a successful Mexican-American. This is the notion pervading America today: Don't lose." Bill Veeck, the president of the Chicago White Sox, is sitting at this in his understanding of why Americans crave sports' stage-managed victories:

For the most part, we're losers. We're losers in a country where winning means you're great, you're beautiful, you're moral. If you don't make a lot of money, you're a loser. The bigness, the machines, the establishment, imbue us with the idea that unless you make a lot of money, you're nothing. Happiness has nothing to do with it.

Terkel talks to Claude Humphrey, a defensive end for the Philadelphia Eagles, who is instructive about how winning often means cultivating hatred and isolation to keep the competitive edge:

I don't have any friends out there. Even the guys on my own team, really, are the enemy. If I got to work with this guy and he don't do it right, he's taking bread out of my family's mouth. . . . I build up the hate during the course of the week, so by the time Sunday gets there, I really am pissed off at the guy. It's not right to be able to hurt people and not feel anything. . . . You understand what I'm saying? When I'm through with football, all those kind of feelings will be gone.

INDUSTRIAL CAPITALISM seems to require a belief in personal acquisitiveness as a dream. An agglomeration of self-interests is present—as common interests. Individualisms have been promoted to prevent

TOM WOLFE IN OUR TIME



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an identification of class interests. Vertical solidarity serves capitalism better than horizontal solidarity. The pursuit of happiness, that unique notion written into the Declaration of Independence, originally meant the pursuit of *public* happiness, not private pleasure.

Terkel, who quotes Walt Whitman's "One's Self I sing, a simple separate person,/Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse," believes in the wisdom of the ordinary citizen. In contrast to the bland background noises of instant media experts and stars, the guts, commitment, and irresistible vigor of the ordinary American comes almost as a shock. It is no longer the Common Man but the Uncommon Man that the American Dream celebrates; not the man in the world but dream figures of fame who make their separation from society sensational. As Karl Hess, who worked for the White House on special assignment under Eisenhower and later as a speechwriter for Barry Goldwater, tells Terkel:

You ride with motorcycle escorts. You're zoomin' along in a limousine in all the noise, and you look out on the street and all those people are frozen. You're movin' and they're frozen. That's a powerful lesson. . . . Your whole life is special information, special privilege, separation, and, oh, my, so phony.

Fame isolates as it enchants. Increasingly, the people's representatives have lost touch with the people. "There's no two-way dialogue between senators and their constituents anymore," explains James Abourezk, former Democratic senator from South Dakota. "The guy takes a poll, gets on TV, and runs his media campaign according to the poll. He really doesn't hear from his constituents and the depths of their feelings." Media stars, politicians become "personalities." Stars personify the dream of pluck 'n' luck. They are corporations of one whose success makes greed glorious.

The disparate voices in Terkel's book show how the Dream works to the well-organized advantage of corporate America, which pretends what is good for business is good for America. The corporation institutionalizes America's dream of self-aggrandizement, selling the notion that self-interest brings about public good. What are

taken to be public goods—libraries, welfare, housing, clean air, health care, public transport—are grossly inadequate compared to the ballyhoo about America's high standard of living. The society sanctions social indifference in the name of freedom, and America's dreams of self-fulfillment become a decoy rather than an inspiration.

Terkel's book strains under the weight of frustration at the despotism of big business. Abourezk is outspoken on the subject:

We have a government that is ostensibly run by the people, for the people. It's not true. We have a government run by the establishment for the establishment. If there are some droppings left over for the people, well and good. No more than droppings. . . . The ones who run this country are the multinationals, the banks, the Fortune 500.

Business preaches the gospel of free enterprise because it manipulates the market. Planning is efficiency inside the board room and "anti-American" or "socialistic" outside it. "I came to understand," explains Dennis Kucinich, the young former mayor of Cleveland, "that big business has a feudal view of the city, and that City Hall was within their fiefdom." Whether Terkel is talking to black Mississippi farmer Hartman Turnbow ("We makin' dyin' progress. We makin' progress to dig our grave") or the old activist-turned-prophet of self-sufficiency Scott Nearing ("The job is to keep your head above water and to do your share in making the dying society as tolerable as possible"), a great sense of demoralization emerges from these tales. People and resources are outrageously wasted, and the dreaming exacerbates the despotism even as it tries to assuage it. The despotism of the ruling elite seems to have had the same emotional effect on modern America that de Tocqueville saw in the ancien régime of France:

Love of gain, fondness for business careers, the desire to get rich at all costs, a craving for material comfort and easy living quickly become the ruling passions under despotic government. . . . It is the nature of despotism that it should foster such desire and propagate havoc. Lowering as they do the national morale . . . where equality

and tyranny coexist, a steady deterioration of the mental and moral standards of the nation is inevitable.

TERKEL'S BOOK frequently probes the spirit of American independence, struggle, and high-mindedness against the despotic forces of industry. Herschel Igon, fifth generation on his Tennessee farm, struggles to keep going against fierce competition from "agribusiness." Joe and Gaynell Begley fight the mine owners whose strip-mining has ruined the Appalachian land and impoverished the people. Bob Ziak fights to protect his patch of the Oregon woods from the greed of lumber companies destroying the landscape and wildlife. Jessie de la Cruz, a migrant worker, organizes her friends successfully to obtain proper housing and fair practices from California landowners. Rick Kaepplinger, a Chicago photographer, recounts his one-man search-and-destroy mission against the Chicago political machine. All these stories about unsung citizens who find their identity in their struggle to be heard are thrilling to read but deceptive as bellwethers. "There are signs," Terkel says in his introduction, "unmistakable, of an astonishing increase in the airing of grievances: of private wrongs and public rights." These tales—as Terkel hopes—may augur a shift in the collective national spirit, the arrival of more cooperative, public-spirited action. But they also may add simply momentum to the old chump change of individualism.

Terkel ends *American Dreams: Lost and Found* with an interview he conducted sitting up all night on a train with a seventy-year-old black man, Clarence Spencer, bound for Martin Luther King's March on Washington in 1963. Spencer tells Terkel: "When this thing started out, I said to my wife: 'This I want to be in. I don't want to see it on the television or hear it on the radio. I want to be in it, I want to get into that light.'" In Spencer's lyrical monologue is Terkel's ambition: to get beyond the shadows of dreaming and the technology of enchantment into the light of action. The enchanted may be content, but they are not free.

THE RUSSIANS HAVE ARRIVED

the West was lost

by Jim Hougan

BEHIND A curtained storefront window near a tired shopping center in McLean, Virginia, is a bar-and-grill called O'Toole's. There is no sign in the window to inform passers-by of what lies behind the curtains, and that tends to discourage new customers—as does the fact that O'Toole's is a *nom de booze*, its name (the one in the phone book) long ago passed from the memory of all its patrons.

Less than a mile, as the shock waves from the headquarters of the Central Intelligence Agency, the CIA's neighborhood bar is a stale and dimly lit place that sells whiskey and nuts mostly to tough customers in the Agency. Thick with dust, its stained windows screen from view an open sewer pipe drizzling near the entrance.

Inside, faded memorabilia hang on the walls: an autographed photo of former CIA Director George Bush, a Foreign Legion banner, emblems of Ireland, yellowing newspaper clippings with commentaries inked in the margins, and insignia of elite military units stationed at Fort Bragg.

It is, in other words, a masculine hang-out for cryptonyms seeking refuge from their wives and kids, an inner sanctum in which they can let their wigs down and complain about the state of the world. The conversation is as you would expect: a potpourri of innuendos, shoptalk, politics, and war tales. There are tales of the "Bang-Boom Division," reminiscences of failed missions, marathon drinking bouts, and pell-mell evacuations from swamps as far apart as Managua, Moscow, and Saigon. Indeed, given the

good humor and frequency of the evacuation stories, I get the impression that, for the boys at O'Toole's, the expected method of departing a foreign country is with one's shirttails on fire.

Occasionally, one of McLean's clandestine celebrities (Lou Conein, Frank Terpil—there are many who fit the description) wanders in for a drink.* Elsewhere, their notoriety might be a

* Since this was written, Mr. Terpil has relocated and may no longer be found sipping gin and tonics at O'Toole's.

handicap but here it is viewed romantically and with affection: they have lived the life and, whatever their regrets, they have no apologies. (I'm reminded of the words of an ex-legionnaire en route to his appointment with a blindfold and a firing squad. Turning aside the questions of the press, he is said to have muttered: "*Pas de cartes; pas de photos; et pas de souvenirs...*")

Jim Hougan is a Washington editor of Harper's.



Paul Richer

Across the room, a young man of uncommon brawn is seated in a straight-backed chair, listing in a Force Nine wind that no one else seems to feel. His T-shirt has a fraternal crest embossed upon it, with letters from the Greek emblazoned across his pectorals: Kappa Gamma Beta, I suppose. But, no... on second glance, the crest is found to contain a hammer-and-sickle, an unusual emblem on Fraternity Row, and the lettering is Cyrillic, not Greek.

K G B

The gesture seems appropriate, especially in light of the "mole probes" going on, but—just how popular *are* these shirts at the Agency? And, for that matter, what does Kim Philby, the Soviet spy, wear while toiling at his desk in Moscow—a Queen's Park Rangers' jersey?

Meanwhile, the conversation goes on. There is talk of pensions and retirement, of "Gordon's Kingdom" in Cambodia (*Apocalypse Now* was no fairy tale), of the cowardliness of presidents, the treachery of the media, the Jews' supposed domination of just about everything, and the prevailing wimpiness of the times. The sense of frustration is as palpable as the cigarette smoke that clouds the air. The men here have known better, or at least more freeheeling, times. Patriots all, they ask only to serve their country and know how best that may be done: "Set us loose, O Lord, upon thine enemies..."

WHICH BRINGS me to *The Spike*, a novel by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss*, which the *Washington Star's* gossip column, The Ear, has succinctly summarized: "...a Journ...gets Used by Communists, finds out, writes about it, and then can't get published."

The politics of *The Spike* are precisely those of a CIA barroom, albeit one from which the wit has been purged, the language deformed, and the anecdotes adulterated into mere propaganda. Reading it, I got the impression that the authors may have spent the past two decades heckling college students with cries of "Get a haircut!" and "Did your barber die?"

Concocted in a spirit of calculated viciousness and overt greed, the book is an anachronism that founders upon its naïveté and the authors' paleolithic view of the known world. Its pages are filled with the tacky clichés of the mid-1950s: "trained [Communist] sex experts" and nympho com-synps practice their sinister ministrations on the usual liberal dupes while a cast of Soviet androids is trotted out to manipulate our minds from behind the Iron Arras. The world of de Borchgrave and Moss, like that of O'Toole's, is one that is amenable to simplistic and beery solutions: it is that universe in which the United States—I mean, AMERICA!—is being sold out to the Ivans by self-aggrandizing pols, rich dilettantes, and fifth columnists bearing press credentials. What is required, the authors tell us, is a Red hunt by the Senate, after which the boys from O'Toole's may be safely set loose in all our spheres of hoped-for influence.

The Spike, then, is a poorly drawn comic strip in which stereotypes from a defective era lurch from one hackneyed situation to the next, all the while stooped beneath balloons of anaerobic dialogue and panels of styrofoam prose.

WHICH IS no reason to condemn the book out of hand. Indeed, it is fair to say that we have a genuine need for "bad books," for trashy novels written in a stupor by writers anxious to make a killing but unwilling or unable to make demands upon either themselves or their readers. I have a cabin in Maine that is filled with such books, and what the best of them have in common is that they were written in good faith—to entertain without pretending to inform. Lacking all nuance and any suggestion of Significance, they may be read while fixing meals, while playing Sorry! with the children or, for that matter, while sailing amid the rocks and lobster buoys of Casco Bay.

But the authors and publishers of *The Spike* ask us to take them seriously. Promotion of the book has centered around an advertising campaign that would have us believe that its pages reveal "the secret history of our times," the history that "they" have

been trying to keep from us. That such a history, detailing the hidden influence of rival intelligence agencies upon current events since 1943, deserves to be written may be taken for granted. But just who "they" are is quite a different matter.

In this connection, it is ironic to find that the publishers have forsaken the usual reviewers' quotation, printing instead the benedictory hype of Richard Helms, the former CIA director.

"*The Spike*," Helms tells us on the dust jacket, "is a well-written, fast-paced novel dealing with what the Russians call disinformation. It deals with a challenge posed to America and the Free World: Can the Soviets destroy the West without firing a shot?"

Mr. Helms, of course, is an expert on the subject of disinformation, having disinforming the Congress and the public for a number of years. Indeed, it is only thanks to the plebeian bargaining skills of criminal attorney Edward Bennett Williams that Helms is loose today, a certified misdeed rather than a felon. That the former director of the CIA, whose destruction of the Agency's central taping system left that institution with a case of permanent amnesia, should now be hyping a book that purports to unravel "the secret history of the times" would be burlesque if it were not so contemptuous of book buyers then selves. Helms's biography was entitled *The Man Who Kept the Secrets*.

WHAT SETS *The Spike* apart from other bad novels, making it contemptible rather than mere trash, is that the authors and their publishers would have us believe that we are reading a *roman à clef*. If this deceit that rangles. The *roman à clef* is an honorable form that sets out to reveal some hidden truths through fiction. *The Spike*, on the other hand, is a pretender within the genre, kind of "Protocols of the Elders of the Institute for Policy Studies."

What the authors have done is to take recognizable people and institutions, imbue them with unpleasant, immoral, or criminal characteristics, and then, seemingly as an afterthought, they have sought to immunize themselves from litigation by implying the

* Published by Crown Publishers, 374 pages, \$12.95.

These fictional characters are not the life individuals they seem to be. This is accomplished in a singularly abrupt manner, i.e., by giving cameo appearances to Jane Fonda, Norman Mailer, Philip Agee, and other *bêtes noires* on the Left. Since these named individuals briefly occupy the same space or paragraph as their fictional counterparts, logic dictates—or a smart lawyer will point out—that they must not be one and the same. A similar argument, known as the bait-and-switch, practiced by crooked used-car salesmen in ghettos throughout the United States, but I have never before seen it employed as a literary defense against defamation.

That de Borchgrave should lend his reputation to such a hoax is discreditable. He was, until *The Spike* began making its rounds, the chief foreign correspondent for *Newsweek*, having held that title for sixteen years. During that time, he covered hot wars, cold wars, and the Mobius shifts of domestic politics everywhere. His reputation that of one forever tracking heads of state, lobbying his questions high, low, and very definitely outside: "Tell me, Anwar, how is it that you're able to do such a good job, a fantastic job, really, when the Russians are constantly trying to destroy you?"

As for de Borchgrave's collaborator, Robert Moss, it is difficult to imagine that he could have written this book without at some time having chuckled at the realization that money could be made by the pot calling the kettle black. Moss's situation as a journalist is not without parallel to the book's central theme. Just as *The Spike's* "Robert McKney" has unwittingly churned out propaganda for the Reds, Moss himself had hands-on experience with a now-notorious CIA front, Foreign World Features. I have no doubt that Moss, an Englishman, was dismayed to learn (too late) that his work was subsidized by a foreign intelligence service. Similarly, I imagine that Moss was equally chagrined to learn that an allegedly nonfiction work of his, *Chile's Marxist Experiment*, was so impressive to the Pinochet junta that it purchased thousands of copies of the book for distribution through its embassies. One need not look for conspiracy in all of this. Moss is them as he sees them; and the way that he sees them happens to

hold enormous appeal for South American fascists and the boys at O'Toole's. He is, therefore, sufficiently infatigable as to be of little importance.

DE BORCHGRAVE, however, worries me. Does his collaboration with Moss and his acquiescence to the blurb by Helms and to the advertising campaign of his publisher mean that *The Spike* is an accurate reflection of his

own views? Because, if this is so, then it would seem that *Newsweek* has long entrusted the cutting edge of its foreign reporting to a writer who is of the opinion that investigative reporters are agents of the Red Tide, that liberal institutions, foundations, and newspapers are either knowing surrogates or unwitting captives of the KGB, that Soviet moles have taken control of Congress and the CIA, and that a new wave of McCarthy-like purges are needed if the United States

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Fugitive Essays

Selected Writings of Frank Chodorov

Edited and with an Introduction by Charles H. Hamilton

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is to be rid of Communist subversion.

That this is actually the world view of de Borchgrave is clear: after all, it is his book. And while it is true that a journalist ought not to be held responsible for the world that he describes, a novelist who asks to be taken seriously should be. And when, for ideological reasons, writers practice to deceive within the realm of fiction (as de Borchgrave and Moss have done with their bait-and-switch maneuver), their product can only be described as political pornography.

The phrase is particularly apt when applied to *The Spike*. Throughout, the authors have peppered their pages with some of the most ineptly written sex scenes ever to appear outside a Mr. Natural comic. One needn't search for an example. They are everywhere in the best, if softest, tradition of pornographic "flip-strength."* For instance, on the book's sixth page, our student-hero, Robert Hockney, discusses his dreams and ideals with a woman he has managed to pick up at a Berkeley demonstration:

The girl hauled herself up the bed and straddled him.

"I'm going to be a reporter," Hockney announced, gasping slightly, but still intent on the idea he wanted to get across.

"I'm going to be...ah...the greatest reporter in America," he emphasized.

"Mmmm." The girl's groan had nothing to do with Hockney's declaration of intent.

And so it goes: every five pages, precisely, one or another of the characters is having one or more of his or her parts straddled, fondled, nibbled, or kissed while the hero declaims on a variety of subjects and the KGB schemes behind two-way mirrors. By the time we have reached page 27, with another 350 to go, the reader is predictably exhausted, so much so that Moss and de Borchgrave have need to send in the clowns. *Viz.:*

They had both served their apprenticeship at Verkhonoye, in the desolate area outside Kazan where the KGB maintained a school for sexual operatives. Tania had lost her virginity at the academy. A girl from a good party family, she had

been brought there at age seventeen to serve her country. On her second day at Verkhonoye, she was taken into a big hall and made to strip naked, together with a score of other new recruits, both male and female. That was the beginning of a carefully calculated process to make the sexual apprentices of the KGB lose all their emotional inhibitions.

On the third day, Tania's group was made to witness a variety of live sex acts in the same hall. On the fourth day, a busload of army cadets from Kazan was brought in to initiate the girls who had not slept with a man before. For the cadets, the night at Verkhonoye was a reward for good results at a nearby military college. For the girls, it was not a night of love. Tania was crudely raped on the floor of her room by a heavy Georgian peasant. The following day, back in the hall, Tania and the other female recruits were made to watch films of themselves kicking and screaming, while the instructors criticized their performance.

We are not told the content of the instructors' criticism but, one might hope, our heavy Georgian peasant was chastised for crudity in the course of his rapine. (Even the Russians, I suppose, must have some standards.)

ALL THIS is not to say that the subject matter of *The Spike* is unworthy of attention. On the contrary, nonfiction writers such as David Martin and Edward J. Epstein have recently written important books having to do with Soviet intelligence and U.S. counterintelligence operations in the West.* But writing such books is always frustrating and seldom lucrative. The subject matter, by its very nature, is sensitive, closely held, and complex. Sources are difficult to identify and even harder to cultivate without the journalist running the risk of being used. Seldom, if ever, will a responsible source comment substantively or on the record, because any such comment will itself become a factor in the operation as a whole. If, despite all this, the reporter is somehow able to acquire sufficient information to establish the outlines of

* Martin and Epstein are, respectively, the authors of *Wilderness of Mirrors* and *Legend*.

his subject, it is inevitable that the parameters will be riddled with cannae that will make definitive analysis impossible. And even beyond problems posed by the material itself, how many readers are actually equipped to play the four-dimensional chess that is demanded of them? Incoming conversant in the languages of international intrigue requires extraordinary concentration: indeed, it is much easier to understand the bank rhymes of Wallace Stevens than it is to pierce the canopy of intrigues propounded by that minor poet, James Jesus Angleton, formerly of the CIA.

What is so galling about *The Spike* is that the authors, without being accountable for their material or their sources, ask to be taken seriously; they have also prospered greatly, and the book is soon to be a motion picture, as the phrase has it. Usually this would not bother me very much—*The Spike* is hardly the first book to climb to respectability on a best-seller list—but here the author begs us to believe their fiction, not the strength of the prose, but on the basis of their résumés and their contacts in high places. Even though they fail to prove the case that the Russians have infiltrated *The New York Times* or that the fabled disinformation game regularly in the Congress, the assumption is that all this must be true because de Borchgrave spent so many harvests in the fields of *Newsweek* and because Moss reportedly knows the way around the narrow streets of London and Geneva.

This is a larger leap of faith than I am willing to make. As journalism, the book is undocumented, flawed in execution, and impossible to check for accuracy. The only footnote is the authors' secret lives. As fiction, *The Spike* offers a world that is as unreal as stale and corrupt language in which is presented. But, as always, the authors have an out. When anyone criticizes the book as fiction, it immediately becomes journalism, but, of course, a subject too hot to handle within the confines of nonfiction. If the book is then criticized as journalism, its defenders will excuse its ersatz reports by insisting that it is fiction. In fact the truth lies somewhere in between as fiction, *The Spike* is merely dressed as journalism, it is scurrilous.

* The number of explicit passages the browser encounters while leafing through the book, say, at a bus-station rack.

INSTANT TRADITION

Erica Jong's free-form history

by Sally Helgesen

Fanny: being *The True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones*, by Erica Jong, is another in that line of works, familiar in recent years, in which the artist seeks to forge some sort of tradition for members of a popularly conceived "minority group" by imitating or resurrecting a heroic figure from the past for the emulation and regard of those whose history has been outside the mainstream. Fanny, the heroine in this story, is a lusty, independent, philosophizing young adventureress of the eighteenth century whose transformation from innocent orphan to initiated witch, from celebrated whore to devoted mother and pious authoress, renders her a true renaissance woman in the late twentieth-century scheme of things. That Fanny is also endowed with a completely modern feminist consciousness seems anachronistic to the reader familiar with the free-form view of history that makes possible fiction like *Tracy*—or nonfiction like *Roots*—in which the past is searched for contemporary role models. Although Jong's windy account of Fanny's adventures is cast in the style of the mock epic, familiarity with either the mock or the true epic is so evident these days that any chance for a new epic upon epic conventions or language is lost, and with it any chance for real, structural humor. Jong tries to solve this problem by incorporating

lots of "funny" words into her book (funny because they are unfamiliar), along with irregular spellings and lots of capitalized nouns. "In a trice, teaz'd my cunnikin with his Tongue, Doth it not excite you Ladies? For Verily it doth me!"—such are the author's coy means for giving this heavy tome a little humor as well as eighteenth-century flavor.

Such efforts only lend *Fanny* a counterfeit self-consciousness and an academic air of accuracy. Because the spellings and punctuation of real eighteenth-century works have been regularized, these deliberate irregularities seem absurd and only reinforce the bogus flavor of the whole. But perhaps it is not unreasonable that an author faced with a public ignorant of past tradition should try to inject a little authenticity into a book by means of a few simple tricks.

IT IS THE falseness and implausibility of *Fanny*, however, rather than its vulgar style and self-conscious wit, that finally subvert the book's purpose. Jong tries to build backward upon a new tradition by showing a modern feminist consciousness existing in pure form over two hundred years ago, existing indeed throughout the course of history by grace of the practice of witchcraft. But the modern feminist consciousness is a phenomenon peculiar to our time and is predicated upon certain very modern assumptions. Among these are the primacy of individual will, and the inadequacy of

traditional Christian doctrine.

The primacy of individual will, the natural "right" of every human being to do whatever he or she wishes at any given time, is something that the heroine in this book unquestioningly assumes. Fanny's capriciously undertaken and minutely described sexual adventures would earn the description "pornographic" in a Western culture other than ours, which generally regards even the mere use of the term as a smug and presumptuous moral judgment. And yet it is by pornographic means that the adventures in this book are rendered, if we may define pornography as a mechanistic attitude toward human sexuality that assumes a response to be automatic if certain stimuli are applied, and that derives its variations from the multiplication of mechanical possibility: add another woman, another man, a dog, a pig, a camera, a voyeur, feces, and the experience is varied, enlarged, and intensified.

By such a definition, Fanny, automatically gushing on toward "ultimate Ecstasy" with each variation upon the numerical possibilities of sex, is a heroine of pornographic literature, a woman who reaches frenzy not through the subjective experience of another human being but by the objectified variants of breasts in her mouth, heads in her "cunny," throbbing "members for Cockshire" ramming in everywhere. The peculiar compulsive quality of her sexual adventurism, the repetitiveness that seems stirred by a contempt for

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the men who are partners, distinguishes Fanny from eighteenth-century erotic adventurers like Tom Jones, whose quest for sexual experience is part of their quest for experience of the world, an educative endeavor. Fanny's adventures seem rooted in both anger and in the "whatever feels good" approach peculiar to the twentieth century, which seems to consider even acts of perversion just another healthy form of sport. Fanny, as a modern feminist heroine, shares this vision implicitly, and while her anger may be as old as Eve, her swinger's attitude is utterly new.

In her explicit detailing of Fanny's sexual career, in her numbing philosophical accounts of Fanny's every opinion, Jong manages many astonishing things, but none is more astonishing than the complete absence of the Christian context in which English people two hundred years ago might be presumed to have lived. Fanny seems never to have believed that God existed, never to have wrestled with her lack of belief, never to have felt any guilt. It requires no trouble on her part when, upon meeting with a cozy coven of supportive female witches, she is inducted into their rites: she simply acknowledges the existence of some vague Jungian-style matriarchal Goddess figure, and goes along her merry way.

The idea that an eighteenth-century woman might simply assume atheism as a matter of course is absurd, and it is finally the implicit atheism of this book, unrelieved by the presence of an anthropological mother goddess, that makes it so implausible. But Jong has presumably tried to create a heroine with whom the modern reader may identify, and such concerns might have hampered her efforts.

Fanny is an obviously well-researched book, and its purpose is avowedly serious. It is not historical trash of the *Beulah Land* variety, exploiting an unreal past for mere background and a colorful setting; it is rather intended to retrieve a neglected past for use in the present. Like *Roots*, Fanny has about it an air of inevitability that suggests true literary endeavor, but like *Roots* it is finally a phony, a pastiche of out-of-context historical details brought to-

gether in a quick-study attempt to create a heroic tradition. Let's pass over the obvious condescension that accompanies such an enterprise and mourn instead the naïveté of a culture that would support the manufacture of instant tradition.

The purpose of books like *Roots* and *Fanny* is of course finally propagandistic; this is fine, but it's unfortunate when the propaganda must proceed from a misunderstood and poorly rendered past. And yet it is possible to regard works like *Fanny* as part of a general movement in the arts toward a rediscovery of the past—or a "retrieval," to use the currently popular phrase, borrowed from computer technology. This general movement, less purposeful than efforts like *Fanny*, is nonetheless characterized by the same shallowness, the same reliance upon the cheap trick. And it seems reasonable to suppose that this superficiality is also dictated by the phenomenon of profound historical ignorance.

Using the past is held to be a brave new thing in the current, "postmodern" era, and the vogue for it extends to all the arts. Architects, praised only ten years ago in proportion to the rigor with which they followed the dictates of cold modernism and built monoliths that "referred" to nothing except concrete, now garner laurels by slapping Doric columns (formed of stressed steel) atop skyscrapers and designing Palladian villas for clients who until last year would have disdained the thought of living in anything except an austere stone box. Painters, too, who by the early '70s had become so minimal in the desperate search for originality as to have concluded that cutting off a hand or committing public suicide might be the only legitimate statement left, now find comfort in "alluding" to the Baroque or to Persian tapestry. Filmmakers who once might have coveted for themselves the label "experimental" can talk now of nothing but genre and profess to prefer the soap operas of Douglas Sirk to anything that suggests documentary. And even writers, turned inward upon the inescapable *I* for so many years and celebrating each nuance of that *I*'s sensations and fears, have begun to register an occasional recognition that some kind of world must have existed before the arrival of the self-conscious author.

UT BEING able to use the past requires more than just the desire to do so. Regarding the past as simply a treasure trove of quaint incidents, piquant stylings of gossip, and crumbs of information is inadequate, for the true use involves an interchange, a reciprocity. A living culture can use an older one only by absorbing something from the past into itself and so making a vanished world continue to live even as it stretches contemporary definitions of human possibility. The continuing and evolving use that European culture made of the classical world is an example of this. "The ancients" provided models and heroes and every variety of archetypal incident for European civilization; they gave the eighteenth century a model of rectitude and to the nineteenth century a model of idealism, for their influence was both fluid and dynamic and could accommodate a changing vision. The history and use of the classical past had a resonance for European culture because they were deeply and fully absorbed, employed in nursery stories, made the backbone of the academic curriculum, reinterpreted in contemporary poetry, and studied into old age.

Of course American society is eclectic, too diverse, too diffuse, to imitate successfully the cultural cohesiveness that made European tradition great; we attempted it until the early twentieth century, but our efforts fell apart under the pressure of mass immigration and the messianic "practical" schemes of democratic educators. Our task now in defining a tradition is more difficult and complex and must be open to improvisation: new groups make their claims to citizenship, and as previously neglected groups—like women—enter the cultural mainstream.

That's why it's particularly disappointing when a book like *Fanny* sorts to cheap tricks and anachronistic shallowness. The business of resurrecting heroes and heroines from a neglected past is an important one and should be undertaken with as much respect as energy, as much imaginative sympathy as mere facility. The distinctions of a book that retails mere curious language and an anachronistic and implausible sensibility do no service to the task.

CELEBRITY FARE

namedroppers' ball

by Jeffrey Burke

ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, more than 1,500 celebrants gathered at Roseland, a sixty-year-old Manhattan dancehall that has recently recovered from the lean years of its faded ballroom attraction by cashing in on the disco crowd. The occasion was both birthday party for the tenth anniversary of the establishment of Poets & Writers, Inc., and a benefit for that worthy organization, which provides services of information to those in and interested in the American literary community. The evening was financially successful in that contributions and ticket sales brought in more than the hoped-for goal of \$50,000 to help support the organization's nonprofit work. From eight to midnight an open bar, catered food, and entertainment ensured a successful party as well, and the presence of numerous celebrities lent the affair that *je ne sais quoi* without which it would have been no more than a lot of people parting a good cause and having fun.

Attended, by the grace of *Harper's* contribution, because the event promised a variation on the peculiar institution of the literary cocktail party far in excess of any realist's budgeted dreams. I have taken, under the umbrella of poetic license, only minor liberties—extrapolated dialogue and scenarios—with the events of the evening for the people involved. And finally, I have cast the following report in the mode with which I feel most comfortable when writing a letter to my wife, who was out town at the time.

SALUTATION

Dear Victoria: You would not believe how easily these writers can relieve themselves of solitude on a long evening's olio of food and drink and Roseland's peerless ambience—⁰ that Shakespearean *Totentanz*.⁰ The glittering marquee related all the way of writers Styron¹ and Bacall.² So soon would arrive and join those drifting

So wistfully past wise newsmen shifting
Their focus from one star to another—
Inspired in *medias res*, they smother
Those minor distinctions that surely would
Delineate the best, worst, and good
Sense if they gave themselves the time to wonder
What they were doing. But yes, I blunder
Into cheap philosophy now and then,
While you, *ma semblable*, are wondering when
The naming of the necessary names
Is going to start.

THE ENTRANCE

See how each name aims
Its lobby path, appearing to avoid
The press, yet wearing a tuned smile, employed
Like Abbie Hoffman's,³ who doesn't quite shun
The flashing cameras with young Lawrenson⁴
Beside him: his book and recent return
From outlaw life will most probably earn
Him more space than notoriety
As the latest toast of society.

Sleek Abbie lacks the grace of Joan Fontaine,⁵
Who enters, pauses, smiles, and smiles again,
Convinces all of her undying charm,
Then wilts in protest on her escort's arm,
And slowly glides beyond the camera eye:
Nor feels, nor quite suppresses, one long sigh.

How well she bore up one may ascertain
From Joyce Carol Oates,⁶ a portrait of pain:
Besieged in afterthought by shutterbugs,
Bewildered by Laocoönish hugs,
She fled (and fleeing missed a gilded chance
To later see Bill Styron's disco dance)—
That kind of soul when sweet the late hour tolls

⁰ A heavily veiled allusion. ¹ Fete cohort and author of *Sophie's Choice*. ² Fete cohort, actress, and author of *By Myself*. ³ Reformed radical and author of *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture*. ⁴ Daughter of Helen. ⁵ Actress and author of *No Bed of Roses*. ⁶ Prolific poet and novelist; she left nine minutes after arriving.

AMERICAN MISCELLANY

Is more at home in comforters and scrolls.

The tale of Joan and Joyce in counterpoint,
Or such duets as marquees may anoint,
Begins to penetrate the oddities
Of common Hollywood commodities
Now traded dear among the scribbling crowd,
While scribblers find the West Coast does them proud;
So one a ghost employs and passport gains
To pitch a Parnassian tent for one's pains;
Another near gives up the ghost to sink
From high Parnassus for the lunchless drink
Or two or three that seal the movie rights
On month upon month of typewriter nights:
Almighty bucks are on the bottom line,
And none would say them nay who can confine
Their education, talent, or resource
To what a well-placed ad will help endorse,
To what will pay the rent without remorse.
If Joan must feign reluctance for the press,
And Joyce her own reluctance can't suppress,
Reluctance is the public coin of those
Whose private unreluctance squanders prose,
And only demonstrates a timid heart
When private folks like Joyce so soon depart.

But soft, what flood of flash and flick of lens
Transforms the crowd into a flock of hens?
None other than the aforementioned Styron—
At tieless ease not quite recalling Byron?⁷
Has made his entrance and so entranced the herd,
They hang upon his every other word;
His arms extend as if he would defend
The literary world entire, or hold
Forth in that hard-bitten Roxbury rasp
On how to strain one's reach beyond one's grasp;
Like John Wayne clutching Oscar for *True Grit*,
Bill's humble, well-rehearsed, and full of wit;
Like singles' bars, his open collar bodes
A moratorium on social codes;
He fields a question: "Is this guy Stinko—?"
"That's 'Stingo,'"⁸ Bill tells the little pinko;
And now his arms are full, his cheek is pecked,
As he and Ms. Bacall at last confect
A union that demands a dozen toasts:
To books, good looks, and such well-matched cohorts.⁹

They pass—alas!—the lobby feels a lull:
All eyes strain toward the doors (away from dull,
Perceptive, witty, and eloquent guests,
Whose presence barely decorates such fests,
Who manifest some thought in word and deed,
Who criticize as well as Wilfrid Sheed,¹⁰
Who know not what the latest *mot* or fad is,
Yet still untune the sky, like William Gaddis,¹¹
Who jolt language without a pardon-me,
Like sly, elusive Donald Barthelme,¹²

Whose eye for manners indicates a lady,
But not such manners as tickle Ann Beattie¹³),
Strain toward the doors and receive their reward
When Norman Mailer's¹⁴ battleship is moored
Among them: in pinstripes less pugnacious,
Though almost bristling while being gracious;
He tries to talk to friends, reporters form
Some daring, sharp query so near the norm
That Mailer's stopped, shrugs, talks, then trudges b
Is stopped again—"It's Mailer!"—goes the cry,
While flashes nearly blind his weather eye—
That eye that pierced the Gilmore case so deep,
That ear that heard "Let's do it!"¹⁵ in its sleep,
That nose that sniffed into the smallest facts,
That golden touch that went beyond the hacks,
That mouth that interviewed around all friction,
That mind that changed and safely called it fiction—
The unen-Nobeled legend stays no more,
But sturdily shambles toward the dance floor.

THE DANCE

And there, Victoria, Terpsichore
Might have found it quite amusing to see
So many who had gulped Pierian drafts
Now loose their feet and ply less handy crafts.
The vision begs an image wrought in haste,
A trope to sensibility or taste:
Suppose one passed beyond this vale of tears
And found the Lord consuming Schaefer beers,
And saw St. Peter swinging on the gate
And tossing out one-liners for one's fate—
Would not one's expectation be reversed?
Would not one think oneself among the cursed?
A foolish thought, yet apropos in kind
To one possessed of book-adoring mind.
Good fortune or time blessed me otherwise,
And blessed me with a healthy pair of eyes,
To better carry on pursuing names,
However well-concealed by candle flames
Aglow in atmospheric charity
To minds and faces shy of clarity.

Some sit. And some visit. There John Updike¹⁶
Discusses with Michael Arlen¹⁷ a like
Dislike for sitcoms; there Mailer greets James
Dickey,¹⁸ standing, tilting their macho frames;
There Willard Espy¹⁹ dreams of distant words,
And William Gaddis dreams of human birds.²⁰
(I'm told, Victoria—but failed to see—
Poets James Merrill²¹ and John Ashbery²²
Were there, and others of their company;
That's okay, they can't identify me.)

Upon the stage Don Glasser's²³ band performs
The ballroom music on which Roseland warms

⁷ Poet, deceased. ⁸ Autobiographical character in *Sophie's Choice*. ⁹ They proposed the birthday toast; advertised number of ceremonies George Plimpton failed to arrive. ¹⁰ Author of *The Good Word and Other Words*. ¹¹ Author of *J*. ¹² Author of *Great Days*. ¹³ Author of *Falling in Place*. ¹⁴ Author of *The Executioner's Song*. ¹⁵ Last words of G. Gilmore, a convicted murderer who demanded death by a firing squad, which celebrated case became Mailer's subject. ¹⁶ Author of *Problems and Other Stories*. ¹⁷ Author of *Thirty Seconds*. ¹⁸ Author of *The Strength of Fields*. ¹⁹ Biologist and author of *Say It My Way*. ²⁰ Allusion to firsthand knowledge. ²¹ Author of *Scripts for the Pageant*. ²² Critic and author of *As We Know*. ²³ Bandleader.

Its erstwhile reputation; high above
 Hangs that too-facile image of self-love,
 A glittering gold multimirrored globe
 And two silver companions and a strobe,
 Along with colored lights and well-placed spots
 That, activated, make the candles clots
 Of red on white tablecloths around which
 Sit and witter²⁴ the famous names and some
 Numerous unknown others who have come
 To enjoy and trip the light fantastic,
 To tango or waltz or do the spastic
 Deformities of New Wave or of Punk,
 Or make the two-backed disco beast with funk—
 For when Don Glasser yields his mellow stage,
 The DJ, amps, and turntables engage
 A noise that pumps the pulse and frees the id
 To show what late the superego hid.

But Leonard Bernstein²⁵ hears a different beat:
 A Sixties number pulls him from his seat
 Between Irene Papas²⁶ and Dame Bacall
 And sends his eyes aroaming round the hall;
 A partner fit to soothe his primal twitch
 He seeks, and soon finds one with equal itch
 In Phyllis Newman;²⁷ fast he grabs her arm
 (While Adolph Green,²⁸ who can't see any harm
 In it, waxes lyrical with Betty
 Comden,²⁹ dreaming of the old confetti-
 Strewn days of Broadway) and tears off the silk
 White scarf he wears over black velvet to bilk
 The many sartorial retentives
 With their vested interests and incentives
 To wear ties, but no, not Lenny, he whips
 That thing around fearless Phyl as he quips,
 "I'm dressed to kill," then grabs the other end—
 Of the scarf—Oh, how she larfed³⁰ when that thing
 Reached there and sawed silkily with each swing
 Of her hips while his hands clutched in each fist
 The essential scarf of celebrity Twist.³¹

As ancillary as a Bernstein seems,
 Still penless others plot a writer's dreams;
 And far outnumbering the dancing scribe
 Were those among the Visigothic tribe
 That raids, plunders, and sometimes even pays
 A writer for his work, and sometimes says,
 "We'll call you, have lunch, get together, chat,"
 And then disappears, like the Cheshire cat,
 Leaving a broad smile, appointments unmade,
 Unreturned calls—Ah, the publishing trade.
 See where Pocket Books as well as Bantam,
 Have taken tables to chant the "Tantum
 Ergo Sacramentum" of paperback
 Acquisitions in the mind's drugstore rack;
 Where agents even now shepherd clients
 As yet unknown, to be seen with giants
 Of the industry—I mean editors
 Who act like literary creditors,
 Dunning inspiration for advances,

While the sub. rights³² woman weighs the chances
 Of her latest auction making headlines
 (A novel of romance on the breadlines).
 If writers' dancing's a weird paradise,
 The publishing purgatory is twice
 Removed from our mundane reality
 And next of kin to mundane venality;
 What hopes rest on their fundamental skill
 To help eliminate a page to fill
 At high first-serial rates on request
 The yawning maw of rich *Reader's Digest*;
 What vast steatopygian fortitude
 Keeps Vassar grads to press releases glued³³;
 What verve for dropping names publishers show,
 Especially of those they'd like to know;
 What drinking seems to pass for hard labor,
 What drunken nudges stir a drunken neighbor
 Into commiseration: "Isha shame
 Those damn besht-smeller boys won't play the game."
 "Yesh," says the other, "a buncha spoor ports";
 Such dialogue, Victoria, comports
 With the impression that the published word
 Begins to lose its life when so interred.

What mad pursuit these gatherings imply!
 What reason mixed with motives low and high
 Can bring together such disparate folk,
 As Plato would the albumen and yolk,
 As lovers would the body and the soul
 By adding nether part to nether hole!
 In literary circles, round and round,
 Revolve perennial names while those bound
 To join the book-of-the-moment club rub
 Stooled shoulders with those bolder types who dub
 Themselves writers by renting literate
 Typists to translate their once-profligate
 Uninteresting lives into memoirs
 Placed on sideboards like supine Renoirs
 Of blurred impressionistic purple hue
 To complement their colorless *Who's Who*;
 These types and others, cleverly arranged,
 Fulfill positions easily exchanged:
 While one a sort of limelight occupies,
 Another in the warm penumbra lies,
 And whether gleam or afterglow presides,
 True fame's contagion guarantees that prides
 Of literary lions ever share
 All the spoils that being seen can bear.

THE CLOSING

But all things come to an end. Open bars
 Close. The band packs up its instruments. Cars
 Are called for. Gentlemen find mates their coats.
 Last call fades and rakes repack their wild oats
 For another day. Sots fall into cabs.
 Busboys bustle. A sentimental girl grabs
 A rose as she leaves, to press in some book.

²⁴ British slang for idle chatter. ²⁵ Conductor, composer, and author of *The Unanswered Question*. ²⁶ International film and stage actress. ²⁷ Comedienne. ²⁸ Husband of Phyllis Newman and Broadway musical lyricist in partnership with ²⁹ Not Adolph Green's wife. ³⁰ Variation of *laughed*. ³¹ Dance, invented by Chubby Checker. ³² Subsidiary rights, where books get a run for the money. ³³ Infamous entry-level position of assistant publicist or publicist's assistant.

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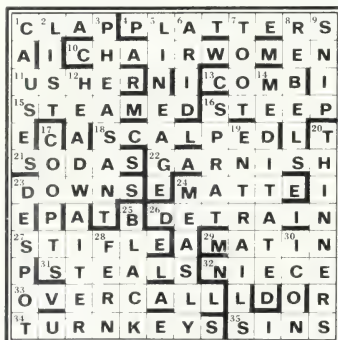
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Solution to the December Puzzle

Notes for "And One to Grow On"

Across: 1. (es)cap(es); 4. patter(S); 10. char-women; 11. user, "sure" inside-out; 13. co.-b.; 15. seamed, homonym; 16. see-p; 18. scaled, two meanings; 21. SO-d(rug)-S; 22. h(sir)ag, reversed; 23. dons, two meanings; 24. mate(r); 26. detain, anagram; 27. stile, homonym; 29. main, two meanings; 31. S.E.-a(L); 32. nice, hidden; 33. (c)over-all(s); 34. tur(reversal)-keys; 35. (the)sis. **Down:** 1. c(ompass)-ases (anagram); 2. lit, two meanings; 3. peas-ant; 5. li(nag); 6. a-I-d; 7. tot, two meanings; 8. re-els; 9. slip, hidden; 12. headwater, anagram; 14. media-Ted; 16. spat, reversal; 17. c(op.)ts.; 19. entails, homonym; 20. t(inn)ers, partial anagram; 23. depot, reversal; 24. me-Aly; 25. back, two meanings; 28. fe(lo)n; 30. 10-N.

PUZZLE

ABECEDARIAN JIGSAW

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

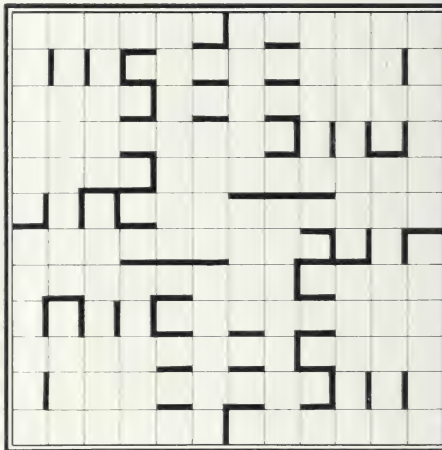
The clues are listed in the alphabetical order of their answers. At least one answer begins with each letter of the alphabet. The solver must determine where each answer fits in the diagram.

Clue answers include three proper names. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 87.

CLUES

1. Commercial that is used at first so long (5)
2. Winning maneuver abroad with the French (8)
3. Flat one left after Prohibition (5)
4. Three-master becomes very ornate when circumnavigating ocean (6)
5. Digs well spoken wild animals (5)
6. Pigment left in funny cartoon (8)
7. Those who take risks are surrounded by doctors (6)
8. Plane's false veneer (6)
9. It's fruitful to get along without copper (6)
10. Degas's terribly drunk (6)
11. Smudging of green appears on aluminum, sulfur and some brass (8)
12. Crewman's skill (4)
13. Was an ape loose, I'd tame it (8)
14. Typically small-town Yank to dilute the drink (9)
15. Source of iodine in nickel-plating (4)
16. A basic means of communication: profanity (8)
17. Lawman almost finishes the woman (6)
18. Old movie cowboy promotes fights (3-3)
19. Return to look for gold article in California valley (4)
20. Works head off making paintings (4)
21. Informally converse, partial papal aversion (7)
22. Normal morning with our mistress (8)
23. Property settled in landing area (7)
24. Cardin designs having bad taste (6)
25. Instruments for court officials (9)
26. French flower on her bust? (5)
27. It's hard covering officeholder between the two parties (4)
28. Stir up this about longshoreman (5)
29. He lowers barge and half of tiller (7)
30. Small haul off non-paying passenger (8)
31. Engineer is posted on deck (8)
32. Sexual desire is part of your genetic makeup (4)
33. To boil could be evil, A to Z (8)
34. The universe has no length, it's said (4)
35. Strive; scramble; swelter (7)
36. A little bit of air is not at all an unknown thing to be brought up (5)
37. Kind of exercises that brings back agony without number (4)
38. One of the Marx brothers cut short silly line—it's highly inflated! (8)



CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Abecedarian Jigsaw, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 13. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year sub-

scription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the February issue. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of the November puzzle, "Sermon on the Mount," are James W. Gawboy, Aurora, Minnesota; John C. Weicher, Washington, D.C.; and James F. Devine, Bethel Park, Pennsylvania.

If Spring is a young girl, she is gowned in mild breezes, sweet birdsong and blossoms; she is a delicate bud whose beauty unfolds with the verdant reawakening of Nature.

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Godspeed, Mr. President

With the induction of Ronald Reagan and his administration, Americans look for new directions and new visions. They long for an end to national drift and decline. They yearn for restoration of America's primacy. They hunger for greater hope for the future of themselves, their families, and their country.

Unfailingly, a change in administrations has a buoyant effect on the American spirit. All too often, though, this uplift is short-lived. We are a people impatient to get things done, quick to sour on our own leaders and institutions.

We demand so much of our government and those who lead it. We lose sight of what government actually is: an instrumentality of the *people*; a means by which we the people meet our objectives. We expect the Oval Office to turn men into miracle makers, forgetting that no President can achieve what is beyond the will and purpose of the people.

What is their will? By their votes last November, Americans indicated the course they want the nation to take under its new leadership. It embraces these needs:

- Buttressing our national defense; reasserting our free world leadership dedicated to maintaining stability and peace among nations; restoring constancy and coherence to our foreign policy and our relationships with the nations that share common values with us.
- Building our economic might through a revitalized system of free enterprise disciplined by the competitive forces of the marketplace.
- Strengthening social justice, freedom, equality; raising living standards for all; extending new opportunities to the deprived among us.
- Controlling the growth and cost of government and its intrusion into our lives and liberties.
- Slowing the pace of social experimentation, improving what is working, modifying and even discarding what is not.

The time has come for renewal and rededication. For too many, the American dream has taken on tarnish. It needs burnishing. There is much to be done and undone. Let us begin.

Godspeed, Mr. President.



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- | | | |
|--------------------|----|--|
| Jonathan Kwitny | 14 | THE GREAT TRANSPORTATION CONSPIRACY
How GM and its allies dismantled America's mass transit. |
| Wayne Biddle | 22 | MAD STRATEGIES
Robert McNamara's gift to Reagan. |
| Fred Reed | 26 | THE COLOR OF EDUCATION
Misguided racial policy in Washington's schools. |
| Tom Bethell | 33 | HARD-MONEY MEN
At the goldbugs' survival conference. |
| George Feifer | 41 | RUSSIAN DISORDERS
Economic disaster and the end of the socialist dream. |
| Marilynne Robinson | 59 | ORPHANS
A story. |

ARTS AND LETTERS

- | | | |
|--------------------|----|--|
| | | BOOKS |
| Hugh Kenner | 71 | The Oxford dictionary comes to America. |
| Seymour Krim | 75 | MONUMENTAL TRIVIALIST
John O'Hara and his duplicating machine. |
| Frances Taliaferro | 78 | IN PRINT
A life of Alice James. |
| William Tucker | 84 | REVISIONS
What Adam Smith really thought about business. |

DEPARTMENTS

- | | | |
|--|----|---|
| | 4 | LETTERS |
| | 5 | MACNELLY |
| Lewis H. Lapham | 11 | THE EASY CHAIR
Gifts of the Magi. |
| | 56 | THE PUBLIC RECORD |
| Steven Brodner | 58 | ARS POLITICA |
| Tom Wolfe | 70 | IN OUR TIME |
| Alexander Cockburn | 80 | THE FOURTH ESTATE
Blood and ink in El Salvador. |
| Barbara Grizzuti Harrison | 88 | AMERICAN MISCELLANY
Beverly Hills bizzarries. |
| E. R. Galli and
Richard Maltby, Jr. | 96 | PUZZLE
Vicious circles. |

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LETTERS

A moral debate

Peter Marin's "Coming to Terms with Vietnam" [*Harper's*, December 1980] simply adds to the millions of words of hogwash that have been written about that unfortunate land. It is impossible for those of us who served in the 'Nam to discuss the Indochina experience with the "antiwar activists." We find that they are talking about a different war, a different country.

I submit that the "Vietnam guilt" Marin alleges exists is purely a creation of the leftist media. I suppose we should feel shame when we look at the flag. We led our friends and allies to believe we would never abandon them, then did just that. However, I have yet to meet anyone who feels either shame or guilt. A war that should and could have been won with far fewer casualties was needlessly lost. But it was lost by the United States Congress, not by Middle America.

ALAN WILLIAMSON
San Antonio, Tex.

Peter Marin has written the most intelligent piece on the meaning of the Vietnam war by an outsider that I have read in the last ten years. Yet like others before him, he betrays an outsider's peculiar bias. The attitude reflected in his prose is antagonistic to the policy chosen by this country in the 1960s to fight the war in Vietnam. We began the war in earnest in the mid-1960s with an overwhelming majority of popular support. We are a democracy and we enjoy due process of law. The policies we pursue as a nation do not emanate from authoritarian political structures.

The argument Marin and others appear to be making is that this country

ought not to have adopted the policy of fighting the war in Vietnam. That is an arguable position. It may even be that history will deem it to be or have been the correct position. But the question of guilt seems to be a silly one. What does it mean for a nation to indulge itself in feelings of guilt? Private guilt is a comprehensible concept. National guilt seems to me inane. Marin's reading of the conscience of the Vietnam veteran misses the mark, but not entirely. What often passes for guilt in the reading of the behavior of some or many veterans is not guilt but other passions, as yet too volatile and repressed to be meaningfully expressed to a public still perceived by the veterans to be ignorantly, prejudicially hostile.

I am a Vietnam veteran. I have been preoccupied with the issues and the memories of Vietnam for eleven years. I still live there emotionally. But I do not feel guilt at having served in Vietnam. Those who ran away to Canada have reason to feel guilt.

It is not wrong to be against war in general, nor it is wrong to be against a particular war. But if your country is at war, you are at war. Your service helps others to survive. Your service reinforces a sense of social cohesion, of national identity.

Mr. Marin, if you disagree with the political intent of the society into which you were born, to the extent that you will not serve in time of war for the common defense, then please examine other societies to find one more amenable to your pacific temperament and then remove yourself to its boundaries and prepare to support its political philosophy in a manner consistent with your laudable humanistic ideals. If you choose to remain in a country that admits war as an uncommon but occa-

ionally unavoidable policy option, please discover the extent to which you can avoid participation and still maintain a viable moral posture.

KERMIT LINDBERG
Minneapolis, Minn.

I thought it most commendable that Harper's would extend its moral-uplift program to help those poor wretches who remain traumatized by their avoidance of the Vietnam war ("Coming to Terms with Vietnam," December 1980). God knows that after the boat people, the Vietnam gulags, the Cambodian genocide, and all the other postwar horrors they desperately need someone to help them with their burden, and I'm sure most Vietnam veterans are only too happy to again serve as their surrogates.

But is it asking too much that when you pick a Vietnam "expert" you at least find one who, unlike Mr. Marin, knows enough about the war to distinguish (in *Coming Home*) a Marine from an Army officer?

H. G. SUMMERS, JR.
Colonel, Infantry
Carlisle Barracks, Penn.

I found the juxtaposition of Peter Marin's article and Fred Reed's veteran's monologue mindboggling.

If Mr. Marin's experience of "The War" involves more than a praiseworthy empathy for the still-scarred veterans among us, I cannot divine it from his article. To derive one's judgments from movies and a limited (if tragic) segment of the war's participants is to move at least one step from reality. It not only blurs fiction and selected fact but rewrites experience into fantasy.

Perhaps that is where much of the country is today: when the media and (presumably) the public can, for months, project fascination over the question of who shot J.R., it seems that art not only imitates life but may even replace life.

I share Marin's belief that "moral quandaries remain," but I find most of them elsewhere. What he forgets is that when we entered that quagmire, we were not only trying to "stop Communism" and punish aggression (tenuous objectives, but surely not alien to national values of the time), but also to prevent the systematic butchery

and subjugation of whole peoples. Civil war or external aggression, innocents were dying; and we were then ready to "bear any burden, pay any price." As Mr. Marin's encounters reveal, we are still paying that price of an enterprise, in retrospect quixotic, in which we failed. I too empathize with veterans, and I lost friends; but my moral regrets are for those whose lives we could not ultimately safeguard: millions of Vietnamese, Laotians, Cambodians, and Montagnards whose massacres, famines, and drownings have occasionally reminded us that the domino "theory" remains alive and well in southeast Asia.

Fred Reed knows, as only a veteran of combat can, that (in Maslovian vernacular) war can be self-actualizing: if you don't get hurt, killed, or badly scared, and do your job well, it can be exhilarating. That does not mean, however, that all who survive it would choose it as their life's work. One simply does his best under the circumstances, enjoys the hysterical hilarities that arise amid the boredom, danger, and discomfort, and moves on. Most of us survive it and many are

MACAULEY/Harper's

Today, class, we'll be studying a subject that has become a cornerstone of our curriculum:



strengthened by it, but some fall victim. They must indeed be helped, but not exploited. What we should be doing is learning from their and their families' sacrifice how to avoid such unproductive loss in the future—because some other need to risk sacrifice will come, somewhere, sometime.

JOSEPH MYER
Alexandria, Va.

Peter Marin's "Coming to Terms with Vietnam" comes to terms with nothing. It is full of liberal intellectual horseshit, and its mention of guilt, as it deals exclusively with Vietnam vets, does not deal with the current totalitarian horrors in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia that the war was meant to abolish. Jane Fonda and her pro-totalitarian pals not only are without guilt concerning the boat people, the poison-gassed Laotians, and the Cambodian victims of the Khmer Rouge genocide; they are avid apologists for such practices. By his odious omission of the current happenings in southeast Asia, Mr. Marin puts himself in the company of "that squalling she-ass of Tom Hayden's" referred to by Viet vet Fred Reed in the same issue of *Harper's*.

MIKE LAVELLE

I was very moved by Peter Marin's plea that we face our guilt over Vietnam, not to absolve ourselves or make atonement but to restore legitimacy to our moral life. I, too, found that the movies that have been made and the books that have been written about Vietnam fall far short of dealing with moral responsibility and guilt.

As for Marin's contention that the Vietnam vets are so important because they "know conscience exists" and face daily the questions that remain abstract for the rest of us, that may generally be true. Unfortunately, we learn nothing about conscience and guilt from Fred Reed's piece. He is extremely critical of "Jell-O writers," but he himself might be described as a cotton-candy man—clever and elaborate phrases with no substance. The closest he comes to revealing that there is any moral problem to be dealt with is when he claims the Vietnam vets had lost their dignity. Here is an example of what Marin describes as the American vet as victim.

JILL RODEWALD
Austin, Tex.

Ironically, Marin has been pathetically immoral in his intellectual greed for getting to the core of morality. He does not yet know what many of us Vietnam veterans learned: you can do one helluva lot of harm to people when you try and help them, especially when you assume you've got the education and equipment to do it.

GREG GIANAS
San Diego, Calif.

"Coming To Terms with Vietnam" by Peter Marin is absolutely the best article dealing with that subject written to date in any publication.

I am still deeply troubled by my experience in Vietnam. I was a combat medic with the 199th Light Infantry Brigade. The guilt never really made sense to me before, but now I know that's what has been boiling inside me for twelve years. Nor could I understand the s.o.b.'s who I knew could care less about my experience and who I so badly wanted to give me some comfort in my pain and suffering.

SAV RAVIN
Billings, Mont.

Peter Marin's article "Coming to Terms with Vietnam" undoubtedly will produce voluminous comment, perhaps out of proportion to its real worth.

My views are much closer to those of Fred Reed than to those of Mr. Marin. I feel it is time to stop the breast-beating over Vietnam, the communal *mea culpa* we have been engaging in over these past ten or more years, and to make sure it does not happen again.

By that I most definitely do not mean that we should regard our involvement in the southeast Asia scene as a disgrace to be apologized for and shunned in the future. Rather I concur with Ronald Reagan's recent campaign statement when he asserted, in effect, "Ours was a noble cause! Where we failed was in not winning the conflict!"

EARL E. EIGBROADT
Captain, U.S. Army (Ret.)
Gig Harbor, Wash.

You have just provided me with Fred Reed's raw material and Peter Marin's analysis of the central problem that my citizen's conscience gnaws and tussles with in constant and seemingly isolated angst. My profound thanks to Reed and Marin and to you.

Perhaps the country can move from secret suffering to shared dialogue. Some future seems possible, if so.

JEANNE MORGAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Of all days for it (Armistice Day) I read Peter Marin's exquisitely revolting guilt trip down memory lane to the war in Vietnam. He says we must come to terms with "our" guilt. Whose guilt?

Does he mean the guilt of Jack Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and the U.S. government from 1963 on? Does he mean the gutless wonders who ran to Canada instead of serving their country? Does he mean the fellows and women who fought and died in a war that we could not bring ourselves to win? In a war we refused to win because we lacked the moral courage and just plain guts to do what Goldwater was beaten for suggesting we do—dump all of it on North Vietnam in one dose instead of Johnson's piecemeal, preannounced, asinine, step-by-step acceleration? Does he mean the "squalling she-ass of Tom Hayden's?" Does he mean me and others like me who were too old or too sick to go fight but prayed for our men and prayed for our government to get some backbone?

Personally, I feel no guilt, except that a lot of people got killed in a war we lacked the fortitude to prosecute and win. For them, I feel guilty.

REV. C. LYNN BETHEL
Lawrenceburg, Ind.

PETER MARIN REPLIES:

There is really no way to answer these letters one by one. As I read over my piece, I can spot a dozen places in which I would amplify what I said, given more time and space.

I will content myself with reiterating one or two points that many readers of the piece seem to have ignored or misunderstood, and will add one or two points of clarification.

The question of whether or not the war was, from our point of view, a just war cannot be settled here. The point I was trying to make about our veterans was that it was primarily the way the war was fought (not its illegitimacy), the programmatic destruction of innocent life, that was responsible for the guilt many of them felt.

What marked the war in Vietnam and what made it different from previ-

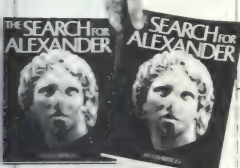
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ous recent American wars was our conscious and systematic refusal to distinguish between combatants and innocents, our programmatic attempt to destroy the enemy by destroying the country it inhabited. Atrocities have been a part of all American wars; but these have ordinarily been mainly accidental, inadvertent, or sporadic. But three decades ago, with the fire-bombing of Dresden and especially with the dropping of our two atomic bombs on Japan, we crossed from the making of war into a worse sort of barbarity: we determined that in order to win wars and to "save" lives we should cease trying to distinguish between military and civilian targets.

Those earlier bombings set the moral stage for what happened in Vietnam. Though some of our professional soldiers tried to maintain a distinction between civilians and combatants, many did not; we, as a nation, did not.

There is little evidence that the excesses of the Vietnam or the North Vietnamese matched our own brutality. No doubt they mistreated their prisoners and did indeed assassinate those they saw as traitors, oppressors, or sympathizers with the enemy. However, they did not openly, endlessly slaughter women and children in the wholesale way we did.

Whatever their behavior, it cannot erase the implications of America's wartime brutality. Nor can it release us from the troublesome task of having to realize precisely what it was that happened and *why*—if only to protect our own young, and distant others, from its recurrence.

No people wants to see itself in the wrong; no nation, as convinced as is our own of its moral superiority, wants to understand that its behavior is no better, and probably worse, than its enemies'. But whatever the justice or injustice of our cause we *must* consider our shared guilt in this regard if we are to regain the human decency that gives us the right to lay claim to the future.

As for what happened in Asia after the war—as if this somehow retrospectively legitimizes our own brutality—that is indeed a difficult question. I was not one of those who believed, in the Sixties, that the North Vietnamese were paragons of democratic virtue. I have written elsewhere (last year in the *Los Angeles Times*, for example)

of the need for those on the left, as well as those on the right, to confront what is happening in Asia and to understand the limits of their own perceptions, the ambiguities of history, and the fact that evil, as well as good, seems to follow every human decision or commitment. Obviously there is a need for Americans on both sides of the political fence to sort out, quietly and with good will, the problems of moral and political responsibility. What is required of *all* persons is willingness to examine their own suppositions and claims to virtue. Most of the letters that have come in to *Harper's* indicate that this is not about to happen.

Conversations with Henry

It has come to my knowledge that *Harper's* has published an article ["Through History with Henry A. Kissinger," by William Shawcross, November 1980] in which it is alleged that it is my recollection that when I was British Ambassador in Washington, Dr. Kissinger referred in a conversation in 1971 to "the plumbers." This is not correct.

Some time after I returned to London in 1974, after completion of my mission in Washington, Mr. Shawcross sought an interview with me regarding my ambassadorship in Washington. It is my recollection that in the course of a fairly broad discussion of the Washington political scene, Mr. Shawcross inquired as to my reactions to the various national security leaks such as the Pentagon Papers affair and various other subsequent leaks over the years. I recall that Mr. Shawcross asked whether Dr. Kissinger had ever mentioned "the plumbers" to me and I said that he had. But this certainly was not in 1971, my first year as Ambassador in Washington. When I first heard the phrase from Dr. Kissinger two or three years later, I did not know what it meant, and intended in due course to ask Dr. Kissinger if he would explain. The expression came into common usage before I had occasion to inquire of Dr. Kissinger.

In 1979 Mr. Shawcross sought by letter my corroboration that Dr. Kissinger had mentioned "the plumbers" to me and this I gave. Either by inadvertent misunderstanding or by deliberate manipulation of context, Mr.

Shawcross would appear to have related this reference to "the plumbers" as occurring in 1971. I can state categorically that this is not correct.

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF CROMER
St. Saviour, Jersey
Channel Islands

WILLIAM SHAWCROSS REPLIES:

Lord Cromer is a distinguished man and, as he says in his letter, he helped me in preparing my book *Sideshow*. In our discussion Lord Cromer confirmed to me that Kissinger had mentioned the plumbers, a then totally secret group, at a meeting during the Indo-Pakistan war of 1971. Publicly Kissinger has always denied he knew of the plumbers' existence before 1973.

When my book was ready for publication I called Lord Cromer to check with him the sentences in my book that referred to this incident. He was abroad; his efficient secretary, Miss McNeil, took down details of the quotation, spoke to him, and called me back to say he agreed with it. To make doubly sure I wrote to Lord Cromer on February 11, 1979. My letter began with the quote from my book: "And the then British Ambassador recalls that when he commented unfavorably to Kissinger on the 'leaks' of 1971, Kissinger replied, mystifyingly, 'Don't worry, we have the plumbers on that.'"

My letter went on, "Thank you so much for checking this quote and approving it. As I told Miss McNeil, it occurs in a section where I deal with Kissinger's relationship with the plumbers, presenting the evidence (mostly from U.S. government documents) that he knew of their tasks before these were publicly revealed in 1973."

To this Lord Cromer replied, on February 21, 1979, "My dear William, Many thanks for your letter of 11th February. The quotation about the plumbers is certainly as close as I can recall. I of course at the time did not know what the word meant and assumed, perhaps somewhat naively, that this was some special task force within the official security establishment."

My book was published in May 1979. The quote in question was on page 207. Till now Lord Cromer has never suggested that I misquoted him. I stand by Lord Cromer's original statement that Kissinger mentioned the plumbers to him in 1971. □

GIFTS OF THE MAGI

sophism, napalm, and gold

by Lewis H. Lapham

BETWEEN THE election and the inauguration it is customary for the members of the permanent government to bestow upon the new president the precious gifts of their advice. The newspapers lossom with their warnings and recommendations—about the Russians very dangerous), about the Congress and the press (jealous of their prerogatives), about seating arrangements in Georgetown (crucial to the success of any administration), and about the workings of the federal bureaucracies infinitely more complex than might be apparent to a tourist). Departing cabinet ministers submit their reflections to partisan journals; tax-exempt institutes issue reports and commentaries, and the Republican party, at a cost of \$3 million, provides Mr. Reagan with "transition teams" composed of a thousand investigators who wander through the Departments of Defense and Agriculture making lists—of names, unctious, titles, telephone numbers, and suspect ideologies.

The presentation of advice is as much a social as a political obligation. At Versailles, during the reign of Louis XIV, the courtiers were required to play cards and scratch on doors with the little fingers of their left hands. Their knowledge in these matters proved their intimate acquaintance with affairs at court. In Washington the resident mage accomplish a similar purpose by writing texts for the op-ed pages of *The New York Times* and the *Washington Post* and by making politely wistful remarks about the passing of the imperial presidency. Most of the advice is useless, but it is expensive and ornamental, and it pays the new president the extravagant compliment of pretending that he is free to do what the government as he pleases.

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

The new president, of course, can do no such thing, but the market in politics, like gambling casinos, orgiastic spas, and the market in after-shave lotion, trades on the promise of boundless freedom. People are supposed to be able to do what they want, to make and remake their lives and times as the mood takes them or the occasion demands. The hope of the American enterprise rests on an idea of freedom, on the release of the human imagination from the tyrannies of church and state, on the freedom from fear, guilt, ignorance, and superstition. To these phrases all political candidates do homage, as do all corporation presidents and Marxist intellectuals. But what do the phrases mean? Freedom to do what and for how long? Freedom for whom?

THE MANDATE that Mr. Reagan received from the voters in November vanishes, after his inauguration in January, into realms of theory and illusion. If he can put together a Congressional majority, he achieves the freedom to decide a course of events; if not, he remains free to ride in limousines, wave at the crowds in the streets, and go to Kay Graham's dinner parties. No matter what his political origins, a new president takes the oath of office as an outlander, a representative of the American people (unknown and diverse) in opposition to the permanent government. He can make a few thousand appointments at the higher levels, but he cannot shift the weight of the oxlike bureaucracy; a substantial percentage of the federal budget remains committed to the service of prior debt (i.e., prior intimations of freedom), and Poland cannot be moved to the safety of the Caribbean. For as long as he holds power Mr. Reagan can

look forward to being patronized by admirals, confused by economists, and scorned by the press.

The Washington magi like to say that the United States is ungovernable, that no president or administration can impose a consensus on so many confused and popular definitions of freedom. By this they mean that between elections the American people resist the freedoms claimed by government.

The permanent government defines freedom not as intelligence or creativity, but as power. Given their institutional allegiances as well as the urgency of their own ambitions, the official classes have little choice in the matter, and so they identify the national interest with the several interests of the state, rather than with the multifarious interests of the individuals subsumed under the rubric of "the American people." They acquire their opinions for reasons of policy or preference, as if these were gilt swords or enameled snuffboxes, bought, at modish expense, from the artificers at the Hoover Institution or the Institute for Policy Studies. Different objects come into vogue with different seasons and administrations. The accomplished mage can make a successful appearance at court whether his thought is clothed in a Democratic or a Republican style.

The magi inevitably talk about number and weight—barrels of oil, the money supply—always about material and seldom about human resources; about things, not about people. The prevailing bias conforms to the national prejudice in favor of institutions rather than individuals, to the rule of money rather than the dominance of mind. To the extent that individuals come to depend upon institutions for their validity as human beings as well as their livelihood, so also do they measure the success of their existence

by titles and badges of office. The advice published in newspapers always carries with it the testimonial of an official rank. Monsieur D. once served a deputy secretary of state; Professor N. teaches economics at Harvard; former minister C. has received a patent of nobility from the Ford Foundation. Without proof of an institutional affiliation, the advice would be judged worthless. Subtract from Alfred Bloomington the last six digits of his fortune, and who would care to listen to his opinion? Were it not for his connection with *The New York Times*, what value could be assigned to the epiphanies of Tom Wicker?

Recognizing themselves as interchangeable and easily replaced, if not by this administration then by the next, the magi develop the "plastic capability" that President Nixon so much admired in Brigadier General Alexander Haig. They learn to do whatever is asked, and they take comfort only in their common cause against the heathen outside the gates. No matter what the election result in November, American voters haven't got the patience for the sustained political effort necessary to bring about radical change. The voters fight battles, not sieges, and the permanent government knows that, given time enough and maybe another diversion in the Middle East, its collective interest will prevail.

THE PERFECT freedom claimed by the state gives rise to the dream of national sovereignty, which is the illusion of freedom extended into the arenas of foreign policy. In the name of this freedom the nations of the earth beggar themselves with the buying of weapons. In Sebastopol and West Virginia the people rot, their patchwork hopes of freedom sacrificed to the mud of ignorance and poverty in order that the magi in Moscow and Washington may enjoy the freedom of geopolitics. Perhaps this cannot be helped. The larger a nation's ambit in the world, the more likely it will be forced to abandon its principles. No American president takes pleasure in the burning to death of children, and yet Woodrow Wilson, as well as Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and Richard Nixon, found himself obliged to do so.

But in the absence of a moral ex-

planation, which as yet the United States has been unable to phrase, the freedom of the state becomes confused with the freedom to exploit. When the late shah of Iran was asked to leave the United States, Mr. David Rockefeller and Mr. Henry Kissinger spoke of his ill-treatment as a "moral outrage." This was perhaps true, but Messrs. Rockefeller and Kissinger neglected to express a similarly humanitarian feeling for the lesser clients of American policy. Neither of them said anything about the boat people floating off the coast of Vietnam, about the peasants left on the roof of the embassy in Saigon, about the guerrillas betrayed in Kurdistan. Of the four or five hundred members of the higher councils of the American foreign-policy establishment, maybe a hundred had met, courted, or exchanged pleasantries with the shah. It is doubtful that any of those same people had met a Vietnamese sergeant or a woman tortured by the government in Nicaragua.

Misunderstood as the freedom to exploit, the prerogatives claimed by government or wealth come to be perceived as the license to humiliate and debase people not as fortunate or well-placed as the magi bearing gifts of napalm and gold. The primitive conception of freedom as the possession of unlimited goods (allies, automobiles, rivers, Swiss francs, women, servants, destroyers, etc.) sustains the sodomy of church and state and makes a mockery of the American hope of freedom. "Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands," Lincoln said. "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves."

The United States arose as a force in the world because it forced people to confront the power of their own intelligence. The American achievement can be described as the removal of obstacles from the dreaming mind, and its greatest resource has consisted not in its wheat fields or salmon fisheries but in the imagination and effort of its people. Even now the United States earns \$5.5 billion a year in fees for the use of its patents, which are not of nobility but of invention. Talking about a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," Lincoln defined liberty not as the freedom to exploit but as the freedom to make and think and build. Later in

the nineteenth century Mark Twain described as "the makers of the ear after God" those people who discovered how to make grass grow where not had grown before, who invented steam engines, medical procedures, and electric light. The republican idea holds that each man has a responsibility to meaning, to truth, to himself a god, the progenitor of children, and through them, to his only hope of immortality.

So humble a definition of freedom apparently has gone out of fashion. *The Wall Street Journal* the other day published an article about the unhappiness of people employed by large corporations to do nothing but think. Alarmed by the scarcity of ideas in their midst, a number of corporations among them GM, IBM, and the Bell Laboratories, hit upon the notion of assigning a few of their more qualified scientists to play the part of resident creators. The experiment failed because the designated thinkers worried too much about not coming up with "product" that could be measured in terms of sales or share of market. Their colleagues didn't find them credible, and several of them suffered nervous breakdowns. They missed the crowding of deadlines and the velocity of business that had protected them from discovering their own thoughts.

WOULD THAT the Washington magi would talk, not about the realignment of the world (into this or that bloc as represented on their newly drawn maps), but instead about the reconstruction of the American idea of freedom, of the country's image of itself. This is a task that requires a generation, not the four years of a presidential term, and so maybe it is too much to ask of speechwriters, constrained to worry about the fortunes of war and the accidents of politics. But if the United States cannot be defined as an idea in embryo, struggling to be born against the encumbering superstitions of the past, I don't know how it can survive against the rising tide of anger in the world. The magi feel themselves small, and therefore they seek to create divinity in the shape of systems so large and so expensive as to flatter their wish for omnipotence. The complexity of the organiza-

ion (cf. the federal government) satisfies the craving for mystery and the act of worship. I am informed by reliable sources that, after two years in Washington, it is possible to imagine that God makes Himself manifest in the CIA communications net or the organizational flowcharts provided by the Department of State. But no matter how grandiose the institution, or how beautiful and costly the weapons, they cannot provide a patent against death. In the year 215 B.C., the historian Polybius, standing on a hill overlooking the newly made ruin of Carthage, watched the city burn and wondered if the same destiny would overtake imperial Rome.

From one moment to the next we cannot know whether the United States will last another six months or another thousand years. Who can guess when and if the Russians will march on Poland, or whether Qaddafi will decide that the time has come to go on jihad against the infidel West. In southern Italy an earthquake (unannounced and not a signatory to any treaty) obliterates twelve towns under the protection of Christ; in Las Vegas a fire in the MGM Grand Hotel annihilates almost as many votaries of Mammon. As with John Lennon, assassinated on a New York street for no apparent reason, so also with nations. As one's powers increase, so also do the risks. Men die as easily under one definition of freedom as another, and so the question becomes one of a choice as to which definition offers the most hope for the evolution of the human spirit.

Describing the effects on fourteenth-century Europe of the Black Death, a pestilence that killed 25 million people on the continent and one quarter of the population of England, H. G. Wells, in *The Outline of History*, was moved to remark: "Never was there so clear a warning to mankind to seek knowledge and cease from bickering, to unite against the dark powers of nature." The dark powers of nature also display themselves in human faces—in the stupidity, greed, and insolence of people who confuse self-destruction with self-fulfillment, freedom with exploitation, and human rights with the inaugural gift of an ornamental quotation (printed on parchment and suitably framed at Neiman-Marcus) from the Declaration of Independence. □

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THE GREAT TRANSPORTATION CONSPIRACY

A juggernaut named desire

by Jonathan Kwitny

What's good for General Motors is good for the country.

—Charles Wilson, 1953

WHEN CHARLIE Wilson was toiling in the General Motors executive suite, earning his future Cabinet appointment as secretary of defense, GM, along with some of the oil companies, was steering the country toward its current energy predicament. Few remember it, but before the automobile companies became predominant, the country relied on centrally generated electricity for city transportation. It was relatively clean and energy-efficient. There were streetcars and off-street railways. There were also trackless trolleys—electric buses powered by overhead wires and able to maneuver through traffic.

Without realizing, much less debating the consequences, the country turned its transportation policy over to GM and its automotive allies. What followed was the destruction of mass transit; the country became almost totally reliant on the private automobile, with its necessary consumption of foreign oil. Of course, most people would consider it unfair to blame the demise of mass transit on several big corpora-

tions. They just manufactured the car and the bus—to the delight of millions.

But it wasn't that simple. When GM and a few other big companies created a transportation oligopoly for the internal-combustion engine—so convenient until the cheap gasoline ran out—they did not rely just on the obvious sales pitch. They conspired. They broke the law. This was all proved at a little-remembered trial in a federal court in Chicago, in 1949. After more than a month of sworn testimony, a jury convicted the corporations and several executives of criminal antitrust violations for their part in the demise of mass transit. The convictions were upheld on appeal.

In many places, mass transit didn't just die—it was murdered. No doubt the mass availability of the automobile inevitably would have changed travel habits to a great degree, but it will never be known to what extent electrified transport would have died on its own. The big conspirator companies were unwilling to entrust their fates to the market. Instead, they methodically removed the competition. In knowing violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act,

Jonathan Kwitny is the author of Vicious Circles: The Mafia in the Marketplace (W.W. Norton).

they used their economic power to take over a small bus company and, through it, acquired and dismantled one electrified mass-transit system after another, replacing them with buses. The buses, besides being built and supplied by GM and the oil companies, never had the same appeal for riders that the electrified transit systems did, and merely added to the allure of the private car. Then the big companies that orchestrated the demise of the trolley tried to cover over their own tracks as surely as they covered over the tracks of many a rail line. The GM conspiracy case is a fine example of what can happen when important matters of public policy are abandoned by government to the self-interest of corporations—something that is occurring right now in the realm of energy.

REFERENCES to the conspiracy over the years have been few and cursory. It was cited briefly in 1974 by Congressional-committee staff member Bradford Snell in "American Ground Transport," his report on monopolistic practices in the automobile industry. The committee published the report along with a reply by General Motors,



which mostly repeated the defenses that the jury had chosen not to believe at the trial: that the dismantled electrified transit systems weren't profitable, and that the whole thing was an innocent effort to help a customer, the affiliated bus company.

There was no evidence in the committee report, or in an obscure book that mentioned the case last year, or in some occasional references Ralph Nader has made to the case, that the trial transcript itself had been dug up and consulted. GM's reply said that because the indictment dealt with antitrust violations—"a close point of law," in GM's words—the case "lends no support" to the notion that GM induced the destruction of mass transit. The transcript of the trial, however, says otherwise.

The transcript and other evidence from the GM case are in two battered packing cartons in a federal warehouse near Chicago. That material makes this point beyond a reasonable doubt: There was for many years a criminal conspiracy behind our national transportation policy, and it was directed by some of the biggest corporations in the country. As spelled out in the court record, the conspirators did their work in many cities. They schemed from the mid-1930s through the 1940s. Electrified-rail mass-transit systems, which carried millions of riders, were bought and junked. Tracks literally were torn out of the ground, sometimes overnight. Overhead power lines were dismantled, and valuable off-street rights of way were sold.

After reading the testimony and court filings, I interviewed dozens of transit officials all over the country to find out if the old electrified system could have served us today with both convenience and savings in energy. No more than three of these officials were

even aware of the GM conspiracy case, and none knew the details. They were, however, aware that a series of "mistakes" had been made in transportation planning back in the 1930s and 1940s.

What keeps millions of American city dwellers and suburbanites from greatly reducing their use of gasoline by riding transit lines today is the enormous cost of building new trolley systems. But evidence from the trial shows that this cost might have been, to a large degree, avoided. Transit officials who remember the rails, power lines, and generating stations that were once in place say these facilities, if left intact, could have formed the nucleus for a modern American transit system. Electrified trains and trackless trolleys are not only cheaper to run than automobiles, they are substantially cheaper to run than diesel buses. Riders tend to prefer them to buses. The difference in cost can be expected to widen with each oil-price increase and with the introduction of new power-conserving devices on railcars and trolleys. But in most American cities the rails and wires are gone.

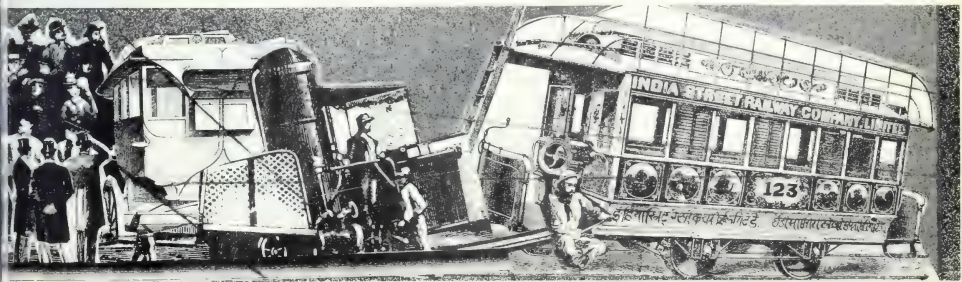
Americans didn't need a lot of arm twisting to give up mass transit for the private car. Gasoline was twelve cents a gallon in the 1930s, and the air was clean. Although the internal-combustion engine was no doubt attractive, some big companies promoting the engine evidently considered the attraction insufficient for the product to succeed legitimately. The conspirators in this case included not only General Motors but also Standard Oil of California, Phillips Petroleum, Mack Manufacturing (the big truck maker), and Firestone Tire & Rubber, among others. Though all were convicted of antitrust violations for what they did, the token punishments they received scarcely marred the success of their venture.

IRONICALLY, A Congressional antitrust action in 1935 was what made it possible for the conspiracy to succeed as easily as it did. The new law tried to break up electric-utility monopolies and required power companies to divest themselves of ancillary businesses. Most of the nation's transit systems had been started by electric-utility companies before the days of household power. By the 1930s, the retail sale of electricity had become the main business of these power companies, and transit was just a sideline. But the forced sell-off came just when the internal-combustion engine was ready to substitute for electrified transit.

It was at about this point that the GM conspirators got together with a tiny, family-owned bus service and tutored and bankrolled it as it gobbled up one trolley system after another. The front for GM was National City Lines, Inc. After it had destroyed scores of rail and trolley systems on the pretext that buses would be more profitable, National City Lines showed its commitment by promptly getting out of the bus business and putting its assets into intercity trucking.

Perhaps the most striking example of what happened is in Los Angeles, which has become a frightening mutation of human life produced by the automotive gene. Though hard to believe now, Los Angeles once had a heavily used urban rail system extending from Newport Beach and Long Beach, through downtown, on to Pasadena, and into the San Fernando Valley—perhaps the best system in the country. The conspirators bought and dismantled it in stages during the 1940s. Taxpayers now are faced with building a similar system at a cost of billions. Year after year they have rejected the idea because of this cost.

Because the conspirators continued



Amita Segel

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to deny the charges even after conviction, we are deprived of the kind of thorough narrative that might have been provided if even one guilty executive had crossed over and testified for the government. But the corporate letters and memoranda unearthed by federal prosecutors, and the explanations offered by the executives who tried to justify their actions in their own defense, tell a vivid enough story. It left the jury no reasonable doubt that the big motor, tire, and oil concerns knew they were breaking the law and acted deviously to cover up for it.

The story personalized itself in the unlikely career of E. Roy Fitzgerald, who quit school in the seventh grade to work, as irony would have it, in a railroad camp. In the 1920s he and two brothers saved up enough money to start a bus service over the two miles between Eveleth and Leonidas, Minnesota. By 1933 they had moved up to a somewhat longer intercity route, from Chicago to Paducah, Kentucky. That was when a GM salesman began talking to them about the virtues of local bus service, and persuaded them to buy the transit franchise in Galesburg, Illinois, which was for sale at the time. GM said it would be glad to help Fitzgerald and his brothers meet the purchase terms if they would agree to replace the existing streetcars with GM buses.

Fitzgerald apparently didn't know it, but GM had been trying to create a successful showcase for its buses for many years, according to the testimony of Irving Babcock, president of the GM truck and bus division. "We were having great difficulty in convincing the power companies to motorize and give up their streetcars," Babcock testified. So, he said, "I went to my executive committee and asked for an appropriation to invest \$300,000 to help finance a few of these small cities." GM bought the transit systems in Kalamazoo and Saginaw, Michigan, and Springfield, Ohio, and proceeded to convert them from rail to bus.

But the transit industry missed the hint. Cities refused to give up their rail lines voluntarily, despite the presence of these showcases and the best efforts of GM salesmanship. So GM decided that more force-feeding was necessary, and to accomplish this in the best public-relations light, GM chose to stop buying transit systems directly and to act instead through an independent, or

purportedly independent, bus operator. It was at this point that GM signed a deal with Roy Fitzgerald.

So Galesburg, too, lost its streetcars. Where there were rails one day, there was asphalt the next. The enthusiastic Fitzgerald caught wind of opportunities in a few more Illinois towns, and soon he was in Detroit, in the office of Babcock himself, to negotiate financing to take over the transit franchise in East St. Louis. Such direct dealing with the GM division president indicates that Fitzgerald was no ordinary customer. He had GM's money behind him, which made it easy to buy transit systems, particularly after Congress, in forcing utilities to divest, forced them onto the market. Undeniably, as GM's defense kept pointing out, urban railway companies suffered a profit drop-off in the 1930s, and some were losing money. But, as Herbert Listman, general sales manager of the bus division at GM, testified, the same was true of other businesses during the Depression—including bus lines.

ON THE STRENGTH of GM's checkbook, Fitzgerald moved from East St. Louis to Joliet, Illinois, where, he testified, "they discontinued operating streetcars in the city one night and we started operating modern buses . . . the next day." Quickly into the fold came Tulsa, Oklahoma; Jackson, Michigan; and Montgomery, Alabama. General Motors even provided engineering surveys showing Fitzgerald's operation just what to do. By 1936, Fitzgerald had moved into Beaumont and Port Arthur, Texas, and Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Again, rail lines were either torn up or paved over. Fitzgerald instructed the transit systems he was dealing with that he would buy in only "if a deal could be made with the city for complete bus operation—that we were not interested in operating streetcars."

The Fitzgerald bus systems were now big business, and clearly some kind of corporate structure was needed. Just as clearly, it was not really Fitzgerald's business, so he could not set up the corporate structure on his own. Early in 1936 he and his chief underling, Foster G. Beamsley, met in Detroit again with GM division president Babcock and sales manager Listman. They decided to form National City Lines,

Inc., as a holding company for the various transit ventures. Obviously there would be further expansion—opportunities beckoned all over the map. Apparently hoping not to have to foot the bill for all this, the GM men suggested that National City Lines try to finance its expansion with bank loans and a public stock sale.

The result of these money-raising efforts over the next six months is significant because it contradicts the cover story that GM and the other conspirators later put forward. The companies argued in court that they had gone in with Fitzgerald to create modern, profitable bus lines out of broken-down rail systems. But the financial community disagreed at the time. The banks refused to lend any money. "They did not think it was the proper time," Fitzgerald explained on the witness stand. National City Lines did succeed in raising \$1.9 million from a public stock sale, but only after agreeing to the most extreme terms—15 percent off the top as fees to the brokers, which was practically Mafia rates.

Moreover, \$1.9 million wasn't nearly as much as was needed. So in October Fitzgerald and Beamsley were back in Babcock's office at GM for more capital. Also present was Glenn Traer, an executive from Greyhound, the bus company. Babcock later testified that GM had gone to Greyhound earlier to help pay for the takeover and destruction of some of the rail lines Fitzgerald had started with in Illinois. (Neither Greyhound nor any of its executives was charged in the conspiracy case.) Now Greyhound agreed to participate with GM in a much wider venture, but only if others were brought in to share the load. A lot of money would be needed. The B. F. Goodrich Company seemed a logical choice to approach because a tire concern would certainly benefit from transforming city railways into paved streets. But B.F. Goodrich declined to join the conspiracy. So Firestone was approached and agreed to come in. By their later actions, the conspirators appear to have been well aware that they were violating the Sherman Antitrust Act, which prohibits companies from joining together to restrain competition or to sabotage competitors.

But they were quite undeterred by the law, which may be a fair comment on its general effectiveness.

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EVENTUALLY the conspirators invested about 10 million 1930s dollars in the plot. GM and Firestone stationed their own service personnel where Fitzgerald operated his buses. Stuart Moore, a Greyhound maintenance executive, was put on the National City Lines staff and board of directors to help supervise the conversion of the rail systems. At least one government regulator, who acknowledged at the trial that he had helped engineer official approval for what the GM conspirators did, was later made a paid consultant for the fraudulent holding company.

In midsummer of 1937, the conspirators resolved to expand the bus scheme to the Western states. But the financing problem remained, and Traer, the Greyhound executive, was sent out to raise cash. "Well," he reported back to Babcock, "I talked to investment houses, brokers, and private capital. . . . I couldn't get the money." If the city bus was indeed a brilliant new idea that was sweeping the country on its own merit, as the conspirators later contended, the country's capital markets were curiously slow to catch on. The only way the GM group could raise more money was to bring in more conspirators. An oil company seemed a logical bet, so Traer and Babcock went to Standard Oil of California.

"We could see . . . from our standpoint, it was going to create a market for our product—gasoline, lubricating oils, and greases," a Standard Oil executive recalled from the witness stand. "If the Fitzgeralds were able to accomplish anything along this line on the Pacific coast, then other people would do it, and that would open up even more markets for us," he said. So Standard Oil came in.

Then the conspirators went to Mack Trucks—GM's supposed direct competitor in the bus-making business. A Mack officer named Roy Hauer showed up on Roy Fitzgerald's farm in the winter of 1937-38 and agreed that the new law forcing electric companies to sell their transit businesses provided a rare opportunity. So officers from Mack Trucks, Standard Oil, and General Motors all met in the office of Greyhound Bus Lines in Chicago and decided who was going to pay Fitzgerald to dismantle the West Coast rail system.

Part of the deal was that Fitzgerald's operations would buy at least 42.5 per-

cent of their buses from General Motors and 42.5 percent from Mack (an obvious Sherman violation), with the other 15 percent to be decided by need. At the trial, Fitzgerald said that the new bus lines promised to make big money for his investors; that was why they invested, he testified. But there were indications from the investing companies themselves that they expected their profits to come not from bus operations at all but from the sale of their products after electrified transit was destroyed. An internal memo at Mack, for example, spoke of a "probable loss" on the bus-line stock, but said it would be "more than justified" by "the business and gross profit flowing out of this move in years to come."

Nor does it appear that GM expected to make its principal profit from the sale of buses, the new form of mass transit. If it did, there is no satisfactory explanation in the trial record for why GM gave half the prospective bus business away to Mack, its supposed competitor. Another explanation, of course, is that the real profits were going to be made from the sale of cars (in Mack's case, trucks) after the destruction of mass transit opened the way for a huge public network of streets and highways. That this is what happened offers some justification for the explanation that it was intended.

The agreements under which the conspirators provided money did not require merely that all buses, tires, and petroleum products be purchased from the particular supplier who was putting up the cash. The contracts also specified that the transit systems could never buy another streetcar or any other piece of equipment that would "use any fuel or method of propulsion other than gasoline." (In the early 1940s, when the diesel bus came into vogue as a replacement for the older, gasoline-engine models, it was discovered that diesel equipment violated this restrictive clause. Accordingly, the clause was changed, specifically to permit the purchase of diesel fuel.)

AS OPERATIONS SPREAD around the country, more capital was needed and the conspirators decided to bring in others who would benefit from what they were doing. A plan was devised to carve up the United States among various oil

companies; each one was to be awarded a region in which it would supply the bus companies run by National City Lines. Texaco was approached to handle the Midwest and South; its sales department liked the idea, but the top executives turned it down, saying only according to Fitzgerald's testimony that they were "not interested."

Phillips 66 was offered the same deal and showed unrestrained enthusiasm. At the negotiations with Phillips, Fitzgerald was accompanied by R. S. Leonard, a finance officer of Firestone, and Victor Palmer, the treasurer of Standard Oil of California—a competitor of Phillips. The transaction was sealed personally by Frank Phillips, the petroleum company's founder and chairman, and Kenneth S. Adams, the president and heir to Phillips's position as head of the company. According to Fitzgerald, Phillips told him that "anywhere along the line that I might feel that his people were doing anything to us that might change this deal, he would be glad to have me come back and talk to him."

Meanwhile, the GM transit juggernaut rolled on. Butte, Montana; Fresno, Oakland, Stockton, and San Jose, California; Portsmouth and Canton, Ohio; Terre Haute, Indiana. In St. Louis, the whole electric utility had gone into bankruptcy receivership. Seven banks had taken over, and were glad to have an investor named Fitzgerald buy control of the streetcar system, which became a bus system.

Roy Fitzgerald was being made into the biggest transportation tycoon since Jay Gould. His capacity to manage it all was finally spread so thin that it was decided the West Coast portion should be split off and run separately. Victor Palmer left his job as treasurer of Standard Oil of California to take over the presidency of the West Coast bus systems, which were called Pacific City Lines. John L. Wilson, a Mack executive, was made president of the St. Louis system and was given seed money to buy and convert the Lincoln, Nebraska, transit system in his own name.

In general, the conspirators took great pains to disguise their involvement. They clearly didn't want the public to know who was really behind all the marvelous new transit systems that Roy Fitzgerald and General Motors were designing. Firestone executive

Leonard wrote a chummy letter to Phillips stating that Firestone was keeping its transit investments secret by investing in the names of two employees acting as nominees, and hinting that Phillips might do the same thing (apparently Phillips didn't). At one point, even National City Lines, the front group, operated behind a front name of its own, the Andover Finance Company, in order "to make investments in situations beyond the legal limits," in the words of a Fitzgerald aide. Standard Oil of California made its investments in the name of two nominee companies, because, Standard's treasurer, Henry Judd, testified: "We didn't want to be criticized. . . . We didn't want to have the people in the community feel that if the service was not what they wanted . . . the complaints would rest with the Standard Oil Company of California." This seems strange behavior from companies that defended themselves on the grounds that they had performed noble public service by hastening the advent of the bus. At one point, B. F. Stradley, acting treasurer of Phillips, wrote to Harry L. Grossman, vice-president and secretary of GM's bus division:

From our conversation, it appears there may be a difference of opinion between us in respect of the propriety and perhaps the legality of certain requirements which we have in mind in respect of the agreement covering the purchase of stock in American City Lines [a proposed National City Lines affiliate]. We shall be glad to present our views to you at any time . . . although it occurs to me that it might not be well to discuss the problem jointly with the American City Lines group since by so doing it would become obvious that our meeting was prearranged.

The same letter noted that the details of the transaction had already been discussed with Firestone.

FITZGERALD HIMSELF obviously knew that there was something wrong with talking to representatives of more than one supplier at a time, because from the witness stand he kept denying that he had ever done so. In the face of all the evidence, he insisted that he had merely gone around independently trying to

raise money from the most logical investors he could think of, his suppliers. For example, there was a meeting in April 1939 to discuss the formation of an affiliate that later took over and wrecked the suburban Los Angeles rail transit system. Fitzgerald testified that the only people there were himself and Russell M. Riggins of Phillips. He specifically swore, on questioning, that R.S. Leonard of Firestone hadn't joined the discussions at all.

Yet the prosecution produced a letter from Riggins to Leonard saying, "It was a real pleasure to again have the opportunity to be with you" at what Riggins called "the big meeting last Monday," as a result of which "everything has been mutually agreed upon."

Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Portland, Tampa, Mobile, Baltimore, El Paso, and Spokane were taken over. The takeover of Los Angeles had been carefully plotted for a couple of years. In 1941, the Glendale and Pasadena railway systems were bought and transformed into all-bus operations according to an engineering plan drawn up by General Motors. The Long Beach system was bought and scrapped.

In its reply to the Congressional staff study's account of the Los Angeles takeover, GM argued that the bus-for-rail substitution there was accomplished gradually over four decades, starting before GM even got into the bus business. But the trial testimony of Henry C. Judd, treasurer of Standard Oil, was pretty blunt:

"Mr. Fitzgerald called me on the telephone [in December 1944]. He told me that they had made an offer for the purchase of the [downtown] Los Angeles railway, and that it had been accepted, and that he would like to have us put about \$1 million into [the deal]."

Besides its own contribution, Standard used its influence to pry loose another \$5 million from Bank of America to finance the takeover.

Soon after the war, GM, Standard Oil, Firestone, and Phillips all got out of their stock ownership in the transit systems. Mack and Greyhound already were long gone. Victor Palmer, leaving the presidency of Pacific City Lines, was welcomed back to the executive payroll at Standard. Money had been made, all right, but not on transit company stock. As Herbert Listman, general sales manager for GM buses, testi-

fied, "It was the policy of General Motors to get out of all these investments. They were temporary finance plans. . . . They have served their purpose."

Soon, National City Lines was out of the bus business, too. What was left were cars.

Those indicted and convicted of violating the Sherman Antitrust Act were National City Lines, Pacific City Lines, Firestone Tire & Rubber, General Motors, Phillips Petroleum, Mack Manufacturing, Standard Oil of California, Federal Engineering (a Standard Oil subsidiary), E. Roy Fitzgerald, Foster G. Beamsley, H.C. Grossman (assistant secretary of GM), Henry C. Judd, L.R. Jackson (vice-president of Firestone), B.F. Stradley (secretary and treasurer of Phillips), and A.M. Hughes (vice-president and director of Phillips). These few took the rap for everyone involved.

Recalling the old rail network in Los Angeles, Gerald Haugh, currently general manager of the bus system in the city's Long Beach section, says, "It would be great if we had it all back again. It could have been modernized. You'd have tried to extend the rails out into those areas where people were buying. It would have been a hell of a lot cheaper than to do it today. It was a damn shame they took up the tracks."

As for the people who took up the tracks, they suffered little for it. U.S. District Judge William J. Campbell sentenced the guilty corporations to pay fines of \$5,000 each (except for Federal Engineering, a Standard Oil subsidiary, which had to pay only \$1,000). The guilty individuals paid fines of exactly \$1 each. The defendants also had to pick up the court costs, which totaled a not too princely \$4,220.78.

A few years after the trial, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg paid the death penalty for treason in a case that unfolded at about the same time as the GM conspiracy case. The Rosenbergs' crime, as it turned out, had no appreciable effect on the future of the country. On the other hand, what the transit conspirators did was destroy mass-transit systems that today could benefit millions of citizens and, ironically, make for improved national security by reducing reliance on foreign oil. And they did it for no greater cause than their own profit. □

MAD STRATEGIES

McNamara's wars

by Wayne Biddle

THE SOGGY valedictory address of Robert Strange McNamara to the World Bank governors last September reactivated an old twinge, like the ache in an imperfectly healed fracture. The man with the Stacomb in his hair, as Lyndon Johnson once called him, was back on front pages behind that plate-glass visage of managerial rectitude. Here again was the supreme technocrat who not only engineered combat escalation in Vietnam but converted the Thunderbird from a two-seater into a sedan. This aged whiz kid had changed the way America enjoys itself, and now he was bidding his first farewells.

Despite thirteen years as head of the Bank (which is known formally as the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development), McNamara will be remembered for his seven years as secretary of defense. His enthusiasm as a development technician will count no more or less toward his historical place than Lyndon Johnson's Great Society zeal will sweeten the flavor of the thirty-sixth presidency. They will always be synonymous with Vietnam, and McNamara in particular will always be the key to finding continuity in American defense policy between 1960 and 1980.

Now that the next four years lie before us like a rug brought down from the attic, it is worth thinking back twenty winters ago to when McNamara came to Washington. The United States is now at a similar junction of defense strategy and defense technology. Congress has passed the largest military bill in history. The country will spend two trillion dollars on arms by 1990. President Reagan's defense advisers

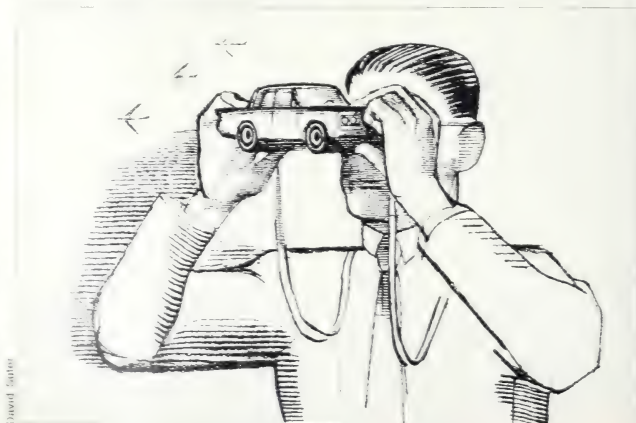
are telling him that "no area of the world is beyond the scope of American interest" and that this interest must be "protected under any plausible assault by a hostile power or coalition of powers." Under these circumstances, a short history lesson helps to separate the shrill from the ingenuous and to show that we've been here before.

THROUGHOUT the presidential campaign of 1960, Democrats harped on the supposed deficiencies in American military strength. In speech after speech, and in a book called *The Strategy of Peace*, John Kennedy accused the Republicans of having built a "cheap, second-best defense," of having ignored a "missile lag" behind the Soviets, and of overlooking the necessity to fight "limited" wars. "In short," he said, "the deterrent ratio might well shift to the So-

viets so heavily, during the years of the gap [1960-64], as to open to them a new shortcut to world domination." This was all blarney, of course. Eisenhower had invested methodically in nuclear weapons and made timely adjustments in the overall composition of the arsenal. Between 1954 and 1960, the total megatonnage increased more than twentyfold. But the pace of arms technology was so fast that strategy could not keep abreast. Ever since the advent of H-bombs and the capability of missiles to carry them—which was firmly established by the end of Eisenhower's last term—technology had been goosing nuclear politics. Given the added paranoia that followed Sputnik, Kennedy entered the White House with a hot fever to jolt the defense establishment.

On the day after Kennedy was elected, McNamara became the first president of Ford Motor Company who did not bear the family name. He had risen

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from a \$12,000-a-year (comfortable in 1946) member of a statistical-control and management team—the original whiz kids—to the top via the relatively quiet route of planning and financial analysis. McNamara's forte was something called "revenue control"—the notion that profits depend not only on strict cost scrutiny but on cultivation of income as well. His baby had been the Falcon, not the Edsel. When Kennedy appointed him secretary of defense, he was a millionaire Republican (who had voted Democrat) and precision industrialist of the first rank. It was a portentous union of King Arthur and the Human Univac.

During most of Eisenhower's administration, American nuclear planning had reflected the experience with strategic bombing in World War II: massive hits against enemy factories, transport, and military bases. As an heir to the Eighth and Twentieth Air Forces that had bombed Germany and Japan, the Strategic Air Command naturally tended to believe that a threat of "massive retaliation" would deter the Russians from the whole range of potential hostilities—local insurgency, brushfire wars, theater confrontations, all-out atomic hellfire, or what-have-you. This was fine with Eisenhower, who saw reliance on nuclear weapons as an economical way to deal with the cold war. The whole point of these devices seemed to be that nobody would ever get crazy enough to use them. And since they were cheaper than conventional armies, why not build lots? Especially since the Russians possessed only a few tinpot varieties of their own.

KENNEDY and McNamara embraced Eisenhower's concept of deterrence, but as far back as the Quemoy and Matsu crisis and the "fall" of Dien Bien Phu, it had become increasingly obvious that massive retaliation did not provide much coverage in the real world. Quoting Henry Kissinger, Kennedy called the doctrine a "Magainot-line mentality." McNamara felt a need to mount more deliberate and selective threats. With the growing size and sophistication of Soviet weapons (still grossly overrated) complicating the task of protecting American turf, the stage was set for an evolutionary mutation in strategic thought. The new

plan became known as Mutual Assured Destruction, or MAD—surely the most appropriate acronym in history.

No one can say how much real attention was, or still is, paid to the flesh-and-blood implications of MAD. Nuclear warfare at this level is strictly a battle of intellects, because no national political goal could possibly justify actual combat. Nonetheless, tens of thousands of professional careers around the world pivot on the mental exercise, and it is no exaggeration to say that the proximity of nuclear war is a function of this intellectual activity rather than of any real confrontation. (Herman Kahn, the megatongued *poskudniak* of RAND and Hudson Institute strategists, built his career by constructing an escalation ladder of forty-four rungs, beginning with "ostensible crisis.") While strategy under Eisenhower tended to be a set of loosely stated presumptions, McNamara brought the obsessive fine-tuning of revenue control to strategic thought. Along the corridor, field generals had to move over for engineers and swivel-chair academics.

As the Kennedy people took hold, skepticism about the threat of all-out

nuclear war as a coercive force in East-West relations led the newly enfranchised thinkers along two MAD paths. First, some said that limited political issues required limited war. Second, others said that big nukes could only be used to restrain the enemy's big nukes in a world of mutual vulnerability. The first line of thought assumed that H-bombs can be practically useful, the second considered them totally useless apart from the intimidating fact of their mere existence. This split typified a dilemma that has existed since Russia became a superpower: how can nuclear arms be linked to political interests, short of suicide? McNamara's direct charge from Kennedy was to calculate a principled answer "without regard to arbitrary or predetermined budget ceilings."

AT A costume party for Averell Harriman in the mid-Sixties, Mr. McNamara is known to have appeared with his head wrapped in aluminum foil. Everybody recognized him, of course. By then he had overseen a 50 percent increase in American destructive capability and a

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30 percent jump in the defense budget. As early as 1962, he stunned the lay world (and gratified the strategy rabbinite) with calm, ice-cold statements such as, "The U.S. has come to the conclusion that to the extent feasible basic military strategy in a possible general war should be approached in much the same way that more conventional military operations have been regarded in the past. That is to say, principal military objectives, in the event of a nuclear war stemming from a major attack on the Alliance, should be the destruction of the enemy's military forces, not of his civilian population." One could almost see Robert S. McNamara out there on the radioactive ramparts, head wrapped in foil, guiding Minutemen and Polaris missiles past Russian apartment houses to the shipyard on the edge of town. Not only could the United States punish the Russians intolerably (Assured Destruction), it could even tweak them on the chin (Flexible Response). The Human Univac, indeed.

In *The Essence of Security*, he wrote: "It is true enough that not every conceivable complex human situation can be fully reduced to lines on a graph, or percentage points on a chart, or to figures on a balance sheet. But all reality can be reasoned about, and not to quantify what can be quantified is only to be content with something less than the full range of reason." Following this instinct, McNamara established a hypothetical damage level to measure the adequacy of American weapons: destruction of 25 percent of the Soviet population and 50 percent of Soviet industry by immediate blast and radiation. The attempt to reduce an unimaginable human catastrophe to percentage points on a chart served several purposes. It gave the secretary leverage over inter-service rivalry for audacious weapons, and it dramatized for the Kremlin (maybe for Congress, too) the folly of large-scale nuclear war. It also reversed, however, Eisenhower's preferred way of shopping for guns. Instead of fiscal limits controlling military spending, military considerations would determine fiscal limits. McNamara was no profligate (remember the Falcon), but in setting this standard he perhaps inadvertently assured that defense budgets would always increase. Why? Because as the Russians improved their arsenal and

the theoretical ability to knock out portions of ours, we would continually have to ensure the "survivability" of an "adequate" deterrent. Twenty years of these procedures have led straight to the MX extravaganza.

Not long after the costume party, Vietnam began to take the laughs and the percentage points out of McNamara's life. "In these conflicts," he said, "the force of world Communism operates in the twilight zone between political subversion and quasi-military action. . . . We have been used to developing big weapons and mounting large forces. Here we must work with companies and squads, and individual soldiers." In other words, just flip the chart over from megatons to body counts. When reporters began to ask him whether Americans were flying combat missions in Vietnam, he answered: "The transition training of the Vietnamese pilots in multiple aircraft is being carried on by U.S. pilots. To obtain the full range of such training, it occasionally takes place under combat conditions." Click, click, whirr.

McNamara clicked and whirled along the lower edge of his flexible-response scale through two presidents and several tens of thousands of American casualties. By about 1967 he had figured out that it was not going to work, and told Lyndon Johnson as much. Johnson's reaction was to drive him, with a Texas combination of tickle and slap, toward the World Bank. Before he was gone, though, McNamara admitted that the superiority of U.S. offensive nuclear weapons was "both greater than we had originally planned and more than we require." He also said that numerical superiority "does not effectively translate into political control or diplomatic leverage." His final achievement was to convince Johnson to propose weapons negotiations with the Russians, thereby setting the stage for negotiations on the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT).

For the next thirteen years, McNamara would watch the labyrinthine turns of nuclear strategy and arms procurement from afar. Nixon's preoccupation with Vietnam until his second term and the illusion of a technological plateau in weapons design, which persisted through much of the Sixties, allowed McNamara's ideas to flow relatively untouched into the SALT era.

A brief debate took place in the early Seventies between camps represented by Henry Kissinger—who doubted the political significance of superiority after parity had been reached—and James Schlesinger, who believed that the teeter-tottering of the nuclear balance affected every confrontation. But Harold Brown, a McNamara protégé very much in his master's image, put the Defense Department back on the track that led to Jimmy Carter's Presidential Directive 59. This document tried to claim originality for the idea that enemy weapons should be destroyed before enemy people, but it can be seen clearly now as a campaign ploy against the same accusations of weakness, by Republicans, that the Democrats had used themselves twenty years before. The McNamara legacy of targeting military installations selectively, responding to all threats flexibly, and practicing a managerial brand of scientific reductionism was intact.

ACTUALLY, the legacy is beginning to look immortal. On the day after Ronald Reagan was elected president, the demand for defense stocks was so heavy on Wall Street that many issues did not open until after noon. Between 1950 and 1970—a period that encompassed complete technological change, two major conventional wars, and relatively trivial inflation—defense spending rose by about \$70 billion. Between now and 1985, spending will quite possibly increase by more than \$100 billion.

For Robert McNamara, the World Bank retiree, these events can only bring melancholia. As the Bank faces staggering liquidity problems brought on by the Third World energy debt, and as Congress remains truculent about increased support, he must swallow the fact that total world military spending every year is about equal to the entire income of the poorer half of humanity. "Collective security and collective development are but two faces of the same coin," he used to say. They have also been the two faces of his career, and his words offer clues as to why he waxed teary during his farewell address. Eyewitnesses claim that he cried when he left the Pentagon, too, but this time his tears must be mixed with indignation. □

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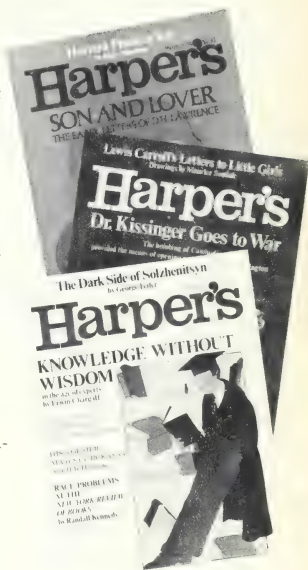
"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfection of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told. "

Lewis H. Lapham
Editor



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THE COLOR OF EDUCATION

Racial policy in the classroom

by Fred Reed

SHOULD ANYONE in authority say anything sensible about racial policy, an event unlikely to occur before the next Ice Age, he would have to say that when it is not merely futile it often injures the people it is supposed to help; that it succeeds in antagonizing whites without benefiting blacks; that it has become more of an ideological battleground than a practical program; and, finally, that it is a fraud, intended principally to benefit groups that grow fat from racial programs. He might be tempted to add that civilized man has never seen such a monumental deposit of unemployment twaddle.

An obvious observation, which hardly anyone seems to make, is that blacks suffer less from racism than from poor education. Harvard does not reject black applicants because it dislikes blacks but because they are badly prepared. Blacks do not fail the federal entrance examination because it is rigged to exclude them but because they don't know the answers. Equality of opportunity without equality of education is a cruel joke: giving an illiterate the right to apply to Yale isn't giving him much.

The intelligent policy is to educate black children, something that the public schools of Washington manage, at great expense, not to do. In fact the prevailing (if unspoken) view seems to be that black children cannot be

educated, an idea whose only defect is that it is wrong: the Catholic schools of Washington have been educating black children for years. The Catholic system has 12,170 students in the District, of whom 7,884, or 65 percent, are black. On the Science Research Associates (SRA) exam, a standardized test of academic achievement, the reading average of eighth graders in Washington's Catholic schools in 1979-80 was at the 52nd percentile, compared to the national norm, and at the 72nd percentile, compared to big-city norms—that is, above average. In arithmetic, the percentiles were 60 and 75—above average. In science, they were 53 and 66—again, above average. In none of the subjects tested, which included composition, "language arts," and social studies, were scores as low as the 50th percentile.

Most people argue, incorrectly, that the overall scores are being pulled up by the scores of white students; it is remarkable how few people will accept that black children make good grades because they are bright and well taught. But it happens that Mackin Catholic High School, on California Street, N.W., is 94 percent black, and students there average at grade level or higher when tested in reading; they score similarly in other subjects. Our Lady of Perpetual Help Elementary School, in Anacostia, one of the poorest neighborhoods in the city, has only two white students. The students in the seventh grade read at the 40th per-

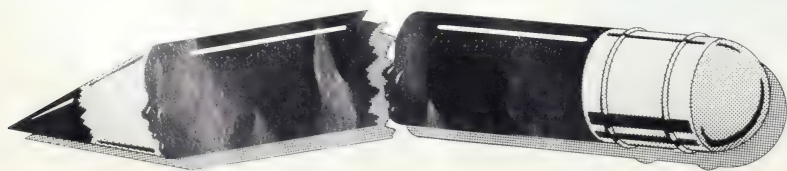
centile, or, to put it another way, rank 10 percent below the national norm. Ninth grade students in the public schools in Anacostia rank 26 percent below. St. Anthony's, in northeast Washington, near Catholic University, is about 90 percent black. On a composite SRA score, its eighth graders rank at the 67th percentile against the national norm, and at the 76th percentile against big-city norms. When there are virtually no whites at a school, they cannot be responsible for the scores.

Skeptics suspect that Catholic schools get good scores by accepting only promising students. There is a little truth in this, but not much. Catholic schools in Washington do not accept hopelessly bad students or students who have other problems, such as serious police records, which would cripple them academically or cause them to disrupt classes. Some schools are more lenient than others about admissions standards, but most accept students who score below average. They do not gather up the geniuses and neglect the rest.

Why do the Catholics get better results? One reason is that the students have parents who care enough to put them in superior schools. Another reason is that Catholic schools have superior staffs, with teachers generally required to have at least a B.A. in their subjects. Also involved are academic rigor—students are often assigned two and a half hours of home-

Jack Tom

Fred Reed is a freelance writer living in Arlington, Virginia.



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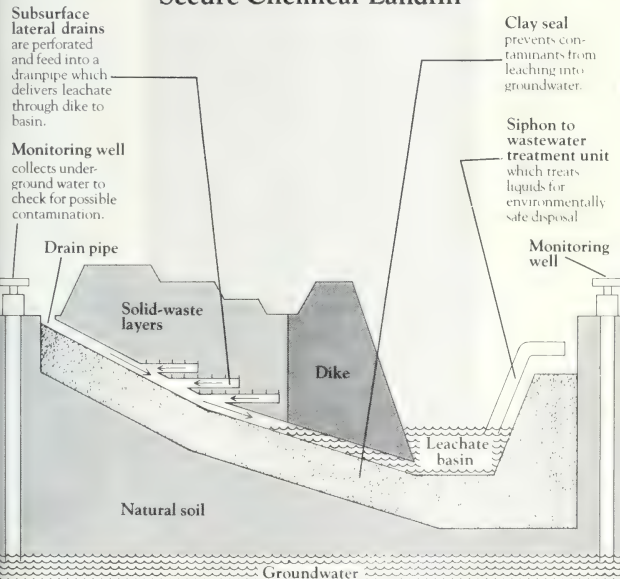
As we develop new waste-disposal techniques, we share our knowledge with industry, government and the public. In 1979, we began conducting a series of regional seminars that presented current techniques for solid-waste disposal. Individual companies may use videotapes, visual aids or other techniques to train personnel in waste-disposal methods.

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work—and discipline. One disruptive student can reduce a class to chaos. Catholic schools, not being subject to educational bureaucracies and political pressures, can prevent disruption, resorting, if need be, to expulsion.

In my estimation, the Catholic schools also profit by their respect for the students—a belief in their potential, accompanied by a recognition that they are, after all, children. At St. Anthony's I talked to the eighth-grade English teacher, Lorraine Ferris. Ferris seems to be half scholar and half drill instructor, about right for junior high, and strikes me as being about as good as teachers get. She knows English from the gerunds up, which puts her ahead of most college English departments. "The important thing," she says, "is to make children believe in themselves, but you can't do it by coddling them. I won't accept a 95 from a student who should make a 98. It's important to them to see that they can compete. And the idea that black children can't do the work is baloney. I see red every time I hear it."

IF BLACK children can be educated, the question arises: Why aren't they? The usual answer is that racism and conservatism are responsible, and much ink is spilled in exorcizing these evils. But racists and conservatives have almost nothing to do with educational policy in Washington. Until recently, we've had a Democratic president and Congress; we have a liberal National Education Association, a black city government, a black school board, a black electorate. They, not conservatives or racists, bear responsibility for conditions in the schools.

One may argue that in general the chief hindrances to progress for poor blacks are misguided racial policies and the attitudes of those who make them. It is important to realize that things were different twenty years ago. In the Fifties and Sixties the civil rights movement was producing results—dismantling the prevailing apartheid, for example. Unfortunately the movement somehow became bureaucratized, then became self-serving, and finally became the problem. Today the obstacle to racial progress is not Bill Buckley: it is Kennedy. It isn't the KKK; it is the NEA.

Race has become an industry. CETA, EEOC, OMBE, and other forbidding acronyms with huge payrolls exist by presiding over the status quo. Various freelance acronyms, such as NAACP, SCLC, ACLU, and PUSH, derive their importance from appearing to galvanize the governmental acronyms. Politicians and influential subcommittees thrive by conspicuously giving their attention to racial matters. The Democratic party retains blacks as a largely docile voting bloc by maintaining the flow of money for racial programs. Billions of dollars, countless jobs, and the political balance ride on keeping things as they are.

The underlying difficulty is that when enough people are employed to solve a problem, means become ends. It becomes more important to continue solving the problem, which provides jobs, than to have solved the problem, which would result in dismissals.

Not all racial functionaries cynically exploit racial division, but people are remarkably adept at aligning their principles with their pocketbooks. Racial bureaucrats will always manage to persuade themselves that their particular programs are of paramount importance in the struggle against oppression. Further, their principal interest being their own interest, they will oppose the elimination of unsuccessful programs in general, to prevent the discovery that nothing very bad would happen if they were abolished.

They have all but silenced opposition with their insistence that He who is against me is against blacks. This argument, repeated often enough, results in something close to censorship, so that it is currently almost impossible to discuss racial programs on their merits—on whether they work. Whether, for example, the welfare system needs revision isn't considered.

The national media and the major dailies do their best to enforce the ban on open discussion. They simply won't publish serious criticism. Relative freedom from criticism encourages a preference for moralism in place of practicality. The tendency is to see racial questions as a conflict between abstract Good and abstract Evil, in which the most important thing is to display admirable intentions, usually to the exclusion of doing anything useful.

There is a further tendency among racial functionaries to do penance for

sins they haven't committed, such as tolerating slavery. Penance is fun, but marvelously useless.

When people are more concerned with seeming good than with doing good, symbols become irresistible. Racial policy abounds in symbols that express concern, cost a lot, and miss the point. There is, for example, the Martin Luther King Memorial Library—oversized, underused, short on books, with a grandiose lobby that has enough wasted space for several simultaneous games of basketball. The District, however, doesn't suffer from a shortage of books but from a shortage of people who can read them.

The University of the District of Columbia, actually a school for remedial reading, is similarly a symbol. Ninety percent of its freshmen read below the ninth-grade level. Although a new university in the District is not necessarily a bad idea, a fraudulent university whose students are hardly beyond the level of junior high school is unquestionably a bad idea. The sensible policy would be to improve the schools so that the city's children would be qualified to attend a university and then to build a university or, for that matter, several universities. But establishing a bogus university is quick and easy; teaching a city to read is slow and difficult, and produces votes a decade later.

IT is fascinating that the racial establishment systematically blocks the adoption of the educational policies that would most benefit black children. For example, when Vincent Reed, superintendent of schools in the District, urged the wholly admirable idea of a special school for children with the intelligence and energy to do advanced work, the proposal was defeated.

Such schools exist in cities across the country and have worked well. Readers unfamiliar with the workings of the socially concerned mind may not immediately see why bright children should not be educated to their own level. The reason, said those who defeated the idea, is that it would be elitist. Elitism is regarded as a dreadful thing by the wealthier members of the racial establishment, who send their children to Harvard to avoid it.

Preventing elitism by rendering chil-

dren illiterate is a dubious favor to them and to the nation. The social effect, of course, is to delay the emergence of black leaders and therefore to retard the progress of the race. South Africa achieves the same result by the same denial of education but is morally superior in making fewer pretenses about its intentions.

The racial establishment also discourages the imposition of discipline in the schools, without which teaching is impossible. The problem is horrendous in some of Washington's schools. The students need protection against marauders from outside, and the staff needs protection against physical assault by students. Teachers tell of being attacked by students with knives, of being afraid to go to certain parts of the school. Vincent Reed recently voiced his concern over security. "When I have kids being shot in schools by outside intruders and teachers being mauled by outside intruders—last year we had a young girl ten years old taken out of the building and raped—I don't have time for rhetoric."

Others had time for rhetoric. Ron Dellums, a black representative from California, asked at a Congressional hearing whether the presence of policemen in the schools would inhibit discussion of ideas. (So, perhaps, do knives, guns, drugs, and rapes.) It is a commonplace argument among educationists that discipline is regimentation and a means of racial repression. Illiteracy is a far better means of repression, and disorder is a sure road to illiteracy.

The racial establishment also ensures that black students have poor teachers. One might expect racial politicians to insist on providing the best obtainable teachers for black children who, being behind, desperately need them. It would not be an unreasonable demand. Given the rate of white-collar unemployment, highly educated teachers can probably be gotten by whistling.

Unfortunately the racial establishment, never particularly energized about the quest for academic quality, is especially unenthusiastic about finding good teachers. There are several reasons, one being that many in the race business belong to the various species of pseudointellectual riffraff that multiplied during the Sixties—psychologists, sociologists, educationists, feminists, the whole touchy-feely smorgas-

bord of group-gropers, anxiety-studiers, and fruit-juice drinkers who believe that the purpose of education is emotional adjustment. They seem not to have reflected that an excellent source of maladjustment is to be an unemployed semiliterate without the foggiest understanding of the surrounding world.

Educationists, who have a well-developed sense of self-preservation, understandably do not favor higher standards for teachers. Hiring good teachers means firing bad ones. Any serious attempt to get rid of deadwood means bucking the powerful teachers' unions, which, as a variety of tests have shown, would be gutted by any insistence on competence. Moreover, dismissal of incompetent teachers would mean a heavily disproportionate dismissal of black teachers. The bald, statistically verifiable truth is that the teachers' colleges, probably on ideological grounds, have produced an incredible proportion of incompetent black teachers. Evidence of this appears periodically, as, for example, in the results of a competency test given to applicants for teaching positions in Pinellas County, Florida (which includes St. Petersburg and Clearwater), cited in *Time*, June 16, 1980. To pass this grueling examination, an applicant had to be able to read at the tenth-grade level and do arithmetic at the eighth-grade level. Though they all held B.A.'s, 25 percent of the whites and 79 percent of the blacks failed. Similar statistics exist for other places.

ANOTHER major reason for the slow progress of blacks is a prejudice, palpable in racial policy though unprovable, that blacks are incapable of competing with whites. Racial functionaries will deny this with fervor; yet if they believed blacks could compete, they would advocate preparing them for competition. Instead the emphasis is on protecting them from it. The usual attitude toward blacks resembles the patronizing affection of a missionary for a colony of bushmen: these benighted people are worthy in the eyes of God but obviously can't take care of themselves, so we will do it. Whenever blacks fail to meet a standard the response is to lower the standard, abolish it, or blur it—not to educate blacks to meet the standard. The apotheosis

of this sort of thinking was the lunatic notion that black children should be taught in the gibberish of the streets because it "communicates," the implication being that English was too difficult for them. Nobody thought English too difficult for the Vietnamese.

Paternalism has practical consequences. The unrelenting condescension supports blacks' view of themselves as worthless. (If anyone doubts that poor blacks do indeed regard themselves as contemptible, I suggest he spend some time with them.) People who think they cannot succeed do not try.

Finally, the absolute unwillingness of the racial industry to police itself—to make sure that money accomplishes the intended results—has made racial programs a synonym for corruption, waste, mismanagement, nepotism, and undeserved preference. It is hard to find a racial program that is not grotesquely abused. The District's annual effort to provide summer jobs is typical. The jobs don't exist, nobody tells the youths where the jobs are thought to be, no work is done if the jobs are discovered, and the youths don't get paychecks even if they happen to do the work. Last year the same thing happened, and next year, one wearily expects, it will happen again. The pattern repeats everywhere. CETA, for example, might better be called the Comprehensive Graft and Scandal Act. Some programs lapse into frank absurdity. Under "affirmative action," group after group musters the clout to get on the deprived-species list until, on a quick calculation, 65 percent of the population qualify as mistreated minorities.

Corruption and mismanagement inevitably lead to resentment among whites whose money is being wasted. This resentment is currently called "white backlash," which has a comfortably vicious sound and implies that it is someone else's fault. (In the race business, everything is someone else's fault.) Antagonizing half the country by shoddy performance is abysmally stupid politics, especially given that the nation would probably have few objections to sensible programs that worked. I find it hard to believe that many people would object to giving a black child a good education at a reasonable price. □



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The "Just for a Minute" Syndrome. When you leave your car, even if it's "just for a minute," lock all of the doors and take your keys. In fact, about one of every five cars stolen was left unattended with keys in the ignition. Keep driver's license and vehicle registration cards in your wallet or purse. If a car thief finds these documents in the vehicle's glove box, he can impersonate you if stopped by the police.

The Isolated Location. It's safest to park in a locked garage, but if you can't, don't leave your car in a dark, out-of-the-way spot. Instead, try to park on a busy, well-lighted street. Thieves shy away from tampering with a car if there's a high risk of being spotted.

The Display Case. There's nothing more inviting to a thief than expensive items lying in your car, in plain sight. If you lock these items in the trunk or glove box, there's less incentive for a thief to break in. Also, when you park in a commercial lot or garage, be cautious. Lock your valuables in the trunk, and leave only the ignition key with the attendant.

The Space at the End of the Block. In recent years, professional car-theft operations have become an increasing problem. Unlike amateurs, the professionals are not easily deterred. Cars parked at the end of a block are easy targets for the pro-

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Investing in survival

by Tom Bethell

THE DAY AFTER the presidential election the largest "alternative investment" conference ever held took place in New Orleans. People mainly have gold and silver in mind when they talk about alternative investment conferences—gatherings that only a few years ago were regarded as superstitious conclaves. Goldbugs, who predicted the debasement of currency and salvation only through the purchase of bullion, were dismissed with the same summary air with which science dispatched witchcraft. The experts, the gentlemen with their econometric forecasts or their degrees from the Harvard Business School, were in control.

But times grew worse and gold prices soared. Witchcraft—or whatever it was—started to look good, and investors, in despair over the government's inability to do any good to the economy, began looking for ways to protect their money. The meeting in New Orleans could be regarded as an alternative, not just to conventional investment, but also to mobs at the Treasury door. The message was clear: people no longer trust the government with their money.

Billed as "The Classic—the original 'hard-money' conference and still the best," it was sponsored by the National Committee for Monetary Reform, whose chairman is James U. Blanchard III. It lasted for four days; included general sessions, workshops, seminars, and 162 exhibitor displays; boasted financial

planning centers, an International Investment Consultation Center, spouses' programs, and one very impressive gold bar on display. Jim Blanchard held his first convention in 1974, and 700 came. In 1980, 4,732 attendees paid a registration fee of between \$345 and \$445.

It was no doubt the biggest—perhaps the best. Among the speakers were Dr. Martin Anderson, a domestic-policy adviser to President-elect Ronald Reagan; James E. Akins, a former United States ambassador to Saudi Arabia; Frederic Bogart, senior vice-president of the Republic National Bank of New York; Harry Browne, author of *New Profits from the Monetary Crisis*; Nicholas Deak, chairman of Deak-Perera's precious metals and foreign-currency exchange; James Dines, "the original goldbug"; Nelson Bunker Hunt of silver crash fame; Lewis E. Lehrman, head of a private investment company in New York and at the time of the conference a dark-horse candidate for the Treasury secretaryship; Howard J. Ruff, publisher of *Ruff Times*; Louis Rukeyser of "Wall Street Week"; André Sharon of Drexel Burnham Lambert; and George F. Will, newspaper and magazine columnist.

Not least among the stars was Franz Pick, the well-known scourge of orthodox financial thought and the publisher of *Pick's World Currency Report* and *Pick's Currency Yearbook*. At an earlier New Orleans conference Pick received a warm round of applause when he suggested that then Treasury secretary Mi-

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chael Blumenthal should be jailed for "crimes against the dollar." This year Blumenthal, still at large, was a speaker too—although not on the platform at the same time as Pick.

Well, it's easy to tease. In fact, it is difficult to write about alternative investment conferences, goldbugs, and hard-money advocates without sounding like a condescending drop-in from the Eastern Establishment—on one's way to a Trilateral Commission meeting, no doubt. But bear in mind that these conferences would not exist at all if even a modicum of economic sanity prevailed in the land. In more placid times—without those twin curs of taxation and inflation nipping so voraciously at our heels—most of the conference attendees would be more contentedly and surely more profitably engaged in attending to their businesses at home. Today, however, it is hard for a man to work and save and still keep the fruits of his labor. Inflation and government conspire to take it away from him.

Perhaps the best summary of the wage-earners' plight was made by André Sharon, an authority on gold. In times of such economic uncertainty, he said, the object of personal investment is simply this: to protect what you already have, in terms of after-tax purchasing power. If you can manage to do that, he said, you are doing very well. Most, in fact, cannot. The widespread desperation that this failure engenders has now resulted in regularly scheduled, well-attended survival conferences around the country that are addressed by experts ranging from Dines and Pick—both colorful extremists—to a former and prospective Treasury secretary—all within minutes or hours of one another on the same dais.

Hiding money in gold

SHORTLY BEFORE going to New Orleans I had an opportunity to ponder the reasons for the hard-money movement. At a book-publication party in Washington I met a senior official of the Treasury Department, one of G. William Miller's men. I said something about the popularity of gold—all that money flowing out of its preordained, officially sanctioned channels of revenue, such as savings accounts or stocks and bonds—into a golden but sterile sump of wealth. I also told him about the upcoming convention in New Orleans, where all the goldbugs would be gathered together under one roof.

He was too polite to display any expression other than a slight wrinkling of his nose, as if sensing a distasteful smell. The Treasury people don't like gold, perhaps understand-

ably, considering they sold more than half the U.S. gold reserves between 1950 and 1971 at \$35 an ounce. What a reversal of attitude there has been! Only fifty years ago gold represented probity, reliability—the solidly respectable, sable-trimmed banker. Then John Maynard Keynes called it a barbarous relic, and that has been the last official word or thought on the subject.

The Treasury official I was speaking with conceded that there was a problem with inflation, which eats up people's savings before they get a chance to spend them; he could hardly blame people who sought protection against it. He seemed momentarily at a loss—it was not easy in the fall of 1979 to be a Carter administration official with the task of defending economic policy. Then the man said something that made me realize why so many traditional investors are resorting to gold. He said that while he didn't object to people buying gold, it was nevertheless a shame that their "profits" from such purchases were untaxed.

Current federal law is such that if you earn money and then save some of it, the interest on your savings is counted not merely as income but as "unearned income," taxed again at an even higher rate than when you earned it in the first place. Thus savings are taxed twice. If we assume that the interest rate is equal to the inflation rate, it would be possible for the saver, by compounding interest, to keep up with inflation. (The inflation rate itself compounds annually, of course.) But the double tax on interest income makes this mathematically impossible.

Government tax policy plus inflation erodes what a wage earner prudently sets aside in a savings account. This is foolish because it reduces the rate of savings. Investors withdraw their money from banks to buy real estate, collectibles, municipal bonds, or gold—anything to avoid the double taxation on savings interest. Some economists have referred to this flight of money as "capital going on strike," because for the most part these popular investments produce nothing. They do, however, hide money. Besides this, the government's approach has encouraged consumption as the best hedge against inflation. Spend what you have today—get a house, some gold, even a color television—because tomorrow your money will be worth less and the item will cost more. As a nation, the United States ranks behind Germany and Japan in its rate of saving, and its capital stock—in such vital industries as automobiles and railways—is wasting away. Nevertheless, the government advocates tax policies that reduce savings and go against the best interests of the nation.

"Governments can turn paper into money but they cannot turn anything into gold."

AT THE HEART of the hard-money movement, then, is the citizen's determination to protect his money against the depredations of government. As the government moves increasingly into the business of taking money away from some people and giving it to others, defense against predatory policies becomes ever more urgent.

The extent to which citizens and investors are responding to such government policies can be measured by the increasing number of financial guides available. There has always been a market for books that explain how to achieve overnight success in real estate, stocks, or gold bullion, but more and more of these accounts are turning away from success and concentrating on survival. The point is not to make a million but simply to stay ahead of inflation.

It is easy to dismiss such works as religious tracts of a sort. As there are hundreds now to choose from, many will simply fulfill the prophecy of the reader. But whatever else they may do, almost all these financial guides dismiss the wisdom of orthodox economists. Traditional analysts, like government advisers, assume things will remain pretty much as they are. Inflation may go higher or drop off a bit, but it will always be between 5 and 20 percent. Likewise interest rates will always remain between similar mileposts.

The hard-money advocates, on the other hand, scoff at the notion of relative economic stability. In short, they predict financial doom, although they disagree among themselves about the precise direction of the road to ruin. Some insist inflation will get out of hand and approach the levels familiar in Argentina or Israel. Others forecast a sharp contraction of the money supply, leading to a dramatic reduction of the general price level. Orthodox economists believe in the value of paper currency; the hard-money people do not.

IN "CRISIS INVESTING," a best seller (despite the possible handicap of publication by a relatively obscure house, the Stratford Press), Douglas Casey makes the case for gold as an effective form of armor against the government's reach:

Gold, as cash, is invisible. That means it is not engraved with serial numbers, or your social security number. If you own it, you are the only one who knows that you own it. This is a most important advantage when it comes to keeping what you have.

Of course, there is another crucial point about gold. It cannot be created by government. Governments can turn paper into money, but they cannot turn anything into gold. Golden money thus eludes debasement by government. In short, the ownership of gold allows people to remain independent of governments.*

Unable to perform the alchemy necessary to transmute paper or ink into gold, governments have resorted to a "war on gold," to give the title of another obscurely published but widely read book by Antony Sutton. Gold was derided, called names ("emotional," "illogical," "barbarous," "a threat to free institutions"),

* The more extreme goldbugs advise you to own actual gold, not certificates or gold stock, and to keep it at home. Franz Pick warns: "Experience has taught us that bank vaults are not accessible to owners of safety deposit boxes from 3:00 P.M. Friday to 9:00 A.M. Monday. Devaluations generally take place during this period. Do I have to say more? Do not store your gold or silver in a safe-deposit box because there's a chance that one historic Monday morning the box will have a red seal on it and may be opened only in the presence of government agents." Pick sounds extreme, but he has lived through the destruction of numerous central-European currencies and edicts against gold ownership, so he may be merely prudent.



and driven from the international monetary system when the convertibility of paper dollars was finally suspended in 1971. The International Monetary Fund sold off one third of its gold in the late 1970s. And the Treasury for a while held irregular gold sales in a notably unsuccessful attempt to destabilize the gold price, the thermometer registering the public's distrust of government.

Despite official discouragement, gold forced its way back—*de facto* if not *de jure*—into the monetary system in the late 1970s. "When the substitute [gold-backed currency] disappears, people turn to the real thing," Harry Browne points out in *New Profits from the Monetary Crisis*, one of the best books of the "crisis investing" genre. Millions of refugees from inflation and the tax code saw gold as a haven, the demand for it rose more rapidly than the supply, and so its price soared.* Until 1971, gold's price was controlled by the government.

Since commodities constrained by price controls will tend to rise in value once the controls are lifted, anyone who bought gold coins in 1970 had only to await the inevitable—the

* Admittedly, a recognition of this rare investment opportunity depended on appreciating that the government's sale of its gold at \$35 an ounce constituted a *ceiling* on the gold price, not a floor. Some sages, such as the chairman of the House Banking Committee, Rep. Henry Reuss, and Paul Samuelson, the Nobel prize-winning economist, suggested that when the government stopped selling gold, its price would drop even lower. But the European central bankers who were buying this gold and thus valued an ounce of it at more than \$35 would surely have constituted the more reliable guide to potential investors a decade ago.

removal of the price controls—to see his investment pay off handsomely.

Today it is a different matter. Gold rose to \$875 an ounce in January 1980, then dropped below \$500, and through most of 1980 stayed in the \$600 range. Is it now overvalued or still undervalued? If you buy it now to protect yourself against inflation, are you instead going to lose everything? Does the present price incorporate anticipated inflation, making it highly vulnerable to decisive anti-inflation policies in Washington? Or is the price even now "building a base," as the brokers say, getting set to move even higher? The ever-growing number of hard-money conferences that have sprung up in the past five years are designed to address such questions as these.

ACCORDING TO ONE estimate there are now about thirty such conferences a year. Some of them are held "off shore," in Hong Kong, for example, where the speakers can unburden themselves a little more freely, and where other speakers such as Harry Schultz, publisher of *The Harry Schultz Letter* (to which a year's subscription costs \$258), can show up without fear of interrogation by Internal Revenue agents (Schultz appears at "onshore" conferences too but only on videotape.)

In New Orleans an unusual investment paradox hung like a cloud over the convention at the outset. Most of those in attendance—their average income, two observers independently guessed, was about \$40,000—undoubtedly had strong positions in gold. The Republican plat-



form had hinted at support for a return to the gold standard. Ronald Reagan undoubtedly was their man (if any Carter supporters were present I didn't come across them). And now Reagan had won a notable victory.

But what if he were to succeed in implementing policies that would indeed bring inflation to a halt? What would happen to the price of gold? It would surely plunge (as indeed it did, a month later). This possibility must have made some of the participants nervous. They might be on the verge of winning an ideological victory for gold, but at the same time they would be losing the battle of their own investments. And this was what the markets seemed to be saying. As the convention opened, the gold price dropped by \$25, and gold and silver stocks plunged, while the dollar and the stock market were up. A Pyrrhic victory indeed for those with bullion under their beds!

In the nearby Hilton Hotel I talked briefly to Howard J. Ruff about the future of gold. An articulate, professional performer and the author of *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*—said to be the best-selling financial book in history—Ruff had just finished taping his weekly television show "Ruff House."

"I could have worked for Carter's reelection and bought gold on margin," he said, hastening to add that he had done no such thing. But he knew that four more years of Carter would have sent the metals soaring. Ruff was "hopeful" as a result of the election, but only "mildly so." Optimism doesn't come easily to goldbugs. "The political constituencies will remain the same," he said, "and there will be more welfare bums like Chrysler. People will turn on Reagan if they don't get what he promised."

Ruff predicted a gold price of "\$2,000 or possibly \$3,000 by 1983," but in the short run he didn't know where it would go. In fact, he changed his mind on the subject in the few minutes I was with him. He thus managed to embody the confusion of the conference, in the course of which many gurus spoke in divers tongues. But the prevailing opinion seemed to be: Hold on to your gold—just in case things get worse. Reagan will do his best, but in the long run the problems facing him will surely prove insuperable.

For years now many of the speakers at this convention have predicted one or another financial disaster, ranging from high inflation to depression, and they have taken steps to protect themselves against one or another of these possibilities. In the process many of them have grown attached to their predic-

tions. The notion that the prophesied disaster might somehow melt away, with wise men arriving unforeseen in Washington to pursue sound and honorable policies, is one that gold-investment newsletter writers and their readers are not yet willing to concede.

This is not because they have been looking forward to waxing rich amid the financial ruins of the nation, as the titles of many of their preferred books misleadingly imply (almost all seem to start with the words *How to Profit from*), but because they would prefer to be vindicated finally as realists, discerning readers of the unpropitious entrails, rather than dismissed as groundless pessimists. They do not hope for a soft landing in a gold-lined financial fallout shelter, but only that one day they will be able to look back and say: I was right. I saw it coming.

"They hope only that one day they will be able to look back and say: I was right. I saw it coming."

Preparing for disaster

GOLD MAY VERY WELL be the 1980s' economic equivalent of the 1960 fallout shelter. But as a look around the exhibition booths at the New Orleans convention made plain, there is a lot of preparation for disaster under way, strongly reminiscent of the early 1960s. For example, Survive Tomorrow, Inc. asks: "What would you do in the event of: Nuclear War? Economic Collapse? Natural Disaster? Civil Strife?" They present for your consideration Terrene Ark I, "an underground condominium project in beautiful La Verkin, Utah" ("the entire project is covered with at least 44 inches of earth and concrete for safe fallout protection"), and the project even has a "media center" and "recreational facilities."

Dehydrated-food venders turn out to be one of the most distinctive and unexpected features of hard-money conventions, and they were all represented in New Orleans.

Ruff gives the idea prominence in his book, where he expatiates on shelf life, soybean meat analogues, and other such matters. His basic message is that when push comes to shove, food is even more important than gold. So get yourself a storage plan immediately. This means laying in, per person, "a one-year supply of food."

The Survival Center, based in Ravenna, Ohio, offered such items as bulk foods packed in polythene buckets (45 pounds of garbanzo beans, for example), water purifiers, 50-hour candles, Aladdin lamps, husky construction Survival Stoves, and even wind-powered generators. It occurred to me that the alternative energy people and the natural food folk and the

hard-money crowd could all get together and form an almighty political coalition. They may have more in common than they know. Perhaps they are sending out mutual feelers. But so far as I know Howard Ruff has not yet linked arms with Amory Lovins.

Before setting off to sample the remaining exhibitors' wares I met Steven Beckner, the author of *The Hard Money Book* and a regular at these conventions. "Don't buy any colored stones," he warned me. I nibbled some "strawberry ice cream," a medicine pill-sized dry pellet but quite tasty. Then I tasted a reheated bean concoction and felt quite glad I did not have a ten-year supply to get through.

Stamps, diamonds, and art were prominently on display, as were antique guns (some of which appeared to be in pretty good working order), many a multihued gem, ads for real-estate deals in Costa Rica, and brochures advertising such items as English Wildcat Quality Crossbows. A book stand was offering more books on Austrian-School economics than I had ever seen gathered in one place. James Blanchard, the conference organizer, told me that he used to read all new free-market economics books when they came out, but that he can no longer keep up with the flow. Again, it is noteworthy that hardly any of the books on display bore the imprint of a New York publishing house.

I was pondering this and Steve Beckner's warning about colored stones when I met Thomas Lipscomb, who told me that he was with Times Books, a subsidiary of the New York Times Company. He wore a *Ruff Times* label on his lapel, enabling him to blend in with the environment more easily. (Oddly enough, the New York Times Company published Ruff's book.)

I suggested that it was surprising that newspapers and magazines had not paid more attention to the hard-money movement, which seemed, from the evidence of my eyes, to be more extensive than most New Yorkers or Washingtonians might imagine.

"Most newspaper editors don't understand what's going on here at all," Lipscomb replied. "Most are still so firmly rooted in the New Deal that they are not aware of the ground swell of interest that has led to dozens of such conferences around the country, made up of affluent and well-informed participants who are seriously concerned about the future. If the editors had some sense of the size of this phenomenon, they might not have been so surprised by the Reagan landslide. Your average newspaper editor, I'm afraid, is just plain sitting there up to his neck in Keynes and Galbraith."

MANY EDITORS HAVE in fact only fairly recently discovered Milton Friedman and his doctrine of monetarism, which unequivocally lays the blame for inflation on the shoulders of government. You might think, then, that Friedman would be a hero to the hard-money crowd. In fact they are rather suspicious of the man. The problem is that Friedman is anti-gold, like a monetarists (Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker is another example).

Friedman knows that governments must be restrained from printing too much money, but he believes that this can indeed be achieved and inflation defeated, if the monetary authorities will only stick to their money growth targets. Advocates of the gold standard, on the other hand, believe that inflation can only be conquered if the government backs the dollar with gold. The control of the value of money would work this way: if the Treasury agreed to sell its gold for a fixed quantity of dollars but then devalued those dollars by printing too many of them, people holding the increasingly worthless dollars would trade paper for bullion at the mandated rate of exchange. Were the government then to persist in printing too many dollars, all of its gold would soon be held in either private citizens' or foreign hands. The commitment to gold (and its retention in Fort Knox) inherent in the gold standard would thus discourage legislators from voting for budget deficits and the monetary authorities from monetizing them. As has been observed, the gold standard is really a cunning scheme that puts effective control of the money supply in the hands of the people rather than the economists. Monetarists can be dispensed with.

Friedman has also not endeared himself to the goldbugs by suggesting that if the idea of the gold standard is to link money to some commodity produced by the real economy, pork bellies would serve just as well as gold. The goldbugs have never quite known how to answer this gibe.

Lewis E. Lehrman thus made a significant contribution to the conference when he pointed out the fatal flaw in Friedman's pork-belly argument. When a country is on a commodity standard (let us say, gold), and agrees to exchange an ounce of gold for a fixed sum of money (say \$500), or vice versa, people will obviously labor to produce as much gold as they can. Likewise, on a pork-belly standard, people would try to produce as many pork bellies as possible. Pig-rearing would proceed apace, soon producing so many pigs, and, therefore, pork bellies, that drastic inflation would ensue: a "bacon inflation."

The remarkable thing about gold, Lehrman



then pointed out, is that its distribution beneath the ground is so attenuated that no matter how hard men labor to find it, they are never able to dig it up at rates that exceed the overall growth of the economy. The distribution of gold is such that the new supply of it from mines "grows over the long run at 2 percent a year, roughly proportionate to the rate of economic growth over long periods." In other words, gold miners must work hard and efficiently if they are to extract more wealth from the mine than can be produced by some other sector of the economy.

Lehrman then raised the possibility that there might be "a providential design" in the existence and distribution of gold, with its numerous qualities making it and nothing else the ideal basis of money—"it is scarce, storable, measurable, divisible, immutable, transportable and fungible."

From Harry Browne, on the other hand, the conventioners heard the voice of apostasy. "Hard money has become a religious experience," he said. Gold and silver were fast becoming "icons." This was okay in 1970, when gold and silver prices were kept artificially low by the government, but it was dangerous, Browne warned, to persist for too long in any conventional investment wisdom, such as one of today's clichés: "Borrow money and pay it back with cheaper dollars." You can't rely on that one anymore, Browne suggested, leaning toward the deflationist, or "crash," school of economic thought, which grows more pervasive every year at these hard-money conferences. Likewise, said Browne, you can't rely too much anymore on "the Holy Trinity" of investment: "Gold the father, silver the son, and Swiss franc the Holy Ghost."

Then he actually recommended stocks, common stocks, as having investment potential.

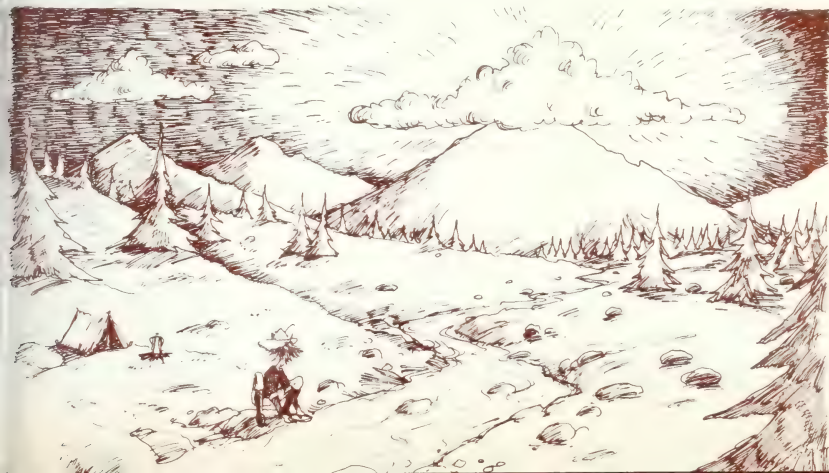
"Stocks used to be beyond the pale at these conventions," Steve Beckner told me later. Apparently the range of "alternative investment" advice has broadened considerably over the years.

The profits of doom

THE AUDIENCE MUST have grown confused with all the conflicting advice they heard. Gold was going down, silver up, or vice versa, or neither, or there would be "resistance" at this level, an "upside break-out" at that, or a "chop action" at another. Sell your deutschmarks! That was one unequivocal warning from Nicholas Deak, who claimed that Germany "will develop the same kind of problems we have had in the past few years." Inflation, he said, was caused by "our welfare and transfer spending," and he received a sturdy round of applause when he added: "I don't see why the recipient of welfare should be able to vote, because obviously he can vote for more welfare."

It occurred to me after meeting and listening to a number of the well-known newsletter publishers—James Sinclair, Eliot Janeway, C. Verne Myers, and James Dines, for example—that they owed their position as gurus with disciples more to the air of authority they were able to project than to anything particularly brilliant they had to say. Especially puzzling, indeed to my ears barely intelligible, was Eliot Janeway, who described Sen. Sam Nunn as "the most powerful man in Washington." But Janeway had indeed mastered the histrionic gesture and the portentous pause, conveying the impression that he was privy to so much inside information that it was surprising he had even one rival guru on the platform.

"Your average newspaper editor is just plain sitting there up to his neck in Keynes and Galbraith."



Undoubtedly the best-loved speaker was Nelson Bunker Hunt. Hunt today is the martyr of the hard-money movement—the one who led the way into silver, only to be ambushed by the Feds (the Commodity Futures Trading Commission), who increased the margin requirements for silver, thus collapsing the pyramided money of those (including Hunt) who had bought on thinner margins than were mandated by the new rules.

So Hunt was the martyr, and only when he spoke did all the salesmen and attendants from the exhibition booths come and listen quietly at the back of the hall. He gave no investment advice but preached something close to a sermon, talking of Christian ministers and the evils of pornography and of "police-state controls."

Hunt's only silver prophecy was enigmatic: he saw one day "a five-to-one gold-to-silver [price] ratio," which could of course mean soaring silver or plunging gold. Hunt implied the former, though. (At the height of the silver boom, in January 1980, the ratio was about fifteen to one; when he spoke it was over thirty to one.)

The last on stage was James Dines, who has been recommending gold, as he never fails to point out, since it was \$35 an ounce. Dines somehow manages to attract a remarkable amount of criticism, which is odd because he is one of the few goldbugs with a sense of humor. ("Whatever happened to the First Amendment?" Dines says, with some justice, in response to the official hostility his investment advice engenders. He has been sued by the New York State attorney general's office, for example.)

Dines's forecasting formula can be proved wrong only at the end of the world. At some point in the future, he argues, gold will rise even higher than it is today. Therefore hold on to it. Meanwhile he is bearish on just about everything in sight—stocks, bonds, utilities—"All of them out!" he cried, shooting up a fist. He predicted a Dow Jones average "below 570 within thirty-six months," followed by "the worst deflation in history... a massive contraction of the money supply via bankruptcies."

Collectibles will decline, stamps wither, real estate will show "startling drops," commodities will sour, oil too will sink ("the most radical prediction I will make today"). The only haven will be the precious triad: gold, silver, platinum. How, then, shall we know when the terrible hour has come, the time to sell even these three? Dines will know the hour, and he will then and only then transmit to *Dines Letter* subscribers his Much Vaunted All Out One

and Only Gold and Silver Sell Signal. "So don't miss a single issue," he added superfluously. (The subscription price is \$150 a year.)

"I will be more bitterly criticized for selling at the top than I was for buying at the bottom," Dines concluded. It was nice to know, however, that there will still be traders around to criticize him.

WITH THAT, THE conventioneer went home to ponder their port folios. What had it all meant? One participant from Dallas told me that "reassurance" was a big factor. "Back at home you get these ideas about what is happening to the country, and because you're alone you begin to think you're going crazy," he said. "But at a conference like this you meet other people with the same ideas. It reassures you that you're not just a kook."

Of course, many would say that Dines, Pick, and others—some of whom raged at the Trilateral Commission as the true source of the nation's problems—are just that: kooky. Certainly Dines's scenario—everything crashing down about our ears, the money supply vanishing, and the gold price still soaring—is self-contradictory and impossible to credit. So you begin to think that maybe they are all crazy, until you recall the Council of Economic Advisors. Recently I looked through a number of forecasts made by members of this group of prestigious counselors. Almost everything they said seemed to have turned out wrong. Recessions failed to materialize, inflation estimates were invariably wrong. But no one seems to mind because their forecasts emerge from the correct econometric models and are expressed in the appropriate numerology. Overall, I would be surprised to find that the forecasts of Dines and others at the New Orleans convention have been any more misleading than those of the Council. However erratic or contradictory or extreme these people may be, the charge of kookiness collapses once their rivals in Washington are considered.

G. K. Chesterton once remarked that when people cease to believe in God they do not then believe in nothing, they believe in anything. Similarly the hard-money conventions suggest that when people cease to believe in the certified experts, experts don't disappear, they multiply. The loss of faith in the duly appointed economic experts has created a climate of such uncertainty today that almost anyone who can conjure up an air of authority in money matters can win a flock of adherents and make a handsome living in the process. □

RUSSIAN DISORDERS

The sick man of Europe

by George Feifer



ALTHOUGH Ronald Reagan's campaign oratory was not yet approaching its crescendo when my somber Aeroflot flight approached Moscow, its line of attack on my destination, the Soviet Union, was clear. The president's conception of the other superpower strikes me as no less oversimplified than his notion of other foreign countries. As it happens, the image of a salivating bear may be a prudent guide to action. But it seems to me that if the bear does pounce, not confidence in her strength, but fear of growing

weakness—caused by more than the Polish wounds—is more likely to provoke her.

An absence of almost ten years from a country provides a perspective for measuring changes. I had not expected to visit Russia, let alone to attempt this kind of survey, again. Within an hour of my arrival, however, old friends and chance acquaintances were plying me with gratuitous complaints. Willy-nilly, I was in another investigation of the Russian mood.

It is so grim that qualifications and explanations are called for at the start. Russian life continues much as before, with many more compensations for the hardships, many more pleasures, than is apparent to most visitors. These come chiefly from attributes of Russian friend-

Since George Feifer's first contribution on Russia for Harper's, in 1959, he has written many articles and seven books, including Moscow Farewell, about the country.



ship and social attitudes: hedonism and procrastination, the primacy of personal exchange. There is more discourse about art, love, fantasy, and freedom in that oppressed land than in the rushed, rational West. You even feel freer in what might be called matters of the soul.

You also feel more exhilarated, for beneath the dour surface, it is a place of heightened emotion. On visits to the decaying but uplifting steam baths, the muddy but endearing countryside, and to the open-house apartments of friends, I had almost as much pure enjoyment as on previous trips. In my nine years away, I had attended the usual number of dinner parties in various Western countries. Not all of them together

matched one Russian evening's indulgence of physical and emotional appetites. I ate, drank, and laughed more than at any time since my last visit.

I had forgotten the exhilaration and exhaustion of pouring out your heart without worrying what impression you are making. And the serenity of Russian life that accompanies the frustration and foreboding. Since nothing can be done about the predominantly hostile outside forces that shape the country's heavy fate—weather, authoritarian oppression, shortages, military ventures—everyone remains inside as much as possible, busying himself with his personal world of interests and friends.



A totalitarian ulcer



AS BEFORE, I found life considerably worse than those unacquainted with its rules, regulations, and punishments can imagine; and also better than those unacquainted with its joys (partially obtained through elaborate systems for avoiding all rules) can convey. Those who write only about the punishments seem to me particularly misleading. But I want to deal with what can be called civic morale. It is disastrous. Russia is even more corrupt and demoralized than my "one percent" friends (those of the Westernized intelligentsia) predicted a dozen years ago, when, in *Message from Moscow*, I reported their despair.

The causes and effects, symptoms and consequences are jumbled together: one can start—or end—with the despondency that seeped through locked doors and into my friends' rooms despite their determination to shut out everything public. Or with the startling deterioration of public man-

ners. (More than ever, the "outside" coarseness contrasts with the enduring warmth of personal relationships.) Thrusting crowds are hardly new to Russian streets and shops. What I had never seen before was the resentment sparked by accidental elbows. Snarls, curses, and punches sounded where I had remembered a kind of wartime tolerance to physical discomfort.

The link was clear to the disgruntlement I sensed everywhere. The relationship of the general irritability to the virtual disappearance of commitment to Marxism-Leninism may be less obvious.

On some farms and in some provincial towns, the name of Lenin is still surrounded by a glow of affectionate respect. With their scant education and traditional village patterns of thought, many peasants see Lenin as a wise, kindly uncle and repeat about him what their grandfathers used to say about the tsar: that neither he nor his ideas, but his greedy entourage caused the hardship. Unable to face the bitterness of burst illusions, a small group of elderly people—the kind who gave their lives to good works as library volunteers and guides on childrens' outings—also continue under the banner of social-



ism as an educating, civilizing force. Apart from this, the watchwords that *no one believes any longer* and *Marxism-Leninism is bankrupt* are hardly exaggerations.

People from non-ideological societies cannot easily grasp the significance of this. It is as if the American Bible Belt had lost its faith in God. A traveler in Russia has a sensation of moving in the wake of an epidemic of rejected belief.

It might have been encouraging to learn that long-delayed dissatisfaction with dictatorship had caused the collapse of faith. Much more mundane matters seemed to me responsible for most of it. While Western-oriented professionals continue to be appalled by Soviet methods, the new reason—at least new to me—was the resentment of huge numbers of white- and blue-collar workers. Their chief grievance is nothing more elevated, or less significant, than the system's failure to provide them with what they regard, with Russians' traditionally low expectations, as a tolerable standard of living.

Price rises are among their first complaints. "With the exception of the war years, there has never been any inflation in the U.S.S.R.," the chairman of the State Committee of Prices recently pronounced. "Nor does any exist today." Rightly or wrongly convinced that their inflation is worse than Western varieties, the Russians I began questioning damned the extra twist of cynicism fed them in the fiction that it is a capitalist disease.

Some prices have soared—by 50 percent for restaurant meals, carpets, and sheepskin coats (among other things) last year; 100 percent for gasoline in 1978; 300 percent for coffee the same year. Open rises of this "calamitous" size, in a laboratory assistant's description, have dismayed and frightened blue- and white-collar workers, most of whom are earning only slightly more than they did ten years ago.

This is one cause, but only one, of the growing affection for Stalin reflected in the carrying of wallet photographs and in fond mention of him. The Soviet standard of living was not merely lower but much lower during the entire period of Stalin's rule. Many Russians, however, remember only that "prices under Stalin fell every year"—as a select number actually did in some years, although wages were far lower, and "voluntary" bond subscriptions confiscated a month's pay from almost everyone.

"The difference is that life was getting better then and is getting much worse now," said the foreman of an asphalt team as we watched a huge traffic snarl being created so that a Central Committee limousine could have the road to itself. "Because Stalin cared for the people and lowered prices. This lot raises them."



THE LARGER economic disappointment is the empty bowls that Khrushchev's goulash Communism promised to fill. Chairman Brezhnev's recent references to shortages of basic consumer items confirmed that the times require admission of difficulties rather than the customary boasting of production victories. Despite the increasing popular discontent, the Soviet consumer has never had it better, at least with respect to durable goods. The world's second-largest economy probably is not shrinking; it has simply stopped growing.

But originally the Brezhnev era promised great growth. It began with impressive advances in living standards—consumption goals for the eighth Five Year Plan (1966 through 1970) were achieved for the first time in Soviet history, providing a 5 percent annual increase in per capita consumption—and a corresponding increase in appetite. Russians too are fond of the saying that it "comes with the eating." The fall of the growth rate to almost zero has brought the gall of quashed young hope.

All the more because Russians mistrust their own statistics, what the standard of living is actually doing affects morale less than the almost universal belief that it is steeply falling. Those who did not complain that the economy was declining insisted that it was "catastrophic" or "falling apart." This included a good number who were now far better off than when they hacked out their lives in feuding communal apartments, but who insisted that conditions in general were "very bad."

Most Russians I spoke to frankly were convinced of economic "failure"; many that they had explanations for it. For example, it is widely believed that raw materials were prematurely "creamed" in the frantic industrialization drive, and now cost much more to obtain. Mines must be dug deeper and oil pumped farther: in the case of the new Siberian fields, colossal distances over cruel terrain. Stagnation in coal production and a dramatic fall in crucial oil-production gains seem to confirm this assumption.

"A poorer country would have been bankrupted long ago," a prominent engineer assured me. "Ruthless squandering of our tremendous resources, especially gold and oil, has kept us going—but the investment and technology now needed to obtain them are becoming prohibitive."

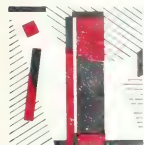
Other explanations center on labor productivity. Invariably described to me as "fantastically low," it is responding neither to propaganda pleas nor investment. Every single person I talked to confirmed that Russians are suffering from what Alex-



ander Ginzburg called a totalitarian ulcer: "alcoholism on a massive scale and a complete lack of will to work." Together with corruption and industrial mismanagement, rampant absenteeism was denounced in almost every newspaper I read. Never a work-loving people, except when fired by spurts of inspiration, Russians have become, as they defiantly asserted, work haters and work shirkers. Falling consumer satisfaction and the collapsing belief in socialism have dragged down shop-floor morale to an all-time low.

The old forest of posters exhorting people to greater productivity and glorifying "heroic labor" are like props for an outdated play. The reality is a devastating addiction to alcohol at work as well as after. *Message from Moscow* spoke of whole villages going on monumental binges, and of a purposeful escape into oblivion that beggared description. To this, I can only add that drinking and drunkenness have greatly swelled since then, despite the 200-300 percent increase in vodka prices. (Even Soviet statistics show a 33 percent increase in spirits production and a 49 percent growth of wine production, against a population growth of 9 percent between 1970 and 1979.) I sensed this in my friends' startling boozing and in pathetic scenes in shabby beer halls. But since most drinking is hidden from foreigners, I also took the word of people I trust. They could hardly believe what they saw, they said, in provincial cities, especially the industrial centers of the Urals. "It's phenomenal, unbelievable," said a university friend who used to argue the virtues of socialism. "It's a kind of plague."

Alcoholism on a mass scale



It WAS ALSO told that almost as much moonshine is consumed as legally purchased vodka, and that too serves to hide the extent of the illness. A truck driver from Voronezh, against whom I was squeezed at a counter in GUM, said that the drinking at his depot has become "just amazing" despite severe sentences for drunken driving. "Who'll get vodka, how to raise the money, is the topic of conversation, the focus of most drivers' and mechanics' lives. Bottles come smuggled inside satchels, up sleeves, underneath jackets. . . staggering workers are common even in the morning."

The Russians I asked agreed with Western experts that rising infant mortality has caused the decision not to publish the statistics since 1975; and that vodka is a principal cause of this increase in mor-

tality rates. For alcoholism, which diminishes infant survival chances, is sharply increasing among women. Confirming that female drunkenness is climbing more rapidly than male, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* recently admitted that children, too, are drinking heavily. The head nurse of a clinic outside Moscow, whom a friend introduced me to, said that this admission was characteristically oblique. "It's appalling. Women now drink by the glassful. And drunken sprees among pupils under twelve are commonplace."

After noticeable improvement in the postwar decades, male mortality is also increasing. (Combined life expectancy is declining in the Soviet Union alone among modern countries.) The chief of the growing killers is accepted to be alcoholism, together with alcohol-related accidents and diseases.

An American specialist has calculated that the Soviet Union has had the world's steepest rise in alcohol consumption, which now accounts for about a third of all consumer spending in food stores. Everyone I spoke to in industry said that factory managers are in despair because of havoc wrought among their workers—and also despair of a cure. The more I saw and heard, the more I credited the stories that public health specialists fear national degeneration through alcoholism.

Drunkenness severely reduces Soviet economic output, and the armed forces appropriate an exceptional proportion of what is produced. From 15 percent of the GNP in 1975 (compared to 5 percent in the United States), military spending has apparently increased to an extraordinary 18 percent last year. The American government estimated that Soviet military spending exceeded its own by half last year and by over \$100 billion during the 1970s. It is growing at almost 5 percent a year.

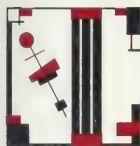
Russians are full of indirect confirmation. "We produce tanks in huge and tractors in tiny quantities compared to the West. Imagine the effect on the economy." "Our economy's central purpose is making weapons, which add nothing to the standard of living." "Egyptian slaves built the pyramids; we build nuclear missiles. The strain of excelling Western weaponry with a relatively primitive economy is enormous." "Ninety percent of the research institutes I know in Moscow are 'closed' because they're doing defense work. The military share of everything is simply unbelievable."

The economy is simultaneously saddled with a civil service that dwarfs those of burdened Britain and Sweden. As if the vast, duplicating bureaucracies of the party and the government were not enough, they are supplemented by the staffs of the secret police and the Young Communist League. "These agencies are extraordinarily bloated, one



person can do the work of ten," said a sociologist with whom I used to play tennis. "And most of that work is economically superfluous. This constantly growing army of perhaps ten million parasites is assigned to various forms of propaganda and control that usually hinder production."

On my last visits in 1970 and 1971, hope existed that Western technology would stimulate economic growth while Western consumer goods directly raised living standards. Now Russians are convinced that fewer Western goods are being imported because the country cannot earn the foreign exchange to buy them, and that Western imports are more needed than ever because the Soviet economy is drifting into chaos.



IS IT? No one could say for certain whether Soviet management was actually degenerating or whether it merely seemed so because growing discontent had released less guarded criticism of it. In either case, the damage to morale is clear. The centralized planning Russians used to regard as the solution to major economic problems is now considered a condemnation to economic absurdity.

The genius of Gogol would be needed to convey the flavor of the stories I heard from everyone of the turmoil in the economy. Technological improvements developed in costly research institutes are ignored because no one will profit directly by introducing them. Massive industrial investments end as roofless shells. Mountains of iron and steel are ordered in order to be wasted because factories can meet their targets simply on calculations of bulk and weight. Gigantic projects are held up for months while competing ministerial leviathans argue about a few hundred dollars' worth of supplies. Fake factories are passed off as real. (When senior party officials dedicated a long awaited, badly needed tractor-repair plant last year, *Pravda* extolled it as "not a factory [but] a beautiful work of art," and the responsible comrades awarded each other the usual round of medals. No such factory existed.)

I was assured that such cases differ only in degree from the average enterprise's daily antics. Almost without exception, Russians talking about their work dwelled on "stupendous" wastage of raw materials (from timber to caviar); on the increasing "lunacy" of fulfilling paper directives based on the rigidly centralized Plan, which are disastrously divorced from reality; of factories idle for weeks because of regular breakdowns in supply. "Breakdown," in fact, was the favorite new word.

This confusion produces huge surpluses as well as chronic shortages. Together with hours-long lines for everyday essentials, the Soviet economy sires warehouses of unbought goods: huge gluts of stuff unsalable even to Soviet consumers. Factories churn them out to fulfill their targets; shoppers shun them for their shoddiness and ugliness. Chairman Brezhnev complained last autumn that the seeming shortage of footwear persists although the industry annually produces five pairs of shoes for every person in the country.

In the hinterland, shortages of basic products are much more severe. Again and again, I was told that provincial cities, not to mention the vast territories between them; have no pencils, saucepans, aspirin, or warm clothing. When detergent disappeared shortly before I arrived, a newspaper inquiry isolated some of the causes. They included an obsolete factory unable to produce a necessary chemical, three ministries blaming one another, a shortage of packaging material for the product that *had* somehow been manufactured, and a shortage of transport for the smaller quantity that had been packaged.

Although newspapers never suggest that there is something fundamentally wrong with the economy, most Russians I spoke to said or implied this. The analytical among them argued that the "command system" of orders from Moscow was suitable for building factories and stockpiles of sulfur, but not sophisticated goods. As the economy became more complex and consumers more demanding, they contended, higher claims were placed on management, which is fraying, together with the national mood. Unable to cope with the intricacy of a modern economy called on to supply hundreds of thousands of constantly changing products, the rigid system began to come apart.

Thus the world's largest producer of steel, iron, and cement is plagued by shortages of even these basic products, about which the party has always cared most and trumpeted loudest—not to mention consumer goods and services. Engineers told me of factories closed or working at half capacity for months, and of deterioration in the country's backbone of heavy industry and rail transport, which are under excessive strain.

Although the Westernized "one percent" lost faith in the socialist economy many years ago, the overwhelming majority of Russians regarded its shortcomings as growing pains. Heavy industry had to be built. The war needed to be won. Efficient methods of socialist supply and distribution hadn't quite yet been found. This year's bad weather caused crop troubles, that factory happened to have an inefficient or corrupt management. Whether or



not they risked expressing it, people were critical of various aspects of the system while believing, even during the hardest years, that the system itself, the world's most advanced, was the only possible foundation for a universally comfortable, as well as a just, society.

This has gone. Deeply conservative as he is, deeply loyal to the socialist idea (as he has sternly been taught to be), the ordinary Russian has lost his optimistic belief that life will get better, and is losing faith in what he now calls his "unworkable" system.

Russian life goes on, with its inanities, paradoxes, and hidden pleasures. Thanks to greater contact with the outside world and a flourishing black market, colorful Western clothing has relieved downtown streets of some of their somberness. But the country has fallen into a profound crisis of spirit. Shortly after I left, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* and Radio Moscow featured "Bread," a poem that compares Russia's present condition to that of 1946, a severe famine year. In the weary Marxist formulation, this was no accident—and neither was the April call by the deputy head of the KGB for even greater vigilance against Western efforts to exploit a specific, but unnamed, situation. The general expectation that life cannot improve but must get worse under the present system constitutes a fundamental and potentially momentous change.

Food shortage



ALTHOUGH RUSSIANS' conviction that they are getting poorer may reveal as much about their mood as about Soviet economic performance, no such ambiguity muddies the source of their greatest discontent. Pangs in the stomach are painful to the famine-conscious Russian psyche.

The more sarcastic among them use Marx's famous "the conditions of existence determine consciousness" to underline how elementary is the major explanation of the country's demoralization. For the worsening diet is real rather than merely perceived. Food supplies are actually shrinking as well as thought to be doing so.

I had no way of checking the quiet contention of a grandfather from Ulyanovsk, the birthplace of Lenin, that the city's only meat—frankfurters—was reserved for sick children. "You get them at pharmacies when you present a valid prescription. We're much better off than most provincial cities because foreigners visit Lenin's home." Whatever the details, the food situation outside the major cities is

much worse than in 1971 and worse than I'd expected from reading the Western press. Massive evidence supported the dismay of Muscovites who returned from towns with reports of "terrible," "dreadful," and "appalling" conditions in what they called "Russia" to distinguish it from privileged Moscow. Sober travelers told me that Gorky is without butter, meat, fruit, and flour, that Kuibyshev residents spend an entire day in line when they hear that a shipment of (pathetic) chickens has arrived, that Yaroslavl's meat departments have been empty so long they sell caramels and tea. Although the supply of many basic foodstuffs was reported as erratic, talk focused on the shortage of meat, described as severe to almost total in huge areas of the country, including the major industrial centers just mentioned. With their memories and fears of hunger, nothing is so important to Soviet confidence as food; nothing has so undermined the national morale as the growing failure to provide enough.

Parts of the country are under rationing. The coupon I saw in photocopy had been issued by a Siberian settlement for August 1979. It granted the bearer two kilograms of meat—but was unused: as in vast areas of the country, none was on sale. And not only in remote places: last summer, Kazan's monthly ration of 400 grams per person could not be obtained.

Muscovites increasingly resent the "guests of the capital" and "sack-toters," as they mockingly call the well over a million unkempt villagers who descend daily upon the city for produce. Rumors circulate that meat departments near the railroad stations try to sell as much as possible before the morning influx from the countryside can "buy up everything" from them. But an hour with these weary peasants prompted a pity for Russia I hadn't felt since the 1950s, together with some idea of the crippling effects of the shortages even thirty miles from Moscow—where foreigners are not permitted. One dusty, surprisingly cheerful young man was accompanied by his wife, who was on a special mission to procure milk for their two-year-old son.

Milk is a headache even for Moscow parents. Although some shops have it at certain times, people lacking "contacts" cannot be assured of supplies and spend hours hunting or lining up, often before going to work. Compared to my last sight of them, the overwhelming impression of even Moscow's food shops is bareness. Anxious factories that have taken to organizing canteens for weekly sale of scarce commodities to their workers are reducing even further the supplies available to the general public.

More and more varieties of sausage, cheese, and specialty items, very limited to begin with, have dis-



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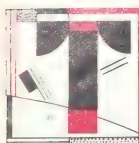
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ARCO





appeared. Quality is deteriorating in step, as in milk, whose butterfat content was recently reduced from 3.6 to 2.2 percent. "It's not milk but chalky water, sour before you open it," said an artist friend whose obliviousness to food had turned to bitterness in my absence. "Sausage, when you can get it, reeks of surrogates. Ersatz doesn't fool the hungry masses, it angers them." Even kasha, the staple of staples (along with cabbage soup), is hard to find.



HE PREOCCUPATION with acquiring food has reduced even people who had thought themselves well beyond this to a more primitive mode of living. A studious, highly successful technocrat with the title of Senior Engineer takes a knapsack with him to work every few days, for expeditions to food shops. "The loss of energy and work hours foraging for groceries has become tremendous." A former university friend takes her laboratory seat briefly in the morning, then leaves to scout "something decent to eat. Women do this almost openly. If you strike it lucky, you buy as much as possible for reselling or bartering back in the lab." A swimming coach who used to train me in Moscow's celebrated outdoor pool is on the telephone from the moment he returns home until he goes to bed. "To land a piece of fish, you must be pals with the director of a fish store, or someone else with access. You get his children into a good swimming class, and he finds you something edible from the stock he controls. The same with meat and almost everything worthwhile. It's who you know, what you can provide him with in exchange. Like wartime, but without the shared purpose or shame about grabbing."

Soviet morale used to be much higher, even without war's purposefulness. As late as the 1960s grave crop failures did not dent the then prevailing confidence and optimism, nor diminish the legendary Russian tolerance of hardship. In other words, although the present food shortages are the chief source of discontent, associated disappointments predispose Russians to regard them as such—indeed to regard them as proof of a larger failure of the official ideology and system.

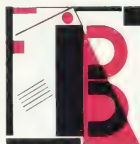
For one thing, increased knowledge of conditions in other countries has helped decrease willingness to accept shortage and poverty. Travel in eastern Europe and Western radio broadcasts have become staple sources of information and comparison. No matter how many industrial secrets were or were not stolen in the twenty-five years of exchanges with the West that began shortly after Stahn's death, the

contact has raised Soviet expectations and lowered Soviet morale to a much greater extent than it has affected Westerners.

Other disappointments are mixtures of cause and effect. Even on my last visit, the vast bulk of food supplies went to the public by way of the state shops. As confidence and belief in socialism's moral superiority plummeted in the 1970s, grabbing from the supply system soared in proportion. In this vicious cycle, the more people take for themselves, the barer the shops and the harder the blow to morale, which stimulates yet more taking from the socialist system.

"Collectivism" and "socialist morality" were never quite what they sounded. From the beginning, the powerful established special sources of supply for themselves and their favored, while the greedy and dishonest also took what they could. The ordinary guy in the middle now feels justified in fixing and taking—for himself.

The black market



BUYING AND selling, resorting to the black market, working an ingenious variety of beat-the-system machinations have been part of Russian life since I first sampled it. Now they are a central part. The once occasional deviations into illegality to cope with emergencies or obtain luxuries have become the norm. Even the most "politically conscious" among my former fellow students do no more than mime their civic and professional duties. They used to believe, if only vaguely, that the harder they worked, the richer the country would get—which is where their reward would lie. Now cynicism and corruption pervade their lives, and they observe the "socialist ethic" only to the extent needed to keep out of trouble.

"The 'up' ladder used to be in your career," a senior engineer elaborated. "You'd advance from, say, a junior to a chief engineer. Now work is a formality. Good engineers are 'dropping out' into 'making it' with food contacts. For the energetic and ambitious, especially, the focus has shifted from 'we' to 'I.'"

Although everyone continues, as he must, to go to work at his regular place, vast numbers are "hustling." "This is why the stores have only the drab leftovers," said a former teacher of Marxism-Leninism. "Anything of commercial value is immediately siphoned off into the 'second economy,' where it costs much more. The leather jacket marked at an engineer's monthly salary is never for sale in any



store; he must pay twice that privately, to the people who have worked a scheme to grab it. If he wants to buy, he must steal whatever he has access to; otherwise where will he get the money?"

In this vicious cycle, the more that is sold under the counter—at double or triple the official prices, for second-economy inflation is roaring—the less is attainable without participating in the illegal primitive mercantilism. Reliance on the ordinary supply system is fading.

All this adds much spice to Russian life. Under its Soviet crust, it is wonderfully disorderly, uninhibited, and even anarchic: qualities that partially explain the authoritarianism. The shops are empty, but the refrigerators of the enterprising are full. When netted and speared, the now treasured herring and hunk of filet can taste better than ever, like all contraband.

But it also breeds contempt for civic obligations. With so little of importance now bought, the verb "to buy" (*kupit'*) is disappearing from the daily vocabulary. Its replacement is *dostat'*: "to obtain." "As soon as Sasha [her husband] and I leave work, we spend our lives in the incredible process of obtaining," said a university friend who indeed seemed more the secretary of a trading organization than a doctor. "The socialist system has broken down."



DOSTAT' is bartering, exchanging, pricing, bribing, "contacting," arranging favors, paying "incentives," finding caches, knowing what might be under which tables. It is a complicated, sometimes hazardous, test requiring instinct and experience: a way of life, a set of attitudes. Naturally, the more energy devoted to it, the less is left for concern about one's factory or office job, let alone about the socialist economy in general. It is private enterprise running wild, although the enterprise goes almost entirely into obtaining, rather than into producing, goods and services. (The exception is moonlighting, which has also grown enormously since my last visit. An astonishing variety of people are providing a wide range of private services, usually on state time or using state materials.) The loss to production, to the national economy, and to the socialist idea caused by this shift to a preoccupation with *dostat'* is probably irreversible unless a new regime is installed, or the present one undertakes fundamental reforms. The second possibility seems to Russians almost as remote as the first.

For decades Soviet peasants have regarded their work on collective and state farms as a kind of dues for the sanction to till their private plots, on which

they lavish their real interest and skills. (These private plots, provided as a concession to the impressed farmers, produce nearly 50 percent of all consumer agricultural products from less than 3 percent of the country's cultivated area.) Urban life is assuming the same pattern, with employees physically present at their jobs, but reserving their enthusiasm for generating and spending private income. The collective idea is crumbling, together with ideological commitment and moral concerns.

I spent much of my early Moscow visits attending trials. The scope of "economic" crimes was startling. Despite what I'd learned since then, crime surprised me again on this visit. Together with outright stealing of the most blatant and cynical kind, large and small fiddling with socialist "norms" had submerged the economy. The growth was not of degree but of kind. People described the general extent of cheating as "fantastic," "colossal," and "staggering," and the lawyer who most helped me find my early way in the People's Courts said this time that I wouldn't believe its growth "because I still don't and I see it every day." The pretty cosmetics-factory chemist whom I met at a friend's studio put the products of her stealing to fine use on her own face, and sold the rest. Her summary was like dozens I heard, and of which I heard no contradictions.

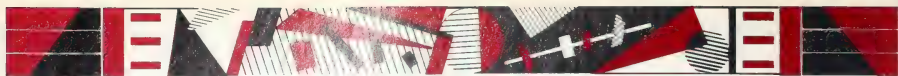
"If you asked 10,000 people in positions like mine to describe the economy's chief characteristic, it wouldn't be socialism, the Plan, or public ownership. They would name fraud, manipulation, some kind of deceit. These have become so much a part of the system that only people with good memories remember concepts like honesty, integrity, and truthfulness at work."

Early that morning, a factory worker, who uses his ancient Pobeda car as an illegal taxi, parked on a dark street and turned to me. "We all work terribly, all cheat and steal. Because the pay's just too little now to buy proper food. People laugh at anyone who's straight. I don't mean stealing from people, of course, but from the factory, the state. It's all fiddle and diddle, but I wish it weren't."

The collapse of civic morale



F GREATER frankness partly accounts for the apparent surge in cheating, the damage to public morale is no less. The old restraints, old injunctions, old sense of purpose are breaking down. This is literally demoralizing—and people are demoralized. A formerly idealistic friend seemed to be close to mourning when he told



me that "Soviet society in its middle levels is becoming a society of thieves. . . . The assumption that 'everybody steals' is erasing the nation's sense of right and wrong."

This perception includes a fear that graver troubles lie ahead: that having undermined Old Russia's traditional values and then its own, the socialist experiment has left no spiritual foundations at all.

"Teenagers' jeers at the Moral Code of the Builder of Communism are nothing good, for that code included most of the Ten Commandments," said another university friend high up in broadcasting. "The scorn has led to the moral emptiness—as demonstrated by mass apathy, lying, and cheating—in which we live."

This is a prime cause of the gloom and irritability on the streets that struck me on arrival. Many people who denied "taking" bristled because they'd been left out. Many who *did* bristled in reaction to their conscience. The truck driver who described how watchmen and inspectors were bribed not to notice what was transported through factory gates suddenly snapped, "I'm no crook, that's how we live."

A shoemaker said he had lost hope for the little he wanted—a separate room for his children and food to keep them healthy—unless he stole. "I've been caught before; I can get ten years next time for pinching a couple of hides. I don't want to keep taking that risk. I don't want my children to steal either, or to learn in school that black is white. What does it matter what I want?"

Teachers complain that bribery by parents for marks and places for their children now pervades the schools. Doctors say that standards of care are falling outside the special service for the elite, and that hospital staffs no longer change bed linen without *their* handouts from patients. But most of all, Russians are demoralized by what is being done to *themselves*.

Suspicion of the neighbors, fear of KGB informers even among friends, jealousy of those who get ahead by informing and by particularly unscrupulous cheating are eating at the artless warmth that so beguiles old Russia hands like me. Returning from visits in the 1950s and 1960s, I tried to convince Americans panicked by socialism that it was a channel for most Russians' noblest hopes and aspirations. More and more now regard it as poison to social relationships as well as individual consciences. "Everyone knows that to get ahead in the country, it is almost required that you be a liar or a cheater—often a swine," said my closest friend. "We keep going backward in the qualities on which social progress depends." Others, including less in-

trospective workers, repeated again and again that the country was "truly sick."



THIS IS WHY even those, including most of my friends, who have learned how to profit from inflation and are living more comfortably than ever, are profoundly unhappy. This unhappiness and the faulty memory of Stalin's price-lowering largesse nourish the growing nostalgia for the tyrant (although not among my friends). It is less the man himself who is missed—although many do remember the murderer fondly—than the sense of national purpose and order under powerful leadership. And the national dream.

"My parents shook in their boots every day, but somewhere got a boost from the propaganda because they believed the party would lead us to justice and happiness under Communism," continued my closest friend. "Now the glory-to-Communism blare is a lie, and only a lie, that assaults everyone's senses. And the growing rift between it and real life steadily decreases the chances of our recovery."

Almost everyone says he has stopped seeing and hearing the ceaseless propaganda barrage: the banners, portraits, posters, slogans, appeals, boasts, exhortations, promises, "documentaries," production statistics, and production graphs that have lost all life as they have (if this can be believed) grown in volume. But some talk of a vast social schizophrenia.

"From nursery school," said a sociologist to whom my friends introduced me as an expert on the popular mood, "we hear one thing and live another; know one truth and repeat something entirely different to teachers—who repeat the same gibberish to supervisors. Many people become unhinged."

Still others describe a heavy melancholy pressing down upon the country like a permanent winter cloud. "People are sick to death of everything," said a woman who used to organize Young Communist outings. "We can't turn on the television set because the propaganda is too awful. Can't open a newspaper because they're even worse. Can't get decent books because they're even harder to find than decent food. So we drink—in recognition that this is our life: emptiness."

It bears repeating that the drinking has grown to what Russians call epidemic proportions. All aspects of life, the spiritual and moral together with the economic, intellectual, and social, appeared threatened. With no way forward, as they see it, and nothing with which to tinker to start again, "hol-



lowness," "purposelessness," and "overwhelming weariness" litter people's descriptions of their lives.

For Russians are a temperamentally religious people, ardent to believe in something bigger and better than their ("wretched") individual selves. Most find it difficult to tolerate the absence of a goal or purpose, which generates the alienation and apprehensions of living in a giant void. Hence the return-to-roots search for "new" values in Old Russia, which has gained much momentum since my last visit. Most people then showed an affection for folk art and handicrafts; now they are interested in prerevolutionary ideas and politics.

Religious revival



THIS IS LINKED to the religious revival, the country's most important social movement by far, despite persecution whose severity and range is scarcely comprehensible to Westerners. The Orthodox Mass I looked in on was attended by a distinctly higher proportion than formerly of young faces to old, and my friends said that millions of young people, driven by a quest for a new morality and new purpose, now visit houses of worship at least occasionally. In the case of the Orthodox Church, however (to which well over 90 percent of ethnic Russians would belong by heritage), the revival is tinged with right-wing nationalism and old-fashioned Russian xenophobia. Never far below the surface, the tendency to regard aliens as corruptors of Mother Russia is spreading in proportion to the feeling that she is in danger and that Orthodoxy is the only salvation.

These feelings are growing even among members of the ruling elite as socialism loses its power to make Russia strong. They are often exceeded by nationalist passion, anti-Russian by its very nature, among the Soviet minorities, from Lithuanians in the west to Kalmyks in the east—and including especially Ukrainians, Estonians, Georgians, Armenians, Uzbeks, and most of the Muslim peoples, whose birthrate is roughly five times the Russian average. Most of the non-Russians I met protested their subjugation to the "Russian Empire" far more openly than before. Most were far more eager to boast of anti-Russian feeling—many called it "fury"—in their native republics.

In the sense that people spend almost all of their time getting on with their daily concerns rather than brooding, all this might be misleading. In particular, the middle-class sliver who most resemble the readers of this magazine are less agitated—because

more resigned to the country's moral collapse—than in the aftermath of Czechoslovakia. (Even though more pessimistic, the middle class seems less interested in the country's hopeless future.) But when they are asked, only their own voices can convey their gloom.

A Moscow friend: "For decades, we have lived two lives: the outer and inner. As the official one gets worse, the private one becomes sicker. As the lies at work and the public antagonism grow, so does the need to escape from despair. The outer life has become venomous, the inner one drunken."

A woman of about thirty, visiting from Leningrad: "People have become angry because they live badly and in dirt. My mother lived through the Leningrad blockade, which was indescribably worse. But they had something clean in their lives. My generation has no ideals, no beliefs, no hope; they have died. Our children have never had any at all."

A struggling painter: "For a long time, I assured my friends that the general misery wouldn't affect me. I had my children and my painting—everything at home, where I could think my own thoughts. But you *must* go outside sometimes, and the drab awfulness breaks you. The long period when people could limp along—even feel free—by living an inner life is over."

Heightened interest in emigration is a natural consequence and one of the clearest expressions of disillusionment. A startling number of people I encountered—and not just among the "one percent"—talked openly about this. Among my friends, the central issue was whether to abandon all they had achieved and acquired. Too well informed to fool themselves about Israel's virtue or America's golden pavements, many felt they simply had to leave, even if it was for a poorer future in the West. Others included not only members of ethnic minorities, whose disaffection is well known, but ordinary Russians whose attachment to their native soil had always been so deep that no difficulty at home could be worse than being uprooted. The number of such workers who recognized me as a foreigner in snack bars, and who whispered questions about whether I thought they should try to leave, was almost as great as those who asked for dollars. These men can only be regarded as defectors from the heartland of the proletarian supporters of the Soviet motherland. The bricklayer who approached me outside Gorky Park had no trace of cosmopolitanism, no relatives abroad, no skill to sell expensively to Western employers; only a hope of "living a life that doesn't degrade me," he murmured. "My family speaks only Russian and we know only Russia. But what can you do when . . . it's no good anymore?"

Thoughts about emigration go together with a



mushrooming cynicism about the country's leadership. The story of a total stranger, like those of old friends, can illustrate Russians' growing conviction that they are getting poorer because their rulers are getting richer. On top of their generalized feeling of having been tricked into a lifetime of poverty after so many promises and sacrifices, they regard themselves as victims of cheating in the direct sense: the country's resources are being plundered for the benefit of a corrupt, parasitic ruling class.

One evening, a driver who was taking me from one friend to another, mistook me for a Soviet and spat out his resentment.

The price of a five-seat Volga was raised from 9,000 to 15,000 roubles last summer. At almost ten years of his salary, the driver hadn't "a hope in hell" of owning one, but had dreamed of buying a used Volga—until he discovered "a new swindle." Continuing to take a 7 percent commission on all used-car sales, the authorities had just decreed that the seller be paid 9,000 roubles while the buyer must pay 15,000 roubles, both less depreciation. "The bastards pocket the difference."

The young driver would suddenly have to pay almost double—three extra years' salary—for an old car that *wasn't even the state's property*. He shouted his outrage. "Don't they squeeze enough from us selling the cars new? A Volga costs them 2,000 roubles to make. They sell it to somebody, it no longer belongs to them—but they find a way to screw us again. And I'll never be able to own even a jalopy."

The driver announced that the used-car trick had snapped his last strand of loyalty to Soviet rule. "The huge fraud called socialism milks more and more from us to give more and more to *them*. We watch like robots while the greedy lords take our last nail for their new country houses—which they scream is the 'Building of Communism.'"



IFE AT THE top is pictured as an institutionalized stronghold of cradle-to-grave privileges. Russians sense that the country has reverted to a form of feudalism, rather than moving toward the more advanced, flexible capitalism. Meeting at congresses and conferences, linked by a private telephone circuit, the party-KGB-military oligarchy is seen to be developing into a hereditary ruling class that passes position and luxury to offspring as if by right. It is resented as a kind of aristocracy that lacks aristocratic manners and taste and competence as well. For the popular image of a member of this caste is of an "amazingly ordi-

nary" plodder: a blunt instrument for clubbing others away from their store of grain. These hard men are said not to know or care what they are doing to the country because their driving force is ensuring that their bellies stay full. Lack of vision—but many call it "stupidity" and "bully-brains"—is seen as integral to their ruthlessness.

The doorman of the old hotel where I used to stay for months is now on pension, probably supplemented by something from the KGB. But when I encountered him by chance in a snack bar, he sounded as contemptuous as the rare dissenters I knew in the early 1960s. "Under Stalin, the top men carefully hid their privileges. Now that Communism's a joke, they're in it only for privileges and want to show them off. Their limousines drive them around Moscow in their special lanes and people mutter, 'There go the "servants of the people."'" Their apartment blocks are night and day compared to ordinary housing. And they build fences around their country houses and sanatoriums, their swimming pools and tennis courts. Policemen tell us, "You can't pass here!" People aren't fooled by these new barons. They've even stopped trying to fool us."

The special shops that supply the top echelons with a large assortment of otherwise unavailable food and products—from Danish salami to Italian boots to Russian sable—do so, moreover, at heavily subsidized prices. To point out that the so-called Kremlin ration buys chicken, meat, and vegetables worth from eight to ten times its nominal cost is misleading: the general public cannot buy such things for any money.

The resentment of the workers I talked to was not only directed at what they took to be the partyocracy's growing greed. They seemed even more distressed by their conviction that it is becoming self-perpetuating, through admissions to top schools for their children, then placement in coveted bureaucratic jobs.

"The main point is that the authorities are consolidating their position—and their distance from the people," said a Kiev artist whose landscapes are in fashion at that level. "Their children are almost assured places in the best universities while brighter ones can't get in."

"These spoiled teenage cynics wear the latest from Paris, they're guaranteed the same plum life, and you should see their parents' apartments: American kitchens, Swedish wallpaper, Italian furniture, Japanese videotape theaters—not a Soviet light bulb in them because Soviet means shoddy [a pun on the ubiquitous "Soviet Means Splendid" slogan] and because of *nouveau riche* snob appeal. These are our leaders, who trumpet our socialist glories to the world and dictate everything to everyone. . .



I don't think they really know how sick to death people are of them."

Every Russian I met was also happy to take his share of the hierarchical rewards and privileges. It did not strike one set of friends as paradoxical that their embittered denunciation of the partyocracy's exploitation of the people came during a feast of rare salami and cheeses from a canteen for Politburo staff, on which the father of one of the circle occupied an important position. Almost everyone, too, seemed content to go through the motions of work in the system that protects him from serious demands on the job while, as he sees it, impoverishing the country. The Russian instinct is for security, not opportunity; and they tend no less than other peoples to want a part of the action that they bitterly decry.

Still, the perception of "the swindle" has swelled as rapidly as popular awareness of the dovetailing special holidays, special hospitals, special pensions, special arrangements, and permits for travel. Even those who do the authorities' bidding most directly are disdainful. "Every one of those party bosses is a drab, empty functionary," said a journalist who used to joke about his Young Communist dukes—but not the Politburo—when I last saw him. "Their efforts to pass themselves off as leaders guided by Marxist-Leninist vision do not fool one Soviet person. Stalin inspired millions, but in fifteen years, these nobodies haven't said anything anyone can remember. People wonder who they are, who put them in control." This man's well-read friend, a rising official in publishing, was also a party member who hissed his ridicule of the full-time party apparatchiks who controlled his work. "Those second-rate hacks have the fewest qualities for anything resembling genuine leadership. Who is Brezhnev, this 'leader of 260 million people?' Trotsky said that Stalin was an amazing mediocrity to govern all Russia, but by comparison to Brezhnev, Stalin was a genius."

In my twenty years of visits to Russia, I had heard little respect and no love for the power-wielding type. Until this trip, however, a certain restraint and humor softened criticism of them. The upper intelligentsia were fond of mocking Nikita Khrushchev's boorish manners, but even after he had been denounced for his "hare-brained schemes," the aura of high party leadership protected him from outright scorn. Now, by contrast, it is precisely high party leadership that provokes the greatest contempt, and the comments are more scathing, and more deeply felt, than any I've heard in Russia.

The new cult contrived for Brezhnev is a special target of scorn. His memoirs are required reading in schools and the butt of joke after joke. The

cascade of books about and (supposedly) by him, the awards of medals and titles, above all the conferring on him of the Lenin Prize for literature (his own style is remarkably pedestrian) have swelled the general cynicism and apathy, while making him a laughingstock even among people who feel he is one of the least bullying in the Politburo.

But it is not merely Brezhnev. Recognizing me as a foreigner in a beer hall, a truck driver from Rostov quickly took up the typical denunciation of "the bosses." "In my garage, everybody knows that replacing the first secretary [of the region's Communist Party organization: the provincial head man] would change nothing because the new one would be exactly the same kind of man. A better one just can't get to that position."

The wounded bear



IT IS WORTH stressing that these are not dissident voices, but those of ordinary Soviet citizens disillusioned not by the dictatorship's political restrictions or even its injustices. Many longed for proper authoritarian leadership, for the "average" Russian's enduring conviction that the country needs a strong hand is partly a declaration that he, with his tendencies toward disorder, procrastination, anarchy, and drink, needs one. He is happiest when he can feel that the state's power is his own.

Despite their own grievances, most Russians who think at all about dissidents are more likely to despise them as sappers of Russia's strength and smearers of her name than to applaud them. Workers still tended to dismiss the savaged democratic movement—if less quickly than before, and with less use of the word "traitors"—as the fancy of pampered intellectuals. The new malcontents are chiefly distressed by the difficulties and dreariness of their daily life. Authoritarian rule that supplied them with meat and a sense of pride would not seem onerous. The resentment that seems to be spreading even among the relatively privileged officer caste of the armed forces apparently derives from these practical complaints rather than the democrats' opposition to the dictatorship in principle. Growing numbers of field-rank officers, I was told, are deeply worried about the country's spiritual and economic decline, and hold their elderly generals in the contempt that civilians have for the Politburo. Only the army, they feel, might rid them of the parasitic partyocracy without prompting the



national disintegration of mass upheaval.

The least pessimistic people I met asserted that Soviet rule was doomed. The great growth of awareness of its huge liabilities is the first step, they argued. With the glue of belief and trust gone, the regime is weak, and holds itself together only by showing force to its own people and to the world.

But despite such occasional analyses, despite the grim mood and talk of anti-Soviet leaflets and even protests in provincial factories, the overwhelming majority of Russians predict there will be no significant change. From cleaning ladies to physics professors, most sigh a self-fulfilling prophecy that they will continue to tolerate what even eastern Europeans would find intolerable. Almost in the same breath with pessimism and complaint, they warn us not to regard their passive discontent as the basis for practical opposition. In obvious contrast to Poland, the common assumption is that reforms must come from above, in the traditional Russian manner, if at all; must come from their oppressors, who they believe are growing less, not more, likely to grant them.

"The black laugh is that whispers of 'the revolution' are back again—meaning the *next* revolution," a former girlfriend told me. But this is wishful thinking. Millions of people are waiting, not working, for it.

They cannot rescue themselves because the surveillance and shackles are more effective than ever, thanks to technological advances and greater efforts. Some people feel freer to complain about shortages, listen to Western broadcasts, and brandish Western clothes. But they also assume that as the discontent grows, so does the machinery for detecting and dealing with the faintest hint of its organized expression. This machinery has developed like some anti-Communist fantasy, so that even politically "safe" friends say nothing serious without unplugging the telephone.

But what would they say if talk were free? The knowledge that even more advanced Communist countries have not liberated themselves depresses the thoughtful. With no model, no historical precedent to follow, digging out of "the black hole," as a friend called it, would be extraordinarily difficult for any people; inconceivable for submissive Russians.

While the tiny minority of dissidents offers a wide variety of solutions, from monarchist and clerical on the far right to "pure" Marxist on the far left, the general public's political vision is so vague as to hardly exist. Capitalism is envied but also feared. Even Soviet youth, with its ever keener longing for Western consumer treats (and nothing but Western treats, according to parents who be-

moan the death of all ideas) has a mother's-milk antagonism toward the free enterprise that produced the treats.



WITH THEIR old ideals and hopes shattered, most people have none to replace them, apart from the negative ones of doing away with the partocracy. The general leaning toward an old-fashioned Russian nationalism often extends to right-wing chauvinism: thus the alarming rise of anti-Semitism, xenophobia, and all the other associated features. This accompanies an underlying fear that if somehow started—in the wake of armed conflict with China, a rebellion in Poland, or a Politburo schism—an irruption of revolt will produce even greater misery, crowned by an orgy of bloodletting among the Ukrainians, Georgians, Baltic peoples, and other long suppressed nationalities. Deep in their bones, Russians fear the potential for anti-Russian fury and for their own anarchy, just as Russian Jews fear the potential for pogroms. Thus more apathy. Who can control change?

My friends are convinced that sixty years of Soviet rule, which has taught schoolchildren to lie and destroyed civic virtue, have turned the Russian people into a rabble, ripe for envy, violence, and demagoguery, but not for responsible citizenship. Where is the social material for a more progressive, tolerant government? they ask. The country had quite enough handicaps during the fifty years before the revolution, when it made unsteady, unpredictable progress toward constitutional monarchy and democracy. Almost all the people who achieved that progress were subsequently shot or otherwise silenced, if they had not already fled. Almost all the needed habits are gone. If the hated regime were to collapse overnight, fierce nationalists would be more likely than enlightened liberals to replace it, if only because few enlightened liberals manage to develop in that soil, and few understand or want them. Even if something more humane were to be somehow pieced together, it would quickly be torn apart by the dumb anger Soviet rule has incubated.

Most Russians stressed that so long as some food is available, macaroni if not meat, they will struggle on, just as the country will use its vast resources to limp on through what peoples with happier pasts would consider disaster. A Belgian businessman told me of the confirmation of this assessment by a State Bank official who has reason to trust him. "The economic situation is very bad," the official said when the two men were alone. "Certain parts



of the country may even go hungry. We're not very worried about this: the Russian people will take anything. But if we can't meet our oil deliveries to eastern Europe. . . ." Or as Dr. Andrei Sakharov, Russia's most prominent dissident (who has almost no popular following), put it last April: "Our totalitarian society and bureaucratic structure . . . can rot and petrify for years without any attempt at change, thus creating an even greater threat to the whole world."



THE THREAT to the world is all the greater because disillusionment in the Soviet system rarely carries over into opposition to Moscow's foreign policy. Even Russians brimming with discontent still tend, with their village-like patriotism, to rally around the Motherland when it appears to be in trouble. Mocked as it is in domestic matters, where "everybody knows life is getting worse and it screams how lucky we are," Soviet propaganda's skillful selection, misrepresentation, and jingoistic distortion of news effectively manipulates Russians' propensity to see their long-suffering selves as the injured party in world affairs.

Although ordinary people have more misgivings about the invasion of Afghanistan than the invasion of Czechoslovakia, a Russia-first fundamentalism holds sway. Most Russians are content to believe that their tanks went to the aid of an Afghan people menaced by imperialist interference, as they rescued the Czechoslovak people from a similar danger in 1968. Contradictory as it is, the "average" man is inclined to "defend the achievements of socialism," which he otherwise despises, against the rich West's evil incursions. In a pinch, it amounts to a primitive instinct to regard international conflict as "us against them." If it is no longer quite clear why the Soviet army is the good guy, it is our own, united, despite all domestic troubles, by the powerful condition of being Russian. And by envy.

With their dread of war and fear that it will come soon from China, most Russians would dearly like to side with the West. But this is little protection for Westerners. "If you gave our people Kalashnikovs, turned them toward the West, and said, 'Those are your enemies, shoot!' they'd know it wasn't the whole truth," said the sociologist. "They no longer believe in those fairy tales—or in anything. They know they've been tricked and will never have a decent life. The most terrible tragedy is that even with this realization, they'll shoot whom they're told to."

This may indeed be a tragedy for Europe one

day. For Russia itself, another tragedy has already arrived. Millions of people feel cheated of their hopes, ideals, and self-respect, but have no idea how to regain them. There is no alternative to Soviet rule, no genuine debate, no real information; only a pervasive aimlessness from having reached a dead end from which the nation cannot extricate itself. *Bezizkhodnost'*, the word most people used to sum up their condition, is literally "exitlessness."

The snap in spirit is calamitous. My friends who had been most prescient in the past spoke of the onset of a potentially fatal national disease. Perhaps it is true that every people deserves the government it gets, but, as so often has been the case, the Russian people's punishment seems far worse than its crime.

As for the Kremlin leaders, everything my party friends told me suggests that they mouth triumph-of-Communism propaganda to each other even at meetings of their exalted party sections. (This is partly out of habit, I was assured; partly because Tikhonov fears Podgorny, Podgorny fears Tikhonov, and both fear Brezhnev.) But even the same Politburo members not fond of reading Russian history carry its lessons in their bones.

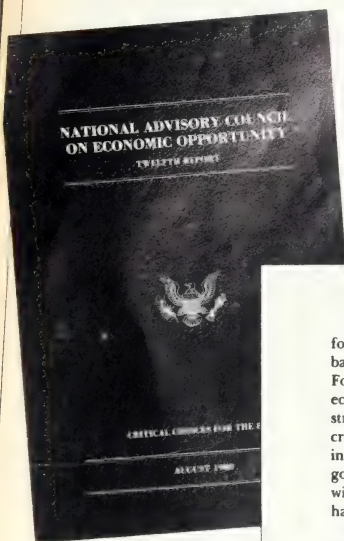
Rulers who fear for their position despite command of vast police and military forces are nothing new to Russia. Russians who traveled to the West and could compare were as struck as foreign observers by the spectacle of stifling security arrangements that could not assuage various tsars' debilitating feelings of insecurity. A Jewish mother might have tried to assure the autocrats that they were not so weak to have to act so strong.

That men who seem so powerful to outsiders can feel so threatened is puzzling only to those unfamiliar with Russians' enduring "ungovernability." Naturally, more attention has been paid in recent years to the huge growth of Soviet military power, coupled with increased repression of dissent, than to other national developments. Despite the remarkable growth to parity of power, however, the old Russian nightmare of encirclement by increasingly hostile neighbors seems to be coming true. But quite apart from events in China, Afghanistan, and Poland (which enjoys a higher standard of living than the Soviet Union), apart too from the sharp growth abroad of awareness of the nature of Soviet rule, domestic life is enough to deprive the Politburo of sleep.

Although their satraps tell them what they want to hear, they know what is happening to the country. These immensely powerful dictators have cause to feel deeply insecure; intolerably threatened. □

HARPER'S/FEBRUARY 1981

THE PUBLIC RECORD



As of 1977, almost 25 million Americans remained poor—considerably fewer than the 36 million who were poor in 1964, but still amounting to almost 12 percent of the population, a rate that has remained depressingly stable for ten years.

The Council's historical review and insights into the "myths of poverty," followed by an analysis of available options, reduces the larger problem to two basic conflicts: public vs. private interest, and qualitative vs. quantitative values. For example, there is general agreement that we urgently need to stabilize our economy. To do so requires common acceptance and understanding of the structural economic problems of concurrent inflation and recession. It is crucial, then, that *all* segments of a society, including the private sector, cooperate in a national effort based on trust and compromise. If we assume that government's effort is reasonably equitable it then follows that the private sector will temper its demands to alleviate the national crisis. Yet this is just not happening.

Why? One has only to open a magazine or newspaper, turn on radio or television, to be assaulted by antigovernment advertisements financed by big business. They depict all public servants, and policymakers especially, as bungling fools. They spend untold millions to tell us that the undeserving poor, with the help of government, brought on our economic ills, so we need only tighten *their* belts (i.e., eliminate human and social services) and all will be well again. We, the deserving affluent, and the big oil companies, banks and real estate developers, will not have to even think of tightening *our* belts. The message is slickly packaged in hypnotically stunning layouts and cinematography, lucrative messages that the mass media eagerly repeat editorially. So the spirit of California's Proposition 13 is spread, eroding public trust in the government, destroying the atmosphere vital to healthy cooperation among all segments of society.

"The 1980s probably will be marked by turmoil, unpleasantness and civil strife... a moral crisis of the first dimension... severe dislocation in society... because of unemployment and the serious crowded ghetto situation, it can only go one way." These dire predictions come, not from a radical, but from the conservative George Gallup, speaking recently to business executives. Gallup's litany of symptoms and responses underscores the social and economic pressures that persist in America today, despite all the earlier findings and warnings of the McCone, Kerner, Scranton, Breathitt and Eisenhower Commissions. Gallup only echoes their conclusions that the nation must focus on the *causes* of poverty, inadequate health care, impaired education, lack of job opportunities, deteriorating housing and decaying neighborhoods.

Thus, for at least 15 years we have been repeatedly told that the legitimate response to our nation's crucial social problems lies in well-built low-cost housing, decent health care, better mass transportation, reasonably-priced energy, nutrition programs, neighborhood economic development and revitalization, care of the elderly, and decent jobs. In 1965 we began to seriously address these causes. Yet, with the advent of the Nixon Administration in 1969 this direction was reversed—instead we had to contend with a hostile political climate that pervaded our public life. It replaced action with benign neglect and it sapped our good intentions and clouded our judgment and memory of traditional values, to the detriment of real progress on any of these vitally necessary programs.

That climate is perpetuated by a vicious cycle fueled by a "get tough" campaign (a prominent part of Proposition 13 fever) in which reactionary politicians feed the media their self-serving attacks on social programs. Next in

the cycle are the mass media, eager to pass these attacks on to the public, along with the commercial ads of the private sector, as described above, that further confuse and condition with their anti-government sloganeering. The circle is closed when well-heeled lobbyists for privileged interests return the politicians' original messages to them, so reinforcing the body of mythology, half-truths and distortions.

Who are the subjects of these attacks? Unemployed youths in CETA programs, elderly people on fixed incomes, owners of small family farms, handicapped persons who need special education, blue-collar workers who cannot afford soaring hospital and housing costs, welfare recipients and mental patients. We still seem to suffer from an awful hangover from the "Nixonization" era: a period of spitefulness, nastiness, fear, and deceit; an era that officially condoned and even encouraged negative attitudes, code words and symbols toward the poor specifically, and toward basic human and social services in general.

The Carter Administration came into office after long years of benign neglect and active hostility toward social and human service programs. The legislation and programs designed to alleviate suffering, initiated or supported by your Administration—the new Youth Initiative Programs, hospital-cost containment, welfare reform, CETA, ACTION, ERA, the FTC, a new Consumer Protection Agency and the National Consumer Cooperative Bank, to name but a few—and their recipients, have been attacked constantly by those whose "tough" talk perpetuates the inhibiting climate just described. Whatever their intentions or self-delusions, those who build reputations by attacking the most powerless elements of our society are cowards. Not surprisingly, they moralize endlessly over the illness: the "problems" of mental breakdown, alcoholism, drug abuse, suicide, child and spouse abuse and disrupted families; but they have no heart for the rigorous thought and work of finding cures, or even just relieving some of the symptoms. And, bullies and hypocrites that they are, they can identify sympathetically with the Hunt family and the Jones family cash-flow difficulty in cornering the silver market, but not with the Jones family and its difficulty in coping with the problems of living on a budget calling for the expenditure of 110 percent of their income to keep up with the rate of inflation, in just the basic necessities.

Politics as usual, in a period of limited economic growth, seems to have reached a level of abstractedness that removes it from the commonplace circumstances of ordinary Americans. When a sane and civilized family runs into tough financial times, two things happen. The one thing that they do do is to assure that those members of the family who are least able to fend for themselves are given the protection and minimum amenities necessary for survival. The one thing that they do not do is to allow those who have more than enough and are enjoying luxuries, to continue to hoard. There are certain natural principles of behavior, of caring and decency, that have prior claim over untested game plans of economic theorists or politicians on the make. It is the adherence to these principles that defines us as human.

TABLE 2
Expenditures on Basic Necessities by Low-Income Households
1972/73

	Lowest 10% of U.S. Households	Second 10% of U.S. Households	Average Decile 1 and 2
Average Household Income	\$ 1559	\$ 3268	\$ 2414
Less: personal taxes	\$ 68	\$ 130	\$ 99
Average After-tax Household Income	\$ 1491	\$ 3138	\$ 2315
Expenditures on			
Food	\$ 663	\$ 943	\$ 803
(as % after-tax income)	44%	30%	35%
Energy	\$ 144	\$ 187	\$ 166
(as % after-tax income)	10%	6%	7%
Shelter*	\$ 760	\$ 891	\$ 826
(as % after-tax income)	51%	28%	36%
Medical care	\$ 213	\$ 304	\$ 259
(as % after-tax income)	14%	10%	11%
Total expenditures on necessities	\$ 1780	\$ 2325	\$ 2054
(as % after-tax income)	119%	74%	89%

*Shelter figure differs from line item of that name in Bulletin 1992 in that payments on mortgage principal have been added in.
Source: U.S. Department of Labor Bureau of Labor Statistics, Consumer Expenditure Survey Integrated Diary and Interview Survey Data, 1972-73, Bulletin 1992, (Washington, D.C. U.S. Government Printing Office) 1978, Table 6, pp. 60 - 71

ARS POLITICA



Steve Brodner

ORPHANS

A story

by Marilynne Robinson

Our family was somewhat prominent in Fingerbone, because my grandfather had died in a derailment, the spectacular slide of a train into the lake, which had been reported in newspapers as far east as St. Paul. And the family became, in a sense, more prominent still when my mother left my sister Lucille and me, with our clothes and a box of graham crackers, on the porch of our grandmother's house, and sailed her borrowed Ford into the lake, for reasons that were never clear. But after our grandmother died, when our aunt Sylvie came to look after us, our family, or what remained of it, began to seem not so much prominent as conspicuous. When Sylvie had hardly been with us a month, there was already talk.

And though it was true that Sylvie did not have the habit of housekeeping, or any gift for it, and that under her care we lived with little in the way of comfort or order, I was as surprised as she was when Lucille left us to live with another family in town. "Well, you and I will be better friends," Sylvie said. She smiled. "I have something pretty to show you. A place I found. It's really very pretty. There's a little valley between two hills where someone built a house and planted an orchard and even started to dig a well. A long time ago. But the valley is very narrow, and it runs north and south, so it hardly gets any sun at all. The frost stays on the ground all day long, up until July.

Some of the apple trees are alive, but they're only as high as my shoulder. If we go there now it will be all covered with frost. The frost is so thick that the grass cracks when you step on it."

"Where is it?"

"North. I found a little boat. I don't really think it belongs to anybody. One of the oarlocks is loose, but it doesn't leak very much or anything like that."

"I'd like to go."

"Tomorrow?"

"No. I have school tomorrow."

"I'll write you an excuse."

SYLVIE MADE up a lunch that night after supper and we set the alarm clock for five and went to sleep early, with our clothes on. Nevertheless, Sylvie had to tease me awake. She pinched my cheek and pulled my ear. Then she set my feet on the floor and pulled me up by the hands. I sat down on the bed again and fell over onto the pillow, and she laughed. "Get up!"

"In a minute."

"Now! Breakfast is ready!"

I crouched on the covers, hoarding warmth and sleep, while they passed off me like a mist. "Wake up, wake up, wake up," Sylvie said.

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She picked up my hand, patted it, toyed with my fingers. When I was no longer warm enough or quite asleep, I sat up. "Good girl," Sylvie said. The room was dark. When Sylvie put the light on, it still seemed sullen and full of sleep. There were cries of birds, sharp and rudimentary, that stung like sparks or hail. And even in the house I could smell how raw the wind was. That sort of wind brought out a musk in the fir trees and spread the cold breath of the lake everywhere. There was nothing out there—no smell of wood smoke or oatmeal—to hint at human comfort, and when I went outside I would be miserable. It was almost November and long before dawn, and I did not want to leave my bed.

"Come, Ruthie," Sylvie said, and pulled me by both hands toward the door.

"Do we have to hurry?"

"Yes. Yes. We have to hurry." She opened the trapdoor and went down the stairs ahead of me, still pulling me by one hand. In the kitchen she stopped to scoop an egg out of the frying pan and set it on a piece of bread. "There's your breakfast," she said. "You can eat it while we walk."

"I have to tie my shoes," I said to her back as she walked out to the porch. "Wait!" but the screen door slammed behind her. I tied my shoes and found my coat and pulled it on, and ran out the door after her.

The grass was blue with frost. The road was so cold it rang as I stepped on it, and the houses and trees and sky were one flat black. A bird sang with a sound like someone scraping a pot, and was silent. I had given up all sensation to the discomforts of cold and haste and hunger, and crouched far inside myself, still sleeping. Finally, Sylvie was in front of me, and I put my hands in my pockets, and tilted my head, and strode, as she did, and it was as if I were her shadow, and moved after her only because she moved and not because I willed this pace, this pocketing of the hands, this tilt of the head. Following her required neither will nor effort. I did it in my sleep.

I walked after Sylvie down the shore, all at peace, and at ease, and I thought, We are the same. She could as well be my mother. I crouched and slept in her very shape like an unborn child.

"Wait here," Sylvie said when we came to the shore. She walked down to a place where trees grew near the water. After a few minutes she came back. "The boat is not where I left it!" she said. "Well, we'll have to look for it. I'll find it. Sometimes it takes a while, but I always find it." She climbed up onto a rock that stood out from the hillside almost to the water, and looked up and down the shore. "I'll

bet it's over there." She climbed down from the rock and began walking south. "See those trees? I found it once before, in a place just like that, all covered with branches."

"Someone was trying to hide it," I suggested.

"Can you imagine? I always put it right back where I find it. I don't care if someone else uses it. You know, so long as they don't damage it."

WE WALKED down to where a star of birch and aspen trees sheltered a little inlet. "This would be a perfect place for it," Sylvie said, but it was not there. "Don't be discouraged," she said. "We're so early. No one could have got to it first. Wait." She walked up into the woods. Behind a fallen log, and behind a clump of fat, low-growing pines, was a heap of pine boughs with poplar branches and brown needles and leaves. Here and there an edge of a corner of tarpaulin showed. "Look at that," Sylvie said. "Someone went to a lot of trouble." She kicked away the branches until on one side the tarpaulin and the shape of the rowboat were exposed. Then she lifted the side of the boat until it fell over upright on the heap of branches. She pulled at the tarpaulin that had been spread under the boat until she found the oars. She stuck them under the seat. The boat made a thick, warm sound as we pushed it through the pine needles. It scraped dully across some big rocks, the dragged through the sand. We pushed it into the water. "Get in," Sylvie said. "Hurry." I climbed in and sat down on a narrow, splintered plank, facing the shore. "There's a man yelling at us," I said.

"Oh, I know!" Sylvie pushed the boat out in two long strides, and then, with a hand on each gunwale, half leaped and half pulled herself into it. The boat wallowed alarmingly. "I have to sit in that seat," she said. She stood up and turned around and stooped to hold the gunwales, and I crawled under her body and out between her legs. A stone splashed the water inches from my face, and another rattled into the bottom of the boat. Sylvie swung an oar over my head, settled it into the lock, crouched, and pulled us strongly away from the shore.

A stone flew past my arm. I looked back and saw a burly man in knee boots and black pants and a red plaid jacket. I could see that he was wearing one of those shapely felt hats that fishermen there decorate with small gleams and plumes and violent hooks. His voice was full of rage. "Just ignore him,"

Sylvie said. She pulled again, and we were beyond reach. The man had followed us into the water until he was up to his boot tops in it. "Lady!" he bawled. "Ignore him," Sylvie said. "He always acts like that. If he thinks someone's watching him, he just carries on more."

I turned around and watched Sylvie. Her handling of the boat was strong and easy. When we were about one hundred yards from the shore she turned the boat toward the north.

The man, now back on the beach, was still yelling and dancing his wrath and pitching stones after us. "It's pitiful," Sylvie said. "He's going to have a heart attack someday."

"It must be his boat," I suggested.

Sylvie shrugged. "Or he might just be some sort of lunatic," she said. "I'm certainly not going to go back and find out." She was unperturbed by our bare escape and by her drenched loafers and the soggy skirts of her coat. I found myself wondering if this was why she came home with fish in her pockets.

"Aren't you cold, Sylvie?"

"The sun's coming up," she said. The sky above Fingerbone was a floral yellow. A few spindled clouds smoldered and glowed a most

unfiery pink. And then the sun flung a long shaft over the mountain, and another, like a long-legged insect bracing itself out of its chrysalis, and then it showed above the black crest, bristly and red and improbable. In an hour it would be the ordinary sun, spreading modest and impersonal light on an ordinary world, and that thought relieved me. Sylvie continued to pull, strongly and slowly.

"You wouldn't believe how many people live out here on the islands and up in the hills," Sylvie said. "I bet there are a hundred. Or more. Sometimes you'll see a little smoke in the woods. There might be a cabin there with ten children in it."

"They just hunt and fish?"

"Mostly."

"Have you ever seen any of them?"

"I think I have," Sylvie said. "Sometimes if I think I see smoke I go walking toward it, and now and then I'm sure there are children around me. I can practically hear them."

"Oh."

"That's one reason I keep crackers in my pockets."

"I see."

Sylvie rowed on through the gilded water, smiling to herself.

"It was as if I were her shadow, and moved after her only because she moved."



"I'll tell you something. You'll probably think I'm crazy. I tried to catch one once." She laughed. "Not, you know, trap it, but lure it out with marshmallows so I could see it. What would I do with another child?"

"So you did see someone."

"I just stuck marshmallows on the twigs of one of the apple trees, almost every day for a couple of weeks. Then I sat sort of out of sight—there's still a doorstep there with lilacs growing on both sides of it. The house itself fell into the cellar hole years ago, of course. I just sat there and waited, but it never came. I was a little bit relieved," she said. "A child like that might claw or bite. But I did want to look at it."

"This was at the place we're going to now."

Sylvie smiled and nodded. "Now you're in on my secret. Maybe you'll have better luck. And at least we don't have to hurry. It was so hard to get home in time for you and Lucille."

Sylvie pulled and then pulled, and we slid heavily through the slosh and jostle of the water. Sylvie looked at the sky and said no more. I peered over the side now and then, into the murky transparencies of the upper waters, which were clouded and crude as agate. I saw gulls' feathers and the black shapes of fish. The fragmented image of jonquil sky spilled from top to top of the rounding waves as the shine spills on silk, and gulls sailed up into the very height of the sky, still stark white when they could just be seen. To the east the mountains were eclipsed. To the west they stood in balmy light. Dawn and its excesses always reminded me of heaven, a place where I have always known I would not be comfortable. They reminded me of my grandfather's paintings, which I have always taken to be his vision of heaven. And it was he who brought us here, to this bitter, moon-pulled lake, trailing us after him unborn, like the cherubs he had painted on the dresser drawers, whose garments swam in some ethereal current, perhaps the rim of the vortex that would drag them down out of that enameled sky, stripped and screaming. Sylvie's oars set off vortices. She swamped some leaves and spun a feather on its curl. The current that made us sidle a little toward the center of the lake was the draw of the river, and no vortex, though my grandfather's last migration had settled him on the lake floor. It seemed that Sylvie's boat slipped down the west side of every wave. We would make a circle, and never reach a shore at all, if there were a vortex, I thought, and we would be drawn down into the darker world, where other

sounds would pour into our ears until we seemed to find songs in them, and the sight of water would invade our eyes, and the taste of water would invade our bowels and unstring our bones, and we would know the seasons and customs of the place as if there were no others. Imagine my grandfather reclined how many years in his Pullman berth, regarding the morning through a small blue window. He might see us and think he was dreaming again of flushed but weightless spirits in a painted sky, buoyant in an impalpable element. And when our shadow had passed he might see the daylit moon, a jawless, socketed shard, and take it for his image in the glass. Of course he was miles away, miles south, at the foot of the bridge.

At last she pulled us toward a broad point that lay out into the lake. I could see that the mountain standing behind and against the one from which the point extended had a broken side. Stone showed pink as a scar on a dog's ear. "You can see where it is from here," Sylvie said. "They built right beside those cliffs." She brought us up against the shore and we climbed out of the boat and dragged it up on the beach. I followed Sylvie inland along the side of the point.

The mountains that walled the valley were too close, the one upon the other. The rampages of glaciers in their eons of slow violence had left the landscape in a great disorder. Out from the cleft or valley the mountains made spilled a lap of spongy earth, overgrown with brush. We walked up it along the deep, pebbly bed left by the run-off and the rain, and there we came upon the place Sylvie had told me about, stunted orchard and lilacs and stone doorstep and fallen house, all white with a brine of frost. Sylvie smiled at me. "Pretty, isn't it?"

"It's pretty, but I don't know how anyone could have wanted to live here."

"It's really pretty in the sunlight. You'll see in a little while."

"Well, let's not wait here, though. It's too cold."

Sylvie glanced at me, a little surprised. "But you'll want to watch for the children."

"Yes. All right."

"Well, I think you better just stay in one place and be very quiet."

"Yes, but it's too cold here."

Sylvie shrugged. "It's still early." We walked back down to the shore, and found some rocks, against which we could sit, out of the wind, facing the sun. Sylvie crossed her ankles and folded her arms. She appeared to fall asleep.

After a while I said, "Sylvie?"

She smiled. "Shhh."

"Where's our lunch?"

"Still in the boat. You're probably right. It could be good if they saw you eating."

I found a bag of marshmallows among the odds and ends that Sylvie had bundled into a checkered tablecloth and brought along for lunch—a black banana, a lump of salami with a knife through it, a single yellow chicken wing like an elegant, small gesture of defeat, the bottom fifth of a bag of potato chips. I tipped the cellophane and took out marshmallows to fill my pockets. Then I sat down by Sylvie and made a small fire of driftwood and kindered one through its soft belly with a stick and held it in the flame until it caught fire. I let it burn until it was as black as a lump of coal, then I pulled off the weightless husk with my fingers and ate it, and held the creamy part that still clung to the stick in the flame until it caught fire; and so the morning passed.

SYLVIE STOOD up and stretched, and nodded at the sun, which was a small, white, wintry sun and stood askant the zenith although it was surely noon. "We can go up there now," she said. I followed her up into the valley again and found it much changed. It was as if the light had coaxed a lowering from the frost, which before seemed barren and parched as salt. The grass shone with petal colors, and water drops spilled from all the trees as innumerable as petals. "I told you it was nice," Sylvie said.

Imagine a Carthage sown with salt, and all the sowers gone, and the seeds lain however long in the earth, till there rose finally in vegetable profusion leaves and trees of rime and brine. What flowering would there be in such a garden? Light would force each salt calyx to open in prisms, and to fruit heavily with bright globes of water—peaches and grapes are little more than that, and where the world was salt there would be greater need of slaking. For need can blossom into all the compensations it requires. To crave and to have are as like as a thing and its shadow. For when does a berry break upon the tongue as sweetly as when one longs to taste it, and when is the taste refracted into so many hues and savors of ripeness and earth, and when do our senses know any thing so utterly as when we seek it? And here again is a foreshadowing—the world will be made whole. For to wish for a hand on one's hair is all but to feel it. So whatever we may lose, very craving gives it back to us again. Though we dream and hardly know it, longing, like an angel, fosters us, smooths our hair, and brings us wild huckleberries.

Sylvie was gone. She had left without a word, or a sound. I thought she must be teasing, perhaps watching me from the woods. I pretended not to know I was alone. I could see why Sylvie thought children might come here. Any child who saw once how the gleaming water spilled to the tips of branches, and rounded and dropped and pocked the softening shadows of frost at the foot of each tree, would come to see it again.

If there had been snow I would have made a statue, a woman to stand along the path, among the trees. The children would have come close, to look at her. Lot's wife was salt and barren, because she was full of loss and mourning, and looked back. But here rare flowers would gleam in her hair, and on her breast, and in her hands, and there would be children all around her, to love and marvel at her for her beauty, and to laugh at her extravagant adornments, as if they had set the flowers in her hair and thrown down all the flowers at her feet, and they would forgive her, eagerly and lavishly, for turning away, though she never asked to be forgiven. Though her hands were ice and did not touch them, she would be more than mother to them, she so calm, so still, and they such wild and orphan things.

I WALKED OUT of the valley and down the little apron of earth at its entrance. The shore was empty and, after its manner, silent. Sylvie must be up at the point. I thought, I imagined her hiding the boat more securely. That would be a reasonable precaution for her to take, convinced as she was that these woods were peopled. I sat on a log and whistled and tossed stones at the toe of my shoe. I knew why Sylvie felt there were children in the woods. I felt so, too, though I did not think so. I sat on the log, pelting my shoe, because I knew that if I turned however quickly to look behind me the consciousness behind me would not still be there, and would only come closer when I turned away again. Even if it spoke just at my ear, as it seemed often at the point of doing, when I turned there would be nothing there. In that way it was persistent and teasing and ungentle, the way half-wild, lonely children are. This was something my sister and I together would ignore, and I had been avoiding the shore all that fall, because when I was by myself and obviously lonely, too, the teasing would be much more difficult to disregard. Having a sister or a friend is like sitting at night in a lighted house. Those outside can watch you if they want, but you need not see them. You simply say, "Here

"For need can blossom into all the compensations it requires."

are the perimeters of our attention. If you prowl around under the windows till the crickets go silent, we will pull the shades. If you wish us to suffer your envious curiosity, you must permit us not to notice it." Anyone with one solid human bond is that smug, and it is the smugness as much as the comfort and safety that lonely people covet and admire. I had been, so to speak, turned out of house now long enough to have observed this in myself. Now there was neither threshold nor sill between me and these cold, solitary children who almost breathed against my cheek and almost touched my hair. I decided to go back up and wait for Sylvie by the cellar hole, where she could not help but find me.

Daylight had moved up the eastern wall of the valley and shone warmly on the ragged and precipitous stands of black old trees that grew at those altitudes. Down below there was only shadow and a wind that swept along toward the lake just at the level of my knees. The lilacs rattled. The stone step was too cold to be sat upon. It seemed at first that there was no comfort for me here at all, so I jammed my hands in my pockets, pressed my elbows to my sides, and cursed Sylvie in my heart, and that was a relief because it gave me something to think about besides the woods. With effort, I began to think of other things. If I went down into the cellar hole, out of the wind, I could build a fire and be warm. This could not be done easily since the cellar had received the ruins of the old house.

Someone had scavenged there. Most of the shingles had been stripped from the roof, and all in all, the poles and planks that remained seemed much less than the makings of a house. The ridgepole had snapped, no doubt under the weight of snow. That was probably the beginning of the catastrophe, which might then have continued over weeks or years.

YOU MAY HAVE noticed that people in bus stations, if they know you also are alone, will glance at you side-long, with a look that is both piercing and intimate, and if you let them sit beside you, they will tell you long lies about numerous children who are all gone now, and mothers who were beautiful and cruel, and in every case they will tell you that they were abandoned, disappointed, or betrayed—that they should not be alone, that only remarkable events, of the kind one reads in books, could have made their condition so extreme. And that is why, even if the things they say are true, they have the quick eyes and active hands and the passion for meticulous elabora-

tion of people who know they are lying. Because, once alone, it is impossible to believe that one could ever have been otherwise. Loneliness is an absolute discovery. When one looks from inside at a lighted window, or looks from above at the lake, one sees the image of one self in a lighted room, the image of oneself among trees and sky—the deception is obvious, but flattering all the same. When one looks from the darkness into the light, however, one sees all the difference between here and there this and that. Perhaps all unsheltered people are angry in their hearts, and would like to break the roof, spine, and ribs, and smash the windows and flood the floor and spindle the curtains and bloat the couch.

I began pulling loose planks out of the cellar hole, the right corner at the front. They were splintery and full of snagged nails, but I pulled them out and tossed them onto the ground behind me, for all the world as if I had some real purpose or intention. It was difficult work, but I have often noticed that it is almost intolerable to be looked at, to be watched, when one is idle. When one is idle and alone, the embarrassments of loneliness are almost endlessly compounded. So I worked till my hair was damp and my hands were galled and tender, with what must have seemed wild hope, or desperation. I began to imagine myself a rescuer. Children had been sleeping in this fallen house. Soon I would uncover the rain-stiffened hems of their nightshirts, and their small, bone feet, the toes all fallen like petals. Perhaps it was already too late to help. They had lain under the snow through far too many winters, and that was the pity. But to cease to hope would be the final betrayal.

I imagined myself in their place—it was not hard to do this, for the appearance of relative solidity in my grandmother's house was deceptive. It was an impression created by the piano, and the scrolled couch, and the bookcases full of almanacs and Kipling and Defoe. For all the appearance these things gave of substance and solidity, they might better be considered a dangerous weight on a frail structure. I could easily imagine the piano crashing to the cellar floor with a thrum of all its strings. And then, too, our house should not have had a second story, for, if it fell while we were sleeping, we would plummet disastrously through the dark, knowing no more perhaps than that our dreams were suddenly, terribly and suddenly gone. A small house was better. It broke gracefully, like some ripe pod or shell. And despite the stories I made up to myself, I knew there were no children trapped in this meager ruin. They were light and spare

nd thoroughly used to the cold, and it was almost a joke to them to be cast out into the woods, even if their eyes were gone and their feet were broken. It is better to have nothing, or at last even our bones will fall. It is better to have nothing.

I sat down on the grass, which was stiff with the cold, and I put my hands over my face, and I let my skin tighten, and let the chills run in ripples, like breezy water, between my shoulder blades and up my neck. I let the numbing grass touch my ankles. I thought, Sylvie is nowhere, and sometime it will be dark. I thought, Let them come unhouse me of this flesh, and pry this house apart. It was no shelter now, it only kept me here alone, and I would rather be with them, if only to see them, even if they turned away from me. If I could see my mother, it would not have to be her eyes, her hair. I would not need to touch her sleeve. There was no more the stoop of her high shoulders. The lake had taken that, I knew. It was so very long since the dark had wum her hair, and there was nothing more to dream of, but often she almost slipped through my door I saw from the side of my eye, and it was she, and not changed, and not perished. She was a music I no longer heard, that rang in my mind, itself and nothing else, lost to all sense, but not perished, not perished.

SYLVIE PUT HER hand on my back. She had knelt on the grass beside me and I had not noticed. She looked into my face and said nothing at all. She opened her coat and closed it around me, bundling me awkwardly against her so that my cheekbone pillowed on her breastbone. She swayed us to some slow song she did not sing, and I stayed very still against her and hid the awkwardness and discomfort so that she would continue to hold me and sway.

For some reason the inside of Sylvie's coat smelled of camphor. The smell was pleasant enough, like cedar pitch or incense, curative and elegiac. Her dress was of a staunch, dry-textured cotton, and over it she wore an orlon sweater. The dress was surely brown or green, the sweater pink or yellow, but I could not see. I crouched low enough so that Sylvie's coat prevented even the seep of light through my eyelids. I said, "I didn't see them. I couldn't see them."

"I know, I know," she said. That was the song she rocked me to. I know, I know, I know. She crooned, "Another time, another time."

When we got up to leave, Sylvie slipped her coat off and put it on me. She buttoned it up,

bottom to top, and pulled the wide man's collar up around my ears, and then she put her arms around my shoulders and led me down to the shore with such solicitude, as if I were blind, as if I might fall. I could feel the pleasure she took in my dependency, and more than once she stooped to look into my face. Her expression was intent and absorbed. There was nothing of distance or civility in it. It was as if she were studying her own face in a mirror. I was angry that she had left me for so long, and that she did not ask pardon or explain, and that by abandoning me she had assumed the power to bestow such a richness of grace. For in fact I wore her coat like beatitude, and her arms around me were as heartening as mercy, and I would say nothing that might make her loosen her grasp or take one step away.

The boat was already in the water, bobbing about at the end of a short rope that Sylvie had weighted down with a stone. She pulled it in and turned it so that I could step over the gunwale without getting my feet wet.

It was evening. The sky glowed like a candled egg. The water was a translucent gray, and the waves were as high as they could be without breaking. I lay down on my side in the bottom of the boat, and rested my arms and my head on the splintery plank seat. Sylvie climbed in and settled herself with a foot on either side of me. She twisted around and pushed us off with an oar, and then she began to reach and pull, reach and pull, with a strength that seemed to have no effort in it. I lay like a seed in a husk. The immense water thunked and thudded beneath my head, and I felt that our survival was owed to our slightness, that we danced through ruinous currents as dry leaves do, and were not capsized because the ruin we rode upon was meant for greater things.

I toyed with the thought that we might capsize. It was the order of the world, after all, that water should pry through the seams of husks, which, pursed and tight as they might be, are only made for breaching. It was the order of the world that the shell should fall away and that I, the nub, the sleeping germ, should swell and expand. Say that water lapped over the gunwales, and I swelled and swelled until I burst Sylvie's coat. Say that the water and I bore the rowboat down to the bottom, and I, miraculously, monstrously, drank water into all my pores until the last black cranny of my brain was a trickle, a spillet. And given that it is in the nature of water to fill and force to repletion and bursting, my skull would bulge preposterously and my back would hunch against the sky and my vastness

"Loneliness is an absolute discovery."

would press my cheek hard and immovably against my knee. Then, presumably, would come parturition in some form, though my first birth had hardly deserved that name, and why should I hope for more from the second? The only true birth would be a final one, which would free us from watery darkness and the thought of watery darkness, but could such a birth be imagined? What is thought, after all, what is dreaming, but swim and flow, and the images they seem to animate? The images are the worst of it. It would be terrible to stand outside in the dark and watch a woman in a lighted room studying her face in a window, and to throw a stone at her, shattering the glass, and then to watch the window knit itself up again and the bright bits of lip and throat and hair piece themselves seamlessly again into that unknown, indifferent woman. It would be terrible to see a shattered mirror heal to show a dreaming woman tucking up her hair. And here we find our great affinity with water, for like reflections on water our thoughts will suffer no changing shock, no permanent displacement. They mock us with their seeming slowness. If they were more substantial—if they had weight and took up space—they would sink or be carried away in the general flux. But they persist, outside the brisk and ruinous energies of the world. I think it must have been my mother's plan to rupture this bright surface, to sail beneath it into very blackness, but here she was, wherever my eyes fell, and behind my eyes, whole and in fragments, a thousand images of one gesture, never dispelled but rising always, inevitably, like a drowned woman.

I slept between Sylvie's feet, and under the reach of her arms, and sometimes one of us spoke, and sometimes one of us answered. There was a pool of water under the hollow of my side, and it was almost warm. "Fingerbone," Sylvie said. I sat up on my heels. My neck was stiff and my arm and hand were asleep. There was a small, sparse scattering of lights on the shore, which was still at a considerable distance, Sylvie had brought us up to the side of the bridge and was working the oars to keep the current from carrying us under it.

I knew the bridge well. It began above the shore, some thirty feet from the edge of the water. I knew the look of its rusted bolts and tarred pilings. The structure was crude, seen from close up, though from any distance its length and the vastness of the lake made it seem fragile and attenuated. Now, in the moonlight, it loomed above us and was very black, as black as charred wood. Of course, among all these pilings and girders the waves slipped

and slapped and trickled, insistent, intimate insinuating, proprietary as rodents in a dark house. Sylvie pulled us a few feet out from the bridge and then we rode in again. "Why are we staying here, Sylvie?" I asked. "Waiting for the train," she said. If I had asked why we were waiting for the train she would have said, To see it, or she would have said, Why not, or, Since we are here anyway, we might as well watch it go by. Our little boat bobbed and wobbled, and I was appalled by the sheer liquidity of the water beneath us. I stepped over the side, where would my foot rest? Water is almost nothing, after all. It is conspicuously different from air only in its tendency to flood and founder and drown, and even that difference may be relative rather than absolute.

SYLVIE PULLED the boat some distance from the bridge. "It shouldn't be long now," she said. The moon was bright but it was behind her, so I could not see her face. There was so much moonlight that it dulled the stars, and there was a slick of light over the whole lake, as far as I could see. In the moonlight the boat was the color of driftwood, just as it was by day. The tarred bridge was blacker than it was by daylight, but only a little. The light made a sort of nimbus around Sylvie. I could see her hair, though not the color of her hair, and her shoulders, and the outline of her arms, and the oars, which continually troubled fragments of achromatic and imageless light. The lights of Fingerbone had begun to go out, but they had added nothing to the sum of light and could subtract nothing from it.

"How much longer?" I asked.

Sylvie said, "Hmmm."

"How much longer?"

Sylvie did not reply. So I sat very quietly, drawing her coat around myself. She began to hum "Irene," so I began to hum it, too. Finally she said, "We'll hear it before we see it. The bridge will tremble." We both sat very quietly. Then we began to sing "Irene." Between darkness and water the wind was as sour as a coin, and I wished utterly to be elsewhere, and that and the moonlight made the world seem very broad. Sylvie had no awareness of time. For her, hours and minutes were the names of trains—we were waiting for the 9:52. Sylvie seemed neither patient nor impatient, just as she seemed neither comfortable nor uncomfortable. She was merely quiet, unless she sang, and still, unless she pulled us outward from the bridge. I hated waiting. If I had one particular complaint, it was that my life seemed

composed entirely of expectation. I expected—an arrival, an explanation, an apology. There had never been one, a fact I could have accepted, were it not true that, just when I had got used to the limits and dimensions of the moment, I was expelled into the next and had to wonder again if any shapes hid in its shadows. That most moments were substantially the same did not detract at all from the possibility that the next moment might be utterly different. And so the ordinary demanded unblinking attention. Any tedious hour might be the last of its kind.

"Sylvie," I said.

She did not answer.

And any present moment was only thinking, and thoughts bear the same relation, in mass and weight, to the darkness they rise from, as reflections do to the water they ride upon, and in the same way they are arbitrary, or merely given. Anyone that leans to look into a pool is the woman in the pool, anyone who looks into our eyes is the image in our eyes, and these things are true without argument, and so our thoughts reflect what passes before them. But there are difficulties. For one, the fall of my grandfather's train into the lake is more vivid in my mind than it would have been if I had seen it (for the mind's eye is not utterly baffled by darkness), and for another, the aceless shape in front of me could as well be my mother herself as Sylvie. I spoke to her by her name Sylvie, and she did not answer. Then how was one to know? And if she were Helen in my sight, how could she not be Helen in fact?

"Sylvie!" I said.

She did not reply.

We had ridden in against the bridge again, and were almost under it when the girders began to hum. She rested the flat of her hand against a piling. The sound grew louder and louder, and there was a trembling through the whole frame. The whole long bridge was as quick and tense as vertebrae, singing with one alarm, and I could not have known by the sound which direction the train would be coming from. She had rested the oars, and we bobbed farther and farther under the bridge. She folded her arms on her knees and buried her face, and she swayed and swayed and swayed, so that the boat tipped a little.

"Helen," I whispered, but she did not reply.

Then the bridge began to rumble and shake as if it would fall. Shock banged and pounded in every joint. I saw a light pass over my head like a meteor, and then I smelled hot, foul, black oil and heard the gnash of wheels along the rails. It was a very long train.

She stood up. The boat wallowed and water

spilled in over our feet. She turned to look behind her. I threw my arms around a piling to steady us. The last of the train passed over our heads and sped away. She combed her fingers through her hair and said something inaudible.

"What did you say?" I shouted.

"Nothing." She gestured at the bridge and the water with upturned hands. She stared out at the moonlit lake, smoothing back her hair, and nothing in her posture suggested that she remembered she was in a boat. If she had stepped over the side, and the skirt of her dress had billowed up around her, and she had lifted her arms and slid through the rifts of moonlight into the wintering lake, I would not have been surprised.

"Sylvie," I said.

And she said, "I probably wouldn't have seen much anyway. They put the lights out so that people can sleep. I was just woodgathering, and all of a sudden it was right there on top of us. And wasn't it loud, though?"

"I wish you'd sit down."

Sylvie sat down and took the oars and pulled us away from the bridge again. "The train must be just about under us here," she said. She leaned over and peered into the water. "Lots of people came in from the hills. It was like the Fourth of July, except that the bunting was black." Sylvie laughed. She shifted around and peered over the other side.

THE WIND was rising, and the boat sat rather heavily in the water, because we were over our shoes in water. I scooped some of it up in my hands and spilled it over the side. Sylvie shook her head. "There is nothing to be afraid of," she said. "Nothing to be worried about. Nothing at all." She dipped her hand into the lake and let the water fall from her fingers. "The lake must be full of people," she said. "I've heard stories all my life." After a minute she laughed. "You can bet there were a lot of people on the train nobody knew about." Her hand trifled with the water as if it were not cold. "I never thought of that as stealing," she said thoughtfully. "You just find yourself an empty place, out of everyone's way—no harm done. No one even knows you're there." She was quiet for a long time. "Everyone rode that train. It was almost new, you know. De luxe. There were chandeliers in the club car. Everyone said they had ridden on it—all my friends. Or their mothers had, or their uncles had. It was famous." She combed and sifted the water with her fingers. "So there must have been a lot of people in the freight cars. Who knows how many. All of them sleeping."

"Anyone that leans to look into a pool is the woman in the pool."

She said, "You never know."

I noticed that my feet disappeared from the ankles into a sheet of moonlight. When Sylvie moved or gestured, the light was crumpled and shadows fell over it, but just then she was lying back against the prow, trailing her hand in the water. It occurred to me to wonder whether all this moonlight together, if it could be seen from the necessary altitude, would make an image of the moon, with shadows for the sockets and the mouth.

"Aren't you cold, Sylvie?" I asked.

"Do you want to go home?"

"All right."

Sylvie took the oars and began to pull us toward Fingerbone. "I can't sleep on a train," she said. "That's something I can't do." The wind was blowing out from the shore, and the current carried us always toward the bridge. She pulled and pulled but, for all I could see, we hardly moved. Fingerbone was extinguished and the bridge pilings were one like another, so I could not be sure. But watching Sylvie seemed very much like dreaming, because the motion was always the same, and was necessary, and arduous, and without issue, and repeated, not as one motion in a series, but as the same motion repeated because here was the mystery, if one could find it. We only seemed to be tethered to the old wreck on the lake floor. It was the wind that made us hover there. It was possible to pass out of the sight of my grandfather's empty eye, though the effort was dreadful. Sylvie rested the oars and folded her arms, and we bobbed away from the shore again.

"Let me try rowing," I said. Sylvie stood up and the boat wallowed. I crawled between her legs.

My left arm has always been stronger than my right. For every two strokes with the oars together I had to take a third with the right oar alone, until I abandoned the idea of staying beside the bridge. To follow the bridge was the quickest way home, or it would have been if any progress had been possible, but as it was I let the current carry us under the bridge and toward the south. The wind was steady and the shore was inaccessible. I rested the oars. Sylvie had folded her arms and laid her head on them. I could hear her humming. She said, "I wish I had some pancakes."

I said, "I wish I had a hamburger."

"I wish I had some beef stew."

"I wish I had a piece of pie."

"I wish I had a mink coat."

"I wish I had an electric blanket."

"Don't sleep, Ruthie. I don't want to sleep."

"Neither do I."

"We'll sing."

"All right."

"Let's think of a song."

"All right."

We were quiet, listening to the wind. "What a day," Sylvie said. She laughed. "I used to know a woman who said that all the time. What a day, what a day. She made it sound so sad."

"Where is she now?"

"Who knows?" Sylvie laughed. The moon was going into eclipse behind a mountain, and the night was turning black. Sylvie had begun to hum to herself a song I did not know, and every moment was like every other, except the sometimes we turned, and sometimes a wave slapped our side.

"We could have tied the boat to the bridge," Sylvie said. "Then we'd have stayed close to town, and we wouldn't have gotten lost."

"Why didn't you do that?"

"It doesn't matter. Do you know 'Sparrow in the Treetop'?"

"I don't feel like singing."

Sylvie patted my knee. "You go to sleep if you want to," she said. "It won't make any difference."

AS IT HAPPENED, as the sun rose we were near the west shore of the lake and still within sight of the bridge. Sylvie rowed us in, and we beached the boat and climbed up to the highway and walked to the railroad. I dozed on the rock while Sylvie watched for an eastbound train. A freight came after a long time, and it slowed so cautiously for the bridge that we clambered into a boxcar without much difficulty. It was half full of wooden crates and smelled of oil and straw. There was an old Indian woman sitting in the corner with her knees drawn up and her arms between her knees. Her skin was very dark except for an albino patch on her forehead that gave her a tuft of colorless hair and one white brow. She was wrapped in a dusty purple shawl that was fringed like a piano scarf. She sucked on the fringe and watched us.

Sylvie stood in the door, looking out over the lake. "It's pretty today," she said. Portly white clouds, bellied like cherubs, sailed across the sky, and the sky and the lake were an elegant azure. One can imagine that, at the apex of the Flood, when the globe was a ball of water, came the day of divine relenting, when Noah's wife must have opened the shutter upon a morning designed to reflect an enormous good nature. We can imagine that the Deluge rippled and glistened, and that the clouds, under an altered dispensation, were

urely ornamental. True, the waters were full of people—we knew the story from our childhood. The lady at her window might have been a mother and the men might have been fathers, but the dogs seemed not to hear. Down the whole length of the street we were encircled by frenzied mongrels who made passes at our ankles. I modeled my indifference on Sylvie's.

When we were at home finally, Sylvie made a fire and we sat by the stove. Sylvie found graham crackers and Cheerios, but we were too tired to eat, so she patted my head and went off to her room to lie down. I was almost asleep, or I was asleep, when Lucille came into the kitchen and sat down in Sylvie's chair. She did not say anything. She pulled up one foot to retie a sneaker and looked around the kitchen, and then she said, "I wish you'd take off that coat."

"My clothes are wet."

"You should change your clothes."

I was too tired to move. She brought some wood from the porch and dropped it into the stove.

"It doesn't matter," Lucille said. "Where have you been?"

Now, I would have told Lucille, and I meant to tell her, as soon as I composed my thoughts. I began to say, To the lake, and To the bridge, but I felt warmly that Lucille deserved a better answer. I wished very much, in fact, to tell Lucille exactly where I had been, and it was precisely my sense of the importance of telling her this that put me to sleep. For I dreamed and dreamed that Sylvie and I were drifting in the dark, and did not know where we were, or that Sylvie knew and would not tell me. I dreamed that the bridge was a chute into the lake and that, one after another, handsome trains slid into the water without even troubling the surface. I dreamed that the bridge was the frame of a charred house, and that Sylvie and I were looking for the children who lived there, and though we heard them we could never find them. I dreamed that Sylvie was teaching me to walk under water. To move so slowly needed patience and grace, but she pulled me after her in the slowest waltz, and our clothes flew like the robes of painted angels.

It seemed Lucille was talking to me. I think she said that I need not stay with Sylvie. I believe she mentioned my comfort. She was pinching a crease into the loose denim at the knee of her jeans, and her brow was contracted and her eyes were calm, and I am sure that she spoke to me in all sober kindness, but I could not hear a word she said.

"Looking out at the lake one could believe that the Flood had never ended."

The old woman in the corner looked at me sidelong, steadily. She stuck a long finger into her mouth to feel a tooth. Then she said, "She's gettin' grown."

Sylvie replied, "She's a good girl."

"Like you always said." The woman winked at me.

So we sailed above the water rickety click onto Fingerbone, and Sylvie and I climbed down in the freight yard.

And then we walked home. Our dishevelment was considerable. But the ruin of my clothes was entirely concealed by Sylvie's coat, which hung beyond my fingertips in the sleeves, and to within an inch of my ankles. Sylvie combed back her hair with her fingers, and then hugged her ribs and assumed an expression of injured dignity. "Don't mind if they stare," she said.

We walked through town. Sylvie fixed her gaze six inches above eye level, but in fact none stared, though many people glanced at us, and then glanced a second time. At the drugstore we passed Lucille and her friends, though Sylvie seemed not to notice. Lucille was dressed like all the others in a sweatshirt and sneakers and rolled-up jeans, and she looked after us, her hands stuck in her hip pockets. I thought I should not draw attention to myself, knowing the importance that Lucille now placed upon appearances, so I simply walked on, as if unaware that she saw me.

It was a relief when we came to Sycamore Street, though the dogs all ran off the porches with their ears laid back and barked and nipped at us with a ferocity that I had never seen. "Ignore them," Sylvie said. She picked

up a stone. That seemed to excite them. People came out on their porches and shouted "Here, Jeff," and "Come on home, Brutus," but the dogs seemed not to hear. Down the whole length of the street we were encircled by frenzied mongrels who made passes at our ankles. I modeled my indifference on Sylvie's.

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HARPER'S
FEBRUARY 1981

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

Political Science

One of the tightly guarded secrets of political science is the fact that it is possible to judge the performance of a president of the United States by his shirt collar. The rule is: the higher his collar, the deeper his troubles. Today Ronald Reagan, a happy and victorious man, wears a very low collar of a type known as Times-Mirror Square, showing the complete set of Adam's apple and wattles, along with a Windsor-knot tie and Alan Ladd jackets in which the distance from the neck to the end of the shoulder pad is greater than the length of the arm.



Jimmy Carter started out the same way. For his first TV speech in the White House he wore a low-necked shirt and a cardigan sweater.

Late in 1979, his advisers began to insist that he try to look more "presidential." They put him into his first pin-collar shirt for his acceptance speech at the Democratic National Convention. By the last week of the campaign his teeth were getting caught in his neckband during speeches. He lost the election by the biggest margin of any incumbent in the history of the office.



Lyndon Johnson's fate was similar. In 1964 Johnson wore low warp-point collars and the occasional Western jacket and defeated Barry Goldwater so badly that some spoke of the end of the Republican party.

Late in 1967, as the news from Vietnam grew grim, Johnson's advisers thought he should look more like the Defender of the Free World. They put him in tab collars that grew higher and higher until by 1968 his head looked like a blob of Crest toothpaste popping out of its plastic neck.



In March of that year, Johnson announced that he would not seek reelection.

Likewise, when Gerald Ford became president in 1974, he had the confident, securely somnolent air and low collar of a Leonid Brezhnev.

In 1975 his advisers put him in medium-spread collars held up by long plastic stays. This type of collar makes it necessary for the wearer to tighten the knot of his tie frequently.

In Ford's case this cut off circulation to the carotid artery; he often fell down in public during his last year in office, and lost the election to Jimmy Carter.



So, if by 1984 Ronald Reagan looks like this:



seek shelter.

COLONIAL LEXICON

redefining "Oxford"

by Hugh Kenner

Oxford American Dictionary, edited by Eugene Ehrlich, Stuart Berg Flexner, Gorton Carruth, and Joyce Kilmer. 816 pages. Oxford University Press, \$14.95.

THE SEA, WE KNOW, is wine-dark, but how do we know it? That most familiar of Homeric phrases turns out to be a lexicographers' fiction. *Epi oinoi ponton*, says the Greek, "upon the [something] sea." Unriddling the middle word was patient work for many decades of scholarship, and entailed at least five crucial decisions:

(1) It is a Greek word, not merely a Greek effort to spell some word the Greek poets inherited from pre-Greek peoples. (2) It can therefore be dissected into Greek components, *oinos*, "wine," and *ops*, "face" or "appearance." (3) In saying "with the look of wine," the word points to wine's color, not, for instance, to its sparkle. (4) We are to think of a "red" wine, not a white. (5) The salient quality of this wine's color is *darkness*.

Each decision on this list can be challenged. We trust a shaky card-house indeed when we try to read what no speaker is alive to set us straight about. The Reverend Henry Liddell and his collaborator, the Reverend Henry Scott, were the first to put English "wine" next to English "dark," a deed recorded in their *Greek-English Lexicon*, published in 1843, early in the great age of scientific dictionaries. Like other coinages of their "rosy-fingered," "ox-eyed"), it soon became part of Victorian writers' vo-

cabularies,* and of everybody's solemn thrills at the mention of ancient Greece. We may want to rank Liddell and Scott among the more influential creators of our ancestors' fictions, and savor the friendship of Dean Liddell's daughter Alice with her father's Oxford colleague "Lewis Carroll," one of whose durable imaginings was a fragile Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall and explained the meaning of words. That order of explaining has been an Oxford specialty.

Intricate, precarious guesswork, by contrast, was not exacted from the

* Within twelve years "wine-dark" found its way into a novel called *Westward Ho!* A decade more, and it was a classy way to name the color of a marquise's dress.

team that has just finished the *Oxford American Dictionary*. This is not a dictionary of Americanisms but a dictionary for Americans if they want one, and like all lexicons of spoken tongues it purports to tell us about matters we can check for ourselves. Unlike Homer's Greek, which you'll not hear even in Athens, "American" buzzes right here, and we may envisage editors—three of the chief four American—who had only to open a window and let their ears wag.

crazy (kraz-ee) *adj.* (-zi-er, -zi-est) 1. insane 2. very foolish, not sensible, *this crazy plan* **craz'i-ly** *adv.* **craz'i-ness** *n.* **crazy quilt**, a quilt made from pieces of fabric of many colors, sizes, and shapes **like crazy**, (*informal*) like mad, very much

Observe several strengths: the accessible typography, the non-sense phonetic respelling, the adroit italicized example, the openness to spoken idiom ("like crazy"), the willingness to tag this "informal." But then wonder how the still commoner "crazy about" got missed, and end by reflecting on the plight of a user whose reading has turned up the phrase "crazed porcelain." That reader, the most likely consultant of this page one can imagine, will find no help either in the "crazy" entry or in any adjacent one. (For "crazed" we get only "driven insane, *crazed with grief*.")

But one thing "crazed" can not uncommonly mean is "covered with a pattern of fine cracks," and why is that information missing? I don't know the official answer, since neither in the prefatory matter nor anywhere in the copious reviewers' press kit is there anything about principles of inclusion. Still, phrases like "not intended to be comprehensive" lead one to speculate that someone may have thought



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crazed = cracked altogether too unusual for inclusion. Ask the first one hundred passersby about "crazed" and your chances of hearing "cracked" are vanishingly small.

But in representing only the most likely senses, have not the editors produced a handsome listing of all that is least likely to be looked up? If so, history is being repeated as farce, since it took centuries for lexicographers to confront common words at all.

THE FIRST "dictionaries" were simply Renaissance lists of hard words, deemed worthy of attention because they were uncommon. Common knowledge took care of the rest. Samuel Johnson's great work of 1755 dutifully wrestled with such elements as *cow* and *poker* ("The iron bar with which men stir the fire"), but remained heavy on entries like *assuefaction*, *minorate*, and *inpassation*. It was left for the great *Oxford English Dictionary*, the *OED* of 1884-1928, to dispose of *antidicomarian* in four crisp lines and devote twenty-three heroic, labyrinthine pages to the verb *set*.

Rare words are the easiest to define, their senses being technical and specific. Readers of William F. Buckley who seek the *Oxford American's* help with *irenec* may reflect that the definition would have been as easy to write as it is to understand: "tending toward or promoting peace." (The editors were even brisker with another Buckley favorite, *eschatological*, which they dealt with by leaving it out.) *Crazy*, being more used and having more uses, is harder. *Set*, with its myriad idiomatic functions* and its prepositional compounds (*set out*, *set by*, *set in*) is virtually impossible.

The *Oxford American* does a clean job with *set*, making nothing harder than you thought it was going to be. Its nineteen senses for the verb include things people do with a broken bone, with hair, with type. There are seven more for the noun (a tennis set, a TV set, a stage set) and three for the adjective. For a bonus we're enjoined against confusing *set* with *sit*. Seekers are conceivable who might want any of the senses, and many who stand in

need of the injunction.

And whether you have a practical need or not, the list repays browsing. It performs one of the most bracing services of a dictionary, placing you for a moment outside a familiar node of the language, to ponder its workings with clarifying detachment. Why we say *set fire* to is something we may never wonder till we see it under the second main sense of *set*, "to put in contact with," and reflect that indeed the flame gets touched to the paper.

Such clarifications get muffled in the great *OED*, one ambition of whose makers was to be absolutely comprehensive. There *set* promised trouble as early as 1881, when James Murray, the chief editor, came to doubt if the language contained a more perplexing word. An assistant had already spent forty hours on it, and Murray anticipated forty hours more. *Set* (the verb) was completed more than three decades later, and the time its final arrangement took Murray's chief associate, Henry Bradley, was something like forty days, in the course of which he improvised twelve main classes with no fewer than 154 subdivisions, the last of which (*set up*) required forty-four further sub-subdivisions.

The result, a treatise two-thirds as long as *Paradise Lost*, is from most points of view a triumph of ingenious uselessness, reminiscent of Yeats's *A Vision* in being nearly impenetrable through sheer complexity of classification. Someone who had heard of hunters "setting" to fowl would toil long and hard through these columns en route to his quarry, low down in the final clause of #110: "*set*: to get within shooting distance by water."

Nor was *set* unique. In 1895-96 *do* occupied Murray himself off and on from Christmas till the end of June, though when he finished the *D's* on Christmas Eve, 1896, he exemplified the Law of the Ease of Hard Words by polishing off *Dziggetai* while his wife watched. In 1909 a visitor to the office reported every surface in sight snowed under with *put*. Browsers in his granddaughter K. M. Elisabeth Murray's *Caught in the Web of Words* (1977), one of the most endearing biographies in the language, may read the letter that begs a friend to realize what the entries for *penguin* and *pelican* cost: "I could have written two books with less labour."

PENGUIN seems to have given the *Oxford American* no trouble at all: "a seabird of the Antarctic and nearby region, with webbed feet and wings developed into flippers used for swimming. Murray's agonies stemmed from the need to ascertain whether the bird, which the word was first applied (as by whom?) was the same one we now think of. Like Liddell and Scott with their almost wholly conjectural "win dark," he was wandering the imperfectly documented mazes to which I was condemned by the *OED's* cardinal principle, resolute historicity. His earliest "penguin" example dates from 1578 and seems, as he notes warily, have pertained to the Great Auk. The *OAD* has life much easier in starting from Now. It has only to state what *penguin* means to us, and everybody knows that.

Or what *crazy* means now, at we've noted a problem with *crazy*, namely that its applicability to porcelain can drop out. But turn to fair-sized "collegiate" dictionary, such as the 1978 printing of *Webster's New World*—the one I happen to have at hand—and you will find "1. having flaws or cracks; shaky or rickety; unsound. 2. unsound of mind..."; the unpretentious work arranges meaning in order of etymological development, and *crazy* is related to *cracked*, and *cracked* was what it first meant. The crack-pated sense came later.

Here we may discern the unadorned cardinal principle of the *OAD*: a total repudiation of the idea that dominated lexicography from 1811 (Passow, a German) until quite recently: that the meanings of words unfold from a root sense, still obscurely alive in the remotest application. *Arrive* is related to *river*, something with banks, and to *Riviera*, the Mediterranean's shore; when you arrived you came by water, and reached land with a relief still present in the most casual use of the word, which seems never to connote reaching a *unwelcome* destination. "He has arrived," they said of the peanut farmer when he became governor of Georgia as though, like a tenth-century seafarer come to shore, he had left featureless coping at last behind him.

This principle, pertinent to Darwin's century, which felt that you understood man better for grasping his

*E.g., "resting," used of a rabbit: "rung so hard it pauses inverted," used of a bell. Neither is in the *OAD*.

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simian origins, wholly dominated the *OED*, which commenced its dealings with each word about A.D. 1150 if possible and did not mind if the earliest senses it cited were long since obsolete. It persists in most of the dictionaries you can buy, which, however perfunctory about etymologies, still follow the guide of origins in ordering their definitions.

But the *OAD* starts with the sense judged most current. "*Art*: 1. the production of something beautiful..." Never mind that "art" for centuries had nothing to do with the gallery, simply with human creativity as distinguished from the workings of nature, a sense *Webster's New World* follows history in placing first. *WNW* gets around to "beauty" by sense 5. The primal meaning enters the *OAD* as though by afterthought, in sense 3 (of three)—"any practical skill, a knack"—and would not enter at all, not even debased to a knack, were it not for usages like "the art of sailing." What you'll find first in the *OAD* is what anybody—Archie Bunker?—thinks of first, hence such clunkers as *poem*: "a literary composition in verse, especially one expressing deep feeling or noble thought in an imaginative way." These requirements—verse, depth, nobility—are hopelessly entailed in boozey sentiment. "An arrangement of words," commences *WNW*, remembering Gk. *poein*, "to make," and putting the emphasis where it still belongs.

Poem displays *OAD* at its weakest, its populist base being shakiest. Turn to something the folk are at home with, and behold admirable economy. "*Pop* (n.) 1. a small sharp explosive sound. 2. a carbonated drink." And for "*Pop* (v.), . . . 3. to put quickly or suddenly, *pop it in the oven*. 4. to come or go quickly or suddenly or unexpectedly, *popped out for coffee*"; also *pop fly*, *pop off*, *pop out*, *pop the question*. A second *pop* (n.) is (*informal*) father, and *pop* (adj.) leads into *pop music*, top of the pops, *pop group*, *pop festival*, *pop art*.

Pop art is "a style of art that relies on images in posters and comic strips," which doesn't essay metaphysics but states an essential. At its best the *OAD*'s strength is in seizing gists. "*Poker*, a stiff metal rod for poking a fire," would rival Johnson save for the inelegance of *poker/poke* (Johnson's verb was "stir"). "*Horse*, a four-

legged animal with a flowing mane and tail, used for riding on or to carry loads or pull wagons, etc." is at a rhythmic but not a semantic disadvantage beside Johnson's "A neighing quadruped, used in war, and draught and carriage."

Yes, Johnson is the model to evoke, the one great lexicographer whose work preceded the dominance of etymologies, and who therefore confronted, like the *OAD*, the challenge of stating not the word's origin but what it meant. So, for *poetess* he wrote "a she poet." He spoke for a time when a poet's sex could cue eyebrows. In a later time, *poetess* appears in the *OAD* as *fem. of poet*, chaperoned by a caution: "Many regard the word *poetess* as objectionable and prefer to use *poet* for women as well as for men." This would have pleased Marianne Moore, who was also pleased by Johnson's biscuit-plainness.

Much of the *OAD* would have pleased her too. *Red* is "the color of blood." *Post* (2.) is "the place where a soldier is on watch." *Lost* is "strayed or separated from its owner." *Orgy* is "a wild drunken party." Such concision can do nobody anything but good; the *WNW*'s "any wild, riotous, licentious merrymaking; debauchery" brings nothing so specific before the mind. (*Orgy* was not yet English in Johnson's time; in checking I noticed *orgasm*, for which he gives only "a sudden vehemence.")

THE *OAD* might help teenagers learn to talk straight, might also greatly assist non-native speakers, might—alas, that's all I can think of. Of course it will confirm spellings, but any paperback wordlist will do that. Most of what is in it, if you're alive now, you know, though you may not know it with such concise forthrightness. Not only is etymological arrangement abandoned, there are no etymologies whatever. Not only is *crazy* (cracked) absent, so are numerous still more demotic usages. *Gee* is here but not *haw*, *crap* is defined only of dice, *folies* receives no showbiz inflection, *bed* (v.) is accorded no sexual overtone (likewise *tail* and *piece*, and the *do* entry omits *do it*).

Numerous hobby terminologies are ignored. *Bindings* have no ski con-

notations. *Audiophiles* are present, but bereft of their special intentions for *distortion* and *frequency response*. There are no *sine waves* or *squaw waves*, and the entry for *audio frequency* is utterly wrong (it says, "between 15,000 and 20,000 cycles per second"; the first figure should be merely 20). *Hang gliders* made it, a golfer is authorized to *birdie*, but surfers can't *hang ten*, and you can't *dribble* a ball but not be a *cager*.

By way of perfunctory Americanism, every president is included, even state, every state capital, though you would look up *Iowa* in a book that says only "a state of the U.S."—someone I can't imagine. There's Winston Churchill (inclusion requires an American passport) and no William Shakespeare, though *Shakespearean* is present, mysteriously defined as "of Shakespeare."

There is no *aardvark*, but for some reason a *peccary*.

None of which is surprising. This seems a provisional job, chiefly an effort to sell books, partly a first attempt since 1755 to base a dictionary boasting prestige of sponsorship on a principle save the historical. The straightness of many definitions deserves commendation. So, as far as they go (not far), do the notes on usage, though empiricism deprives them of their potential bite. You might rebuke the floating "hopefully" on historical grounds, but these are accessible when you have abandoned history. The best that can be managed is a flaccid appeal to the verifiability of a linguistic fact but a forensic "Many people regard the second use ['it is to be hoped'] as unacceptable." So they do, yes, so they do, and some are vocal; and John Simon (bless him) will get you if you don't watch out.

Most misusers of "hopefully" prattle out of range of Simon; for though the *OAD*'s sanctions are as futile as Emily Post's. Piping its puppydog maintenance of standards ("Careful writers avoid *back of* in the sense of *behind*") with nothing discernible back of its gestures save a hope of avoiding the abuse that got heated in *Webster's Third* (1961), the *OAD*, for all its virtues, would have made St. James Murray weep. The most important word it has redefined, it would have thought, is "Oxford."

MONUMENTAL TRIVIALIST

Rutgers Fitzgerald

by Seymour Krim

IT'S SAD TO SAY IT, but Frank MacShane's new biography of John O'Hara (*The Life of John O'Hara**) is a hell of a lot more interesting than today, and makes a better novel, in practically all the fourteen novels O'Hara ever wrote. No seemingly mainstream American fiction writer has ever died with such suddenness that he now seems more like an artifact than an artist. Mr. MacShane happens to be a very decent, compassionate bloke, as he proved in his last study of another unhappy American writer, *The Life of Raymond Chandler* (1976), and one can trust his honorable intentions when he says in the preface to his new book that his purpose "is to renew interest in O'Hara's work through a look at his life." But what it will do for most of us is confirm the fact that Jack O'Hara was a more unsavory and driven character than anything in his fictional shooting gallery, including the classic bastards in his short stories.

What went wrong with the bulk of O'Hara's "mature" novels, why do they make us groan when we see the titles on the bookshelf—*Ourselves to Know*, *The Big Laugh*, *Elizabeth Appleton*, *The Clockwork Concern*, *The Instrument*, *My Childs: A Philadelphian's Story*,—and imagine taking them down with a nostalgic curl-up? The simple truth is that they are uninspired dead-end, with a vengeance. By the time O'Hara wrote them O'Hara had become a compulsive writer, determined to bring out a book a year, and the prose could have been a Stock Exchange listing for the passion it contained. For the last fifteen years of his life, until he died in 1970 at the comparatively young age of sixty-five, he replaced thinking with staying up all night

racing the keys of his Remington Noiseless. The results were mechanical, frozen panic, dressed up as fiction.

But even before this final descent into the hammerlock of his obsession with production for its own sake, his self-designated role as a "chronicler of American life," "a social historian," and "a latter-day secretary to society" caused him to pad his big books with slab on slab of exhibitionistic detail that an earlier O'Hara would have thumbed his nose at. Mr. MacShane rightfully considers the best of these inflated monsters to be *From the Terrace* (1,088 pages in paperback!), but he is fair enough to quote the lines from an Alfred Kazin review in 1955 that sum up our almost physical recoil from the book now. "We are deluged, suffocated, drowned," wrote Kazin, "in facts, facts, facts." It is true enough: in the silence of his long Princeton, New Jersey exile, where O'Hara spent the last twenty years of his life as a synthetic country squire, the reverse

snobbery of the ex-newspaperman, who thought rifling *Who's Who* and the *Yale Yearbook* was the height of veracity, became a kind of mania. In a peculiar but perhaps inevitable parody of American technology, O'Hara got as close to becoming a duplicating machine as it's possible to get to keep his ghosts at bay.

These ghosts are what fascinate us in the man because they are sad ghosts of America itself; and when the young O'Hara let them out in early works like *Appointment in Samarra* and *Butterfield 8* we knew that a genuine victim of this acutely class-conscious, putatively classless society of ours was speaking from real hurts and envies shared by others. In one man's opinion, these early novels were O'Hara's freshest and most original, but even they are '30s period pieces today, flaunting an ear for dialogue that is no longer spoken: "screw, bum," "can that stuff," "perfectly vile," or this little,

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* Published by E. P. Dutton, 274 pages, \$9.95.

dated bit of O'Hara preening from *Butterfield 8*: "I never saw a Phi Beta Kappa wear a wristwatch." O'Hara exaggerated the externals of American life because he personally was so smitten by them, and this is surely one reason why his reputation has shrunk to a husk of what it once was. But it is to Mr. MacShane's credit that he patiently makes us understand the class distinctions and social demons that tormented O'Hara into becoming a monumental trivialist.

FIRST, consider another American Irishman who was born only a year before O'Hara, in 1904—James T. Farrell. Farrell never went to dancing school or had a father who was a successful surgeon, as did "The Doctor's Son" (the title piece of O'Hara's first book of short stories). He saw society from the gray-brick prison of the Chicago Irish ghetto, and even though he might be said to have endlessly counted those bricks in the tedium and drabness of his later books, he never lost his bearings. His fight was defined for him early on. He did not suffer from what we are accustomed to call "identity problems," even when he ran out of gas as a literary engine.

But O'Hara was an Irishman of another, more subtle, kind of pride—and sometimes total lack of pride—who was scarred at a very early age by a small-town social discrimination that came down very hard on even the comfortable Irish Catholic minority. The town was Pottsville, Pennsylvania (called Gibbsville in the novels and stories), a little burg of 25,000 inhabitants in the coal-mining region of the northeastern part of the state. By the time O'Hara came on the scene, the first of eight children born to Dr. Patrick O'Hara and the former Katharine Delaney, Pottsville had barely healed the acute "social, religious and economic hatreds," in MacShane's words, that had split it in the 1870s and 1880s.

Still at the bottom of the heap were the immigrant miners, many of them Irishmen, who had fought the exploitation of the coal operators with violence—this is where America's own "Molly Maguires" came from, and they were hanged by the dozens in Pottsville—and at the top were the "nobs," the Protestant families who controlled

the banks, the railroads, the canals, and had the old money. O'Hara's people were in the solid middle, his father was chief resident surgeon at the local hospital, and his family lived on posh Mahantongo Street (called *Lantenengo* in *Appointment in Samarra*), but it was soon made clear to the young John that he could never be a nob or even a son of a nob.

"They" sent their children to Yale and Wellesley and Princeton and Bryn Mawr; "they" traveled to Europe and had summer places on Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod. ("They" also lived on the upper reaches of Mahantongo Street, while O'Hara's family, naturally, lived in the middle.) Instead of Yale, which was to become a pathetic obsession with him for the rest of his life, the young O'Hara was kicked out of three Catholic prep schools and never made it to college. And instead of Martha's Vineyard and Europe, the big summer events in O'Hara's teenage life were picking up mill girls in Pottsville and getting into fistfights at the Schuylkill Country Club. He was an outsider from the start, but close enough to the nobs through sheer proximity to be able to imitate their dress, manners, and lingo and finally to end his days in Princeton as a bogus nob himself.

Was it his ambiguous position—the tough mick who was as fastidious as a movie butler about knowing the difference between a salad fork and a fish fork—that made him such a virtuoso mimic and microscopic observer in his early work? Probably. He seemed to develop his sharp eye and even sharper ear as weapons to protect his own vulnerable skin. He and his self-made, iron-pants father had grim physical confrontations during the growing-up years, and by the time he was in his twenties O'Hara had already earned a reputation for himself as a drinker and a brawler; yet there was something almost girlish in his knowledge of what a hemline should look like and of what kind of pumps were to be worn at a tea dance. It was as if the Pottsville swells hadn't so much civilized this jug-eared rough boy as daintified him, like manicuring a bulldog's toenails.

But, as Mr. MacShane shows us, it was just this gloss that made him so attractive to the New York scribbling stars of the late '20s (F. P. Adams, Stanley Walker, Heywood Brown, Rich-

ard Watts, Wolcott Gibbs, etc.) who the precocious twenty-three-year-old lo Pottsville behind him for good and stormed the one and only Tiffany tower for a dandy of his tastes. Even though, in later years he hid smugly behind the mask of "ex-newspaperman" when his work got faulted for one literary reason or another, the truth was that O'Hara had already chalked up a loud (and lazy) track record as a reporter on the *Pottsville Journal* and the news by *Tamaqua Record* before he reached Manhattan. He wasn't to do much better in successive jobs on the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Daily Mirror*, and the youthful *Time* magazine, but it didn't seem to really matter. He was stylish and outrageous enough to win an immediate following—once smuggled a girl disguised as a man into the Yale Club bar and wrote a story about it—and for a while it seemed to be that rare thing, a first-rate man's man and ladies' man as well. He could drink, dance, fight, pick up a sleeping companion, and turn out sharp, funny sketch practically all the same day. As he later cutely put it—about part of his pizzazz anyway—"I can write faster than anyone who can write better, and better than anyone who can write faster."*

It was *The New Yorker*, of course, that came through for O'Hara, although he and editor-founder Harold Ross never really got along and didn't speak for the last years of Ross's life (he died in 1951). The timing was right. The magazine was only three years old when O'Hara hit New York, and he and Ross had one big thing in common: they were both self-educated hicks who were pop-eyed enough about the big town to be fascinated by all the minutiae that the natives took for granted; and they both had a yen for the rich and powerful. This O'Hara found a short-piece home for the next four decades (although he boycotted *The New Yorker* for 10 years because of hurt feelings), and today there is every good reason to think that this is where he did the work that has the best chance of surviving. Stories like "Where's the Game?" "Are We Leaving Tomorrow?" and "A Respectable Place" give the nasty, vintage O'Hara vision in less than 3,000 unbeautiful words. The

*The phrase is also attributed to A. Liebling; who stole what from whom?

e written with a casual shrug, so to speak, which makes them all the more effective than the dreary marathons he tried to when he left New York for the soft suburbs.

O'Hara was not a pleasant man during those successful Manhattan and hutting back and forth) Hollywood years—roughly 1930 to 1945; that st, gallant impression had faded fast. e was Mr. Drunk-and-Insulting at ch places as the 21 Club and the town Derby, he beat up women in public, he boasted about getting the ap, and his self-destructive urges early showed in his favorite stunt of tting on the edge of a penthouse window and dangling one leg over the reet. But he was more alive even hen snotty and out of control than ever was later on, when he fancied mself some kind of American Trolpe and lusted after honorary degrees id even the Nobel prize ("I am the st novelist of my generation and derive it"). Before the end of this high-illing period, which was capped by e success of *Pal Joey* on Broadway, e also participated as abrasive but idefensive friend for the last time ith some of the liveliest writers of s generation: William Saroyan, Clifrd Odets, Budd Schulberg, and John einbeck.

FROM THE END of World War II to the end of his own private war, O'Hara increasingly cut himself off from almost all e contemporaries except those who attended him. Starved for respect and approval, despite the fact that his worst ovels were beginning to make a lot f money, he wrote fawning letters to rich as Lionel Trilling after the latter ave him a good review on one of the mall-selling but better-written collections of short stories, *Pipe Night*. He lso basked in the occasional approval oming from an over-the-hill Ernest emingway, and with a shameless mixture of loyalty and bootlicking paid lemingway back by beginning a *New ork Times* review of Papa's most eble novel this way: "The most important author living today, the out-standing author since the death of hakespeare, has brought out a new ovel. The title of the novel is *Across he River and Into the Trees*."

These egregious tactics couldn't work

with William Faulkner, however. It was Faulkner who nailed O'Hara right where he lived and hung the phrase on him that still echoes for us today: "a Rutgers Scott Fitzgerald." As Mr. MacShane tells it, Faulkner was in New York in 1950 on his way to Stockholm to collect his Nobel prize, Bennett Cerf, who published both Faulkner and O'Hara at Random House, gave a dinner party for Faulkner to which he invited O'Hara and his second wife. At some point Faulkner needed a light for his cigarette and O'Hara whipped out his gold lighter. Faulkner "commented on the hand-someness of the lighter" and O'Hara, right then and there, in what seemed like an act of high generosity, gave it to him, saying: "Phil Barry [the playwright] gave it to me and I'd like you to have it." Faulkner apparently took the lighter with a minimum of fanfare and put it in his pocket.

But O'Hara was furious. Although Mr. MacShane doesn't say so, O'Hara was a sentimentalist who could turn vicious and childish if he didn't have his way. Philip Barry was recently dead, and O'Hara wanted Faulkner to appreciate publicly the symbolic link involved in the passing on of the lighter. Faulkner, naturally enough, had other, deeper fish to fry than this fraternity game of weepy brotherhood, and refused to write O'Hara a note of thanks when Bennett Cerf pressed him. "I didn't want his lighter," Faulkner said. "I didn't ask him for his lighter. Why should I write him a letter?"

FAULKNER'S REMARK about what kind of Scott Fitzgerald O'Hara turned out to be sums up in a thimble so much that was second-rate about the Pottsville Flash. (Nor is this intended, perish the thought, as a knock at Rutgers; let's just say that it never pretended to Princeton style, and the kind of extravagant flair Faulkner was getting at is much better suited to its Ivy League neighbor twenty miles to the west.) Where Fitzgerald had been known to strip the Brooks Brothers shirt off his back and give it away with a happy smile, O'Hara was enough of a jigger-measuring materialist to want something in exchange for the grand gesture. His impulses were poetic, perhaps, but his rewrites were all in business-

man's prose. You might say he ended up as a wealthy, bugged, small-town banker of the world, priding himself on such things as his four-door Rolls Royce Silver Cloud III (with initials painted on) and eating his heart out because he was blackballed by the Brook Club in New York ("I am disheartened by the number of creeps who have been creeping into the Century") and had lost out to that damn Faulkner once again for the Pulitzer Prize.

Mr. MacShane, bless his heart, is not only a scrupulous and fair biographer, he is also a believer—although hardly a holy roller about it like the indefatigable Matthew Brucoli, who published his cheerleading biography, *The O'Hara Concern*, a few years back. Nonetheless, Mr. MacShane (an American Irishman himself, with nob-type degrees from Harvard, Yale, and Oxford that would probably have caused O'Hara to kneel down and kiss his behind) concludes his authoritative picture of the life with the unmealy-mouthed words that O'Hara was "one of the half-dozen most important writers" of his period. Conceivably this could even be true, but O'Hara's period is not ours, and it's a good guess that at least ninety percent of all those thousands and thousands of words O'Hara machined out have already gone to their final resting place in spite of Mr. MacShane's noble efforts at rehabilitation.

No, what makes O'Hara grotesquely alive for us now—apart from a handful of the stories—is the obsessive, unremitting monomania of the man, which Mr. MacShane has to show because he is an honest reporter. As O'Hara felt more neglected by the world's awards committees, so did his assessment of himself seem to climb in direct ratio. It isn't every literary daddy who will write to his only daughter a few years before his death, "It is pretty hard for most writers not to be jealous of me, because I make it look easy and they know it is not." And it isn't every novelist who will use his very gravestone as a final answer to his critics. "Better than anyone else," O'Hara says in his own epitaph in the old Princeton cemetery, "he told the truth about his time." It all sounds like the brassy attempts at self-justification of a man who feels, deep down, that he has blown it. □

THE FORGOTTEN JAMES

The sister of her brothers

by Frances Taliaferro

Alice James, by Jean Strouse. 367 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$15.

[He's really] . . . a native of the James family, and has no other country.

—William James of Henry James, in a letter to their sister, Alice, July 29, 1889.

EVERY FAMILY is its own country, and happy families are no more alike than peaceful nations. Even the most loosely federated families, those with the least desire for a center, have a topography, a government—of sorts—and an economy, for what is economy but “household management”? Every family has its own language, rituals, saints, and demons, and it does not require an anthropologist to chart them; an observant houseguest can probably make a fair beginning after a three-day visit. What is more elusive is the family climate, to which outsiders may never quite adapt; benign or inclement, it teaches its natives the weather of their future lives.

Alice James called this climate “the exquisite family perfume of the days gone by, made of the allusions, the memories and the point of view in common.” Astute as ever, she was right to speak in terms of smell, of all senses the most evocative and the most elusive. As to the nature of the James “family perfume,” one imagines a dark and musky base, contradicted by asstringent overtones and a pervasive delicacy: an ambiguous, ironic fragrance.

There were five James children. Their father, the irrepressible H.

James, Sr., had inherited a comfortable income and had no profession but that of Student—the capital letter was his suggestion. Early in his manhood he had made Swedenborg his own, and he spent his diligent idleness in lecturing and writing books on Divine Natural Humanity. (His message was so often and so flatly repeated that his son William designed for one title page a woodcut of a man beating a dead horse.) As Jean Strouse wryly points out, “None of his children found God’s eternal Sabbath in his or her own nature”—their father had run too much spiritual interference for them. His wife, Mary, expert in the management of people, declared family affection a “succulent, fattening element” for her children, whose emotional diets she supervised well into their adulthood. From her ministrations the children received a powerful message about the saintly nature of ideal womanhood; her apparent self-sacrifice governed more effectively than crude assertion could ever have done.

Alice James, born in 1848, was the youngest child and the only girl. William and Henry we know as the psychologist and the novelist; the two younger brothers, Garth Wilkinson and Robertson, led ineffectual lives and “felt they had missed out on the family genius. . . . Robertson once said he thought he was a founding.” In James country, isolated from the rougher shocks of ordinary childhood, the children learned “a preoccupation with morality and a tendency to dichotomize.” Mighty opposites were ever present to the Jamesian imagination—

good and evil, mind and body, innocence and knowledge—and for Alice in particular there were cautious lessons to be learned from a saintly, masterful mother and a flattering, humiliating father.

What boots it to be the “delicious infant” of the family if one’s gender forces one into an ill-fitting role? Alice’s spry, energetic nature poorly suited her to the approved feminine curriculum of docility and “accomplishments”; to make matters worse all the children spent a “rootless & accidental childhood” (Alice’s phrase) traveling in Europe, where the delicious infant’s education was the last thing on anybody’s mind. The Jamesian version of the feminine ideal required Alice to grow up “like a rare, fragile tropical plant . . . fed on special preparations of solicitude and indifference.” Parental love was unpredictable and in short supply, and all the happy promises were postponed, most of all “the eternal, elusive promise of enough love as a reward for enough virtue.” Alice learned in early adolescence that survival meant renunciation, a quenching of her ardent nature, “absorbing into the bone [as she wrote years later] that the better part is to clothe oneself in neutral tints, walk by still waters, and possess one’s soul in silence.”

She also learned the power of her own ill health. Invalidism was to be her career and her identity. (The only writing she published in her lifetime was an anonymous note to the *Nation* which she signed “Invalid.” In adolescence, however, that profession lay well ahead of her and only the short-term gains were visible: being “delicate” and high-strung kept her at home; illness elicited loving care. Pre-

Frances Taliaferro writes the “In Print” column in monthly alternation with Jeffrey Burke.

ling views of femininity encouraged admiration for the "delicate" woman, much more sensitive than her oaf-like healthy sisters. Alice's character is no more suited to the pale, ethereal ideal of "delicacy" than were her in, spinsterish looks, but she began to develop a neurasthenic temperament to match the uselessness of her life. Contemporary medical theory both belated and affirmed her condition. Eighteen-year-old Alice's stay at the New York dispensary of Dr. Charles Yette Taylor was the first of several "trials" and many hopeful relationships she contracted with physicians. Taylor's wholesome view, exercise and diet right the imbalance of females created by "the sensational life"—that is, too much intellectual and emotional stimulation, which was widely considered inappropriate for the female sex. Alice responded, if only temporarily, to this and to later remedies. At twenty-one she tried "lifting," an exercise system using mechanical weights, pulleys, and levers. Her mid-thirties, after the deaths of both her parents, she underwent a rest cure at the Adams Nervine Asylum where she was treated with hot air, vapor baths, and massage as well as treatments from the Holtz Electrical Machine. Other doctors prescribed galvanic currents, pills containing Indian hemp (better known to us as *Cannabis indica*), and hypnosis.

These remedies seem cheerfully naive to us—save the hypnosis and the moratorium of her last months—ineffectual in the balance of payments peculiar to the Jamesian economy, Alice did win only by losing. To this indigent, willful woman illness was, as Strouse brilliantly demonstrates, a form of self-assertion. Of Alice's young manhood, the vagueness of her symptoms—those "fainting spells, mysterious pains, attacks, and nervous demonstrations"—points to her unarticulated rage "against the kind father who had so blithely stimulated and courted her," against the beloved brother, William, who betrayed her by marrying another woman named Alice. Her "profession" of illness not only expressed this rage; it also provided an escape from two disagreeable alternatives: a boring career as a wife and mother, or a risky career of intellectual achievement. Either way, Alice must have entered into dangerous com-

petition with some member of her family. Illness, however, was her field alone, and her dedication shaped her peculiar womanhood. In later years, her very real physical suffering (she died of cancer) became the medium for the triumphant assertion of her moral self; her fortitude was an atheist's version of Christian patience.

ALICE's relations with men began with her father and brothers. Henry, Sr., whose own satisfaction always came first, engaged in a teasing push-and-pull. He encouraged Alice's cleverness at the same time as he slighted it: he generously proclaimed his love but delivered unreliably. William, six years older than Alice, confused the child with flirtatious banter and gallant flourishes that "put her on display before the family audience like a bright ornament, calling attention to her female body with mocking praise." To Alice as a young woman, William continued to behave with "self-centered seductiveness." Small wonder that her most serious breakdown coincided with his engagement and marriage.

With her brother Henry, five years older, Alice enjoyed a curious and rewarding alliance. Strouse shares Leon Edel's view of Henry's "spiritual transvestitism": his position in the family was essentially daughterly, withdrawn from masculine competition. Strouse presents Alice and Henry as meeting "at a kind of intersection between masculinity and femininity." Alone among male Jameses, alone of all his sex, Henry treated Alice as a person. Her closest acquaintance with men outside the family circle was with her doctors: she repeatedly enacted the invalid's parody of courtship, love, and disillusionment with the cure. She could not have done otherwise, schooled as she was in ambiguity.

In the endogamous Boston society of Alice's marriageable years, eligible men always preferred someone else. Alice, unsought in marriage, engaged in such good works as she was fit for, and did in fact derive much satisfaction from teaching correspondence courses in history for the Society to Encourage Studies at Home. Her intimate friendship with Katharine Loring, one of the Society's founders, was of a kind so common among

women of their era and class that it was known as a "Boston marriage." The omniscient Katharine cared unconditionally and unambiguously for Alice, and shared her very soul as Alice's amanuensis when she was too weak to write her own Diary.

That remarkable document occupied the last three years of Alice's life. "In deciding to speak up at last," writes Strouse, "to articulate her life, Alice announced that private experience had inherent value, and that she had something to say about it." The Diary responds to public events—especially to politics, for which Alice had great relish—and to personal ones, but suffering is the subject of its most transcendent passages. One day, for example, somewhat relieved by morphine, she could

experience the pain without distraction, for there is something very exhilarating in shivering whacks of crude pain which seem to lift you out of the present and its sophistications.... and ally you to long gone generations.

To readers who, like this one, have been ignorant of the Diary, Strouse's liberal use of it is the revelation of an unexamined American treasure.

As Alice very well suspected, future observers of her life might be easily tempted to consider her *manqué*: a failed writer, or *salonnière*, or feminist, or teacher, or philosopher. In her last year she wrote to William, "When I am gone, pray don't think of me simply as a creature who might have been something else, had neurotic science been born." The task of Alice's biographer was to master the intricate world of the Jameses—their "climate," language, mythology—and to do Alice justice in her own terms. Jean Strouse's accomplishment is dazzling.

Alice James is a difficult book that requires its reader to comprehend a family system of almost inhuman fineness: the common reader keeps lapsing into ordinary mortality, unable to sustain the demands of Jamesian nuance. Is Alice James worth the effort? Yes, because she was the sister of her brothers. Yes, because her odd life opens onto a larger vista of American social history. Yes, because her cranky, ironic brilliance compels the reader to make another leap into the strange variety of human experience. □

BLOOD AND INK

Keeping score in El Salvador

by Alexander Cockburn

THE UNITED NATIONS has a category, dear to the hearts of international relief agencies, known as MSA, or Most Seriously Affected nation. This is the TFN (Totally F****d Nation) familiar to newspaper readers with a passing interest in foreign affairs. The chief function of TFNs, *qua* news fodder, is briefly to remind the reader that there are places in the world even fouler than the South Bronx, and that, however grim the domestic outlook may seem, over there in the TFN matters are incomparably worse.

A typical TFN news item might go as follows: "Though all communications with St. Cauchemar, capital of the tiny African nation of Upper Gangria, remain cut, refugees reaching the neighboring Gangrian Republic bring accounts of continuing massacres in the wake of the recent coup by air force officers. The coup was condemned last week by the Organization of African States. Upper Gangria achieved independence in 1973 and has been rent by civil war between the country's two major tribes ever since. The earthquake and famine of 1978 are estimated by

local missionaries to have halved the nation's 3.4 million population, the bulk of those surviving being desperately poor, with an annual per capita income of 73 cents."

So much for Upper Gangria, although it at least has the distinction of being a TFN rather than a TIN (Totally Invisible Nation), like Cameroon or Guinea-Bissau, which are off all known journalistic trade routes and have been entirely ignored. Provided a country can sustain demographic attrition at the rate of, say, 100,000 people a year through massacre or natural catastrophe, it will win coveted TFN status and thus get international journalistic recognition at the rate of ten lines or so of AP copy every couple of months.

For many years the nation of El Salvador hovered between TIN and TFN status—just your average Central American military dictatorship. It made a plucky grab for the headlines in 1932 when General Martínez found it necessary to dispatch 30,000 peasants who made the mistake of trying to rebel against their parlous condition. But even Martínez—a headline grabber given to such remarks as "It is a greater crime to kill an ant than a man, because man is born again

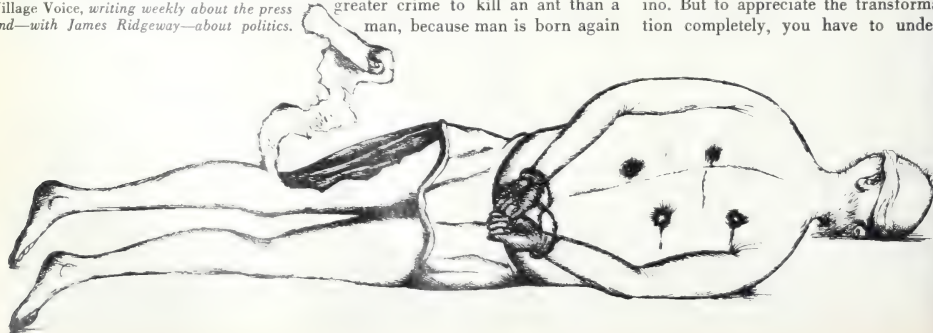
at death, while the ant dies forever"—never evicted the Somozas of nearby Nicaragua from their news monopoly as all-purpose Central American Dictators in Residence.

In 1969 El Salvador tried for the headlines again, with slightly greater success. National resentment against Honduran trade embargo was fueled by a riotous soccer match between the two countries, and the Football War was launched in July of that year. Fifteen thousand lives and a declaration of victory by El Salvador later, the Football War ended.

El Salvador became a TIN once more known by experts to be roughly the size of Massachusetts, decorously located within the U.S. sphere of influence, owned by "the fourteen families" (very rich), controlled by the army, National Guard, and fascist militia (very fierce), and inhabited by over four million people (in the main very poor).

It was really the enormous mistake of a Nicaraguan national guardsman in killing, on camera, an American reporter from ABC news that sent El Salvador surging out of its TIN slot and into the category of Strategic Domino. But to appreciate the transformation completely, you have to under

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and the journalist's way of measuring death.

Any sensible dictator knows that in terms of unfavorable international publicity it is perfectly safe to kill the civil entity known to news editors as "tribesmen" in fairly large numbers—we say up to 30,000, to be on the safe side. "Peasants"—a noun with affecting pastoral undertones—are a little trickier. Perhaps one "peasant" for every hundred "tribesmen." Ratios vary from area to area. Afghan "tribesmen," for the moment, are at a premium in the news market. By contrast, Indians in Paraguay or peasants in East Timor—discounted by the news—may be slaughtered by the thousands without undue commotion.

Working our way up, reckon one urban worker as having a death news value equivalent to ten peasants, with the student for every ten workers, and the professor for every ten students. Fishermen are a separate category, of high news value mainly in the event of tidal waves, hurricanes, etc.) The murders of priests, missionaries, and nuns is an affair of the nicest judgment, as we shall see in the case of El Salvador. It is really a matter of cation, race, and religious persuasion. As a rule of thumb, men of the cloth should be spared, although the elimination of Dominicans, particularly those in rural areas, may be practiced with moderation. Count 200 peasants for the priest.

What our Third World dictator should avoid is the murder of journalists, or at least of those who are citizens of the United States. The penalties—denunciation in Congress and in the news media—are obvious. Count 30,000 peasants for one American reporter; 30,000, if the reporter is from one of the networks; 50,000, if the murder takes place on camera. The moment Bill Stewart of ABC was murdered on network news the fate of Anastasio Somoza was sealed. The United States "lost," or at least decided that it could not "save," Nicaragua.

And this is where El Salvador enters the picture. With Nicaragua gone, it became a Domino and thus the object of grave concern to the State Department, Defense Department, and cognate agencies, and of interest (intermittently) to the American press and even more intermittently to the American news consumer.

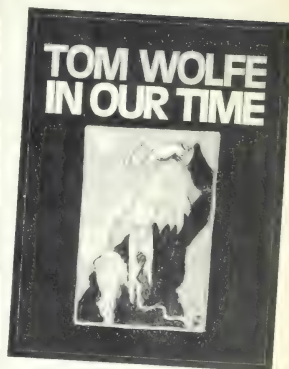
AS EL SALVADOR crept ever closer to Domino status, life in that unhappy land was continuing along fairly predictable lines. The oppressors continued their God-given task of oppressing and the oppressed struggled with increasing vigor to turn the tables. There was a coup in October 1979. Military men, some of them of moderately reformist stripe, took power, and civilians from across the political spectrum clambered aboard.

By January 1980 these civilians had clambered off again, denouncing the junta as both powerless and disinclined to rout El Salvador's traditional oppressors. Some Christian Democrats took their place, but after another short interval only the most conservative among them cared to remain. It was now a case of the junta, firmly under the control of the right, facing the rest of the country, the bulk of whose members may be conveniently labeled, after the fashion of the American press, "extremists of the left," or, worse still, terrorists.

From the press El Salvador received your basic TFN coverage (SMALL MASSACRE IN EL SALVADOR, NOT MANY DEAD). A representative example of such coverage is the following Reuters dispatch of June 10, 1980. Since descriptions of El Salvador almost invariably include the information that it is the size of Massachusetts. I have taken the liberty of substituting place names from the Commonwealth for Salvadorian equivalents, to "bring the news home," as one might say:

"A wave of bombings shook the capital and at least thirty-four people were murdered in another weekend of political bloodshed in Massachusetts. Five kidnap victims, including a pregnant woman, were found dead in Lynn, seven bodies were discovered in Quincy—one with the initials EM carved in his chest; a student was machine-gunned in New Bedford and twenty-one people were killed in Boston as right- and left-wingers clashed in the streets. EM is a right-wing group which has declared open war on left-wing sympathizers who are trying to overthrow the military junta installed last October."

Here's another sample of news from El Salvador/Massachusetts, from a UPI report of October 30, 1980: "The Rector of the University of Massachu-



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settled last yesterday of a bullet wound received in a street attack, one of forty-two political slayings reported in the past twenty-four hours in troubled Massachusetts, authorities said. Most of the victims were found tortured and shot to death, including a woman with a machete stuck in her chest, authorities said, apparently the latest in the 8,000 political slayings (in this El Salvador-sized state) recorded this year by the Catholic Church.... The junta said it would be willing to open the university, but only if it gave up its legal protection against police and army raids."

Such coverage was ratified in the traditional weary tones of the TFN observer: "In El Salvador, trouble never rains but it pours..." (James Nelson Goodsell, *Christian Science Monitor*; July 9, 1980) or "Death and destruction still loom high in the saddle in El Salvador..." (editorial in *Miami Herald*, July 12). But it is important to notice what the editorialists made of all this. For instance, Goodsell continued, "The country's buffeted junta, weathering almost daily disorders and vicious verbal attacks from both the left and the right, faces its most serious tempest to date." The phrase to watch here is "from both the left and the right." The *Miami Herald* editorialist said the same sort of thing: "The goals of both the extreme left and the extreme right are inimical not only to the best interests of most Salvadorians, but also to those of freedom lovers everywhere."

'Connoisseurs of "left/right extremists" coverage will at once recognize familiar terrain and peer keenly about for all the usual signposts. So let me give you a particularly resplendent signpost in the shape of a *Washington Post* editorial quoted in the *Christian Science Monitor* of October 2:

American policy-makers have been laboring to rally Salvadorians of the center and center-left to the side of the government junta. That is the way to strengthen the civilians' weight in it and to enhance the prospects of effective reform. The going has been rough, but the United States has found it politically more feasible and ideologically less objectionable to support reform, even reform soiled by some repression, than to condone revolution, especially revolution

stained by nihilism.... It is a difficult policy to conduct and explain, and it may fail: it takes a real optimist to believe that the center in El Salvador will hold. What those who spurn the junta seem to us to ignore, however, is that they are helping spin the country toward a civil war that will make the current carnage look like kid stuff.

This is vintage thumb-sucking. Note particularly the delicate tilt from "soiled by some repression" to "stained by nihilism." The only trouble with this measured encouragement of junto-centric moderation is that such moderation had ceased to exist several months earlier.

As William LeGrande and Carla Anne Robbins sourly remarked in the summer issue of *Foreign Affairs*, "What Washington appears to be incapable of grasping is that in El Salvador, as in Nicaragua before it, the centrist forces which the United States perceives as its allies have joined with the very forces which the United States regards as its natural enemy—the radical Left. The centrists are no longer in the center.... The recently unified Left and Center Left opposition includes everyone but the government and the far Right."

It is indeed wondrous to observe throughout 1980 how much the press and the U.S. State Department managed to sustain the vision of a centrist junta threatened by dire forces of the (extreme) left and the (extreme) right. Even a casual reader might have gathered that it was the right that seemed to be running amok. The murder of Archbishop Oscar Romero (equals 2,000 peasants) by a right-wing assassin on March 24 was an embarrassment to center boosters. The murder in May of large numbers of peasants (up to 600 in some accounts) by Salvadorian national guardsmen, as the peasants attempted to flee across the Sumpul River into Honduras, added slightly to this embarrassment.

This episode, happily for the junta, was classed by reporters and news editors as an "alleged" massacre, and hence not worth bothering with. Massacres can stay decorously "alleged" for years, as in the case of Indonesia sixteen years ago, where over half a million leftists remain only "allegedly" murdered to this day.

SCRUTINIZING this 1980 coverage one can see clearly enough that the Carter administration decided that the junta it originally endorsed in October of 1979 still represented the middle way in El Salvador. It continued to announce that the middle way was a negotiable thoughfare long after the junta had become virtually indistinguishable from the business-as-usual military governments of the past. The only entity to take this assertion seriously was the bulk of the American press.

The role and function of the American press were crisply delineated as a government "dissent paper" on U.S. policy in Central America, circulated to officials in November 1980 and disclosed in that month by Stephen Kinzer of the *Boston Globe*. Assessing the current role and policy of the United States, the authors of the paper (supposedly officials from the State Department, NSC, CIA, and elsewhere) described "press relations efforts that emphasized: a moderate and reformist image of the current government [in El Salvador]; ... linkages between opposition guerrilla groups in El Salvador and Guatemala with Cuba; discrediting centrist spokesmen of opposition as puppets of hardline guerrilla leaders; [and] careful monitoring of U.S. press coverage of development in El Salvador to avoid Nicaraguan style publicity for opposition insurgents...." They concluded:

Our efforts to emphasize the differences between the situation in El Salvador today and the one prevailing in Nicaragua before July 1979 have had an impact on public perceptions. Media coverage of El Salvador has been responsive to official government policies: greater emphasis on U.S. interests in the region, continuous reference to Cuban involvement, understatement of the "human rights" dimension, effective use of the "extremists of the right and left" formula. Therefore, the current domestic environment is generally supportive of current policy as articulated for public consumption.

So great is the attraction of the "right/left extremist" formula to U.S. journalists that Anthony Lewis, a true extremist of the center, used it even while discussing the dissent paper in *The New York Times* of December 1

The aim, incidentally, of the dissent paper was to argue that the U.S. government should recognize the left aliation against the junta and take it as it described as the "Zimbabwean." It remarked in its conclusion at "conditions in El Salvador and r official posture have not encouraged adequate media coverage.... Inrml signals to foreign desk editors ring the electoral campaign discouraged serious investigative journalism. appropriate, objective and pluralistic media coverage will make a positive ntribution to the search for a peace-l solution to the Salvadorian, and deed, the Central American conflict." Sometimes I think this document is o good to be true; and indeed it mains unclear to what extent it was e work of government officials or tsiders, or both.)

Too late for a "peaceful solution," fear. The people most zealously deoying the carefully contrived "modate and reformist image" of the junta re adherents and advisers of Ronald agan, who announced in the transi-ion period that it seemed to them that e Carter administration had been onorsing social reform in El Salva-r instead of sticking to the basics, advocated by the Domino School. or "Domino School," see *Wall Street urnal* editorials *passim*: yesterday ba, today Nicaragua, tomorrow El lvador, and before you can say del! the canaille will be stringing up *all Street Journal* editor Bob Bartley om a lamppost on Cortlandt Street.) e basics here are familiar enough: st find your dictator ("firm leader-ip") and then stick to him ("con-ancy to our allies"), however many ople he kills ("The U.S. cannot ord moral lectures to our friends. nyway, what about the Gulag?" etc.).

Of course, just about the time that eagan's men were complaining about arter-sponsored social reform in El lvador, uniformed national guards-en were supervising the torture and urder of liberal and leftist leaders d themselves raping and murdering merican nuns. Not too much concern as expressed about the dead politi-ans ("extremists of the left"). But e nuns were a different matter, even ough it is true (good works in alcutta aside) that the news func-on of nuns in Third World countries as pithily summed up in the terse

cry of a British reporter at Brussels airport when nuns began returning from the Congo in the early 1960s: "Anyone here been raped and speak English?" The Carter administration suspended aid to El Salvador. Count 1,000 dead peasants for one raped, dead American nun.

It doesn't look as though nun-slaying will be a prime concern of Reagan's men as they ponder policy and possibly direct military intervention in Central

America. They, like the press, will denounce "nun-slayers of the left and right alike" as they continue to deplore the "extremist trend to violence." Once you become a Domino, there's nowhere to go but down. As General Martínez understood in 1932, count 30,000 dead "extremists" for one stable govern-ment. His successors can probably depend on the American press to ap-prove the equation. □

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The Keynesian Episode

By W. H. Hutt

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KILL THE UMPIRE

Adam Smith versus business

by William Tucker

ADAM SMITH set for himself perhaps the most difficult of all tasks in political economy—to argue for the general interest rather than for the interests of any one class or group in society. The most efficient tool for the general interest, Smith argues in *The Wealth of Nations*, is the free market, which steers society toward optimal production through the unhindered movements of wages, profits, and interest. The economy works best when society follows the dictates of the market, with production, the assignment of tasks, and the use of resources all reaching their most desirable levels.

The argument has rarely found much favor. Because *The Wealth of Nations* is argued in the interest of everyone, it appeals to no one. Throughout the centuries, before Smith wrote and after, people have found it more fruitful

William Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's.

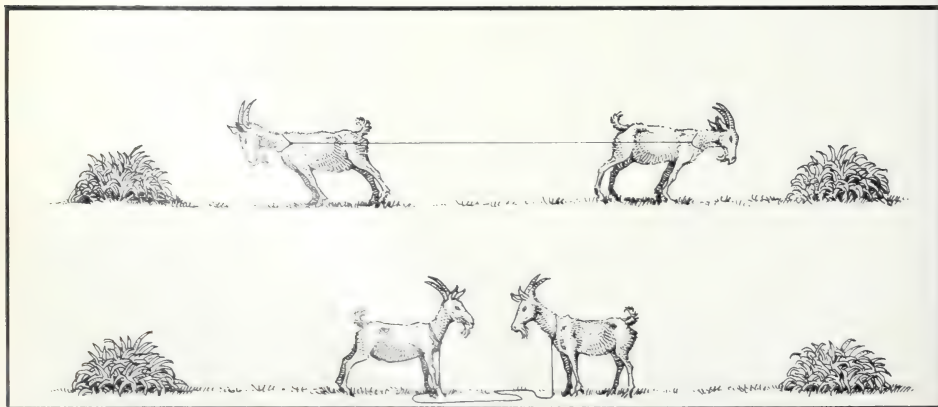
to join small, self-identifying affinity groups and argue their own particular interest, at the expense of the more amorphous general interest. The advocate of an unhindered free market is about as popular as the umpire at a baseball game. He has no natural constituency. Whenever someone starts to lose, the umpire is to blame, although his only concern is that the game be played properly. All sides have a long-term interest in sticking to the rules, but it is usually difficult to convince anyone of this in the short run.

The Wealth of Nations has come to be perceived as a doctrine that favors business. Why this is the case is beyond my understanding. On casual inspection, the book is one long tract against business monopolies. As the steel and auto industries have recently shown us, the commitment of businesses to free trade is no different from anyone else's. It lasts as long as the player is ahead in the game. As soon

as businesses fall behind, they are eager to jettison the free market as an one else. This was exactly Smith's point.

Yet the myth persists that the free market only benefits business and hurt everyone else. As often as not, this is a result of the unwillingness of consumers to accept the market's message that a resource is becoming scarce and a shift in consumption necessary. Adam Smith identified this problem as part of a general failure to recognize the universal validity of the market's drive toward optimal production.

THE FULL title of Smith's work is *An Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of The Wealth of Nations*. The book's major theme is a response to the then popular notion that nations could enrich themselves by accumulating vast stores of gold and silver. The mercantile system, an outgrowth of the even greater



de restrictions of the Middle Ages, tated that a government jealously lude all foreign products from its res, while trying to sell its own nufactures to foreign countries. It s popularly believed that Spain and rtugal had become rich through the coveries of gold and silver in the w World. Other countries also want- to become rich by trading their re- urses and manufactures for gold and er, building similar hoards of ealth."

Smith counters this argument by inting out that the real "wealth of ions" is in a country's capacity to duce and create the things that all ple need and desire:

Consumption is the sole end and purpose of all production; and the interest of the producer ought to be attended to, only so far as it may be necessary for promoting that of the consumer. The maxim is so perfectly self-evident, that it would be absurd to attempt to prove it. But in the mercantile system, the interest of the consumer is almost constantly sacrificed to that of the producer; and it seems to consider production, and not consumption, as the ultimate end and object of all industry and commerce.

e probably have a similar fetish to- y about "creating jobs," as if the le purpose of the economy were to ep people occupied, regardless of ether they produce anything useful perform services that contribute to e welfare of society.

The principal problem in the econ- y of his day, as Smith saw it, was at merchants and manufacturers were nstantly trying to increase their own wards by persuading the government at certain restrictions on trade were e general advantage, when in fact ey were not. Tradesmen sometimes rmed voluntary associations, such as e ongoing agreements among manu- cturers to try to hold down wages. at more often they turned to govern- ment for restrictions supposedly de- signed to "promote trade" and "im- ove industry" but actually working or their own benefit at the expense of e majority.

As an example, Smith cites the Eng- sh laws, adopted at the urgings of oolens manufacturers during the six- enth century, that prohibited the ex- port of live sheep and raw wool out

of the kingdom. "Like the laws of Draco," he remarks, "these laws may be said to be all written in blood."

By the 8th [year] of Elizabeth [1's reign] . . . the exporter of sheep, lambs or rams, was for the first offense to forfeit all his goods for ever, to suffer a year's imprisonment, and then to have his left hand cut off in a market town upon a market day, to be there nailed up; and for the second offense to be adjudged a felon, and to suffer death accordingly.

The rationale of the law, according to the manufacturers, was that "English wool was . . . superior to that of any other country" and that anyone sending English wool abroad would be allowing foreign countries to produce the same English-style garments.

The truth was, Smith points out, that English wool was far inferior to Span- ish wool and not much better or worse than any wool of northern Europe. The real motivation of the manufacturers was to create a surplus of domestic wool in order to depress the price. Woolens manufacturers were then able to buy wool very cheaply, while Eng- lish sheep-raisers became chronically underrewarded. At the same time, the woolens manufacturers persuaded the government to restrict imported gar- ments, so that consumers paid a higher price for clothing.

The cruellest of our revenue laws, I will venture to affirm, are mild and gentle, in comparison of some of those which the clamour of our merchants and manufacturers has extorted from the legislature, for the support of their own absurd and oppressive monopolies. . . .

It is the industry which is carried on for the benefit of the rich and the powerful, that is principally encouraged by our mercantile system. That which is carried on for the benefit of the poor and the indigent, is too often either neglected, or oppressed.

Because of their small numbers, or concentrations in towns and cities, certain groups are better suited to organize around special interests. Even labor can monopolize its services, he says, and points to the long apprenticeships by which craftsmen and tradesmen limit their numbers and reduce competition.

The enhancement of price occasioned by [these methods] is every-

where finally paid by the landlords, farmers, and laborers of the country, who have seldom opposed the establishment of such monopolies. They have commonly neither inclination nor fitness to enter into combinations; and the clamour and sophistry of merchants and manufacturers easily persuade them that the private interest of a part, and of a subordinate part of the society, is the general interest of the whole.

IN EVERY instance Smith argues that free competition is the mechanism that works for the greater good. Competition lowers prices for consumers everywhere. Free trade allows access to foreign goods and prevents domestic monopolies. The market also shifts capital to new areas of productivity and prevents industries from becoming obsolete. Profit and loss continually demand that land, labor, and capital be invested in products that people most want. Yet because the market treats everyone equitably, it is universally disliked. People are constantly engaged in a political battle to skew the market a little bit in their favor.

The argument can hardly be said to be irrelevant today. We are a society in which the art of defining one's private interest as the general interest has become a national vocation. "Becoming politicized" is the baptism into modern America. The free market is everyone's enemy. Is there a surplus of teachers? Then subsidize college educations, even though the proliferation of college degrees will only ensure a greater surplus of teachers in the future. Is the auto industry in decline? Lock the door to imports and rescue the industry with public funds, even though it will lead to greater obsolescence. Is the price of an important commodity rising? Then slap on price controls, even though the subsidy means that consumers will be even more vulnerable to shifts of resources in the future. All these measures are invariably portrayed as "temporary," but become permanent, and more difficult to forgo, once labor, land, and capital have made the proper adjustments.

Latter-day Keynesian economists have invented an even more grandiose scenario for orchestrating this Babel

of special pleadings. They argue that concentrations of economic power are unavoidable, and should be *encouraged* to offset each other. This cacophony of special interests will then be presided over by an even more powerful central government, strong enough to keep everyone in place. Yet Adam Smith had no illusions about where the self-interest of such a government would lie:

For in every country of the world, I believe, the avarice and injustice of princes and sovereign states, abusing the confidence of their subjects, have by degrees diminished the real quantity of metal, which had been originally contained in their coins. . . . By means of those operations the princes and sovereign states which performed them were, enabled, in appearance, to pay their debts and to fulfil their engagements with a smaller quantity of silver than would otherwise have been requisite. It was indeed in appearance only; for their creditors were really defrauded of a part of what was due to them.

As the principal debtor in society, government has a permanent interest in inflation. It becomes easier for government to satisfy all the special interests by giving them increasingly worthless money than to try to hold everyone under the discipline of the market. Once the universal standard of the market has been abandoned, the two major trends of our time—inflation and the need to have one's lobbyist in Washington—become inevitable.

PERHAPS THE most distinguishing feature about Adam Smith is his broad tolerance toward humanity⁶ and his refusal to attribute all the good or ill in society to any one particular group of people. While accepting the eighteenth-century division of society into the "fashionable," "middle," and "inferior" orders, Smith emphasizes that each makes a contribution to the greater good:

Those who live by rent . . . those who live by wages, and . . . those who live by profit [:] These are the three great, original and constituent orders of every civilized society, from whose revenue that of every other order is ultimately derived.

To all three classes—landlord, capitalist, labor—Smith attaches the term "productive," saying that each makes its unique contribution to the wealth of the nation. He is particularly concerned that labor receive its just share:

No society can surely be flourishing and happy, of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. It is but equity, besides, that they who feed, cloath and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour as to be themselves tolerably well fed, cloathed, and lodged.

By accepting all classes as "productive," Smith contrasts sharply with other economists who have argued that only one specific class or subgroup produces wealth, and that all other

classes live off its efforts. The physiocrats, for example, whom Smith discusses in a later chapter, were a group of aristocratically inclined French economists who argued that only landlords and farm laborers—those "close to the soil"—are productive and that merchants, manufacturers, and factory laborers are only adjuncts to the agricultural economy. Marx later argued that only labor is productive, and that merchants, manufacturers, and landlords are all parasitical. The doctrine of the physiocrats romanticized the superiority of farm production enough to become the underpinning of the "farm parity" program, which, since the 1920s, has attempted to freeze the relation between farmers and the industrial sector in America as it existed in 1914. Communist economics, on the other hand, has led to a combination of circumstances in many socialist countries whereby the trading sector is almost obliterated and government becomes the monopolist of capital, producing only "national prestige" monuments and armaments.

Smith's broad tolerance of all human endeavor slices nicely through these pretensions. All human effort, says, is beneficial when it legitimately leads to something that people desire. It is his acceptance of business as legitimate activity that has probably led to the rumor (both in this country and in the Soviet Union) that Smith is an *apologist* for business, and that the free market is only a capitalist plot. He recognizes, for example, that trade



business people play an important role in conserving scarce resources in times of "dearth" or shortages:

When the government, in order to remedy the inconveniences of dearth, orders all the dealers to sell their corn at what it supposes a reasonable price, it either hinders them from bringing it to market, which may sometimes produce a famine even in the beginning of the season; or if they bring it thither, it enables the people, and thereby encourages them to consume it so fast, as must necessarily produce a famine before the end of the season... a famine has never arisen from any other cause but the violence of government attempting, by improper means, to remedy the inconveniences of a dearth.

In years of scarcity, the inferior ranks of people impute their distress to the avarice of the corn merchant, who becomes the object of their hatred and indignation. Instead of making profit on such occasions, therefore, he is often in danger of being utterly ruined, and of having his magazines plundered and destroyed by their violence. It is in years of scarcity, however, when prices are high, that the corn merchant expects to make his principal profit... The popular odium, however, which attends [the corn trade] in years of scarcity, the only years in which it can be very profitable, renders people of character and fortune averse to enter into it.

substitute "oil" for "corn" and you will see how far we have come in 200 years.

HERE ARE parts of *The Wealth of Nations* that should never be read by anyone except antiquarians and graduate students of economics. A long section in the first book, entitled "A Digression concerning the Variations in the Value of Silver," is particularly tedious, taking over sixty pages to prove beyond doubt that food prices had declined since the Middle Ages not because of the discoveries of gold and silver in the New World but because of improving production. We probably do not need as much convincing on this point as did Smith's contemporaries (although it is never wise to be too sure). On the other hand, Smith's long observations on the American colonies,

although not central to the book, are fascinating. Smith argues that the trading monopoly that England had established with its American colonies was actually hurting the British economy by taking capital away from the far more lucrative trade with her European neighbors. The unnatural concentration of resources in the American trade, he says, had made the English economy overextended and vulnerable, as shown by the "panic" that had erupted only a year before, when the first reports of the American rebellion were heard. Smith chides his fellow countrymen for thinking they can easily subdue the colonists and urges the English to open the American trade to the world and allow the colonists proportional representation in the British Parliament. Neither piece of advice, of course, was much heeded.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure in reading *The Wealth of Nations* is in the scope and grandeur of the book's undertaking. Seldom has one mind spread itself over such a wide range of everyday experience. The explanations are patient but not repetitive. Smith is exasperated with popular misunderstandings, but he does not call down the gods of vengeance upon humanity. His greatest virtue is the optimism of the Enlightenment, the belief that if people can only be persuaded of their best interests they will act accordingly.

At a time when Americans are facing what is essentially a revival of the mercantile economy in Japan and many European countries—not to mention the medieval monoliths of the socialist nations—it would do well for us to review again the calm, rational sense of Adam Smith's arguments that restraints of trade only open the road to a more general suffering, and that "partnerships" among governments, labor, and industry may benefit the partners, but will surely work to the disadvantage of the whole people. It is this quiet confidence in the rational workings of the world, coupled with the need for enlightenment and self-discipline, that is at the heart of the optimism of *The Wealth of Nations*. The book was written in 1776 with the hope that people would better understand the workings of the world around them. Over 200 years later, it is still worth the effort to read it. □

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HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Time out in Beverly Hills

by Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

OUTSIDE THE entrance to the Beverly Hills Hotel, a matron wearing a pink mink coat holds a poodle dyed pink; the poodle defecates, and the matron uses a pink tissue to clean the pink poodle, and then drops the pink tissue on the path. She neglects to clean the path.

Doormen look on impassively. A young woman in jeans says, "How disgusting you are!" The matron snaps at her: "It's people like you who started the war in Vietnam."

Erik Estrada meditates on airplanes. I heard that at the Polo Lounge, in the Beverly Hills Hotel. I also heard that Erik Estrada "gave his fear over"—his fear of flying, that is—but I am not altogether sure what that means. Over to what? to whom? It is also true that I am not altogether sure who Erik Estrada is; my teenage daughter says he is a teenage idol whom none of the teenagers she knows idolizes. Cab drivers in Beverly Hills pronounce his name with reverence—but then they pronounce Dean Martin's name with reverence. Estrada, they say, drinks regularly at the Polo Lounge, as does Dean Martin, who drives up in a \$150,000 yellow Rolls Royce. I never saw Erik Estrada at the Polo Lounge, but I would not have recognized him if I had—for all I know it was he who told me the dirty joke about Harry the dead producer and Harry's widow and Harry's ashes (Harry, penurious in life, was cre-

mated after death, and his greedy widow committed an unspeakable act with his ashes). In fact, I'm fairly sure it was a carhop who told me the dirty joke: I assume all carhops at the Beverly Hills Hotel look like Erik Estrada, since all carhops at the Beverly Hills Hotel look like Tab Hunter. I was hung over at the time.

I have never been happy at the Beverly Hills Hotel, although I am assured it is one of the world's great hotels. I am not altogether sure what that means, either. I think it means you can call room service for chopped chicken liver and an iron and an ironing board at 4:00 A.M. and be reasonably sure of getting all three before you've forgotten what you ordered or why you ordered it. I did in fact order chopped chicken liver at 4:00 A.M. at the Beverly Hills, and found myself wondering, at 5:30 A.M., why the chocolate mousse I'd forgotten I'd ordered tasted so funny and stuck to the roof of my mouth; and I wondered, as I ironed, listening to "Sermonette," why I hadn't just opted to steam the wrinkles out of my dress by turning on the hot water in the bath and hanging the dress on the shower rack the way they tell you to do in travel books. But a second look reminded me that the Beverly Hills Hotel—just like Ramada Inns and Howard Johnson motels everywhere—is afraid its moneyed guests will make off with its clothes hangers, so it has made it impossible to remove clothes hangers from closets (I wish some student of environmental psychology would look into this).

Valet service, naturally, is provided up to a reasonable hour—9:00 P.M.—and after nine one can order an iron and an ironing board, for which

service one must tip extravagantly; arrive with a wrinkled garment at the Beverly Hills is an affront to a hotel where wrinkles of any kind belong only on the faces of Mexican maids. I take it personally when I am confronted by clothes hangers that cannot be removed from closets, because I see in this a distasteful and vulgar reproach, an implication that I am the kind of person who would steal saucers and pepper shakers from airplanes. I considered calling the management of the Beverly Hills Hotel to complain about the clothes hangers, but if you do not arrive at that establishment wearing Important Jewelry, and if your skin isn't dewy and golden and your dress size is anything over 6, you tend to feel rather shy about making complaints, since you don't feel you have any right to be there in the first place. So I sat on what I suppose one is supposed to call the commode in the hotel's steamy bathroom and called my daughter instead (of course there was an avocado-green telephone next to the commode for my convenience); and my daughter said it was cold and rainy in New York, and I said, Lucky you

THERE ARE people who profess to love the Beverly Hills Hotel, though I cannot for the life of me see why. How could one possibly have affection for a hotel the heart of which is a plastic fire place? Artificial fires burn in ballrooms. September in the pink and avocado lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and rock stars and movie moguls cluster around what surely cannot in honesty be called the hearth as if to warm themselves. I do not understand this

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r do I understand the boutiques in shopping arcade of the Beverly Hills Hotel. How is it possible to understand a boutique in which one can buy a \$680 solid-gold whistle, "to be used in case of rape, madam"?

One is given to understand that the life of the Beverly Hills is the celebrities who hang out in the Polo Lounge. Liza Minnelli's secretary once told me that she adored to sit in the Polo Lounge, she loved to gaze and gaze; I didn't see her point, because, for all, Liza Minnelli's secretary saw more famous people in Liza's living room (living rooms in Beverly Hills are not called living rooms, however, they are called conversation rooms, or parlors, or billiard rooms, or garden rooms) than she was likely ever to see at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Perhaps she meant she wished to be seen; people frequently confuse seeing and being seen, especially in Beverly Hills.

On one visit to the Beverly Hills Hotel I had drinks at the Polo Lounge with an apparently normal professor of sociology from UCLA. He refused to sit with his back to the door. He is not prepared to explain this aberration to me, but, as I'm easy, I pre-

sented my own back—which is undistinguished—to the door, an act that he interpreted as one of extraordinary kindness. He was less than kind, however, when I noticed—and was foolishly enough to mention—that his battered Volkswagen was an anomaly among the scores of Mercedes parked at the Beverly Hills: he said that for me to mention it at all was proof of a New York personality split between "an intellectual flirtation with notions of populism and a visceral attraction to beauty and elitism." This same man, I was later to discover, slept with a loaded revolver under his pillow. I was never able to find out why.

The truth is that I find practically every occurrence, and every utterance, at the Beverly Hills Hotel inexplicable—which is as far as I can get to understanding the perverse impulse that draws me back there each time I am obliged to go to southern California.

A friend of mine says that the great thing about the Beverly Hills is that you always meet someone you know. (I do not wish to be surprised by anyone I know in hotels; that is why one goes to hotels—anonymity is increasingly hard to come by. I have often

thought that if I wanted to disappear forever, I'd register at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, where no one would think of looking for me.) On her last visit to the Beverly Hills, my friend met a certain Murray Weintraub, who had once proposed marriage to her in the Purple Tree Lounge of the old Vanderbilt Hotel on Park and Thirty-fourth. She was drinking a rye and ginger that was served to her with an iridescent purple palm-tree stirrer at the time, and she laughed: Murray Weintraub wore thick glasses and squinted and stuttered a lot. When she met him years later at the Beverly Hills Hotel, his glasses were gone and so were his squint and stutter—he was golden—and he had trouble remembering who she was. This encounter delighted her, perhaps because it seemed to promise that change and progress were possible and even inevitable, which is what the West is all about.

This same friend says that the other great thing about the Beverly Hills Hotel is that everyone is treated like Somebody, because if you weren't Somebody, what would you be doing there, and because, nowadays, the most egregious slob might be a Rock Star;



it doesn't pay to insult anybody. I myself have neither money enough nor style enough to make slovenliness work on my behalf.

It is true, however, that I saw Shecky Greene and Roman Polanski being treated with equal deference at the concierge's desk at the Beverly Hills: Shecky Greene was affecting an English accent and—at the same time—pretending he was Soupy Sales. Imagine pretending you are Soupy Sales. Roman Polanski, wearing cowboy boots and a gold-pro prospector's beard, wasn't doing much of anything—a blessing.

There are things to be said in favor of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Night-flowering jasmine on the patios, for example, and hibiscus, bougainvillea, jacaranda, and flowering ginger along the pink-paved walks. Nobody could wish to take a stand against night-flowering jasmine. Night-flowering jasmine, however, also blooms in the Panama Canal Zone, not a place where you'd care to spend a lot of time. And, in fact, the Beverly Hills Hotel always reminds me, more than a little uncomfortably, of the Canal Zone: once you're within its palmy precincts, you are hard put to remember that there is a jungle outside. You are hard put, in fact, to remember exactly where you are. I've stayed at the Beverly Hills four times, and never once have I succeeded in orienting myself. Never once, for example, have I set foot on Rodeo Drive, that fabled shopping street where the boutiques unlock their doors at midnight in response to calls from the likes of Frank Sinatra and Farrah Fawcett. Given that the Beverly Hills Hotel is around the corner from Rodeo Drive, I find it difficult to defend my failure to locate one of those glittering shops. Dorothy had better luck in Oz.

The first night I had dinner at the Polo Lounge a sexy, not-so-young blonde ordered a huge and fancy meal and then she went off to the Ladies, and she never returned. Nobody seemed to think that was odd.

SEVERAL years ago I flew to Hollywood to interview Liza Minnelli. She came to greet me in my garden suite at the Ambassador Hotel. The Ambassador is in downtown Los Angeles on Wilshire

Boulevard, in the heart of the smog. It is not a hotel that has any cachet, but neither is it one that imparts a sense of inferiority to its guests. I liked my cottagelike suite of rooms very much, and I liked in particular the generous verandah (shaded and screened by exactly the same vegetation that excites admiration at the Beverly Hills) on which I could sit—without a thought of seeing or being seen—in leisured privacy, listening to the hum of traffic from the freeways. Liza was appalled, and demanded to know what terrible twist of fate had brought me to a place where Nobody Ever Came. (For all their attempts at spiffiness, places like the Ambassador have a certain seedy, haunted splendor. I can see why movie stars don't like the Ambassador—it reminds them of the ephemeral nature of fame.)

And after she'd worked herself up to a high pitch of pity and generosity, Liza called the Beverly Hills; and—with that unique mixture of condescension, imperiousness, and cozy affability that only a bankable movie star can muster—secured for me a room at the fully booked hotel which was the size of a broom closet (but that nevertheless had three telephones). Liza was delighted. I was miserable in my closet, grateful only that the two dozen roses the management had waiting for me—a gesture owing to my connection with Liza—had no scent; the room was not large enough for fragrance.

My compensations for living in a pastel broom closet were these: I saw George Segal buying *The New York Times*. I saw Dinah Shore come into the Polo Lounge for brunch after tennis. One night, in an elevator, I had a brief encounter with an aging English actor, once a romantic lead, now a brilliant player of character roles, to whom I mumbled ungraceful but sincere words: "How wonderful it must be to be you," I said, "and to know that you do what you do so well." Then I fled; I didn't want him to think I was an autograph hound. I don't know how he found out who I was or where my so-called room was, but for three nights in succession, he banged on my door at two in the morning, alcohol slurring his speech: "Miss Harrison [I would once gladly have left home for that voice], would you be good enough to have drinks with me?" Under the circumstances, one drink would have

been redundant. Whenever I see him now on the Late Show, I am reminded that all that fire and ice and phlegm is in fact flesh and blood and booze, and I suppose I ought to be grateful to the Beverly Hills Hotel for destroying my romance with the British Empire, but I am not.

MY FLIGHT for Los Angeles this last time out left JFK on Sunday morning. The flight was bad timing. It never occurred to me that New York's prohibition against selling liquor on Sunday mornings would be enforced at airports, where, after all, all the ordinary rules, including that of gravity, are suspended. I had given myself an hour in which to get potted at the airport bar: I had to read *The New York Times* in the waiting area instead, an hour in which to scan the faces of one fellow passengers is an hour too much.

Flying, an unnatural act, warps my perceptions: the Hollywood producer sitting next to me in the first-class section of the plane was not, Hollywood producer at all, but an editor from *Newsweek*. He held my hair on takeoff, and drank six glasses of champagne before the first of countless double vodkas could get to us. Shot of a priest with the power of absolute, there is no one better to fly with than someone who is both scared and witty—and who is also good enough to offer you ten milligrams of Valium every time the seat-belt sign goes on. My seatmate said one of the saddest things I have ever heard on an airplane: "If only they'd show an airplane-disaster film, we could take our minds off what we're doing." Quite right. Before we landed he slipped four salt and pepper shakers into my briefcase, woke me out of a seven-vodka stupor so that he could hold my hand as we descended through the roiling gloom, and led me through the airport into the merciless glare of L.A. Angeles.

After that I understood nothing.

SUNLIGHT in Beverly Hills has an autumnal quality, both harsh and introspective, that is jarringly at odds with the hot-pink, awning-green, terra-cotta, and gold-colored houses that offer themselves for

pection brazenly and nakedly on
nset Boulevard. If you have grown
among grimy tenements and shut-
ed and reserved brownstones, there
no way you can understand the
ugness and stridency of public ar-
chitecture on Sunset Boulevard. All
ases on Sunset Boulevard are pub-
They all look as if they had been
signed for a giant Monopoly board
I set down on their parcels of land
permanent exhibition. There is
nothing chilling in their apparent
ransiveness, an air of duplicity pre-
s: these are houses that are meant
be seen from cars or tourist buses;
ster is the least of their functions.
eir blank, supercilious windows,
ich look out on gravel paths and
receded and imported palm trees,
m almost to refute any notion that
d people live and move behind them.
this harsh light, objects are clearly
ined, and one feels one's own out-
es blur in comparison.

I reached the Beverly Hills Hotel—
rich, on its slight rise, seems to sail
er Sunset Boulevard and Rodeo
ive like a stuccoed pink and white
d green ocean liner of cubist de-
n—feeling very blurred indeed. My
gaze found its way from the mouth
the long, canopied entrance to my
allish seventy-six-dollar single room
thout my having to intercede on its
half. My patio smelled strongly of
imine and chlorine. At the far corner
the patio was a rustic wooden gate,
ked from the outside. I saw the tops
heads as people passed on the other
le of the wooden gate, and heard the
murmur of voices from behind my
illed garden. That gate, suggesting
hint of richer and larger pleasures
st out of reach, became symbolic of
e of the Beverly Hills Hotel: voyeur-
is encouraged and the illusion of
ivacy is maintained—both in the
oader context of exhibitionism.
I fell into a soggy sleep.

The mischief of transcontinental fly-
g, the destruction of logical se-
quences: sleep was followed by dinner
my patio, dinner was followed by
predinner bottle of wine. Choosing a
ttle of wine from the Beverly Hills
ne list is for me entirely a matter of
price, like sticking a pin in a map:
chose the second-cheapest Bordeaux,
1970 Chateau Ducru-Beaucailou,

forty-five dollars for what was clearly
marked *Red Table Wine*. Tropical pa-
tios invite solitary drinking (although
they seem to demand gin and limes),
but I was by this time not alone. I'd
spent the summer at Yaddo, the artists'
colony in Saratoga Springs, where
I'd met Henri Coulette, a charming Los
Angeles poet who'd agreed to sit with
me in the Polo Lounge and contribute
his sociological insights on the passing
scene.

Henri came with a friend of his,
Heather McKay, who works in the com-
puter inventory department of "The
Price Is Right." This suited me because
I am a game-show junkie (there is no
better soporific for a writer than a six
o'clock break with Wink Martindale
and "Tic Tac Dough"), and I delight
in learning about houseboats that lie
rusting in studio lots because game-
show contestants often turn down the
prizes they win—Barcaloungers, for
example, if they come in the wrong
shade of blue, and houseboats, if the
winners live in Nebraska. Heather—
who keeps track of an inventory worth
over \$1 million—supplied me with
many such details, as well as with tales
of nepotism and corruption and junk-
food sex in the industry. Henri and I
gossiped about junk-food sex in artists'
colonies, but our tales were tame com-
pared to Heather's: at Yaddo, for exam-
ple, it is customary to say more than
hello before you decide to get into bed
with a fellow artist—usually you read a
short story of his, for example, so you
have something to talk about after-
ward. And, in fact, most of the artists
in residence at Yaddo, at the time
Henri and I were there, understood
that one does not go blind as a result
of two months of celibacy, nor does
one die. Whereas, in the Industry, ac-
cording to Heather, "sex is just a way
to prove that when you say hello you
really mean it." (Many people say
hello at the Olympic-size swimming
pool at the Beverly Hills, and there is
a theory that the cabañas that flank
the pool are used to prove that they
really mean it.) Casual sex, according
to Heather, is a way of protecting one-
self against betrayal in the corporate
world of TV—it's harder to screw
someone you've...well, screwed. If
Heather is right, then casual sex is the
most calculated sex of all, a fact that
I have always suspected to be true.

Casual sex of a certain nature is

frowned upon at the Beverly Hills Ho-
tel. The proprieties are observed, ap-
pearances matter (little else matters).
For years, unescorted women were not
permitted to drink in the Polo Lounge,
on the grounds—or so the story goes
—that they might be hookers. Then—
or so the story goes—a couple of se-
cretaries made an awful fuss, and the
management was obliged to change its
policies. If all this is true, one won-
ders why single men were admitted,
given that gigolos are a staple on Sun-
set Boulevard. To be a gigolo is, as
even a waiter at the Polo Lounge will
tell you, to be a member of an envied,
if not an honored, profession. The
same can't be said of hookers; men
despise what they use carelessly. Women
treat their gigolos—called "escorts"
—with as much assiduous care as they
treat their cellulite.

Tennis hookers may or may not be
unique to the Beverly Hills Hotel.
These demimondes (who often have
quite respectable jobs on the side—
weatherwomen on local TV stations, for
example) wander around the courts
searching for players who are "look-
ing for a fourth." They play well. They
play a lot of games well. An acquain-
tance of mine who was approached by
a tennis-fourth hustler at the Beverly
Hills courts (and offered the promise
of a "rewarding East Coast—West Coast
relationship") later saw his erstwhile
sports partner photographed in a na-
tional magazine sitting on Bobby
Rigg's lap just before the Riggs-Billie
Jean King match: she'd scored the ul-
timate in serves.

"Do you want to go to the Polo
Lounge to watch the New Yorkers and
the Arabs?" Heather asked Henri.
"Whatever happened to the Near East?"
Henri said. "Have you noticed it seems
to have disappeared since we went to
high school?" "A lot of things have
disappeared," Heather said. "Like col-
ored people—now we have people of
color."

In fact, almost everyone else at the
Beverly Hills refers to all Arabs (and
all people of color) as Egyptians—and
dire rumors abound that the "Egy-
ptians" are buying up all of Sunset
Boulevard and Rodeo Drive.

Neither Heather nor Henri had ever
been to the Polo Lounge; both as-
sumed that it attracts celebrity-seekers

and no celebrities. A reasonable assumption; but later they reported having seen James Caan and Robert Redford at the Polo Lounge that night, as well as the superannuated midget who used to appear, dressed in a red bellhop's uniform, on early TV commercials, yodeling "Call for Philip Morris." He was still wearing his red uniform, brass buttons shining.

I did not feel up to the Polo Lounge that evening—part of my left hand was numb and nerveless, the result of jet lag, seven double vodkas, three glasses of forty-five-dollar red table wine, and too many cigarettes. I went to bed remembering that Jill Robinson had grown up in the belief that everybody outside the film industry was an "extra"; and I concluded that, to the celebs at the Polo Lounge, we must all be extras—without whom, of course, they would not be able to notice that they were celebrities. I fell asleep to the sound of security men racing up and down the corridor, bawling I-don't-know-what into their walkie-talkies. The next morning I asked a desk clerk what the security men had been up to, and he said, "Business," and flashed a toothy grin.

Henri called to tell me that he'd heard this conversation (one skinny blond model to another) at the newsstand: "Is buying *The New York Times* an existential act?" "Not on a Sunday," I chose to believe him.

IF MY KNOWLEDGE of New York City were limited to the area between 55th Street and 85th Street, Lexington and Fifth avenues, I might think New York was surreal; but I don't think so. If I'd spent three days at the St. Regis, I might have felt as hermetically sealed as I did at the Beverly Hills; but I don't think so. A bag lady, a bopping Puerto Rican with a transistor radio, would alert me to the fact that there was a real world outside. There are no counterparts to bag ladies and bopping Puerto Ricans outside the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Breakfast orange juice at the Beverly Hills is freshly squeezed, and the pink carnation (scentless) on one's breakfast tray is fresh, too; but for some reason the *L.A. Times*, ordered along with scrambled eggs, does not arrive.

When I buy the *L.A. Times* at the newsstand, I see that the L.A. school district is in legal turmoil over mandatory busing, news of which seems as remote to the Beverly Hills Hotel as the headline SOVIETS PERVADE LIFE IN SOUTH YEMEN is irrelevant. It is unlikely that school buses will find their way to Sunset Boulevard or Rodeo Drive. I also read that Oscar de la Renta advises Liz Taylor to make the best of her features by dressing "like a nun." It becomes increasingly difficult to grasp the fact that Los Angeles was founded by forty-four Mexicans one hundred years ago.

I do not need to be reminded that *The New York Times* is also, like the *L.A. Times* (PALM SPRINGS RESIDENTS PROTEST \$1400 MONTHLY ELECTRIC BILLS), a combination of chic and horror stories. But when I am on home territory, I know, by honed instinct, exactly how much importance to attribute to soft news and to hard news—whereas in Beverly Hills in general, and at the hotel in particular, I am not quite able to make the distinction between soft and hard news. One often gets the feeling here that the entire United States Senate is regarded as an appendage to Elizabeth Taylor. In some sense, all news here, being of equal weight, is weightless.

TODAY I interview Dolly Parton. I have some time to spare before Celebrity Taxi Service arrives to drive me to her suite at the Bel Air Hotel; I stop off at the coffee shop in the shopping arcade below lobby level. It is gloomy. Pink and green and gloomy. And, with the exception of one Gucci-Pucci person reading a screenplay, it is empty. But the Gucci-Pucci person, who does not identify himself, says that this unprepossessing coffee counter is the *real* In place at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He offers in evidence the fact that when "Gong Show" host and producer Chuck Barris was chosen "Bachelor of the Month" by *Cosmopolitan*, Barris used the Beverly Hills Coffee Shop as a letter drop—400 to 500 letters a day proposing marriage were given him with his hot bagel and with what I am told is the best coffee in Los Angeles. The food is better, I am told, in the coffee shop than at the expensive Polo Lounge or The Coterie, the hotel restaurant that

serves Continental entrées that taste exactly like meals in the first-class sections of airplanes. "Nothing is what seems here," the Gucci-Pucci person says. "Nothing is what it seems all where," the short-order cook says, "except fresh cantaloupe. You can't find fresh cantaloupe."

On the way to the Bel Air I see graffiti: *No U.S. or Soviet War Films. Nobody but You Can Rock Me.* "Is that nice," I remark to Parton. "Nobody but You Can Rock Me. Gentler than *Nuke Iran*." She hoots: "Do you know what that means, honey? 'Rock me' means oral sex. It's banned in Tennessee. You city people are too literal." I reckon.

The Bel Air Hotel, aggressively private, is—through its bridges and footpaths spanning artificial lakes on which swans glide—almost offensively putative, like a country club in a banana public... a comparison reinforced by the massive, elaborate wrought-iron gates that mark the entrances to Bel Air, a suburb within a suburb. (This is what Los Angeles is—a series of suburbs within suburbs.) None of the gates, according to my cab driver, has ever, within living memory, been locked or closed. They are without apparent function; they have only the power of suggestion, of potent insinuation.

At the number one table at the Polo Lounge, six men with secretive faces, all of whom, by their demeanor and dress, prove Fitzgerald's axiom about the rich, nod and bow to one another and to the maitre d', with the exaggerated, ritualized courtesy of Mandarins. (The importance of the number one table at the Polo Lounge is not to be underestimated. When Johnny Carson failed, through a misunderstanding, to keep a luncheon date with his sidekick, Ed McMahon, McMahon scratched the itch of his humiliations in public: he told the "Tonight Show" audience about his vigil at the number one table, which is, unlike the best tables at hotels that are dedicated to privacy, so placed as to be visible from every part of the room.)

At another table, identical matins, one in maroon blazer and blue pants, the other in blue blazer and maroon pants, are drinking tequila sunrises. They never say a word; they

dart, like those of predatory animals, from table to table; their heads not move.

waiter strides up and down the n, paging Mr. Wexburn, Mr. Morrison/Mr. Wexburn, Mr. Morrison/Wexburn, Mr. Morrison. A dark handsome young man sitting with e look-alike brunettes, all in seegh blouses of gossamer silk, all g for his attention, remarks: "Be-called to the phone here doesn't n anything. People used to pay the headwaiter, Dino, to do it. People their aunts to do it. By the time aged Wexburn and Morrison ve times, everybody here will be vinned that they've seen Wexburn Morrison's names on at least four credits, and the next time Wexburn Morrison want to make a deal, evody will remember their names and k they're Somebody." "Even if evody knows it's a game?" "Sure. a form of subliminal advertising." avocado-green phone on the young i's table rings, and he speaks angrinto the mouthpiece: "I never spell name for anyone," he says.

it the swimming pool, almost every- is paged, even me: room service s me to ask if I want French or sian dressing on my chicken salad. e having the avocado-green phone my poolside table, it is like a toy; I call my children to ask them if 'e is enough food in the house and riend in Princeton to ask him if misses me. I call Heather to tell her call Henri. Sooner or later, every- succumbs to the lure of the avo-do-green phone.

onversation at The Coterie—Eydie me and a New York advertising a:

EYDIE: I heard you say you worked for Ocean Spray Cranberry.

ADMAN: Actually, I don't.

EYDIE: I can't buy Ocean Spray diet cranberry juice in Los Angeles. Do you know how rotten that is? Do you think that's right?

ADMAN: Well, I can think of worse injustices, the Palestinian situation, for example.... What is it, your kidneys or something?

EYDIE: Never mind, it's personal.

ADMAN: Listen, honey, write to your congressman.

EYDIE: Wiseoff. You're what's wrong

with America today.

ADMAN: Why can't you buy it in New York and fly it to Los Angeles?

EYDIE: See what I mean? Nobody cares about the problems of the common man anymore.

ADMAN (to his companion): What can you expect in a restaurant that doesn't serve Japanese or Mexican food?

EYDIE: I heard that. You probably have a Cuban maid.

HENRI HAS a haircut and shampoo (\$20) and a manicure in the hotel barber shop. What he learns from his sybaritic experience is that Jack Webb has the best head of hair in Hollywood and that Fred Astaire, who has the hair around his toupee trimmed twice a week, has the best manners in Hollywood—this according to the barber, who also avows that "plus which, they are two great Americans."

The young Latino who cuts my hair in the beauty salon asks who "does" me in New York. "Kenneth," I say—it is the only name that comes to mind; in fact my Aunt Mary cuts my hair. "In fact my Aunt Mary cuts my hair," I say; he doesn't believe me. While he gives me what I think he thinks is a New York journalist's haircut—short, brisk, and efficient, no glamour—I ask him what he thinks of school busing, which will affect kids in the San Fernando Valley, where he lives. "I never been to school," he says, "but once I cut Harold Robbins's wife's hair.... I think Harold Robbins is a producer."

The woman sitting next to me is wearing the only two campaign buttons I have seen at the Beverly Hills Hotel: *Reagan for Shah* and *Carter for Shah*.

I go with Henri to see a taping of "The Price Is Right." A young woman is in labor; she has to be lugged out of the studio by a nurse. Her waters have broken, but she won't allow herself to believe that she might not be chosen as a contestant. I am overwhelmed by the vociferous and naive greed of the contestants, and depressed by the funereal pall that pervades the studio after the last prize has been won and the lights dim. I long to go back to the Beverly Hills, a double vodka, and the manifestations of upper-

class greed. As we leave, a production assistant says, "Only in America, right? Only in a free country could this much loot be won by a bunch of barbarians. There's always hope here."

WHEN I check out of the Beverly Hills Hotel, I mutter something about my fear of flying (I am remembering that I have left a bag of dirty underwear in my room, and I am trying to hide my confusion). "Jog up and down the aisles of the plane a couple of times," the checkout clerk says, "and don't drink anything but mineral water. That's what Carol Channing does."

Sitting next to me on the plane is a striking blonde wearing a white shantung silk suit, which is never to become wrinkled or spotted, although she has with her a year-old baby girl, who wears a white organdy dress, black patent-leather maryjane shoes, and a gold chain with a diamond pendant spelling out the Arabic letters for Allah, also a gold facsimile of a page from the Koran, dotted with lapis lazuli and rubies. "The girl," the young mother says, "refuses to put on her seat belt." She is referring to her child's Filipino nanny. "Have you talked with her about it?" I ask; I realize immediately that the preposition is wrong. One doesn't talk with a Filipino nanny, one talks to her. I decide that I have encountered one of the vapors that dwell behind the blank windows of the mansions on Sunset Boulevard. She drinks mineral water. For five hours she reads *Princess Daisy*; her lips move as she reads. I feel that I am justified in my contempt for the Coast we are leaving behind. She says not another word—her baby howls, "the girl" coos—until we begin our descent. "Ah, Alexander's," she says as the red sign of the department store flashes just below the wing tip. "The third floor there is wonderful; do you get your bargains there? Nothing on Rodeo Drive can match any shop on Fifth Avenue, even on Lexington. Praise Allah for New York." "Allah," the baby says. "I don't understand Los Angeles," the mother sighs.

I don't begin to understand my relationship to anything till I'm in a taxi on the Belt Parkway, headed for home. □

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PUZZLE

VICIOUS CIRCLES

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgements to Trochos of *The Listener*)

This month's instructions:

The answers to all clues are of five letters. They are to be entered radially—that is, from the circumference to the center of the diagram—but always in *mixed order*.

When the diagram is complete, the outer circle will contain an appropriate quotation, slightly edited, reading from 1 to 48. Heavy lines indicate word separation. The third circle will contain, counterclockwise, the name of the quotation's author. The solver will have to discover its starting point.

The nine letters in the fourth and fifth (innermost) circles are all different. Clue answers include four proper names (one of them a trade name) and a foreign word. 9 and 31 are uncommon, and 43 is colloquial. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

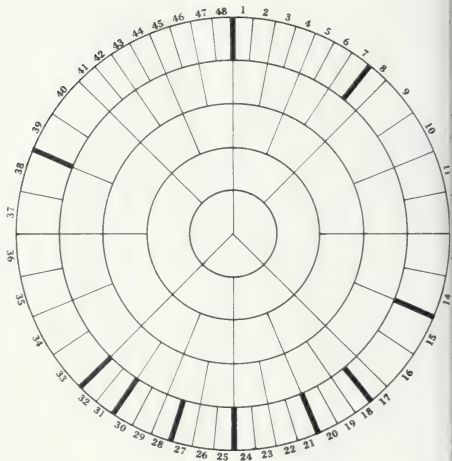
The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 95.

CLUES

- False saint accepts gold—he sold his soul
- They're driven out as corrupt
- Shoe taking age to destroy intentionally
- Wild party in front of bus terminal
- Raise the spirits, recalling Poe's last story
- Caution later thrown to the winds
- Each goes in to prosecute needing a hanky
- True speed record
- Resin found in thick auricles
- U.S. author: *Half of Peru by Boat*
- Frames and tortures
- Birds for sports
- Lists turned over for a time
- South American tore plastic film
- Latin stars like skill when doing a turn
- Harry endlessly flipped for her
- Head of household to contend with reverses for a long time
- Half poodle, half chow?
- Turned irate about Catholic's guiding light
- Foul up the two embracing church leader
- Cakes: \$100 (a great deal)
- Turns to ice, partially rocklike
- Carat or, contrarily, karat—second is for diamonds
- XX rating
- Towel off young bird
- Fault is said to be total
- Joint that's below reforming
- Pants cuffs
- Bad guy from Laos? Listen to that!
- Navy orchestra leader trains for holiday music
- Some fat Spanish cheer entrée
- Slowly . . . but drop the ending for fast time
- Lines on a letter I removed for bondsmen
- Brother, he's confused and raw
- Loudly makes upstanding acts in church
- Harsh destabilized rents . . .
- . . . stand for broken lease
- Sea lions? Not a particle less? Quite the opposite!
- Time to let up bait
- Drive away as two short roads merged
- Entrapment. Sounds reasonable
- Horse around with reins up
- One quiet, penetrating, absolutely frightful exclamation
- To take pew is outrageous
- Uses a wedge and breaks off pieces
- Basil or Rosemary laugh off lodging at the convent
- Repeatedly shaves couples
- Ape is shot in old photo

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Vicious Circles, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year sub-



scription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the March issue. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winner of the December puzzle, "And One to Grow On," are Anne Brett, Los Angeles, California; Howard M. Einspahr, Birmingham, Alabama; and Myrna Weinman, Wilmington, Delaware.

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March 1981

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With the guerrillas in El Salvador

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Page

Benjamin Franklin

Heinrich Böll: A SHORT STORY



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Furor Over a Non-Vitamin

A-21, it's called. When he first heard about it, Yale's president A. Bartlett Giamatti thought it was a vitamin. It has aroused high ire among scientists and educators, in a ruckus pitting academe against government bureaucracy. The controversy illuminates how Washington's tentacles are spreading on campus, threatening academic freedom and scientific inquiry.

Circular A-21 is a set of regulations issued years ago by the U.S. Office of Management and Budget. It sets forth cost accounting principles for colleges and universities performing research under government grants.

What touched off the current commotion is an amendment to A-21 that took effect last fall over widespread protests. The revision calls for an onerous kind of documentation by faculty members receiving federal research grants. They're now required to account for 100% of their doings. They're supposed to keep track of and report precisely how much time they spend on research, teaching, administration, counseling, and other activities, both on campus and off.

The new tangle of red tape has drawn attack, individually and collectively, from academicians and scientists across the country. They see it as wasteful, meaningless, costly, demeaning, and detrimental to scientific progress. At one large West Coast university, the regulation will generate 3,000 to 8,000 more reports yearly and will mean spending up to \$300,000 to put in the new reporting system, according to the journal *Science*.

Among the critics are the National Academy of Sciences, the Association of American Universities, the Council of Scientific Society Presidents, and numerous faculty senates. The academy takes the view that the regulation will churn up a mountain of "cumbersome and mean-

ingless" paperwork, stifle flexibility in research, and frustrate and demoralize faculty members. Educational institutions, already hard pressed financially, will now be forced to spend large sums in ways that contribute nothing to education and science.

Individual professors protest that it's none of the government's business how they spend their time. They seethe at having to tell the government how much effort they devote to activities unrelated to government-sponsored research. The University of Hawaii's faculty senate has decried "any attempt to assess intellectual effort by hours expended, rather than objectives achieved. . ."

A similar reporting requirement was proposed in the late 1960s. It was quickly dropped on recommendation of a government task force that called it "meaningless and a waste of time" both for the government and universities. Now it's back again.

"Never have I seen the lash of federal regulation applied to a crucial area of the nation's intellectual life with such seeming indifference to financial and human consequences," President Giamatti of Yale declared in a speech last fall. "Science is at the core of the university's mission," he said. "Whatever strikes at that core cuts at the heart of the university."

A slowdown in the pace of innovation is a key cause of America's economic sluggishness and declining competitiveness in world markets. Basic research enlarges and builds knowledge leading to technological innovation. Much of America's basic research is carried out in universities. It doesn't make sense to blunt scientific creativity, inquiry, and experimentation on campus through still more layers of red tape that serve only to keep paper-shuffling bureaucrats busy.



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Harper's

MARCH 1981

FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 262, NO. 1570

- Kenneth J. Arrow** 18 **TWO CHEERS FOR GOVERNMENT REGULATION**
Needed, if not wanted.
- Simon Winchester** 24 **AN ERSATZ BBC**
NPR—the “public” radio that talks to itself.
- T. D. Allman** 31 **RISE TO REBELLION**
Misery, mayhem, and American foreign policy—a report from El Salvador
- Heinrich Böll** 52 **ON BEING COURTEOUS WHEN COMPELLED TO BREAK THE LAW**
A story.
- Page Stegner** 61 **WATER AND POWER**
L.A. is pumping Owens Valley dry, and the valley’s citizens are fighting back.
- Earl Shorris** 71 **DIVIDENDS**
Quality control in corporate America.

ARTS AND LETTERS

- John Engels** 70 **POETRY**
For Mozart, from the Beginning
- Terrence Des Pres** 73 **BOOKS**
Seamus Heaney—poetry and politics.
- Jeffrey Burke** 78 **IN PRINT**
Three satires.
- Walter Karp** 80 **REVISIONS**
Thucydides and the Cold War.
- Matthew Stevenson** 83 **THE TBR 500**
The buying and selling of book reviews.
- Benjamin DeMott** 84 **ORDINARY CRITICS**
Finding meaning where no meaning is.

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **LETTERS**
- 5 **MACNELLY**
- Lewis H. Lapham** 14 **THE EASY CHAIR**
Sinatra in the White House.
- Tom Wolfe** 57 **IN OUR TIME**
- 58 **THE PUBLIC RECORD**
- David Suter** 60 **THE MIND’S EYE**
- Sally Helgesen** 88 **THE FOURTH ESTATE**
Lionizing the low.
- Don Sharp** 91 **AMERICAN MISCELLANY**
Aristotle adjusts your brakes.
- E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.** 96 **PUZZLE**
Overlappique.

Cover photograph by Alon Reininger/Contact Press Images

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LETTERS

The fuss over Islam

Just what is all the fuss about, Professor Said? ["Inside Islam," *Harper's*, January 1981.] When Said's article is stripped of its invective and rhetoric, what is left? He disapproves of Moynihan, Kelly, a bunch of Jewish Orientalists, colonialism, and a monolithic view of Islam. But what does he tell us? What can he tell us? Can he deny that there is a religion, Islam, that does not recognize a separation of church and state, has never experienced a modernizing renaissance, and whose variations focus largely on political issues, i.e., who is "boss" among several lines of descent from the Prophet? That religion includes various quaint barbarisms among its tenets—public executions, even televised for the edification of the populace, amputation of limbs as punishment, and so on. The "abstraction," Islam, in several of the lands in which it reigns, considers conversion from Islam a capital offense.

Yes, almost all the governments that have large Muslim majorities are anti-American. And, yes, "most anti-colonial efforts resulted in mediocre [corrupt, inefficient, atavistic—"mediocre" is a rather mild adjective] repressive states." Can obsessive Iranian America-baiting, when Iran is face to face with an expansionist Soviet imperialism, be considered rational? Is the rush of Arabic and Islamic states to choose sides in the Iran-Iraq war (the thirteenth inter-Islamic war in fifteen years) rational? Can the almost unanimous Islamic opposition to the

one hope for peace in the area, the Egyptian-Israeli accord, be considered rational?

I would suggest that a serious examination of Islam consider questions such as these, and avoid vague polemics.

HAROLD WERSHOF
Birmingham, Ala.

I am surprised at the prominence you gave Edward W. Said's long article. It is a rambling, uninformative and rather whiningly unpleasant piece.

Professor Said's theme is that American media have been reporting "Islam" very poorly, supposedly because reporters are racists. The truth is that our media handle the whole world poorly, not because our reporters are prejudiced but because they are unconcerned and incompetent.

What irritates Said, though, is my unfair reporting as such. He is plainly unhappy with the ugly composite picture of "Islam" as it comes off the tube and the press. But who is really to blame for it? All you have to do is look at the newsworthy spokesmen for "Islam" speak for themselves. Put on the tube and witness Khomeini, Arafat, Ali Amin, and the nameless Afghani guerrillas: the ugly self-portraits could not be made worse by anyone. The American reporters are, if anything, too tolerant in this regard. I have seen the pass over in silence the most blatant mendacious and nonsensical statements by Mr. Ghotbzadeh (whose frequent mispronounced name is the point that catches Said's attention—not the lies and silliness of his talk). And the same for the fear of "Islam" and the "floating hostility" toward it that Sa-

Announcement

On January 6 of this year the Harper's Magazine Foundation accepted from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation of Chicago the responsibility for directing the magazine's fortunes.

The MacArthur Foundation bought the magazine in July 1980 after its prior owner, the Minneapolis Star & Tribune Company, announced suspension of publication. Together with the Atlantic Richfield Foundation of Los Angeles, the MacArthur Foundation will provide the magazine with the financial means appropriate to its renaissance.

Jerome S. Hardy is chairman of the board of the directors of the Harper's Magazine Foundation. The other directors are: George Ball; William Bernbach; Leon Botstein; Lisle Carter, Jr.; Walter Cronkite; Richard L. LePere; Elizabeth McCormack; Donald Petrie; Richard Poirier, and Daniel Yankelovich.

explores. How are we supposed to interpret the growing cries for "holy war" against "infidels" uttered by the prominent Islamic leaders? Why shouldn't we link what Idi Amin said about Christians, what the PLO is saying about Jews, Khomeini about Americans, and—yes—the Afghan guerrillas about the Russians? Of course we know that "Islam" is not Islam and that not all Muslims think or speak alike. But the best media evidence we have on that point happens to be Yasser Arafat, whom Mr. Said would hardly recognize as either a good Muslim or a good man.

Finally, a remark about the Palestinians and the PLO, whose cause Mr. Said tirelessly champions and who, in his judgment, are getting a particularly bad press in the United States. I cannot find a speck of sympathy for the armed bands who specialize in killing enemy civilians and who then hide among their own civilians when the enemy comes to retaliate, or for those who issue "war bulletins" celebrating the killing of schoolchildren and glory as "martyrs" those who died in commission of such abominations. And press, my eye—it is just the fac-

tual reporting of ugly and very sad facts.

ZARKO G. BILBLJA
Miami, Fla.

I am reading Edward Said's article, "Inside Islam," and it isn't making any sense. Wait! I have finished it and it sort of makes sense if you believe international politics is like group therapy.

To whom is this article addressed? The critical, discerning intellectual who is at least the average *Harper's* reader? Or to the great unwashed, like my neighbor the patriot, who has adorned the side of his pickup with the message—in letters two feet high—"Bomb Iran"?

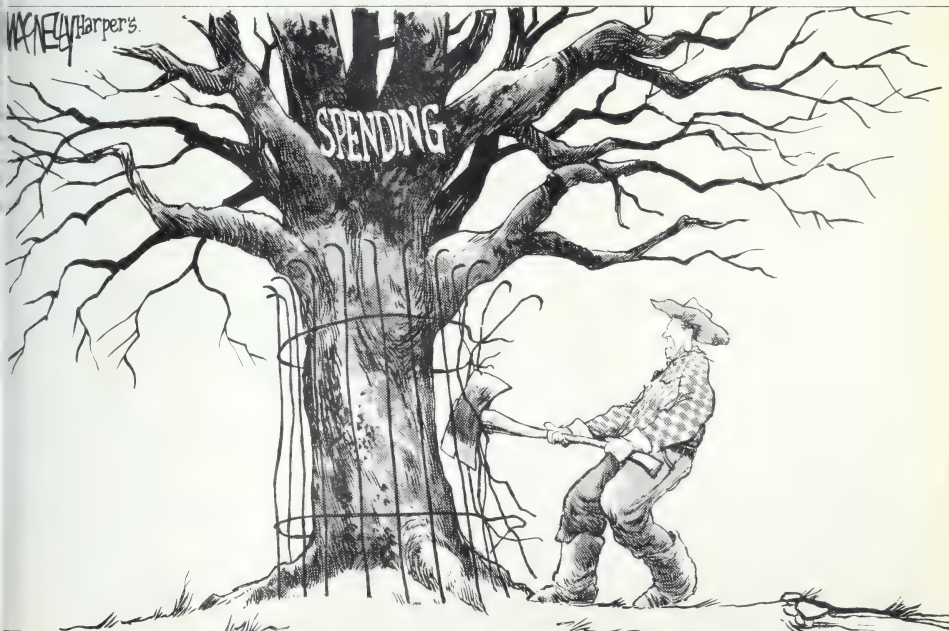
I think Said is pressing his case a bit. The idea that Islam is monolithic or categorically inimical to the West might be considered momentarily in times of frustration, but I seriously doubt it counts as an operational definition of the situation.

CARL BERG
Attica, N.Y.

EDWARD SAID REPLIES:

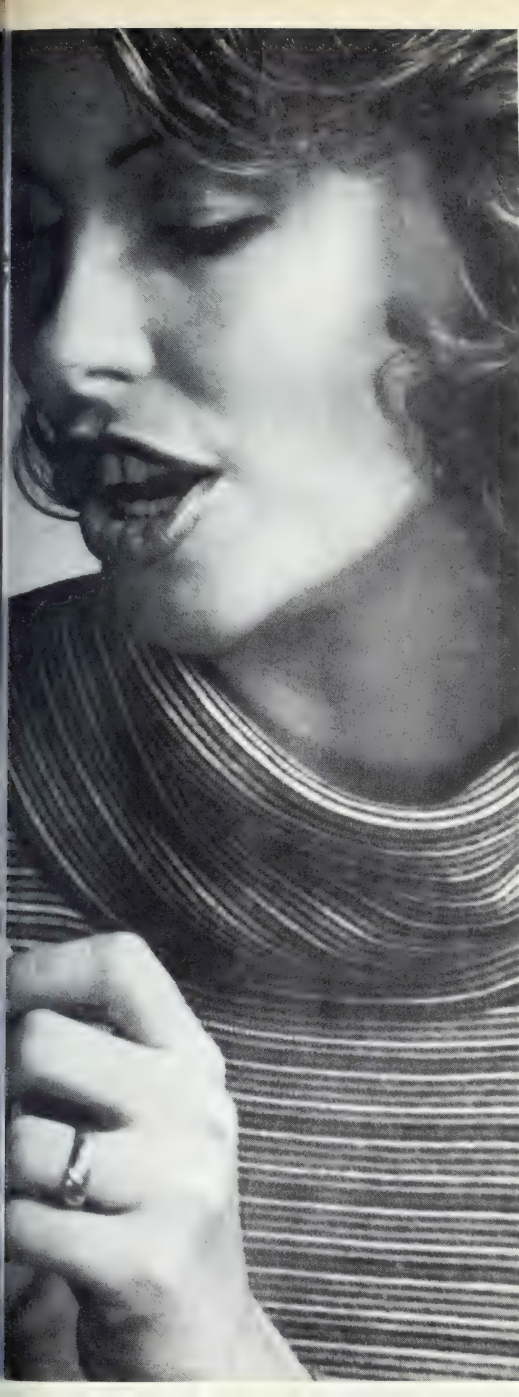
Harold Wershov's letter illustrates

precisely the grotesque distortions of "Islam" that I was discussing. His statements about "Islam" are offensive and inaccurate: he persists in making assertions that are reductive and general. Even in the instance of something as apparently incontrovertible as "Islamic" punishment there are the notorious spectacles afforded the world by a small handful of authoritarian regimes, on the one hand, and, on the other, the far more complex debate about punishment within the Islamic community, which in its majority does not condone those spectacles. Similarly, there is no simple Islamic position on jihad. But Wershov has little patience with distinctions or with facts. De facto distinctions between church and state have been made in certain Islamic eras and are still being made by various Islamic thinkers. Islam had its renaissances (note the plural) periodically, beginning at least with the Abbasid period and up through Al Afghani and Mohammed Abduh; remember, too, that most of what medieval Europe knew about Greek philosophy and science it knew because of Islamic thinkers. Finally, Islam's "variations" are focused on just as



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LETTERS

many issues, political and otherwise, as the other monotheistic religions—truth, law, God, the nature of man, morality, and the like: to say that Islam is concerned only with who is “boss” is a defamation. Monotheistic religions are more complex than such simplistic statements allow.

As for the remarks made by Zarko Bilbija: I never said United States reporters were racists, only that they did not look where they might have looked in the Islamic world and, as a result, were restricted to clichés. Yes, they also have a tendency to pass over lies and silliness, but surely lies and silliness are not restricted to what Muslims like Ghotbzadeh say (after all, we have just elected a president who said that trees cause pollution). My opinions about Sadat were not at issue in my article; nor were my views about the Palestinians. What Bilbija thinks about both is not particularly interesting, except that one wishes he’d volunteer “a speck of sympathy” for the more than 650,000 innocent civilians (Lebanese and Palestinian) recently killed, wounded, or displaced by Israeli napalm, artillery, and United States-made air-power in South Lebanon. Presumably, though, he prefers massive state terrorism to the media-inflated Palestinian infractions he cites.

The patient as victim

I write regarding David Hellerstein’s article, “Cures That Kill,” in the December 1980 issue of *Harper’s*. It is hard to convey in words the shock this sensationalist piece has caused both me and many of my patients.

The article is full of misleading half-truths. The opening and closing thrusts against randomized research protocols in clinical medicine provide poignant examples of this sort of inaccuracy related to my field of medical oncology. A case is mentioned in which a patient received radiation therapy and chemotherapy for Hodgkin’s disease and later died of leukemia. Hellerstein neglected to mention that Hodgkin’s disease in advanced stages is regularly fatal. Neither chemotherapy nor radiotherapy alone can control such situations of bulky disease.

His discussion of a case of breast cancer in a patient who is also a physician is even more subtly damning.

He implies that a physician who is a patient would not choose to enter a randomized research protocol for this disease—and that “standard” therapy would be chosen by the private medical oncologists, where a protocol would be chosen in the university center. Hellerstein wrongs both university and private oncologists with this slur. He obviously fails to appreciate that a large number of patients treated by private oncologists are treated on university protocols of experimental chemotherapy, immunotherapy, or radiation therapy.

Hellerstein’s implication that physicians are not their patients’ advocates seriously undermines a diminishing confidence in private and university physicians. This trust is the core of all good medical practice.

JOHN M. KIRKWOOD, M.D.
Assistant Professor of Medicine
and Dermatology, Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

David Hellerstein’s article contains fundamental errors of law. He asserts that “no malpractice was involved” in a randomized experiment with an unproven method of treatment for Hodgkin’s disease. According to the basic premises of New York’s common-law malpractice rules, emanating from judicial opinions in *Carpenter v. Blake* and *Pike v. Honsinger*, a physician who disregards a proven method of therapy to experiment with an unproven form of therapy that exacerbates an existing injury or disease, or induces a new injury or disease, commits malpractice per se.

Even if his protocol was “well designed and scientific,” he committed no negligent acts in the course of his studies of the patient’s disease, and he intended no harm, the physician is not absolved from liability for the consequences of his iatrogenic experiment—namely, the patient’s death from leukemia.

Dr. Hellerstein also asserts that the hospital was released from “responsibility from unanticipated negative results” by a written consent form, and the deceased was “legally . . . entitled to nothing”: whereas in fact the consent merely protects the physician from a charge of assault. The hospital and its staff physician are still liable for causing injuries and wrongful death, both of which are fully covered by standard

malpractice insurance policies.

NEIL S. WOLFRA
New York, N.Y.

Dr. Hellerstein’s excellent, chilling article avoids mentioning an important element in the cavalier attitudes of most doctors: there are a lot of bullies among them.

Over the years I have been reduced to aberrant behavior to protect myself, my children, and other members of my family from the senseless, often cruel decisions of doctors.

It’s absolutely incumbent on the people to learn more about medicine. Only then will we be able to ask for demur, decide and disagree.

ANN GIUDICI FETTS
Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Hellerstein provides valuable, courageous insight into the presence and importance of iatrogenic disorders. It is unfortunate, however, that he lumps together two different sets of problems: injury in clinical practice versus injury in applied research. Combining these problems obscures the nature and origin as well as any attempts to correct them.

MICHAEL O. MILLER
Tallahassee, Fla.

DAVID HELLERSTEIN REPLIES:

It is unfortunate that Dr. Kirkwood’s shock and outrage prevent him from addressing the issue raised by my article: that iatrogenic disease, or disease caused by treatment, is a major problem in modern medicine and is worsened by the unrealistic expectations of many patients and their doctors. Moreover, a certain amount of iatrogenic disease may accompany even the best designed and most necessary research. The case I cited was that of a young woman with Hodgkin’s disease who died from an experimental treatment; ironically, her disease was not in an advanced stage but an early one, in which five-year survival with conventional treatment occurs in well over 90 percent of cases. Dr. Kirkwood complains that I imply all university physicians are researchers and that no private physicians participate in research protocols. This is completely unwarranted. The important distinction I make is between standard and experimental treatments.

The case of the physician who o

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This one won the Amos Tuck School (Dartmouth) Media Award for Economic Understanding.

"Not able to organize his material."

This one won the University of Missouri School of Journalism Award for Business Journalism.

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This one won the Overseas Press Club Mary Hemingway Award.

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cided against participating in an experimental trial of a new therapy for her own breast cancer illustrates a point made by recent work in the field of decision analysis: that the risks we advise others to take may be very different from those we choose ourselves. It is the absence of such open appraisals and discussions that has led to widespread public mistrust of physicians.

The compensation of the injured research subject is a topic in itself, and one which Mr. Wolfram does little to clarify. According to John A. Robertson, a University of Wisconsin law professor and an expert in legal aspects of experimentation, "the law requires compensation only if the researcher has been negligent or has not obtained a valid consent, thus excluding legal responsibility to compensate in the great number of cases where the injury was statistically unavoidable and not the result of negligence." Robertson's informal polling of ten insurance companies revealed that none of them would cover injuries resulting from experimentation. Regarding this case in particular, Professor Robertson states that if the risks of standard and experimental treatments appear equal at the beginning of therapy, and if a valid consent is obtained, with explanation of known risks, then the patient has no claim. By the process of consent, the patient accepts the risks of research and the chance they will occur.

Mr. Miller is correct that the subject of injury to research subjects has traditionally been approached through the violation of human rights. Over the past decade, with the evolution of the process of informed consent and the development of institutional review boards, which review research protocols, the formerly gross abuse of subjects by scientists has largely ceased. Yet some subjects continue to be injured in the course of research. Writers such as George Annas, Clark Hughurst, and John Robertson have discussed this problem. A task force formed by the Presidential Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical Research is attempting to come up with a policy for compensation. What is difficult for many people to acknowledge is that the pursuit of medical progress through clinical research may necessarily lead to the creation of a certain amount of

iatrogenic disease. Attention should now be turned toward the protection of these subjects' rights.

Of unlike minds

I appreciate Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan's concerns ["State vs. Academe," *Harper's*, December, 1980]. Recently I met with the presidents of a dozen major research universities, and our discussion very much followed the lines in his article.

I take exception, however, to the senator's description of my meeting with the AAU [Association of American Universities] executive committee. The story he tells of it is shocking—and I myself would have been quite horrified by what he says, had I not happened to have been there.

WALTER F. MONDALE
Washington, D.C.

Senator Moynihan's article, "State vs. Academe," made fascinating, if depressing, reading.

His account of the famous breakfast with Vice President Mondale et al., to which the executive committee of the Association of American Universities was invited, is substantially accurate, although my recollection is that there were not the direct threats of retaliation that he suggests (p. 26). I testified against the Department of Education legislation in the House and did a fair amount of speaking and writing about it as opportunities presented themselves. I regret that some of us did not push harder within the AAU, for there were hardly any member presidents who really favored the creation of the department.

RICHARD W. LYMAN
President, The Rockefeller Foundation
New York, N.Y.

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN REPLIES:

In "State vs. Academe" I described a meeting in 1979 between the executive committee of the Association of American Universities and senior Carter administration officials, including Vice President Walter F. Mondale, concerning the proposal to create a Department of Education. I wrote:

On February 1, 1979, the executive committee of the Association of American Universities was sum-

moned to the White House. The presidents of seven major universities, including Purdue, Iowa, Stanford, and Indiana, were greeted by six senior administration officials: Vice President Mondale, presidential science adviser Frank Press, presidential domestic-policy adviser Stuart Eizenstat, education aide Elizabeth Abramowitz, Commissioner of Education Ernest Boyer, and Assistant Secretary of HEW Mary Berry. They were told in explicit terms that the president was committed to the department and they were not to oppose it if they did not want their own programs cut. They did not oppose.

I have since heard from a number of persons who were present, most of whom suggest that my version of the event was exaggerated. So I must apologize, especially to the Vice President. I would note, however, that that meeting was but one among many encounters on the subject between higher-education spokesmen and administrative officials. There is no doubt in my mind—and my correspondents have suggested otherwise—that the overall message heard by university leaders was the course of those conversations was that they would not welcome the consequences of public opposition to creation of the proposed cabinet department. Perhaps this was not said in so many words. It did not need to be. Those already vulnerable to the overwhelming power of the state are apt to be exquisitely sensitive to unstated messages. This is further evidence, any is needed, that the overall pattern of relationships about which I wrote is one in which the state grows ever stronger, the academy ever less independent.

ERRATA

In Edward W. Said's article "Inside Islam" in the January *Harper's*, the Muslim populations of Lebanon, Syria, Malaysia, and Singapore were given incorrectly. They are, respectively, 51%, 87%, 50%, and 15%.

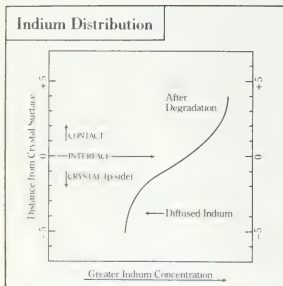
In Adam Hochschild's article in the same issue, the total population of whites in South Africa was wrongly stated to be 10%. The correct figure is 16%.

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Diagram of hypothetical indium diffusion paths for a three-layer contact structure of Au-Pd-Au.



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Operating in the 5- to 10-micron range, the PbSnTe laser spectrometer can resolve the time-dependent emission of carbon monoxide, sulfuric acid vapor, methane and other species of interest in automotive exhaust. This permits measurement of transients in carbon monoxide to carbon dioxide gas conversion in a

catalytic converter. This capability represents a significant advance over conventional spectroscopy instrumentation. The laser is also being tested by NASA for use in detecting the molecular species involved in chemical reactions in the stratosphere.

New knowledge of the process by which laser reliability is compromised has been revealed by fundamental studies conducted by Dr. Wayne Lo and his colleagues at General Motors. Dr. Lo's investigations have demonstrated that laser lifetime and stability are limited by the development of excessive electrical contact resistance. He has been able to stop increases in resistance by devising a multilayer ohmic contact consisting of different metal films. This configuration has extended laser operating lifetime to more than 1,000 hours and increased shelf life to an estimated 25 years.

Slow degradation due to gradual increase in contact resistance was observed in idle lasers stored at room temperature, but not in lasers maintained at a maximum temperature of 77 K, despite several hundred hours of continuous operation. These results suggested the temperature-dependent process of diffusion.

Degradation occurred primarily on the p-type side of the laser, where the contact consisted of a thin layer of gold followed by

layer of indium. Electron microscope analyses revealed that indium, a semiconductor donor, was diffusing through the gold layer into the crystal, apparently causing a reduction in hole carrier concentration near the p-surface. This effect was counteracted to a great degree by sandwiching a thin layer of platinum between the layers of indium and gold. Laser reliability reached a full year.

When degradation was still observed, although to a reduced extent, Dr. Lo advanced the hypothesis that diffusion and transport were taking place along grain boundaries in the polycrystalline contact layers. He proposed replacing the Pt-Au barrier with a three-layer structure. Since palladium film structures have fewer grain boundaries than those of platinum, providing fewer leakage paths for the indium, Pd was tested in place of Pt.

DIODE LASERS composed of $\text{Pb}_{0.96}\text{Sn}_{0.14}\text{Te}$ and fabricated with a variety of contacts were maintained at 60°C in order to accelerate aging, with periodic interruptions for testing. The results showed that a multilayer structure of In-Au-Pd-Au, in which the grain boundaries tend to be misaligned, provides maximal reduction of indium penetration, confirming Dr. Lo's hypothesis.

The misaligned boundaries force diffusion to take place laterally, which slows transport into the crystal. The additional layer slows the process even further.

Solving the contact problem represents the culmination of efforts that began at General Motors with the development of an "ingot-nucleation" vapor transport method for growing crystals. The resulting crystals are of high purity, with a dislocation density of less than 1000 cm^{-2} . Lasers made from these crystals incorporate a low temperature cadmium-diffused p-n junction. This process, invented by Dr. Lo, increases the laser's output to five milliwatts.

A tuning range of 500 cm^{-1} and pulsed operating temperatures of up to 140 K are achieved by a two-step annealing process. This technique induces a graded carrier concentration that increases infrared light confinement in the laser structure, thus reducing losses and increasing output.

"These innovations," says Dr. Lo, "combine to produce a laser that allows us to make measurements previously impossible."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Wayne Lo is a Senior Research Scientist in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Lo was born in Hupei, China. He did his undergraduate work at Cheng-Kung University in Taiwan. He received an M.S. from the University of Rhode Island and a Ph. D. in electrical engineering from Columbia University in 1972. His doctoral thesis concerned the characterization of deep-level states and carrier lifetimes in gallium arsenide light-emitting diodes.

Before undertaking graduate studies, Dr. Lo was instrumental in setting up the first American transistor production plant in Taiwan. In 1973, he joined General Motors, where he is currently in charge of semiconductor laser and spectroscopy research.



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THE PRECARIOUS EDEN

Sinatra yes, Dylan no

by Lewis H. Lapham

WRITING in the January issue of *Commentary*, Norman Podhoretz, the editor of that journal, described President Ronald Reagan "as a political figure . . . unmistakably offering himself as the legitimate heir to Richard Nixon's usurped throne." For the last four or five years *Commentary* has strenuously supported a number of conservative and neo-conservative causes, and, as one of the leading apologists for what he construes to be Mr. Reagan's foreign and economic policies, Mr. Podhoretz enjoys access to the highest levels of corporate opinion. I can well understand his wish to establish the principle of a Republican monarchy; even so, I think he does Mr. Reagan an injustice. President Nixon, like President Jimmy Carter, was a crouching and suspicious man, obsessed with politics, perpetually warding off the swarm of his enemies—both real and imagined—in whom he hoped to instill a respectful mood of fear. Mr. Reagan appears to be a genial man, worldly and accommodating, a politician more in the line of succession from Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy. He gives the impression of being at his ease in Zion, and he has about him the air of comfortable opulence of a man familiar with the pleasures of the successful middle class, accustomed to the safer suburbs, expensive cars, the scent of jasmine on a golf course, Bob Hope's geopolitics, and the smiling camaraderie of Frank Sinatra.

Despite all his years in what some of his supporters undoubtedly regard as the Sodom of Hollywood, Mr. Reagan gives no sign of having been troubled by the local standards of morality. Harlots come and harlots go, and so do transvestite movie producers and

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

dealers in cocaine; every year somebody one knows commits suicide, and the criminal syndicates take their customary percentage of distribution deals. But such is the way of the world, and what's a fellow to do about it? It is also true that every year the Rose Bowl Parade renews the miracle of flower arrangement, and Jerry Lewis raises another \$10 million for children afflicted with muscular dystrophy. Mr. Reagan remains content with the benign deism of an American business oligarchy long since divorced from the existential questions of religion. He subscribes to the American belief in property, self-help, and individualism (as who among his compatriots would not), and he leaves to miserable naysayers and ingrates the thankless task of crying in the wilderness. Self-righteousness has gone out of fashion, and I don't expect that a devout Baptist would find himself any more welcome in the councils of the Reagan administration than would a renegade atheist. Obviously it will be necessary to maintain the proprieties of a belief in the god of one's choice. Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority, Inc. proclaimed January 20 a day of fasting and prayer, and it would be unkind, as well as foolish, to mock their festivals.

PRESIDENT REAGAN campaigned in the cultural rather than the political theaters of opinion, and his audiences understood that he proposed to substitute a crass realism for the crass moralism that had made a mess of things ever since Bob Dylan started singing those revolutionary songs. Mr. Reagan's political theories, which were as chaotic as those of Mr. Carter, didn't matter as much as his instincts, his sentiments, and his prejudices. He was on the side

of property, the family, and the flag—against the officiousness of federal bureaucrats, against pornography, drug, the ghost of Jane Fonda, and the stale metropolitan sensibility of public television. In 1976 Mr. Carter had appealed to much the same constituency promising to lead the faithful out of this desert of modernism. But Mr. Carter proved himself a parody of the dynamic leader in the despised liberal tradition. He brought to Washington the agents of the Trilateral Commission and in four years had reduced the illusions of the 1960s to a record of sophism, sleaze, and sanctimony.

If Mr. Reagan had been elected in 1970 instead of 1980, his triumph might have been said to represent the hope of a new beginning, but it takes at least a decade for a political idea to seep into the groundwater of a society as diverse as that of the United States, and by the time Mr. Reagan was able to command a majority of his 225 million fellow citizens his agenda had been accepted as self-evident.

The extent to which Mr. Reagan represented attitudes already in place was made clear to me two years ago in Dallas, during a conversation with the dean of the School of Journalism at Southern Methodist University. The dean asked me to guess how many of the sixty-five students in the graduating class intended to follow careers in the newspaper business. She scoffed at my naïveté when I suggested that only twenty students might be willing to go to fires and elections. "Two," she said "the rest of them want to become vice presidents in charge of public affairs." They had it in mind to follow in the steps of Herbert Schmetz of the Mobil Oil Corporation, to ride around the country in corporate aircraft, earning \$250,000 a year formulating policy and dispensing patronage to sympathy

orchestras. On an examination dealing with events of the 1960s, nobody in the class recognized Bob Dylan's name.

FOR THE TIME BEING, maybe for as long as two or three years, or at least until an unforeseen event announces a reality as yet undiscussed at a White House conference, Mr. Reagan's election and administration will stand as confirmation of the news that the revisions of the 1960s have ended at last. I suspect that this will prove the entire sum of his accomplishment, but it is substantial enough to revise the pieties of the age. What it was once mandatory to say in public (about foreigners, or example, or women, or blacks) will now become a matter of whispered confidence; what was once the stuff of private confession will become the subject of Sunday sermons, the conventions changed some years ago (witness the prescient defections of Tom Hayden and Gary Hart from beleaguered garrisons of the left), at Mr. Reagan's election gives people leave to admit publicly what in 1968 they were willing to say only to their attorneys and press agents.

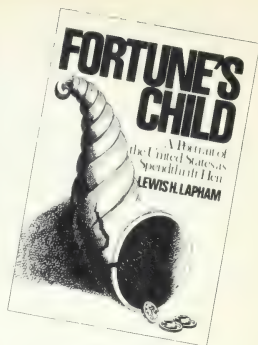
Given the bias of the Reagan administration, I doubt whether it will still be possible to confuse art with politics, or politics with art. The official culture put together by the liberal coalition of the last twenty years amalgamated the temporal with the spiritual order of expression. The critics writing in the *New York Review of Books* discussed the war in Vietnam as if it were a literary text. President Carter asserted his concern for humanity with the proclamation of metaphors. When John Lennon was killed last December in New York, his devotees perceived his death as a state execution. They gathered in Central Park to mourn the passing of an era in which individuals had claimed the powers of governments. Like the academic ideologues, Mr. Lennon had become an instrument through which cultural constituencies could make political statements. Even those of his admirers who couldn't remember the lyrics or hum the tunes could see in the person of John Lennon (as with Dylan and Joan Baez) a heroic figure, allegedly in the process of becoming, conquering time past, and transforming him-

self into the symbol of a world order balanced on a rose petal.

Mr. Reagan's friends look for their heroes among the likes of General Alexander M. Haig. They tend to think of artists as accordion players, and I don't expect that they will have much patience with anything that fails to flatter their vanity. They will find a use for court painters and court intellectuals (i.e., for the photographs of business magnates in *Fortune* and for the metaphysics supplied, at bargain rates, by the contributors to *Commentary*), but the cry of rage once accepted as a conventional art form no longer will find favor with the patrons in the box seats. Maybe this is why so many people mourned the death of John Lennon; henceforth it would not be so easy to make common cause with the cultural opposition.

Maybe this also is why the Reagan administration has found it so difficult to recruit an elite corps of government functionaries. The administration had hoped to appoint at least 200 deputies, assistant deputies, secretaries, and undersecretaries before Christmas: the people necessary to the governing of a bureaucracy. On January 9 the *Wall Street Journal* reported that only one of the available positions had been filled. That same day I spoke to three acquaintances, all blessed with impeccable Republican connections, each of whom had had some experience of politics in the 1960s and 1970s, and all of whom might have proved useful to the new regime. None of them had any intention of going to Washington. Disillusioned with the possibilities of government, impressed not by its properties of redemption but by its stupidity and inefficiency, they had chosen to devote themselves to the amassing of wealth.

Twenty years ago it would have been thought insensitive to admit so middle-class an interest in money. Only philistines went willingly to Wall Street, and the guests at the imperial masquerades staged by the Kennedy administration prided themselves on their aristocratic distance from people who had spent thirty years making automobile tires. But the new administration speaks for the makers of automobile tires, and it has restored the sanctity of property, interpreting the American enterprise, in Richard Hofstadter's phrase, as "a democracy in cupidity



"The difficulty of placing Mr. Lapham in the conventional political spectrum is a tribute to his freedom from cant . . . He takes a determinedly critical slant on the country's movers and shakers that recalls Mencken."

**—Walter Goodman,
The New York Times
Book Review**

To readers who have followed Lewis Lapham's writing in this space over the past few years, *Harper's* takes pleasure in offering an autographed copy of *Fortune's Child*. Most of the articles and essays printed in this collection have been revised and improved as a result of suggestions from the readers of this magazine.

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rather than a democracy of fraternity." Once again, it has become possible to talk about money without a feeling of guilt or embarrassment. Yes, it is true that the Cambodians continue to starve, but that is no reason for a young man with a Harvard education (bought at a cost of \$10,000 per annum) to go mooning about in some dull and fever-ridden rice field. Just as politics will no longer be confused with art, so also will it no longer be confused with Messianic religion; the idealists who want to redeem the world will be advised to listen to the sermons of Milton Friedman.

Nor will it be politic to display a talent for the self-inflicted wound. During the 1960s it was thought polite to mention in cocktail-party conversation the miseries of a divorce or the atrocious consequences of a neurotic disorder. To speak loudly of one's unhappiness was proof of an enlightened sensibility and expressed, by means of poetic ellipsis, a sympathetic disapproval of the suffering routinely visited on the distant poor. Under the new cultural dispensation I don't imagine that the guests at Nancy Reagan's dinner parties will be encouraged to make too much of their crimes or emotional dismemberment.

An equivalent attitude of *laissez-faire* will presumably shift the balance of the argument between the virtues of justice and the advantages of social order. As Mr. Sinatra knows, the Mafia neighborhoods in New Jersey enjoy a reputation for tranquillity. The few people who make the mistake of committing petty crimes discover that somebody's cousin eventually drops around to break their legs. Transposed into the conduct of foreign affairs, the same line of policy excuses the repressive measures (regrettably but necessary) so much in favor among Latin American dictators.

IT ISN'T that Mr. Reagan and his friends cherish a wish for vengeance. Unlike Mr. Nixon and Mr. Carter, both of whom arrived in office with the lists of their enemies firmly in hand, Mr. Reagan prefers to think that he doesn't have enemies. Given the chance, I'm sure Mr. Reagan would try to make friends with Jane Fonda, Idi Amin, or the editor of the *Nation*. At least in the beginning the

Reagan administration will probably look on its opponents not as villains but merely as carping misanthropes, either silly or misinformed and making gratuitous complaints. Of course Mr. Reagan means nobody any harm, and of course he wouldn't dream of wrecking the environment or forcing the Mexican population of Los Angeles into armed rebellion. What nonsense. He would be delighted to invite Sammy Davis, Jr., to dinner, and the foreman of Rancho Mirage undoubtedly takes exquisite care of the swallows and the ferns. But over the last twenty years the legal guarantees extended to the innocent have been so grossly exaggerated as to afford equal protection to the guilty. Surely somebody has got to draw a line somewhere. The law is not a department of social philosophy, and it's about time somebody said a good word on behalf of the FBI and the CIA.

This tone has also been dominant in the public conversation for the last four or five years, expressing itself in the recent Justice Department ruling *vis-à-vis* busing, and in the repeated jibes (presented as witticisms in the *National Review*) at the futility of the environmentalists and the absurdity of affirmative action.

The other day in New York, a distinguished publisher informed me that the world had become "fragile." These were dangerous times, he said; the Russians were moving around in the mountains and God knows what kind of trouble lay hidden under the floor of the domestic economy. A depression was not out of the question; neither was a devaluation of the currency or a revolution in Central America. The bottom could fall out: things could go from bad to worse. Why then cast unnecessary aspersions on the chieftains of the political and intellectual establishments? Clearly nobody was perfect, but they were trying their best, and maybe it would be a good thing for once to go easy on the criticism.

The national press has already endorsed such a delicate view of events. For at least a year hardly anybody has mentioned an outrage against the First Amendment. During the whole of last summer's campaign, the press, which had been expected to hold Mr. Reagan up to public scorn and ridicule, behaved itself in a manner remarkably

soft-spoken and polite. Even Anthony Lewis and Tom Wicker found pleasant things to say about Mr. Reagan's charming smile. Elsewhere in its pages *The New York Times*, for the last several months, has been publishing series of articles in praise of wealth. Every few days the paper celebrates the magnificence of yet another rich man (William Paley and Oscar de la Renta come to mind as the most recent subjects of flattering portraits), and the reporters choose their adjectives with the tact of a couturier fitting a client for a dress. The food and fashion columnists elaborate the theme of the precarious American Eden, reminding their readers of the cornucopia of material rewards available to the shoppers in the department stores of the free world. Given the fondness of the media for the moral beauty of the status quo, I don't expect them to find much fault with the Reagan administration, certainly not in its initial phases and probably not for as long as it can continue to keep its more prominent members out of jail or foreign wars.

THE REAGAN administration in its cultural aspects presents itself as the manifestation of an idea whose moment has already passed. Occasionally I have the odd feeling that the Reagan people meant to reenact the pageant of the 1960s, but this time with full knowledge of what they're about (the supposed "realism" of Alexander Haig) and with a Republican repository company. Maybe that is what accounts for this curious atmosphere of comic opera. Mr. Reagan proclaims a utopia for people already rich. In somewhat the same way that the Second Empire of Louis Napoleon apeed the empire of Napoleon I, the Reagan administration mimics the vigor of President Kennedy's New Frontier. But Mr. Reagan is a little old for the leading role, and the supporting players give the awkward impression of actors and actresses dressed up in costumes of state. In the Paris of Napoleon III, the court accompanied its masquerade with the tunes of Offenbach. The Reagan administration seems to prefer the nostalgia of a Frank Sinatra song.

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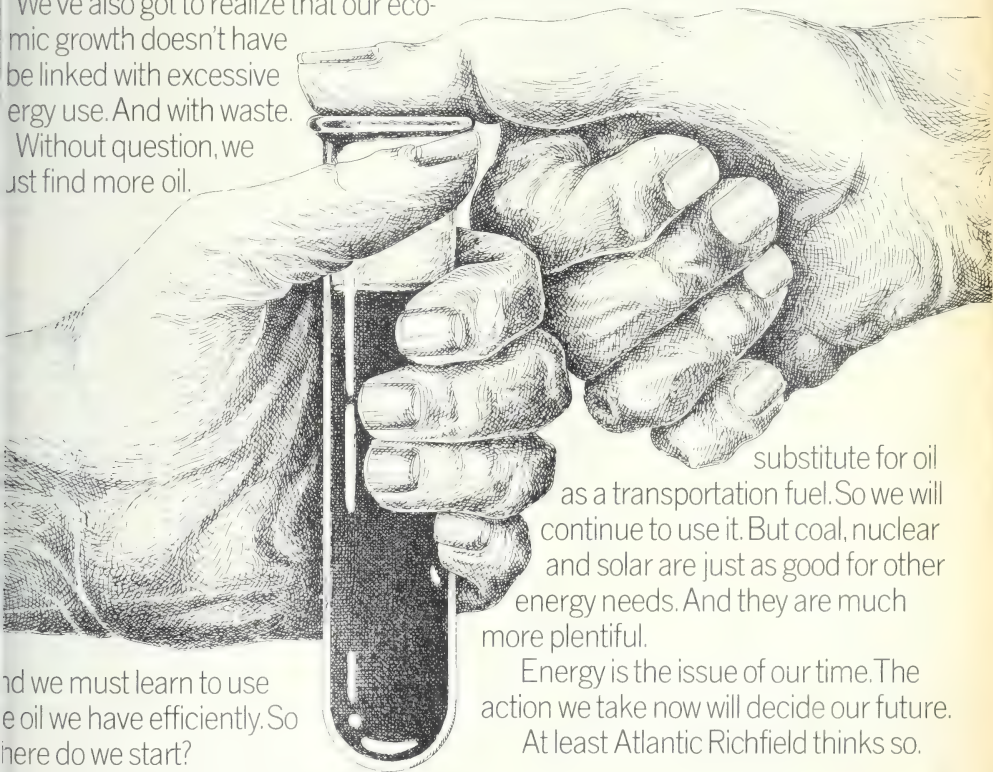
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TWO CHEERS FOR GOVERNMENT REGULATION

The inevitable failure of Ronald Reagan

by Kenneth J. Arrow

[The bourgeoisie] has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former Exoduses of nations and crusades.

—Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels,
The Communist Manifesto

The expressways crisscrossing the country, magnificent dams spanning great rivers, orbiting satellites are all tributes to the capacity of government to command great resources. The school system, with all its defects and problems . . . has widened the opportunities available to American youth and contributed to the extension of freedom.

—Milton Friedman,
Capitalism and Freedom

THE STATE HAS never been absent from the conduct of economic life. Its division was a revolutionary idea of the unknown eighteenth-century French statesman who first advised his king, "Laissez-faire. Let us do." But of course neither the French physiocratic school nor Adam Smith denied the state a role in governing the economy. They were concerned, as we are today, with determining the boundaries be-

tween public and private control. Smith saw clearly enough that there were functions that the state alone could perform. What is more, he believed that it was not merely private enterprise as such but competitive private enterprise that was the source of economic growth. He discoursed eloquently on the sloth and inefficiencies of monopoly, whether private or governmental. Indeed, he was decidedly negative about the efficiency of large economic organizations, and his exhortations of the joint-stock company or corporation will come as a surprise to those who think that the private sector of today bears a close resemblance to Smith's envisaged competitive order.

Indeed, pure laissez-faire economics has never been tried, although nineteenth-century Great Britain came the closest. Apart from state action, there are other forms of collective action to disturb the competitive ideal. There are the rings, pools, cartels, and trusts of the business community; and there are trade unions. The competitive order breeds insecurity; its ideal of efficiency depends precisely on fear of failure. Indeed, Adam Smith saw a perpetual threat to competition from the entrepreneurs themselves:

People of the same trade seldom meet together, for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public.

Smith was much less condemnatory of "combinations of workmen"; they were bound to be weaker than the

"combinations of masters" who opposed them.

Despite the words of Smith, the unregulated conflict of private, organized groups has been avoided. To deal with industrial relations issues, the capitalist world has developed varying kinds of regulation of collective bargaining, which is a form of state power. To meet the need for security among the workers and the poor generally, forms of social insurance have evolved and grown in importance, starting with Germany in 1883 (though the United States did not develop a national system such as social security until 1935). Antitrust and similar legislation, on the one hand, and regulation of natural monopolies, railroads, and utilities, on the other, have met the degradation of competition by collusion and monopoly.

Nor have other forms of state intervention been wanting. A constant theme of all governments, regardless of the presiding party, has been the provision or subsidization of mass transportation (canals, railroads, and highways, in that order) as well as bridges and harbors. Capital-intensive aid to agriculture, and for irrigation and flood control, has also been a special province of the American polity. Nor can one neglect education, which could, in principle, be carried out in the private sector but that has everywhere been predominantly a governmental concern.

Though the state's role has never been small, it has increased in the postwar period. By now, one third of the

Kenneth J. Arrow, the Nobel-prizewinning economist, now teaches at Stanford University.

S. gross national product passes rough federal, state, and local government coffers. In addition, there is considerable regulation of private economic activity, not only the familiar regulation of prices of utilities and railroads but also that controlling environmental hazards. The age-old role of government in regulating the money supply has evolved into a general responsibility for achieving economic stability. Typical of this was the reaction to a severe economic crisis, the result of OPEC's sudden raising of petroleum prices in 1973. A professed statist, Republican administration immediately slapped controls on the price of oil.

The growth of government activity is necessarily created injuries to any, some real, some merely perceived. Taxes, particularly at the local level, have evoked the most immediate protest, as have the costs of regulation. The government has clearly not satisfied all the needs it has claimed to. Inflation is seen as the most conspicuous failure of the system, with economic stagnation and unemployment a close second.

The Reagan victory is the latest expression of the resulting demand for sharp reductions in the role of the state. It represents a new peak of a generalized opposition to increased government expenditures and regulations, which was seen earlier in the campaigns for limits on taxes or expenditures and, indeed, in many policies of the Carter administration. The more extreme views of libertarians and anarchists, who aim to restrict the state to minimal functions, have attracted little support, though they are not without intellectual and aesthetic appeal of long logical consistency. (Libertarians would turn the air force over to private enterprise.) But a great deal of rhetoric has been spoken about drastically reducing the role of the government in its budget, in its regulatory scope, and in its ambitions to stabilize the economy.

I DO NOT AGREE that there is any reason to reduce the scope of government activity within the foreseeable future if our aim is a better economic, social, and physical life. Nor do I believe that there will be any significant reduction in

this scope, regardless of changes of administration or the elections of coming years. These two statements—about what should be and what is politically possible—are not completely unrelated. In a democratic system, what is politically possible represents, though in a crude and sometimes distorted way, what people want. I do not assert that it is a universal truth that right is measured by desires or votes. But when it comes to economic rather than moral good, there is no legitimate criterion of policy other than giving people what they want, or should want if they are properly informed.

The current mixed economy, with its high but not dominant proportion of government activity, did not emerge by accident or by the willful design of corrupt politicians. It arose as a series of responses to felt needs. This condition does not mean that the specifics of the mixed economy must be regarded as ideal. On the contrary, just as in the private sector, particular commodities may always be found wanting or be replaced by superior alternatives. But the needs met by the government sector must be recognized. To argue for drastic reduction is to say that their desirability is illusory or that the private sector will rush in with alternatives.

An economist, of whatever school, necessarily recognizes limits. Whether he defends the present mixture of private and public controls or argues for a closer approximation to laissez-faire, the economist should never claim to advocate a utopia. In a world of limited resources and imperfect understanding, all that can be asked for is the reduction of flaws. Like political democracy, to which it is so closely linked, the mixed economy has much to answer for; it is merely less bad than its alternatives.

The private competitive order is best at increasing private income as much as possible, though even in this it is not without problems. This is an important aim and is a precondition of achieving other goals of individuals; I am not a believer in stopping economic growth. But private income and consumption are only part of what men and women live for; they are only means to achieving the real goals of life. Keynes once gave a toast to economists: "The trustees, not of civilization, but of the possibility of civilization."

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The endurance of the social order, the sense that we are all members of one another, is vital to the meaning of civilization. Such a notion is essential to the free enterprise system itself, which cannot flourish without a social structure. These links among individuals at a more concrete level have been dramatized in concerns about the environment. I have already mentioned the demand for security, exemplified not only by the welfare system but also by the Chrysler Corporation. The vast inequalities of income generated by the private economic system weaken a society's sense of mutual concern.

These few examples illustrate the range of goals that our economic system is striving to achieve. It stands to reason that the more goals there are to be achieved, the greater the variety of means needed to achieve them. The economist Jan Tinbergen has stated as a general principle of policy that in trying to achieve economic goals, the number of instruments has to equal the number of goals. These instruments do indeed include private decisions to buy and sell and to set prices, but they also include the instruments in the hands of government: tax rates, expenditures, the legal framework within which private economic decisions are made, and regulation of all kinds.

Complexity is not comfortable, and the normal desire is to avoid it, to find the simple solution. The nineteenth-century historian Jakob Burckhardt predicted the rise of the "terrible simplifiers," and indeed they emerged in lockstep with totalitarianism. The Nazis, the Fascists, and the communists all offer simple solutions to complex issues, which was a major part of their appeal in the past and to some still is even today. But for the next decade, in this country at least, they are not likely to form a serious part of political discourse. It is the other simplification—that of Ronald Reagan's, for instance—the drastic reduction in government's role, which has more immediate appeal.

I FIND IN MOST people's thinking a surprising incongruity between the demand for reduced government and the specifics that are needed to realize that aim. Milton Friedman's television series, "Free to Choose," and the best-selling book by

Milton and Rose Friedman based on it, have reached a large audience and evidently an appreciative one. Yet I wonder how many listeners and readers have fully understood their proposals, admirably explicit though they are. The social security system should be dismantled. All government support of higher education should be ended. The government should cease all support of research and development. Elementary and secondary education should be turned over to free enterprise. All licensing of professions, including physicians and lawyers, should be ended. All restrictions on prescription drugs based on their lack of efficacy should be ended. This is far from an exhaustive list.

Over the years, a body of economic theory has grown up that has sought to explain the criteria by which the boundary of government intervention in the economy is to be judged. Richard Musgrave has formulated a convenient threefold classification of the government's functions, and I follow it here: *allocation, distribution, and stabilization*.

The private sector, left to its own devices, allocates resources to different uses and different individuals. For various reasons, it has long been a staple argument among economists that the resulting allocation, while efficient in many areas, will fail in some. The most obvious are the goods that serve society as a whole—defense, justice, police, most roads. Why would any one person want to maintain a road? The expenditures must therefore be public ones. (Most people would add at least primary and secondary education to the list.) Public expenditures mean public taxes.

More broadly, there are other cases in which public intervention, not necessarily expenditure, is necessary to change the way in which resources are used. Take the example of environmental hazards, particularly air- and waterborne pollution. Dumping wastes in a stream may ruin fisheries; this loss should, in a proper economic accounting, be charged against the dumper, but it is impractical to do so. Thus the public must intervene in some way, either by charging the dumper for the costs imposed on others or by regulations. The effects of pollution fall not merely on production but also on comfort, health, and life.

It is easy to see the costs of environmental regulation of businesses in terms of enforcement costs and of additional capital equipment needed to contain wastes. But it is equally easy to see the benefits of cleaner air and cleaner water. I think that while regulation has gone too far or been misdirected in some areas—such as occupational safety—it has probably not gone far enough in those of chemical handling and waste disposal.

A second classic ground for intervention is that of natural monopoly as in the case of utilities, where competition must inevitably fail. Here I agree with the critics who say that too much is regulated. Many industries that are basically competitive, such as railroads, have been regulated, largely in the interest of that particular industry. But what would be the consequences of permitting electricity to be produced by companies with no regulation of prices or service?

THE SECOND, much less well articulated, purpose of government intervention is to redistribute income. The private sector produces enormous disparities in income received. To be fair about it, so does every other economic system. In communist countries, the very high incomes are indeed largely cut off, but they are replaced by concentrations of power. One virtue of a mixed economy in a democracy is precisely that the productivity of a free enterprise system can be joined to a greater equalization of consumption. Other countries, even highly productive ones such as Sweden, West Germany, and Japan, have achieved greater degrees of income equality than has the United States.

Nevertheless, a fundamental change in income distribution through taxation is not on the current political agenda. What I do think is strongly desired, however, is a commitment to the relief of poverty. Redistribution of income to the very poor in the form of welfare programs, food stamps, subsidized medical care, and now subsidized energy for house heating, is a fundamental part of our economic commitment. It is true that complaints are rampant about the abuses of the system (or, more precisely, the unsystematic conglomeration of programs) and the in-

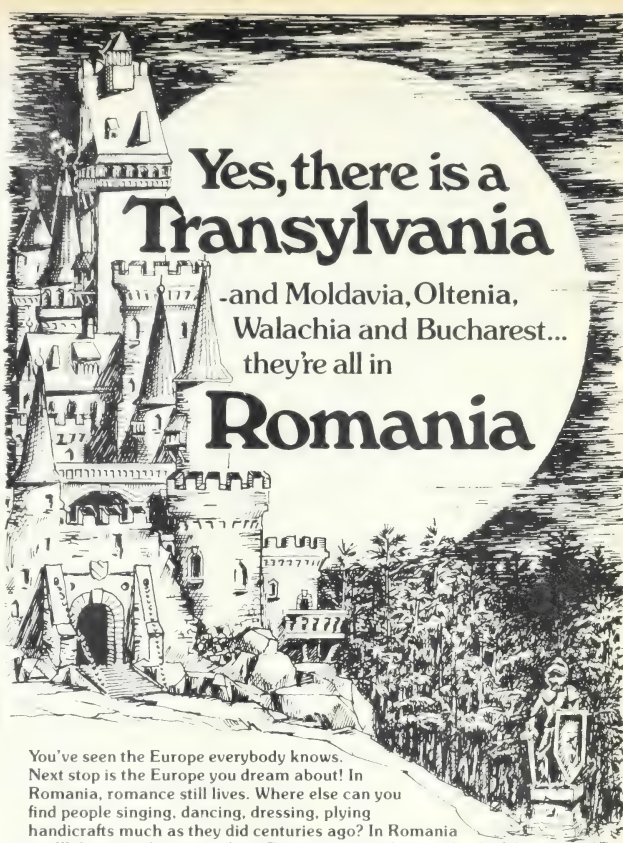
atives the system provides for laziness and withdrawal from the labor force. But all polls show that a majority of the people still favor retention of the welfare system.

Actually, the largest redistribution of income under our present government programs is not from the well-off to the poor but from the workers to the retired: the social security program. Financing may indeed create serious problems in the future, as the percentage of retired workers rises. A modest raising of the retirement age, fully justified by the American people's improved health, would solve them.

Martin Anderson, now assistant to the president, and other conservative economists have argued recently that there is no need for further action to help the poor or the old, because in fact they are not so badly off. What these studies really show is that the anti-poverty programs of the 1960s and the social security programs as they have evolved have in fact been very successful, and repudiation of them does not seem called for.

Finally, the third major service the government can offer the economy is stabilization. The business cycle has been a recurring and fundamental property of the capitalist system almost since its inception. Recurrent periods of underemployment of men and capital were observed as early as the first half of the nineteenth century. We still do not have a systematic theory, but we do have a general understanding: the economic system is decentralized, so little information about the whole system is available to any one participant; wages and prices not only allocate resources and contribute to efficiency but are also the sources of individuals' incomes and are, therefore, rigorously protected and promoted. In a free market economy, prices and wages fall whenever supply exceeds demand, and rise in the opposite case. In fact, they are rigid or only slowly moving, so that unemployment, for example, is not immediately followed by sharp drops in wages. There is too much pressure to maintain them.

For this reason, Keynes and others before and after him have urged a more active role for the government. It is better to stimulate an insufficient demand by government intervention than to let



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valuable resources remain idle. The measures might include government spending, or tax cuts to stimulate private spending, or increases in the supply of money to make it easier for industry to invest. All of these have been used increasingly in the postwar period. I note that, both here and in countries following similar policies, the period of active government intervention was the most stable ever. In particular, the years from 1961 to 1967 saw the longest sustained prosperity in our history. This was the period when the recommendations of Keynesian policy were most carefully followed.

Indeed, despite the current disillusionment of supply-side economists, for whom Keynes is anathema, the policies of alteration of effective demand have served their economy well. The problem today is not that we do not know how to eliminate unemployment; it is that the wage and price rigidities I mentioned before—together with a policy of sustained full employment, accompanied by the irruptions of the Vietnam war and the oil price increases—have set off an inflationary spiral. It is the dilemma foreseen when Keynesian policy was first being urged—that a stable full-employment economy has a built-in inflationary bias.

This is a dilemma for policy, but does not imply that government stabilization policy is a mistake. Inflation is an evil, but not comparable to the wastage and cruelty of repeated unemployment.

THESE, THEN, are the functions the government can perform and is performing in the operation of the economy. I think the principle that the government can make a contribution is clear. But there is another objection raised by Reagan, Friedman, and other critics of government intervention: that the government by its nature is bound to do its jobs badly. The idea is that decisions made on behalf of others are apt to be made with less care and awareness of what the beneficiaries really want. Examples of this principle are bureaucratic inertia, political pressures on policy-making, and close connections between interest groups and the particular agencies charged with their regulation. The market makes delicate adjustments between

desire and scarcity, because each individual makes his or her own decision; political decisions, made by voting, are necessarily cruder, of a "yes or no" variety.

There is no denying that these criticisms have some truth in them. The market, when it works, creates more pressure for efficiency, for innovation, and for the best use of technology for the desires of users. But most of what the government does is beyond the province of private business. One can easily speak of the capture of regulatory commissions by the regulated industry; but one can easily find many examples where regulation has protected consumers without hampering technological innovation. The statistical services, which I know best, have a record for accuracy, scrupulousness, and sophistication that is the envy of the world.

Nor is the efficiency of private enterprise quite so ideal. I have already referred to its overall inefficiencies in allocation and instability. Industry today is dominated by large firms; bureaucracy is no longer a monopoly of the government. The automobile and steel industries have shown less than perfect agility in responding to changing technology and changing demands, a melancholy fact recorded in both the companies' profit-and-loss statements and the nation's balance-of-trade figures. Routine operation and spending other people's money are as characteristic of business as they are of the government. Perhaps, in the distant future, there may be a confluence of the two.

Let me take the example of the energy sector to illustrate the considerable role the government has always played, for good or ill. Let me repeat: I favor decontrolling oil prices. It would nevertheless be falsifying history to pretend that the imposition of oil price controls was a sudden aberration from a free-market policy. The U.S. government and others have helped oil companies obtain concessions in foreign countries, sometimes by none too gentle means. Not long ago, by historical standards, the Texas Railroad Commission was an earlier and more efficient OPEC that carefully restricted production to keep prices up. As cheaper foreign oil became available, the federal government intervened by setting import quotas to keep up domestic oil prices. Natural-gas prices

have been regulated; oil and natural-gas drilling have been given special treatment. Finally, dwarfing all previous interventions, OPEC itself is massive participation by government.

This story is designed to be evenhanded, but it shows that the government's role has never been negligible although it has probably been more often than good. On present policy issues, to what extent should the United States rely on the market? For allocation of oil itself, certainly. Demanting the regulatory apparatus at refusing to use rationing are all the good. But how should the count anticipate and respond to sudden interruptions of supply? How about synthetic fuel development? Encouragement of solar energy in its various forms? Support of research and development of photovoltaic cells or the breeder reactor or fusion? For most of these issues there is hardly any politically significant difference of opinion as congressional votes show; the government is firmly in the picture, in some cases more firmly than I would judge desirable.

Many of the problems of government intervention stem from its inflexible form. As I have repeatedly noted, allocation through prices is more efficient and takes better account of individual circumstances, than does regulation. When the government does intervene, it can use pricelike mechanisms. For example, in the synthetic fuels program, the government could announce a price, somewhat but not excessively above the current world price of oil at which it will purchase synthetic fuel in the future. If private companies choose to build the plants with this guaranteed market, well and good. If they do not, it is a sign that we are not yet ready for synthetic fuels. Similarly, as regards pollution, it would be better to tax effluents from smokestacks, at a rate reflecting costs imposed on others, than to set regulated limits by plant.

The way the government intervenes in the economy has changed and should continue to change. Old functions become useless and pernicious, new needs emerge. But the general level of government intervention is likely to remain basically unchanged for the next decade, and it is in the general interest that it should do so.



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ERSATZ BBC

In search of public radio

by Simon Winchester

IT'S 5:15 IN THE MORNING, Central Daylight Saving Time, in the wild-rice capital of America, Grand Rapids, Minnesota. Although it is early September, cold winds are skittering down from the Canadian Shield, and in the early morning gray the leaves of the aspen trees can be seen shaking themselves awake: by the time the sun is up you can see that the leaves are a brilliant orange—autumn arrives in northern Minnesota a good month before it gets to Virginia, which I had left a week before.

A light snaps on in a long, low room at the southern end of a classroom building on the little campus of Itasca Community College. The light shines out over the lawns: it illuminates, starkly, a white satellite dish set into a concrete plinth fifty yards away. The dish points steadily up into the purple skies, aimed to the south and west and toward where Sirius is readying herself to set for another day.

The man who switches on the light is Bob Hunsinger, a bearded, taciturn man from Idaho, who came to Grand Rapids two years ago. He drove his house trailer across Montana and the Dakota badlands, taking two weeks to do it. His dog, Gloria, was his only
Simon Winchester, a contributing editor of Harper's, is foreign correspondent for The Sunday Times (London).

company then; and she still is today, trotting obediently behind him as he goes through his well-drilled routine of cranking up a radio station that brings the world to the doorsteps of two hundred thousand people who live and work in these remote fastnesses of the northland lake country.

He switches the power button at the side of the five-year-old Wilkinson Remote Transmitter to ON and writes a terse description of the brief act in a log: the Federal Communications Commission requires the entry, and many more, during the day. The logs have to be preserved for years, ready for inspection at any time by a man sent up from Washington.

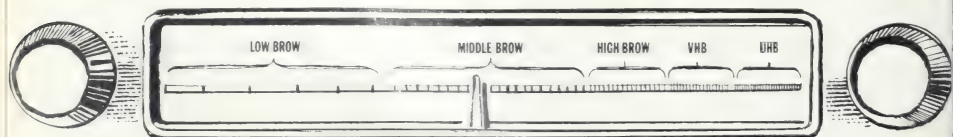
This done, he turns a knurled knob marked RAISE clockwise. Then he lights his pipe and stares out the window for a while—not that he can see anything, it is still dark. He looks at his wristwatch, counts out the final seconds of three minutes. "Okay," he grunts, at no one in particular, "she's warm. Station's ready to go."

The Wilkinson, a steel box fifteen inches by ten by six, is the device that sends the station signal to the power-hungry main transmitter itself, which sits, emitting a constant lowering rumble, on top of a small hill three miles away. A great steel tower 315 feet high soars above it: at this time of day the

red anti-collision lights, visible thirty miles away and more, wink silently on and off. The only planes that take good care to notice them are the needle-nosed fighters of North American Air Defense Command, whose pilots use the mast as a fix on their way back to home base in Duluth.

It is now 5:29:45 in the central zone. Bob switches on a small tone generator: an unvarying audio signal pulses out, at an exact 400 cycles per second to anyone tuned in and turned on in the listening area. Gloria cocks an ear. Fifteen seconds later Bob clicks on the swan-necked microphone in front of him in the cluttered room dignified with the title of Studio One. He leans forward and, breathing his words gently, with all due respect for the hour, utters a paragraph of officially required persiflage that can be heard with ease from the shores of Lake Superior clear across to the North Dakota line, and from Fort Frances, Ontario, down south almost to the Twin Cities themselves.

"Good morning. This is KAXP Grand Rapids, Minnesota, a member of the National Federation of Community Broadcasters and National Public Radio, operating on an assigned frequency of 91.7 megahertz, at a power of 100,000 watts horizontal and vertical, from a height of 460 feet



ove the average terrain. Our transmitter is located three miles east in out Lake Township.

"We operate a microwave studio transmitter link number WB605.

"And now, Priscilla Herdman, a singer from Vermont, with the song an Australian poet named Jim Bish- written in 1927: it's called 'Reedy ver.'"

The needle drops neatly into the groove. Bob Hunsinger clicks off his microphone, and Priscilla Herdman's sweet and lilting voice swells across the ether, the first music of the day for tens of public radio in this remote northern corner of America.

PUBLIC RADIO: the phrase has a welfaring ring to it, as though it were wireless for the poor and needy, broadcasting for the geriatric and sick. The relatively few who listen to it regularly—six million or so, depending on which survey you read—know it is rather other than that: they know that public radio is the twelve-year-old foster child of the "educational radio" of the twenties, that it is intelligent radio, experimental radio, almost always frequency-modulated radio to be found on the extreme left-hand side of the FM dial, radio free from advertising and jingles and grim psychobabble.

Some of its devotees tend to worship its feet: "Public radio is the monastery of liberal humanism in the darkness of mercantilism; it is a conservatory of diverse minority cultures; it is a methadone clinic of the news junkies," wrote one of its more eccentric critics. Its critics, on the other hand, see public radio as unnecessary, amateurish, sophomoric, pretentious, pompous, tedious, and impossibly biased toward the sinister end of the political spectrum. Foreigners who have had no experience of serious broadcasting—people who know the BBC and CBC in particular—see in American public radio a fragile experiment worthy of nurture, liable to sudden extinction at congressional whim, or to sudden transformation at the hands of temporary fashion.

At its headquarters, bevy of public relations people work tirelessly at improving public radio's image—or at least giving an image where so far none exists. Its supposed ability to at-

tract luminaries to its quarterdeck is remarked on constantly: that Frank Mankiewicz, the current boss of National Public Radio, the "network" that ties the 230-odd public stations together, is the brightest star ever to have joined up with has ensured him, in Washington anyway, more favorable publicity and mindless approbation in the past two years than anyone since Neil Armstrong trod the lunar surface.

KAXE IN GRAND RAPIDS is one of those 230-odd stations sheltered by Mr. Mankiewicz's frail umbrella. True to type—and to federal definition—it does not broadcast commercials but gets its financial support from the community to which it broadcasts (through offering "memberships" and, put simply, by begging). It gets a small subvention of federal money from a Washington bureaucracy known as the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and it subscribes, at nominal cost, to the services of National Public Radio, which gives programs, satellite links, a theoretical sense of corporate cohesion with public broadcasting stations around the country. I went up to KAXE last autumn to take a look at the public radio that is beyond the reach of the Washington public relations squadrons—to where the listeners are, and to see and hear what they thought of this remarkable little institution.

It was a simple enough journey: Route 270 north onto the Pennsylvania Turnpike, west over the mountains of West Virginia and Ohio, across and into the corn country of Indiana and southern Illinois, over to Des Moines (an eccentric route, maybe; but I had friends in Ames), and then straight up Route 35 to Minneapolis, the port of Duluth, the Iron Range country, the headwaters of the Mississippi River itself, and finally Grand Rapids: 1,650 miles and all of it, or so I had hoped, to the accompaniment of some of the public broadcasting stations that would pass me, hand to hand, across the broad expanse of the Middle West.

The Washington station, WAMU, run by American University, was airing a play in the series "Masterpiece Radio Theatre": it faded out near Frederick, Maryland, and I cursed the fact that National Public Radio was

not a network as such, and could not guarantee I would pick up the same play being broadcast by another station farther west.

(NPR was never allowed to become a network, because President Nixon, under whose invigilation the child was conceived, wanted to deny it the kind of "East Coast" control of broadcasting that the then White House so despised and feared in television. Critics today say that NPR has a hopeless East Coast bias nonetheless.)

As the signal faded I hunted down something else to listen to among the twenty-odd channels between 88 and 92 megahertz which the FCC has reserved for noncommercial broadcasting. (Hardly generous: nine-tenths of the FM dial, and all of the AM spectrum are free for commercial exploitation.) Religious and school-board broadcasts are the major competitors for space down at the left-hand end of the FM dial, and for a while I found nothing to satisfy my yearning for the spoken word; the public stations in Harrisonburg, Virginia, and Hershey, Pennsylvania (unaffected, I'm glad to say, by the radioactive xenon then being vented by the men at Metropolitan Edison), came and went as I hummed westward. In almost all cases they were broadcasting classical music, high-class audionic wallpaper, the finer and more tasteful kind of Muzak.

And that's more or less how the miles sped by. Beethoven in Athens and Scarlatti and Brahms in Lafayette, and Humperdinck in Normal, Illinois. Classical music in nearly all the hamlets and small college towns where public radio traditionally implants its tendrils. A casual listener might gain the impression that public radio is, to a greater or lesser extent, classical music radio—something that is not really "public" at all but that appeals only to the tiniest and most privileged of subgroups in the community. Could it be that public radio is not really public at all? Of all the arguments that rage within the public broadcasting community, this one is central.

Eventually, the Minnesota northland. According to the handbook published by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting—the organization through which public radio's congressional funds are allocated—my target station, KAXE-FM, should be heard well within an elliptically shaped area centered

—to the extent that an ellipse can be centered—on Trout Lake Township. Fuzzy reception could stretch fifty miles beyond that—easily, my map suggested, down to the town of Cromwell, where county routes 73 and 210 intersect. That was when I stopped, tuned the radio in to 91.7 megahertz, and listened. A thunderstorm was causing some static, but aside from that, nothing. I wandered across the dial. The Duluth public station was broadcasting well enough, forty miles away; it was even possible to hear snatches of KSJN in Minneapolis, more than a hundred miles south. But out of KAXE-FM, 91.7, not a squeak. Peculiar, I thought. I drove closer, to Floodwood, and Warba, and Swan River. Not a sound. I checked the program guide—yes, there should be a jazz program; but the howls and whistles and hiss that were the best my receiver managed to pick up couldn't be the wildest stretch of modern imagination be called jazz. Something must have happened.

And, of course, it had: a small, reddish-brown resistor, the size of a girl's thumb, had melted and charred deep in the bowels of the transmitter. KAXE had been off the air. When I arrived at the station itself, there was the disconsolate program director, Dick Brooks, making preparations to resume broadcasting. Bob Hunsinger had fixed the problem, the jury-rigged electronics he had wired into place should hold for the night. The Wilkinson transmitter was snapped on. A few seconds later Dick Brooks was at the microphone: "Good evening, everyone, sorry about that. We had a little problem up there . . ."

OVER THE NEXT few days, as I drove around the thousands of lonely square miles that constitute KAXE's listening area, the day-long shutdown of "the station" turned out to be the talking point of a hundred households. What on earth had been wrong, people would ask me. It was like losing an ear for the day, they said. They're lost without the station; it's as much a part of life in northern Minnesota as the *Washington Post* is a part of life back in the capital. Without KAXE-FM, the quality of life in the northlands would be immeasurably diminished.

But the truth is that in cities like Washington and New York and Minneapolis and Seattle, the upper-middle classes can have entertainment suitable for stereophonic transmission in their station wagons, provided courtesy of the government of the United States and the largesse of the public purse. In the "major market areas" public radio is, essentially, middle-class radio; everyone else gets his entertainment and education courtesy of the commercial sponsors—public financing of a somewhat different kind.

For those stations out in the wild woods, broadcasting is—and managers of various stations I have visited acknowledge this—almost a missionary activity. If a bomb dropped on the KAXE transmitter tomorrow, thousands of listeners around Grand Rapids would feel an acute sense of deprivation. The only other stations in the area, the commercial outfits, broadcast whatever the commercial market will bear—and that tends, in the case of the Grand Rapids local commercial station, to be a mixture of rock music, country music, and phone-in shows. Jazz, intelligent information, discussion and humor, farming news and sweet music—the odds and ends that, in other words, do not in themselves provide commercial programmers with giant markets for which to seek lucrative advertising rates—come only from KAXE. And, yes, classical music too—though only a few hours weekly. It can be fairly said that KAXE provides, in the best sense of the word, truly public radio: radio for the Minnesota public.

For the stations in the cities where there already exists, courtesy of commercialism, a giant mix of radio formats, public stations have a tendency to provide tiny listening for tony people. It is difficult to see what small community stations have in common with big-city stations—until, that is, you realize that both spend forty percent of their broadcast hours pumping out programs made by the one institution that is in the business of knitting together the disparate ends of the non-commercial radio spectrum: the Washington-based, twenty-million-dollar-a-year production and dissemination outfit, National Public Radio.

Like the curate's egg, National Public Radio is good in parts—very good. It has a bloated bureaucracy, true. It spends too much on hardware, too little

on talent, true. It has, for its employees, a frustrating lack of visibility: the harshly competitive world of Washington journalism, where status is at the reporters and producers of NPR are still unknown people, fighting a tactical lack of image. ("Oh, you're from NPR, how wonderful. Where can I listen to it? Where is that station? What channel can I see you on?")

Two flagship programs are beamed from NPR to the satellite dish at Bre Mar, in the Virginia suburbs, and thence via the WESTAR I satellite hovering above the globe 22,000 miles above longitude 99° west to the 230 odd stations in the family. One goes out each morning, from 6 A.M. till noon—"Morning Edition"; the other, and the senior of the pair, is "fed" into the network at 5 P.M. each evening: "A Things Considered." Since NPR doesn't produce hourly news bulletins, and has only limited time and money to produce lengthy arts programs and documentaries (though there is one NPR fellow who makes documentaries: he has an extraordinary talent for bleeding generous donors of thousands of dollars for radio documentaries the win dozens of prizes but have virtually no listeners), these two current-affairs sequences have a catchall appearance to them: a gallimaufry of news and analysis, criticism and trivia amusement that wakes up six million Americans, and helps drive them home every day of the week. Those who have yearned for decent, high-quality radio in America have discovered in these two shows near-perfect answers to their prayers. The stations, or at least some of the stations, love the two shows: for listeners in the middle of Wyoming (via KUWR, Laramie) or on the Arctic coast (through the good offices of KOTZ, Kotzebue) or by the Mississippi delta (on 90.1, WNJC, Senatobia, Miss.) to be able to hear ten-minute features about the Supreme Court or the BBC's Mark Tully reporting on an encounter with General Zia in Islamabad or an interview in Croton-on-Hudson with Herman Kahn or a critique of the responsibility of Norman Lear—for all these and a thousand other reasons, NPR is very good indeed. It provides an umbrella of upmarket respectability under which tightly stretched, poor local radio stations can appear to have immense stature, range and reach.

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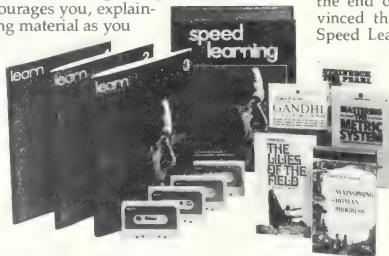
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IN THE STUDIOS OF KAXE, Grand Rapids, the morning light is strong enough for the fluorescent lights to be flipped off. It is 6:59:30, and Bob Hunsinger is winding down his show, removing the final record from the turntable, telling listeners the time, reading the latest weather forecast for the region. Michael Goldberg and Gail Otteson wait by the studio door, their papers and scripts in hand.

Fifteen seconds to seven they are ready to go; behind them, close to the Wilkinson transmitter, a red light comes on inside a complex gantry of glossy gray boxes, and in a small green window a red number 1 lights up. If radio waves were as visible as light waves—or, since there is no intrinsic difference between the two, if the human eye were sensitive to radio waves in the same way as it is to light—then one would see a small drama taking place outside the studio walls. Waves from the satellite would arc down into the satellite dish set up on the college lawn, a thick gray wire would carry them into the module by the Wilkinson transmitter and into Studio One. KAXE is, at this point, in direct contact with Washington: the familiar radiophonic sounds of the "Morning Edition" theme music jangle from the speakers—to be cut off after ten seconds by Dick Brooks, who reads promotions for the day's shows ahead. Then, at 7:01:30, it's back to the satellite, and a woman's voice solemnly intones: "Good morning. I'm Jackie Judd. The Iranian parliament today . . ."

The station records show that about 12,000 Minnesotans listen to "Morning Edition" with any regularity: Michael and Martha Lentz, who raise Black Angus and Holsteins and a variety of fowl with the inelegant name of Sil-g-Link, and who live on a quarter-section farm thirty miles from the transmitter, are fairly typical, very faithful.

They came to the northlands from the Twin Cities five years or so back. They miss the intellectual menu on offer in the metropolis, although they are so busy on their farm that they can scarcely think of driving anywhere just to see a movie, for example, even if there were one to see. So radio, switched on by the bedside just before six, is their only way of ingesting intelligent thought: Had there been no public radio outlet in the Range country, they might well not have stayed.

Not far away there's a doctor's wife, Chris Friedlieb, also from Minneapolis. Her house, deep in the woods and overlooking a lake twice as big as Manhattan island and ten times as pretty, might seem a good place to live; but it gets lonely, and the sound of a human voice is so rare that even a distant murmur becomes something to cherish. The radio provides Mrs. Friedlieb with family—people at the station whom she thinks of as her friends, people in Washington and Chicago and London and Beirut whose voices are so familiar now she calls their owners by their first names. She reads all the respectable monthlies, of course—the *Lentzes* take the *Wall Street Journal* every day—but turns to radio first. Or she does now: in those days, not so long gone, when commercial radio was about all there was, the written word had to fill all the roles. Now, Jackie Judd and Susan Stamberg and Dick Brooks are deep in the pinewoods, too.

I OFTEN WONDER whether those of us who have any power to choose what goes into the various programs beamed out from NPR give much thought to people like the *Lentzes* or to Mrs. Friedlieb, or to how our voices and our choices are received in the pinewoods and the cities and oceanside cabins of this country. Once a month or so for the past couple of years I've been involved in the making of a program called "Communiqué," thirty minutes on foreign affairs as seen-from-the-nation's-capital; do we ever think of our listeners beyond the Capitol Beltway, or of the radio stations that help us serve them?

When it's my turn to help put a show together—and my role as the show's "talent" sounds a lot grander than it is; it's basically a question of renting out one's vocal cords for an afternoon—I happily take part in a costly journalistic exercise that appears fashioned almost wholly for the listeners in those Washington establishments that might be involved that week in the topic of the program. We meet on Monday or Tuesday, decide on a topic—maybe it's Zimbabwean independence, or the politics of gold, or a discussion of Ronald Reagan's foreign policy—and then we fan out across town, armed with our Sonys and our Nagra, to record the latest received

wisdoms on said topic.

There are Rolodex cards abrim with names of regular contributors—like Helmut Sonnenfeldt and Senator Biden and Professor Richard Pipes and Congressman Lester Wolff and learned fellows from Brookings and Johns Hopkins and the Foreign Relations Committee—men (I can only recall two women interviewed in the past year: one a British journalist, the other a State Department desk officer) who are ready at a moment's notice to contribute three minutes thirty seconds of oracular pronouncements on any global problem between the Poles and the date line. The result, when tapes have been cut and spliced, voicetracks cut and aural cosmetics applied to make the whole package acceptable to the engineers of Master Control, is very safe, rather dull, entirely predictable and above all very, very Washington.

Is it what the Minnesota pinewood listeners need? The statistics say yes perhaps—75 percent of the station transmit "Communiqué"; 5 or 10 percent of the listeners bother to switch on. Whether the show is then listened to, or whether it is heard, cannot be told: but few letters arrive back at the show's offices, save from those devoted souls who like to buy ("for twenty-five cents in coin") transcripts and who write to ask. My own feeling is that the production of "Communiqué"—though well-intentioned and laudable—displays the cardinal sin of public radio as presently constituted. It is a program that essentially talks to itself—it is by Washington, for Washington. It is neither national in its appeal nor public in its reach. It is in its Dolbyized, stereophonic, quality-controlled, well-finished sense, pure radio, but it is the medium without message, and as such, for now, it fails. Foreign policy is important, it is fascinating, it can win an audience away from "Soul Train" and "Spectrum" and NPR is the finest and most sympathetic vehicle for its transmission. But not like this: it simply is not public radio, and neither, as close inspection will show, are so many of the other programs that come cascading out of the Bren Mar satellite terminal.

A typical Minnesota opinion:

"We should run more regional news. People care about what's happening in the community. Sure it's expensive, but that's what we should spend money on."

Maybe we should opt out of NPR, stop buying programs from outside, and concentrate more on doing whatever we can according to our budget."

IN WASHINGTON, too, similar debates take place, or at least embroil those who are troubled by the way public radio is developing. The unlabeled Washington bias of NPR's output, for instance—an output that reflects the political obsessions of the highly visible head of the network, Frank Mankiewicz, and the Washington-media perspectives of Barbara Cohen, the former *Washington Star* news editor who now heads the News and Information programming directorate at NPR. Though both Mr. Mankiewicz and Mrs. Cohen would bristle at any suggestion that under their tutelage the network has become more East Coast biased than ever before, it remains true that out in the field, where the listeners are, public radio is seen as Washington radio, and as such provides less than excellent service for most of its listeners. Fine, say the NPR planners—let the local stations construct their programming so that there is a good mix of local news, and NPR will provide the national backbone to it all. All well and good, the stations retort, but would the national radio community be more richly endowed if NPR were more receptive to those stations that submit their own reports to the network for distribution via the WESTAR satellite to all the other stations around the country? That, after all, is one of NPR's jobs—to disseminate the fruits of noncommercial broadcasters, to sow the goodness around the nation. Does KAXE ever submit material to NPR? "Very rarely," they say. "The people down in Washington seem only to be interested in mainstream stuff, from the Twin Cities if they ever get stuff from Minnesota, more usually from the NPR bureau in Chicago or from 'established' stations."

During my visit KAXE reporters were busily interesting themselves and their listeners in a variety of items from their little patch: an old man who was paddling his canoe all the way down the Mississippi, from Lake Itasca to the Gulf; John Hanson, the filmmaker, who was working on a documentary about women miners in the Iron Range; an experimental program

to make alcohol from aspen trees; the wild-rice industry, of which Grand Rapids is the capital; the career and life of Bob Dylan, who was born and raised nearby, and of Judy Garland, born half a mile from the station tower. But was Washington interested in any of the ideas? "In theory they always say, 'Send us your tapes, we'll listen.' But the rejections we get are usually pretty hard to swallow. Tapes are misplaced till they become dated, or overlooked, with NPR then doing similar stories of their own. And that's a pity, if only because it means the rest of America never gets the chance to hear from this part of the world. We should be allowed to take part in radio that is supposed to reflect the condition of the country."

There are other debates, too. Whether radio is for the masses, or for the educated few. Whether it should seek—as Lord Reith sought for the strapping BBC—to uplift the society it serves, to persuade people to listen, and then, almost subliminally, to offer them an interstitial diet of the finest fare that can be produced. Whether classical music, an art form that predominantly attracts listeners who can afford to pay for it, has its place on a publicly financed radio system. Whether public radio should aim for populist amateurism, and whether, since the extrapolated result of this would be the FM equivalent of Citizens' Band radio, professionalism should be cultivated to reach the highest state of the art.

Public radio is an institution with few friends, save its most dedicated listeners. There were unashamed grins of pleasure when Congressman Bauman was caught with his political pants down last October: he had been a vitriolic foe of publicly financed media and was working on legislation to ensure that program guides put out by the stations be forbidden from carrying paid advertising—the kind of insensitive pedantry that would ensure the death of the guides, and increase the invisibility of the system. There are those who would cut federal subventions to public broadcasting—those who would lavish tax dollars on television and let radio wither away. The press is uninterested. The listeners are few and far between. The hierarchy of NPR seems to think that by paying huge salaries to attract "visible" figures like Frank Mankiewicz they can ensure

a greater public appreciation of what their system is doing. A few newspaper advertisements attesting to the attractions of public radio might have been a far better buy.

Public radio has many faults: not least its technical imperfections, its lack of authority, its pomposity and phoniness and determined eccentricity. But it is still the best to be found on the dreary radio spectrum of the United States, and, while one cannot suppose that America will ever get—or will ever deserve—a system like the BBC, there is a powerful case to be made for expanding and improving the public system that exists today.

Expansion is a key—expansion that will help buy excellence, will help improve the technical performance of the lesser stations, will help increase the ability of the network to gather news, to initiate cultural expeditions, to foster its own orchestras and jazz ensembles and festivals. But to entertain the idea of expansion, the planners have to set themselves a determined course—either for a more populist, more public approach to radio, or toward a more elitist pursuit of radio excellence. The experience in Minnesota points to one course: that public radio should seek the expansion of community radio in an attempt to make radio more truly public, and the improvement of quality of the network to make the cohesive personality of national public radio more unashamedly intelligent and excellent.

The present formula—by which the bulk of public money is spent on maintaining a middlebrow service for middle-class America—seems destined to make public radio more enemies than it deserves. The public needs to be served: not just the Volvo-driving public of Chevy Chase and Shaker Heights and Grosse Pointe, but the rural public, the intelligent center-city public, the minorities and the disadvantaged, too. The stations, if properly and adequately supported, can provide services for populist America: the network can provide the basso continuo for the elite. Between the two, public radio could gain the standing it so urgently demands. Allowed to go on the way it is today, a worthy experiment in offering some alternative to the babbling nonsense of the frequency bands will be doomed to apathy and failure. □

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RISING TO REBELLION

inside El Salvador

by T. D. Allman

THE CAMPESESINOS AROUND Aguilaes, a dusty, terror-stricken little district town an hour's drive up the Troncal del Norte from the American-style hopping centers of San Salvador, have a saying. If Christ landed at El Salvador's new international airport on the Pacific slope, the maxim runs, He would be arrested before He reached Aguilaes.

In this, as in many other things, the harassed and emaciated people I met there seemed preternaturally charitable toward their government, and filled with an optimism their circumstances hardly appeared to support. These days, any fate in El Salvador so civilized as mere arrest and detention must be counted a miracle akin to walking on the waters of Lake Ilopango, or land for the landless multiplying like loaves and fishes in the overpopulated, dirt-poor hills of Chalatenango and Morazan. More likely, if inquiries on the disappearance of the Messiah were made, the Salvadoran authorities would report that there was no record of anyone with the name "Christ, Jesus" even passing through customs.

The missing person, a member of the ruling junta would explain, had no doubt used a false passport to enter the country illegally, along with all the other communists, Jesuits, and Sandinistas who were out to destabilize progress in El Salvador, thus imperiling United States strategic interests in Central America and, of course, subverting the entire free world.

The International Red Cross would close its dossier, the State Department profess satisfaction with the junta's report. Only later would the body be discovered, beside the uncompleted airport superhighway, or in the parking lot of a Kentucky Fried Chicken stand in the capital. The victim's severed tongue and genitals and gouged-out eyes would take the place of a crown of thorns, the dismembered arms and legs would have been formed into a cross. The Gothic lettering on the sign attached to the body would be similar to the inscriptions left on thousands of other corpses all over El Salvador: "This is the fate of the communist subversives. Death to Cuba. Death to Russia. Death to the enemies of freedom."

T. D. Allman is a contributing editor of Harper's and East Coast editor of Pacific News Service. He recently returned from an assignment in Central America for the magazine.

IT WAS MY LAST full day in El Salvador, and I had traveled to Aguilares in hope of meeting some "guerrillas" and making contact with "the revolutionary front." It seemed my last chance to come face to face with that momentous struggle that makes front-page headlines almost daily now in the United States. Did the United States (as one American newspaper editorial put it last autumn) face the choice of either summoning "the will to counter Cuba's escalating intervention" or accepting "the tragedy, and the consequences, of a solidly Marxist Central America"?

Such were the issues of consequence that brought me to Aguilares, but the problem in Aguilares was the same problem as the problem in the capital and in the rest of El Salvador. However diligently one searched for significance, one found only terrorized, hapless people—abused, barefoot women with no food or medicine for their malnourished children; landless, jobless, illiterate men and boys fleeing for their lives from the "security forces" of their own national government; mutilated bodies beside the road. There, near the center of town, was the outpost of the Guardia Civil, which people passed hurriedly, their eyes averted lest some involuntary gesture excite the curiosity of the police and spell their doom. There was the dusty square filled with listless men; the few begging children; the "motel"—the Salvadoran term for the local brothel—near the main highway, with the Mercedes of one of the district notables parked outside. There was the ORDEN spy stationed outside the church, peering through black sunglasses, carefully noting those so

reckless as to compromise themselves in the eyes of the regime by attending Mass. On the outskirts of town stood a small wooden cross marking the place where the local priest had been murdered when he tried to organize the town's landless farm laborers. After the priest's death, I was told, the cross had taken root and then sprouted leaves; surely this, the campesinos agreed, bespoke the invincibility of faith, the inevitability of salvation, the certainty of resurrection.

We had abandoned the car in a blind of bamboo stalks, and were picking our way through a no man's land of felled trees and drainpipes laid across the dirt road, of punji sticks made of sharpened branches and planted, like some experimental crop, in shallow excavations. Anything they could find in their huts or fields, or take from the forests that might be of use, the campesinos had gathered together and attempted to interpose between themselves and the jeeps and armored cars of the soldiers who came, periodically like blight on the coffee harvest or typhoons from the Pacific, to torture their lives at moments they could not predict, and for reasons of which they had no understanding. After a few minutes I could sense we were not walking alone. The rustling of the trees became a rustling apart from the trees; then the rustling became a series of shadows and the shadows grew into silent forms that appeared on the trail in front of us, behind us, on both sides. The "insurgent forces," as they are described in the official communiqués, had a few flintlocks among them, but their main weapons were machetes; and they seemed as thin as their own machetes. One youth had tried to fashion a kind of uniform from an old pair of khaki pants and a safari shirt. He wore a beret and had a crucifix strung around his neck. Like most of the others, he had no boots.



Susan Meiselas/Magnum

THE TRAIL LED to a clearing. At the head of the clearing, many years ago, during the time the Americans had said El Salvador must have an Alliance for Progress, the government had built a cinder-block one-room building there and called it a school. But it had been years since the government had sent books or teachers. All that remained now were a few broken school benches and a rusted plaque proclaiming the devotion of a forgotten dictator to the emancipation of his people. We sat and waited on one of the benches, and then, quite rapidly, the reverse of what happens when the Salvadoran army mounts one of its counterinsurgency offensives happened to us. Instead of

nishing into the forest, a whole village—men, grandmothers leading boys and girls, others carrying infants, more men with machetes—emerged out of the forest from every direction and converged around us. A few men on horseback. All the rest walked; most had no shoes.

"What is this thing you call a 'guerrilla'?" one of the men wanted to know. When it was explained to him, he said: "I would like to come a guerrilla, and have boots, and a uniform to wear, and a gun. Then when the soldiers came, I could fire back. I would not have to run and hide in the forest." Another of the men had heard that beyond the mountains where El Salvador becomes Honduras, beyond the other sea on the other side of Honduras, there existed a country that might give them boots and uniforms and guns, called Cuba. But how could one get to that place? Even when one went to Aguilares to attend Mass, the Guardias took you, and tortured you, and killed you; and Cuba was much more distant—farther away than the capital, even than the Pacific Ocean. Perhaps our apparition here—the apparition of our shoes with their leather soles, of our clean, unpatched clothing, of our cameras and tape recorders—might be, like the leaves sprouting from the cross, the sign of a miracle. "Can you tell us, please, sir," an old man asked, "how we might contact these Cubans, and inform them of our need, so that they might help us?"

So even here, in this clearing in the forest, there was nothing remarkable. Our *nada* which is *not in nada*, *nada* be thy *nada* . . . Wasn't that the way Hemingway once put it? Same language, another war, the dateline might have an exotic ring: BEHIND GUERRILLA LINES, SOMEWHERE IN EL SALVADOR. But this village was just another typical part of the country, like the university with its murdered rector, like the cathedral with its murdered archbishop, like all the towns and schools and hospitals everywhere in El Salvador with their murdered priests and teachers and doctors. Looted hovels, crops burned before they could fail; the child standing next to me was so blond I took him for the descendant of some conquistador from Castile, until I looked into his shrunken, dark eyes. Everywhere around the forest was a profusion of stout-limbed trees and exuberant vines, of gaudy flowers preening themselves in the mid-morning sun; and it was a childhood of no meat, no vegetables, no milk—not even *frijoles*, only tortillas—that had turned his hair white at seven and given him the look of some grave-titled Bourbon duke peering out from a gilt-framed canvas hung on a Prado wall.

A village of fear

THE MAN WHO WAS SPEAKING had been tortured twice, so his face had a tic. It was the tic that made me realize the only beautiful places I had seen in

El Salvador were the graveyards. Whether they are the crypts of the murdered wealthy—as ostentatiously as the fortified villas of the San Salvador oligarchs—or the wooden markers of the murdered poor, as humble as the shanties in which they lived in life, the cemeteries of El Salvador glisten with color and sparkle with life. The tombs are painted bright pink or deep green or pastel blue, and even the graves of the humblest peasants are blanketed in bright tropical flowers. In a land where death waits at the bus stop, sits next to you in darkened cinema halls, and rings doorbells every night, the graveyards had become celebrations of life—places where at last children could be near their fathers, and lovers lie together with nothing to fear from this world.

"The last time, they came in a helicopter," a woman was explaining, "and used it to show the soldiers on the ground where we were. They also threw grenades out the windows, and pushed bombs that made the fields burn out the door of the helicopter." Only the campesinos' poverty made them different from the well-informed sources of the capital; these people were the same as others everywhere in El Salvador, even those who owned automobiles and had university degrees. Outsiders might perceive some pattern in their catastrophe; they only knew that to be a Salvadoran was to be born with a ticket in a national lottery of death. One woman had given birth four hours before the soldiers came. She had hidden under leaves in the rain for three days without food, and the infant died. Another woman told about her sister, raped and mutilated before they let her die.

When I asked them if they were revolutionaries, the villagers all raised their hands. "To be a revolutionary," one man explained, "is to fight against the soldiers who kill people who have committed no crime." They were asked for a definition of social justice, and another person said: "With that thing, we would be paid for the work we do, and if we had to walk very far to work in some field, we would have some place to sleep there and something to eat, if it was too far to walk home again and back before the next day's work began." "If we had a revolution," a woman added, "even people like us could eat meat sometimes, on feast days or at weddings." A young mother said that with a revolution

"To be a Salvadoran was to be born with a ticket in a national lottery of death."

T. D. Allman
RISING TO
REBELLION

the hospital in Aguilares would be open to all children, not just those whose parents had ORDEN identity cards. "For example," she elaborated, "if your child had diarrhea, you could take him to the pharmacist, and the pharmacist could sell you medicine without getting beaten by the Guardias."

"That is why we would like to be guerrillas," the man with the tic concluded. Like so many other people in El Salvador, these campesinos had been pushed across a threshold. They had begun as a group of devout Catholic laity, organizing themselves into what in Spanish is called a *comunidad de base*, and might best be translated as a grassroots congregation, in order to pray, study the Bible, and use Christian principles to improve their lives. Using nonviolent methods, they had sought the objective, never attained, of a daily wage of \$3.50.

AT FIRST ONLY their leaders were harassed, beaten, and tortured. Then, as one of them put it, "the strict repression began." Whole families were driven from their homes into the marginal forest. Men who sought work, even at landowners' wages, were killed on sight. "At first we could still go into town," the youth in the beret explained, "to get food or medicine, but then they began killing any man who showed his face in the market, so we would send our sisters or wives. They started killing them, so we sent the children, and last week they killed an eight-year-old girl. Her brother was sick, and her mother had sent her to the market with the few coins she had left. She hoped to buy an egg."

"I saw it happen in Nicaragua too," a Catholic nun later remarked when I told her the story of the boy in the beret, the murdered girl, and the egg. "There is this myth that revolution is inevitable in Central America. The astonishing thing is that revolutions ever occur at all. The truth is that even the most oppressed people will do anything they can to avoid having to fight. I've heard peasants and university professors repeat the identical thing to themselves: 'There must be some other way, there must be some other way.'"

In the forest clearing, I asked the campesinos if they had not forsaken Christ, who preached peace and love, and embraced Marx, who believed progress could only come through violence and conflict. "I do not know what Marx did," one man replied. "I know Our Lord and Saviour drove the Pharisees from the temple when they desecrated it. Have we not the duty to imitate Him, even here

in Aguilares?" As I walked back down the trail, I had, for the first time, I think, not just the knowledge that there are people who cannot read and write but the sense of what it means to grasp the realities of the world as an illiterate understands them. "It is good that journalists come to El Salvador," one of the men with machetes said, "but you should not just visit our country. You should live here." I agreed that journalists wrote much better stories when they lived in the country about which they wrote, but that had not been what he meant. "If you lived in San Salvador," he explained, "you could hide Christian people in your house and the Guardias could not find them, and you could bring us food and medicine and guns in your car."

What were the patterns I typed on pieces of paper, my faith that it was the moral duty of the journalist not to take sides? They were the same unimaginable abstractions to him that working eighteen hours in a cane field for a few dollars or being hunted down in the forest were to me. I said I regretted I had brought them no food or medicine. "It doesn't matter," he answered, "your presence here is proof we are not alone." But of course they were alone—figures turning back into shadows, and shadows turning back into rustlings in the forest even before our car jolted down the gravel road, away from them. We sped down the main highway back to the capital, to the hotel. There, safely before nightfall, I drank Scotch at four dollars a shot in the bar and listened to Salvadoran businessmen discussing condominiums and dollars—and then ordered a steak beside the swimming pool and watched plump, dark-eyed children splash in the water while they in turn were watched by older sisters, maternally, already wearing too much jewelry, dressed in pretty frocks bought on their last vacation trip to Miami Beach.

The face of Jean Donovan

I HAD SUPPOSED at the time that the meeting in the forest would provide my most vivid memory of El Salvador, but I was wrong. Instead, now, when I consider what is happening in that country it is the faces of two women that return with photographic clarity. The first is the face of an American girl named Jean Donovan. As Terry Shaw of the *Washington Post*, a companion of mine on the trip to El Salvador, later wrote of Jean and her friend Dorothy Kazel, an Ursuline nun: "As soon as I climbed into the van that sunny day in El Salvador last month, I knew they were from Ohio." We were jour-

alists, late for an interview. Jean was a lay worker, but it was of much more consequence to us that she and Dorothy were driving a van that could hold us all. They used it to carry refugees, when they could, to the sanctuary behind the cathedral of San Salvador. They also used the van to meet coreligionists who arrived at the new airport near the Pacific, near an hour's fast drive from the center of town. All over the country the American nuns and their vehicle were a common sight—and a symbol. To the harassed, the persecuted, the stretched they were a symbol that, as the people in the forest had put it to me, they were not alone.” And to the killers and the torturers and the spies in black sunglasses who watched, recorded, and reported the movements of the van wherever it went, they were no other kind of symbol—that there were still a few people in the country who, whether because of their Christian faith or only because of their American passports, were immune to their terror. It took us only a moment to transform them into our chauffeurs.

Why does Jean's face remain so clear to me, I often wondered later. She was big and cheerful and blond, the kind of girl whom the boys in Ohio would have called bouncy or peppy, never fat. Her bulk, like her talk and gestures, conveyed buoyancy and vigor. Was it only later that I remembered her cheerfulness, the way I remembered the brilliance of those exuberant graveyards? In this land of despair she seemed made up of all the bright pastel colors, all the blankets of flowers one associates with that peculiarly Christian belief in the Resurrection. It was not the catastrophe all around her that Jean Donovan found astonishing. It was the possibility that she herself might actually be able in some way to help alleviate it that seemed to fill her constantly with amazement, and joy.

THE SECOND FACE I remember belonged to the chambermaid. When I returned to my hotel room that last night in El Salvador, the maid was there. I had surprised her taking something from my desk. The little cash I had there, I told her, was of no consequence. But I wanted to see what she had slipped into the pocket of her skirt. If it was a notebook that might incriminate some of the Salvadorans I had met, she would have to give it back. She offered another solution. If I would not make her show me what she had taken, then she would compensate me for what she had taken by giving me herself. I took a step closer, and she, misinterpreting my gesture, began to unbut-

ton her blouse; then she burst into tears when she realized I had grabbed whatever it was from her pocket. I held up to the light the prize for which she had been willing to steal, willing to prostitute herself.

It was the engraved calling card of Colonel José Guillermo García, Minister of Defense and Public Security. By then I suppose I knew Colonel García better than I knew Jean Donovan. He was not the most feared man in El Salvador; that distinction belonged to Major Roberto D'Abuisson, leader of the death squads of the extreme right and generally considered, even by members of the country's reactionary elite, the author of the most sadistic tortures. D'Abuisson, against whom the Salvadoran authorities have never taken any action, is also widely believed to have been involved in the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero. The primate of the Salvadoran church was gunned down as he said Mass in March 1980—the month after the archbishop had appealed to President Carter to help avert “worse bloodshed in this suffering country” by denying the junta U.S. aid. “Because you are a Christian and because you have shown that you want to defend human rights,” the prelate begged Carter not to intervene through “economic pressure, or give military support and assistance to the present junta government.” The only possible effects of such aid, the archbishop pointed out, “would be unjust and deplorable.”

The Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States had been less discreet than the archbishop in describing the activities of the regime Washington supported on the grounds that it was a progressive government of national reform. The Salvadoran military, it reported, committed “torture, and physical and psychological mistreatment.” They “maintained secret places of detention,” where the victims “were deprived of liberty under extremely cruel and inhuman conditions.”

“In this land of despair she seemed to be made of bright pastel colors.”



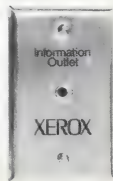
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"Priests, members of religious orders of both sexes, and lay persons who cooperate actively with the Church," the OAS report added, "have been the object of systematic persecution by the authorities." The regime was violating "the American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man, the Charter of the OAS, Article 26 of the American Convention on Human Rights, and other international instruments."

After appealing to President Carter, Archbishop Romero continued to speak out against the actions of the junta from the pulpit of San Salvador Cathedral. He called on the soldiers not to "kill your own brother peasants," and to "obey the law of God first, rather than immoral command." To the junta, the archbishop addressed the following words: "In the name of God, then, and in the name of the suffering people, whose laments reach up to the heavens every day with greater intensity, I beg of you, I beseech you, I command you, in the name of God, stop the repression!" Would no one rid the colonels of their turbulent priest? The next morning, as the archbishop turned to bless his congregation from the altar, he was killed by a single shot fired by a single assassin. No arrests were ever made, no one was ever brought to justice; but less than forty-eight hours later, Congress, at the request of the White House, moved to provide the junta with the aid it sought.



Susan Meiselas/Magnum

IF COLONEL GARCIA was not the most feared man in El Salvador, he was generally reputed to be among the most adept at exploiting the mayhem created by the forces under his command. "García is much smoother and much more clever than people like D'Abuisson," a Salvadoran social democrat later told me. "Let us assume García, in his capacity as minister of public security, did not participate in the plot against the archbishop, that he only knew of it and failed to stop it, and after that only refrained from taking any action against the killers. Political subtlety in El Salvador," he explained, "often consists in letting others do the killing, and reaping the advantages for yourself." Not that anyone in El Salvador pretended that García's culpability stopped there. It was a simple fact that every soldier who raped a woman, every sergeant who tortured a campesino, and every major who ravaged a village was under what Archbishop Romero had defined as García's "immoral command."

Not that any of this prevented Colonel García from being a most gracious host to a itinerant journalist. In his fortified office he showed me his new Betamax—used more for recording political interrogations than taping soccer games. Like the spare parts for the helicopters, jeeps, and armored cars, it derived from the United States' "nonlethal" military assistance to the regime. "It is indeed regrettable," García agreed, "that so many murders occur and so few are punished. But what can I do?" The minister shrugged as he poured me some excellent Salvadoran coffee. "I urge you to voice these same concerns to the commander of the Guardia Civil."

A few nights later, our acquaintance became more intimate. Colonel García poured me some excellent French champagne at a reception at the presidential palace, while we discussed the junta's efforts to redistribute El Salvador's wealth through a "Land to the Tiller" campaign devised by an American veteran of the pacification campaign in Vietnam. As the reception drew to an end, the military band played flourishes, and the gold-braided Salvadoran officer corps gathered in the lobby under a crystal chandelier to reclaim the revolvers they had checked at the door. Colonel García grasped my hand and gave me his card—the card that the chambermaid had taken, and that I now held up to the light.

Why is the obvious only obvious after someone has pointed it out? "Tell me why you want it," I said to the woman, "and you can have it." Her reply was in better English than my Spanish: "When the soldiers molest me,"

he said, "I can show them this, and they will be afraid and leave me in peace." The humiliation and fear were gone from her face; in fact it was suffused with a serene composure as she left. It was the look of a woman who has suddenly had her faith in the possibility of personal salvation rekindled.

I never saw the chambermaid again, but I did see Jean Donovan's face once more, nearly a month later. I was standing in the lobby of the Hotel Lincoln in Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, waiting for the desk clerk to give me my key, when I noticed a copy of *The Miami Herald*. Jean Donovan's face gazed up at me from the front page; the van had been ambushed by the usual unidentifiable, unpunishable men carrying American guns and wearing Salvadoran uniforms. It was now an empty, charred, burned-out shell. A little later, Jean's mutilated and raped body had been pulled from a shallow grave near the airport road, along with the bodies of Dorothy Kazel and two nuns I had not met. So, even in death, they and their van were still symbols—of the fact that no one in El Salvador was immune now; it was surely the most brilliant triumph for the anti-communist cause since the death of the archbishop himself. But I found myself thinking less of Jean and the political calculations that had led to her death than of the place names of El Salvador.

Torture as a way of life

ONE TOWN WAS CALLED Libertad—"Liberty." Many provinces and towns in El Salvador, of course, were named after saints. The easternmost province is called La Unión, and the province where Jean and the others had died is named La Paz—"Peace." For that matter the name of the capital city itself means "Holy Saviour." If names on a map mean anything, El Salvador is indeed the kingdom of God.

The killings of the American nuns, along with the torture and murder of the moderate leaders of the opposition front, who were kidnapped from a press conference at a church school, provoked a political crisis in El Salvador. That is to say, the American ambassador became personally upset and the headlines in America were an embarrassment to the State Department's pretense that the junta was a progressive reform government. The cabinet was therefore reshuffled to appease the Americans, distract the journalists, and ensure the continuing flow of American aid.

To this end, a civilian graduate of the military's torture chambers, José Napoleón

Duarte, was made nominal president; an official communiqué made it clear that command of the military would remain in military hands. President Duarte of El Salvador lacks two fingers. They were removed when they became gangrenous in the course of interrogation. The absence of the fingers was evident every time Duarte gestured at a press conference, but I had no way of verifying something else I was told. According to a person who had known Duarte all his life, one could discover something interesting if one pressed the president's scalp in two different places: the skull moved in a kind of wiggle back and forth. The bones, this person said, had never fully fused back together after the beatings Duarte had received. Later, when he was returned from exile, at the insistence of the American embassy, in order to give the regime of his torturers a civilian legitimacy, Duarte, in a well-known incident, encountered the sergeant who had mutilated him, as he entered a government building in the company of some military men. He averted his eyes from his tormentor and said nothing, even though by that time he was one of the ostensible rulers of the Salvadoran state.

Shortly after his installation as president, with the colonels standing around him, Duarte announced that the great threat to El Salvador was communist subversion. No arrests were made in connection with the murders of the American nuns or the opposition leaders, but within days the ministry of defense announced another major offensive against the guerrillas. As for my friend García, he had emerged—as he had emerged from the archbishop's murder—even more powerful than before. In Washington, officials were gratified. Surely this was progress. El Salvador had a civilian president, which proved that the regime was not a military dictatorship after all but, as the State Department termed it, "a Christian Democratic-military coalition," and in this they were like the mapmakers who followed in the wake of the conquistadors during the Spanish conquest—happening upon the places of pillage, murder, barbarism, and degradation, and affixing to them the names of peace, union, liberty, salvation, and His love.

Jimmy Carter's cold war

IT WAS ONE OF THE MANY ironies of ineptness infesting Jimmy Carter's presidency that in Central America he contrived simultaneously to pursue a policy of mechanistic anti-communism worthy of John Foster Dulles during the Cold War or Lyndon John-

"No arrests were made, no one was ever brought to justice."

son in Indochina, while at the same time managing to convey to millions of outraged Americans that he was compromising U.S. strategic interests for such frivolities as human rights. Perhaps Carter's undoing was his capacity for sounding sincere.

Relatively early in his presidency, for example, Carter alarmed many repressive regimes in Central America, as well as in other parts of the world (along with some Americans) when, at Notre Dame University, he announced that "an inordinate fear of communism" would no longer be permitted to dictate U.S. policies in countries like El Salvador. Instead, American might would be employed to foster progress and democracy and justice and reform.

Such pronouncements from the White House, of course, were hardly novel. Many of Carter's predecessors—Nixon in Chile; Johnson in the Dominican Republic; Eisenhower in Guatemala; and for that matter Herbert Hoover in Nicaragua and Woodrow Wilson in Mexico—had cloaked their interventions on behalf of repressive, exploitative, and reliably pro-U.S. Latin-American strongmen in similarly idealistic assertions. But their rhetoric had done nothing to compromise their standing as good, strong American presidents who were not about to permit America or its friends to be pushed around.

In Central America Carter certainly accumulated a record worthy of any hero of American foreign policy back before U.S. diplomacy ostensibly became all fuzzy-headed and idealistic, wishy-washy and weak. Even in the good old hard-nosed days of *entente cordiale* between Washington and Batista and Trujillo and Papa Doc and all the rest, it would have been difficult to find an instance of an American president standing quite so resolutely behind a regime that quite so shamelessly tortured peasants and castrated doctors of philosophy and disemboweled little children and raped nuns and shot archbishops dead while they celebrated Mass. But El Salvador was merely the diamond in Carter's glittering Central American stand against subversion, communism, and surrender on the installment plan. Emeralds green as unsutured wounds, and blood-red rubies I found in Central America too.

Take Nicaragua: though it was entirely Carter's achievement, that country was nonetheless a case study in muscular U.S. diplomacy in action fully worthy of the Nixon Doctrine. Had Carter not stood by Somoza in his Managua bunker as long, as pointlessly, and as destructively to both American interests and local life and limb as Nixon and Ford

had ever stood by Lon Nol and Thieu (and of course, as Carter himself stood by the shah)? Had not the Carter administration counted as much on the Nicaraguan National Guard as Nixon had counted on ARVN?

As I journeyed the length of Central America, and then retraced my steps northward again, I happened upon equally convincing, if less glamorous, proofs that the growing doubts of the American people about the weakness of their president were unfounded. Jimmy Carter was heir to our oldest tradition in Central America—the tradition of lavishing every bounty we can on bad government and destabilizing good ones through insensitivity, arrogance, and neglect as well. Indeed a visit to Costa Rica, the region's model democracy, was reminiscent of visits to Thailand under Nixon or the Philippines under Johnson when they were still democracies—and America did not let that stand in its way.

EVERY MORNING, when I went to change money in San José, the local currency had collapsed a little more and the dollar was worth another Costa Rican colon or two. Inflation was going up and living standards were going down. People were buying guns and beginning to whisper about coups and revolution in that showcase of American-style liberties. The problem, it was explained to me, was that the Costa Ricans had been throwing their money away so irresponsibly. For years they had squandered the nation's wealth on schools for the young, health care for the poor, minimum wages for workers, and pensions for the old. The Costa Ricans stifled free enterprise by levying an income tax and hindered foreign investment by demanding not just that the multinational corporations take their bauxite, but build them an alumina smelter as well. Now coffee prices had collapsed, and already there were ominous signs of Marxist subversion, such as workers exercising their right to strike, the middle class exercising its right to complain, and the rich exercising their right to convert their colonies into dollars—and Costa Rica did not even have an army to counter the threat.

The communists were reaping the whirlwind in Central America, the experts in Washington had decided. Only an abandonment of American naïveté could stem the tide, but, as I traveled from El Salvador, to Nicaragua, to Costa Rica and Panama, and then back to Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador again, and finally Belize, my most interesting discovery consisted in what I could not find. The head of the American military mission in San Sal-

ador—whom I had known when he commanded a similar operation in Indochina a decade before—could not help me. Nor could a Guatemalan intelligence officer whose help I sought there. It was the same in San José,

Panama, Tegucigalpa, wherever I went. They wished to be helpful, those colonels and majors, those attachés and chargés d'affaires. But not one could show me a captured urban adviser, or a single Russian gun, or even a pamphlet printed in Managua and exported by the Sandinistas, urging the oppressed masses to arise. But almost everywhere—from bankrupt boardrooms in skyscrapers to impoverished villages beside mountain lakes—I could see ample evidence of what I discovered when I returned home, that coffee on sale in New York was now as low as \$1.89 a pound. In Costa Rica, the small coffee growers—the country's historic and demographic backbone of democracy—were desperate. In Guatemala and Honduras, peasant landholders were losing their fincas or going deeper and deeper into debt. In El Salvador, the murders might be blamed on faceless terrorists, beyond the control of the U.S. embassy or even the junta. But the swollen bellies of the malnourished children of the coffee workers stemmed from a chain of cause and effect much easier to establish.

For more than a month I dwelled in hotels where the air conditioning rattled, and flew in airplanes that landed in slashing rain. Colonels with brilliantined mustaches became my confidants and embassy attachés took me to lunch. Shoeshine boys corrected my use of the subjunctive and mestizos in sombreros passed judgment on the current minister of the interior. The more I traveled in Central America the more clear it became that the American voter, so far as Jimmy Carter was concerned, had failed to give credit where credit was due. Other presidents had railed against OPEC and all the other Third World chisellers who were destroying the American way of life. But Jimmy Carter had really done it; he had smashed the coffee cartel.

A caricature of Honduras

IF CARTER'S RECORD in El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica was veritably Nixonian, he rose to the stature of a Johnson, or even a Kennedy, when his record in Honduras was inspected. Arriving in Tegucigalpa was an experience akin to traveling backward in time and sideways in space. The dusty back streets might have been the back streets of Vientiane, and the languorous bars,

the dance halls of Phnom Penh more than a decade ago. With its pastel-green ramparts and cartoon-strip half-scale turrets, the presidential palace looked like a Turkish bordello; but when the Praetorian Guard, in their dusty boots and cutaway coats and Napoleonic gold-braided caps, presented arms each morning, I could almost imagine it was some Asian seraglio, inhabited by its Oriental potentate.

Like the people of Laos at the beginning of the 1960s, the Hondurans at the beginning of the 1980s seemed too busy for the activities that filled their Salvadoran neighbors' lives. Indeed, the street festivals and carnivals and grand cultural manifestations in the soccer stadium which their military rulers were constantly sponsoring scarcely left the Hondurans time for the daily siesta, let alone such activities as political assassination or manufacturing homemade bombs.

As befits its reputation as the archetypal Central American right-wing military dictatorship, Honduras has no political prisoners, a degree of press freedom Americans might consider license, and when the generals held a free election recently, 95 percent of those eligible turned out to vote. If the most intricate folk art in El Salvador was torture, in Honduras the local imagination seemed to reserve its most baroque excesses for the political cartoon. Following yet another of the government's circuses—this one featured an imported Mexican acrobatic motorcycle team—a local newspaper ran its own front-page version of government-by-vaudeville. The parade, in the cartoon, was led by a jester named "unemployment." Children carried high-flying balloons labeled "inflation." As for the dancing lady, "prostitution" was her name. There was also a jolly carnival dragon, of the Chinese New Year type, whose segments were composed of hunger, shortages, illness, illiteracy, and drugs. Crime and alcoholism brought up the rear of this typically folkloric cavort, which is being watched in fuddled incomprehension by a pathetic little general with a question mark over his head. Says the circus barker to the Maximum Leader: "Welcome to the Festival of Reality!"

Every day I was in Honduras, His Excellency General Policarpo Paz García, provisional president of the republic and darling of the Carter human-rights policy in Central America, was held up to similar ridicule, and after a time it seemed to me that the Hondurans were seriously underestimating the statesmanlike qualities of their unelected head of state. Short in stature and dim of wit as he reputedly might be, General Paz—or General Peace, as his name would be if rendered into English—

"In Honduras the local imagination seemed to reserve its most baroque excesses for the political cartoon."

T. D. Allman
RISING TO
REBELLION

towered head and shoulders above the rulers of many another Central American state. A modest man of humble birth, whose sole diversions from the onerous burdens of dictatorship were getting drunk and stealing money, General Paz was accused by his detractors of illiteracy; even the president's most fervent admirers conceded they had never seen him read a book.

The truth was that Paz's achievements lay elsewhere. In the 1969 football war with El Salvador, he actually led his troops into battle, instead of fleeing to his estancia in his Mercedes-Benz. This baptism of arms on the battlefield had made him a national hero—and a regional curiosity. No other Central American general within memory—from Lucas in Guatemala to Torrijos in Panama—had ever fired a shot in anger, at least where there was the chance someone else might fire back. But what really made Policarpo Paz a phenomenon was his plan to willingly return power to the civilians—following an astonishingly brief, eight-year interregnum of military rule.

CYNICS IN HONDURAS might say this was an old Honduran military custom—handing the problems you have created over to the politicians after filling your Swiss bank account to overflowing, the better to discredit constitutional rule, and thus preparing the ground for another coup when a further replenishment of the coffers is eventually needed. But Washington knew better—and this was where the Carter policy in Central America transcended the Nixonesque and attained the heights of imaginative American statesmanship usually associated only with the Great Society and the New Frontier. When it became known in the White House that there actually existed a Central American dictator who did not beat his people with scorpions, General Paz was summoned to Washington to confer with President Carter himself. One Washington official recalled of the U.S.-Honduran summit: "Here at last was a leader who was both anti-communist and doing something for his people."

Not since Lyndon Johnson's heart-to-heart colloquies with Nguyen Cao Ky about the vital importance of hearts and minds had a U.S. president happened on a better example of his preconceived notion of what a good little Third World dictator ought to be. By the time I reached Tegucigalpa, of course, Carter had been voted out of office, and General Paz had long since returned to tend his apple monopoly on all the fruit stands of his nation and to oversee his ammunition monopoly in the munitions shops that stretched, like Central

American 7-11s, from the Gulf of Fonseca and the way to the Caribbean Sea.

One result of the general's benignity and Washington's firm but quiet support was that Honduras had attained the highest illiteracy and infant mortality rates in the region while achieving the lowest per capita incomes and life expectancies in Central America as well. Even without the benefits of terrorism and torture, a higher proportion of Honduran children were dying before their first birthday and a greater percentage of Honduran adults would never see sixty, than was the case in El Salvador. Not that this kind of progress could be sustained by fond memories of chat about human rights in the Oval Office. I inquired of an American businessman what we were doing for Honduras now.

"Well," he replied, "the embassy has given the Honduran military all these helicopters." Jabs at an Exxon road map of the Pan American highway illustrated the geopolitical logic of the act. There was Honduras, strategic linchpin of Central America, with Nicaragua to the right of it, Guatemala to the left of it, El Salvador behind it—and storm clouds blowing out from Cuba in front of it. "That is Nicaragua," my informant explained. "They are Marxist and bad." Another jab. "And that is Guatemala. The Guatemalans are stoutly anti-communist. And that is El Salvador. It is embattled." And the helicopters? "If the bad Nicaraguans try to send outside agitators across Honduras into El Salvador or Guatemala, the Hondurans will notice them flying around in their helicopters, and let Washington know."

At the American embassy, I asked how the helicopter operation was going. "Well, the Hondurans haven't actually flown any patrols yet," a foreign-service officer replied. "They say the damn things keep breaking down." It all reminded me of the time America gave the Laotians T-28 trainers and unleashed them on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Might the United States, in spite of all its good intentions, just be embroiling another hapless little country in a wider war? "I wouldn't trouble yourself about it," the diplomat replied. "The Hondurans are actually very competent at foiling our harebrained schemes," and to prove it he cited the following example: "A few years ago the State Department wanted to settle all these mountain tribesmen from Indochina in the Honduran swamps along the Caribbean coast. The theory was that if the refugees went to Honduras instead of America, President Carter's reelection would be assured." How had the Hondurans managed to foil this American plan? "Well," he answered, "they never said no. But then they never said yes. And when

Washington finally told us to get an answer, they asked us to submit the proposal again. At that time," he continued, "the Montaguards were already in Montana."

Reagan's hearts and minds

MY VISIT TO HONDURAS not only cast new light on Jimmy Carter's stature as a statesman; much more important, it also added perspective to that vital new question: what would Ronald Reagan do? An American-educated Honduran general seemed less concerned than many American liberals were. "Honduras is not a country," he said. "Honduras is a condition, and our relations with the Americans are a symptom of the disease. Under the Carter human-rights policy," he went on, "the object of the exercise was to replace a plague of generals with a plague of politicians, who will misuse the country in their way just as much as the generals did in theirs." He gave me his prognosis for the future: "The transition to constitutional rule will probably continue, in spite of Reagan. But suppose Reagan sent a message: 'Cancel the elections.' Do you think," he asked, "that would change anything in this country at all? Teach children how to read, and officials not to steal?"

At first glance, El Salvador seemed to offer Reagan a much more fruitful proscenium than did Honduras for showing that he was not a weak but a heroically decisive U.S. president. But the more I meditated on the chaos in El Salvador, the more barren that country seemed as a stage for a virtuoso display of White House leadership. Of course Reagan could send in the Marines—no doubt, in keeping with current semantic fashions in diplomacy, under the euphemism of "advisers." But whom would they fight? Indeed, whom could they advise? In El Salvador in 1981—as in Nicaragua in 1979, Guatemala in 1954, and before that Nicaragua in the 1930s, when the U.S. smashed a rebellion and installed the Somoza dynasty—there was a tendency among American officials and in the press to impute novelty to events as old as Central America itself.

To read the headlines, to confer with the Central American "specialists" was to be persuaded that some unprecedented new threat to America's security and values was brewing in El Salvador. Yet the problem there was not Cuban or Russian subversion, or even a home-grown radical insurrection. It was that the army, the oligarchs, and their retainers had run amok once again, as periodically happens in that country. For a few years during the

early 1930s, for example, the grandfathers of the people the United States was now supporting had also gone on the rampage. Lest the oligarchs lose their estates, the generals forfeit their lease on the presidential palace, colonels be denied the privilege of looting the nation, and sergeants the pleasure of raping it, 30,000 peasants, reformers, intellectuals, and other kinds of subversives had been murdered in cold blood. The Salvadorans have a title for this chapter in their history. They call it *La Matanza*—the Slaughter—and for all the gaudy newness attributed to the crisis in El Salvador, it did not seem to amount to the stern new test of American resolve it was said to be.

It was only *La Matanza*, Part II. And if there was any difference between what happened in El Salvador half a century ago and what was happening now, the difference this time was that the United States had chosen, as periodically it did in this part of the world, to attribute great significance, indeed intelligence and purpose, to events that were mindless as a tropical storm. Under Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt, America had simply ignored El Salvador and let the officers and oligarchs get on with the killing. But under Carter and Reagan, a kind of bipartisan consensus had seemed to emerge: this time the slaughter in El Salvador must proceed with the benefit of our direct intervention and be conducted in the manner high-ranking and influential Americans deemed best. In Panama, for example, a

"This time the slaughter in El Salvador must proceed with the benefit of our direct intervention."



Alvin Reininger/Contact Press Images

local writer and opposition activist with good contacts in Washington played me a prized tape recording he had acquired. It was an off-the-record briefing given by President Reagan's most influential advisers in the field. Here at last was some direct evidence pertaining to that burning question of what the latest president of the United States might do.

IT WAS NOT the banality of their analyses that had impressed me, nor the crisp authority with which they exposed them, nor even the fact that other presidential advisers had come up with similar claptrap before. It was the reverence with which the listeners—both to the tape in Panama and in the original audience in Washington—received the wisdom of those soon to have yet another president's ear.

The most eminent speaker addressed the question of El Salvador itself. This was Dr. Jeane Kirkpatrick—later named President Reagan's ambassador to the United Nations, with cabinet rank. The problem in El Salvador, according to her analysis, was not that the Salvadoran armed forces were killing their own people but that they were not killing them in the right way. They needed training in the American manner of warfare and in the use of their American weapons, so that they could root out the guerrilla insurgency in a more effective, cost-efficient, and civilized way.

This interpretation, which those in Washington found most persuasive, judging from the thunderous applause it evoked on the tape, was deficient only in two or three ways. It neglected the fact that previous administrations, including Jimmy Carter's, had already trained no less than 1,971 Salvadoran officers. Lest a mere couple of thousand lieutenants, majors, colonels, and generals be insufficient to keep the communists at bay in a nation smaller than Vermont, farsighted U.S. presidents had given our imperiled Salvadoran ally other kinds of useful aid as well. The ORDEN death squads, for example, had been conceived, like the Peace Corps, as a brainchild of the Kennedy-Johnson era. When they were not hunting down subversives, they could build roads, the theory went. Even Major Roberto D'Abuissou—torturer, murderer, scourge of the land—had enjoyed the privilege of tuition in the American arts that Dr. Kirkpatrick now proposed to confer on multitudes of other Salvadorans as well. Perhaps the man had been born a pathological killer. But it was reportedly under the clasped-hand aegis of the U.S. Agency for International Development that D'Abuissou had found his true vocation—spotted by embassy officials,

identified as a stoutly anti-communist, pro-American patriot, and whisked off to one of those police training programs in free-world ideology, and counter-terror and interrogative techniques.

Another defect in the analysis, of course, was that American-given guns and American-trained armies in Central America were not the solution—no matter how many guns we gave them or how many soldiers we trained. The military in Central America was the source of the plague. For generations the military had looted, murdered, and raped while president and U.S. policies came and went. Whenever the tradition of U.S.-backed pillage and despoliation at last elicited some popular resistance—as Archbishop Romero had put it, some lament rising up to the heavens that this was not what life on this earth ought to be—the American reflex was identical, whatever the decade and whoever the president: Let them eat guns, at times leavened with the rhetoric of reform. To speak with the American experts, both in Central America and at home was to encounter a series of university lecturers, diplomats, and policy makers who, first and foremost, were intellectuals. That is, they were persons whose minds worked ceaselessly at plucking patterns out of the chaos of events. Where others saw only carnage, they could detect a successful land-reform program; or, conversely, the hand of Cuba, or a victory (or defeat) for U.S. interests and values—any number and any manner of things.

Peace at \$10 a pound

ONE PATTERN in Central America intrigued me, though it was one that most of the specialists assured me did not exist. Among all seven countries of the region, only two were completely democratic—and they also happened to be the only two that never seemed to cause the United States any trouble: Costa Rica and Belize. What could mostly white, Spanish-speaking Costa Rica and mostly black, English-speaking Belize have in common? Their societies, economies, and histories were totally different as different as were the Spanish conquistadors from British privateers preying on the Spanish Main. In fact, the only thing they had in common was that neither had an army. There was not a single general or military academy in either of them. And, therefore, there were no coups d'état and no dictators, thus no repression and rebellion, and hence no need for more timely aid from America in the form of helicopters and guns and U.S. resolve.

To travel from the other countries of Central America to Costa Rica and Belize was to encounter a paradox. The more lavishly armed the regime, the more vigilant and active its secret police, the more it felt itself to be jittery, imperiled, beset from within and without, and therefore the more in need of more arms. And this was as true of the Sandinistas in Nicaragua as it was among the right-wing regimes: where the Guatemalans perceived a Cuban subversive behind each sullen Indian, the Nicaraguans detected a CIA plot behind every complaint of the middle class. It was only in the countries that were utterly defenseless that one found any sense of security at all. Indeed, all manner of Costa Ricans and Brazilians—from Marxists to millionaires—freely offered the same comments for which Archbishop Romero had paid with his life in El Salvador.

The problems troubling their countries came either from foreign or home-grown subversion, they said. The only possible effect of U.S. funds, U.S. military training, or U.S. advisers could be to make those problems much worse. Both George Price, the premier of Belize, and José Figueres, Costa Rica's elder statesman, had the same thing to say. The hurricane bearing down on their societies was economic: the more raw materials they produced, the less they were paid, and the more they tried to develop, the costlier became the bills for American technology and imported oil. "People find it a boring subject," Price said, "but the only issue that counts in Central America is the North-South dialogue. If you don't bring stability and justice to the markets in sugar or coffee, you will never have stability and justice in the countries that produce them."

Reagan's options, therefore, seemed limited, as limited as Jimmy Carter's had turned out to be. He could give the Salvadoran military more guns, so they could butcher their people even faster—kill off more and more Christians and liberals and social democrats so that in the end they and the communists might indeed be the only ones left. Reagan could also cut off aid to Nicaragua, as he had pledged, and thus drive the Sandinistas further into the arms of Moscow and Havana. He could cheer on the Guatemalan repression, instead of shaking his finger at it as Jimmy Carter had, and thus accelerate the radicalization of the Indians. Perhaps he could even transform the Honduran dictatorship from one characterized by amiable thievery into one with a shiny new torture chamber or two. In short, President Reagan could cloak the continuing U.S. policy in Central America—perennial as the hunger of the poor and the Miami bank accounts of

the rich—in the ethos of hard-nosed *Realpolitik*, just as Jimmy Carter had dressed it up in human rights, as if for some Tegucigalpa carnival.

But no more than any other president was Reagan likely to be able to change that basic, unchanging American policy. For if the president of the United States really wanted democracy in Central America—or even just a little peace and quiet—he would have to do, or at least try to do, things that were not presidential at all: devise ways to loosen the stranglehold of useless, parasitic armies on poor societies, not draw them, like a noose, tighter and tighter around whole peoples; have the courage to tell the American voters that if they really wanted friendly, democratic, resolutely anti-communist, pro-American little countries in Central America, the answer was simple: pay the growers a dollar for a banana; raise the price of coffee to \$10 a pound; reinvest the profits in those countries where the crops were grown. Actually trying to combat international terrorism was another of those fields that offered no scope for presidential leadership either, because, of course, the logical way to reduce the torture, the murders, the mayhem, would be to take action against those most responsible—that is to say, America's most loyal friends. The truth was that most Central American countries were as littered with useless weapons as an American big city slum, and in most cases the founts of this destruction were also the same. The forces of "law and order" got their guns from the U.S. government. And in spite of all the talk about Cuba, every U.S. intelligence officer in the region knew where the "guerrillas" got theirs—from resolutely anti-communist, free-enterprise friends of freedom in Florida and Panama and Texas and California and even model Costa Rica.

"The only issue that counts in Central America is the North-South dialogue."

ABOVE ALL, ANY CHANGE in U.S. policy would involve asking a question that it was ideologically and temperamentally impossible for any U.S. president, U.S. Congress, or U.S. electorate to answer honestly: Could it possibly be that there were nations on earth that were actually better off with governments we did not arm, with soldiers we did not train, with policies we did not support—ruled by governments of which we, as Americans, did not approve? This, of course, was the question Nicaragua posed—and in fact, Nicaragua was one Central American country where the State Department's political terminology seemed to apply. Certainly, to a far greater extent than El Salvador

T. D. Allman
RISING TO
REBELLION

was a "Christian Democratic-military coalition." Nicaragua was a "Catholic-communist coalition." In Nicaragua the foreign minister was a Maryknoll priest and the architect of the Sandinistas' economic plan was a Jesuit; from the barrios up to the inner circles of the highest leadership, the Nicaraguan power structure was filled with nuns and priests and theologians and evangelicals of the Christian faith. Indeed, to explore the Sandinista revolution was to rediscover that odd parallelism that exists between the cult of Marx and the Church of Rome. The admirable qualities of the new Nicaraguan leaders—selflessness, honesty, dedication, love of the poor, the faith that social justice can prevail in this world—were the qualities one associated with both Catholicism and communism at their best. And the attributes I did not like in Nicaragua were characteristic of both creeds too: the obsession with doctrine, the tendency to judge reality according to some all-encompassing theory, that sweet intolerance that can derive from the humble faith that you, not the other person, are the repository of Revealed Truth, and that it is your duty to make the world conform to the will of God or Marx or the Sandinista National Liberation Front.

While I was in Nicaragua, for example, an opposition rally was banned on the grounds that it would interfere with reconstruction, but a massive Sandinista rally was permitted to be held. That, apparently, was just what the war-ravaged economy needed. Around the same time, a local businessman had his human rights suspended by being shot dead by government police. A press conference was held to shed light on the matter. It turned out that a monstrous, bourgeois, imperialist conspiracy, with tentacles stretching from the Honduran jungle to Miami, was to blame. To prove his point, a Sandinista officer named Lenin Cerna showed us some interrogation tapes on his Betamax. It was the same model that Colonel García, in El Salvador, had used.

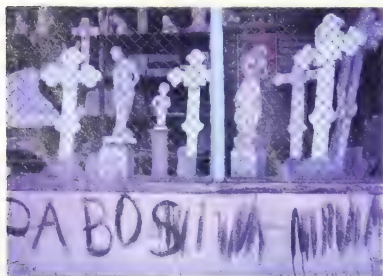
Apparently it was also the good fortune of

Nicaragua Libre, as it was phrased on the nation's license plates, to be so entirely free that no elections were needed, at least not for years and years. Elections, to hear the Sandinista leadership tell it, would amount to some ghastly abortion of the popular will. "To have elections would be completely artificial," explained the interior minister, Tomas Borge. He added: "We have elections every week." Such double talk in Managua was hardly excessive by Central American standards, or indeed by those of Washington, D.C. In Nicaragua, in fact, it was difficult to decide which was more absurd: the outraged glee with which U.S. officials breathlessly revealed that the place was just infested with Marxists and Leninists and all kinds of un-Americans—or the intellectual and verbal contortions to which Nicaraguan officials would resort in their attempts to prove that, really, they were at most just a centimeter or two to the left of the Greenwich Village Democratic Reform Club.

Indeed, many of the hardest of headline Sandinistas I met were Catholic, while many of the less doctrinaire seemed to draw their inspiration from Marx. By the end of my visit it seemed to me that Americans were making a mistake when they assumed that what was "good" in Nicaragua necessarily derived from the Catholics, and that what was "bad" only proved that our "inordinate fear of communism" was not inordinate at all. Besides the revolutionary Christians, Nicaragua was indeed full of communists, and almost all of them seemed to be that peculiar kind of communist—the kind that fills U.S. policy makers with delight when they happen on them in China or Yugoslavia or Poland; the kind that fills the White House, the State Department, the CIA, and the Pentagon with trepidation and dread when they find them in our own backyard.

Could it possibly be that a nation might find itself better off under a Catholic-communist coalition than the United States had fought tooth and nail than under a "Christian Democratic-military coalition" of which the United States approved? The truth was that the Nicaraguan regime, whatever its defects, was less repressive than the regimes in Guatemala and El Salvador.

One morning in Nicaragua I found myself walking down another trail, to another forest clearing, where another group of campesinos was waiting. They were no different from the campesinos around Aguilares in El Salvador. It was only their circumstances that were different, so I asked them the same questions, and found the same lack of abstraction in their lives.



And if Nicaragua did make mischief for America (and I could find no evidence of this), certainly caused the U.S. much less trouble than did many of the regimes we supported. Only the Nicaraguan government's peculiar eliefs, in fact, set Nicaragua apart from the Central American continuum—made it seem worthy of either special praise or special wrath. Let Reagan had pledged to cut the Nicaraguans off without a dime, while giving the free-world forces in El Salvador whatever it took to stem the revolutionary tide. That night in Managua I had a most heretical thought: What if the United States made the criterion of its aid not the ideology of the regime but whether the aid helped anybody or not?

"The next El Salvador"

THE PROBLEM WITH that question was the problem with all the other questions Central America posed. It would entail looking at Central America in terms of Central America, instead of in terms of some American special destiny and grand design. It would require considering the possibility that even here, in this small and supposedly manipulable region, there were vast complexities for which we Americans might not have any answers at all. In El Salvador, even inside the U.S. embassy, Americans would shake their heads in incomprehension. Why didn't the junta stop the terrorism? Why couldn't the colonels control their own troops? The answer was very simple: within the military culture of El Salvador, other norms prevailed—and always had since that day, nearly half a millennium ago, when the first Spanish adventurer mutilated the first Mayan chief. Rape and pillage and torture were not aberrations: they were what Salvadoran soldiers and sergeants and officers did. And to expect a Salvadoran minister of defense to protect the life of an archbishop, or to punish soldiers who murdered American nuns, was to expect him to violate values he cherished much more highly than human life—loyalty to his brother officers, his status as patron of his troops, his sources of income, his ability to protect his friends and do harm to his enemies—all the attributes, in fact, that defined membership in the Salvadoran officer caste itself.

A similar problem infested all those questions about United States actions in Central America. Why did we invariably help the worst to crush the best? Why did the most grotesque repression always seem so much less alarming to us than the most modest experiments in letting people seek a measure of real indepen-

dence and dignity in their own lives? Again, the answer was not so complex as the experts made it seem. Within the political culture of the United States, permitting Central Americans to be independent and prosperous and to do what they thought best was not what American presidents—and ambassadors and Marine brigades and CIA station chiefs and Congresses and large corporations—did. Instead, from the Monroe Doctrine and the Mexican-American and Spanish-American wars through the Bay of Pigs, the Alliance for Progress, and the Dominican intervention, down to the human-rights policy and the Reagan election, what Americans did in Central America was to compel Central Americans to be what we, for the moment, had decided they should be—and to punish them (with invasions or CIA coups or suspensions of aid) when they were not. To answer the questions Central America posed was not merely to contemplate some real change in U.S. policy. It was to expose oneself to the possibility of some revision of the significance of America itself. And the much more comfortable alternative to joining the festival of reality always was to retreat into abstraction—to intellectualize, to turn Central America from seven countries into seven dominoes and then into a single metaphor: a test of American resolve, a case of revolution run rampant, "the next Vietnam."

Not that presidents and diplomats and policy makers and academics were the only Americans who did that. Journalists did it all the time too. One evening in Panama, R. M. Koster, whose novels *The Prince*, *The Dissertation*, and *Mandragon* explore, in surreal detail and with black hilarity, the baroque pathology of our relations with Central America, said: "When you finally write your story, Panama will no longer be a country. Panama will be a paragraph."

Of course, he was right. But what an instructive paragraph Panama was—not in the significance of Central America but in that centuries-long tragicomedy of American pretension that so often chooses Central America for its stage. Was it only two or three years ago that it was in Panama—not in Nicaragua or El Salvador—that we perceived the latest challenge, the direst threat? Those Panamanians wanted our canal, and we had a president weak and wicked enough to surrender to their blackmail and then dress up the giveaway as a solemn treaty. It was not, of course, a Central American melodrama that was unfolding; it was an American psychostorm—the equivalent in our political culture of the periodic *matanzas* in Salvadoran military culture—that was blowing. On the ground in Panama, hardly

"Rape and pillage and torture were not aberrations: they were what Salvadoran soldiers did."

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In January, 1973, a number of suspected fraudulent claims from the Baltimore area were submitted to the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute for review. An agent in Baltimore was assigned to determine if there was any substance to the allegation of fraud.

He soon noticed that the names of certain doctors appeared in a remark-

ably large number of insurance claims for bodily injuries sustained in automobile accidents. As he continued his investigation, the names of certain attorneys representing "victims" of accidents began appearing with the same remarkable frequency.

Was it coincidence—or was it fraud? Only legwork could determine the truth. So the agent began the laborious process of documenting the pertinent information from hundreds of files involving these doctors and lawyers and, finally, of interviewing claimant-witnesses. Until, at last, it seemed clear that there was enough iron-clad information to warrant prosecution.

By the summer of 1974, arrests were being made. A number of Baltimore doctors and lawyers were indicted and tried. Results: five convicted doctors served time in prison; six were fined a total of \$67,000. Five lawyers were convicted of insurance fraud; two signed their practices; two had their licenses suspended; six were disbarred.

What is the point? The policyholder benefited. According to the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute, the average Baltimore resident today pays an estimated 8% to 10% less for automobile insurance than he would have, had not ICPI cracked the fraud ring.

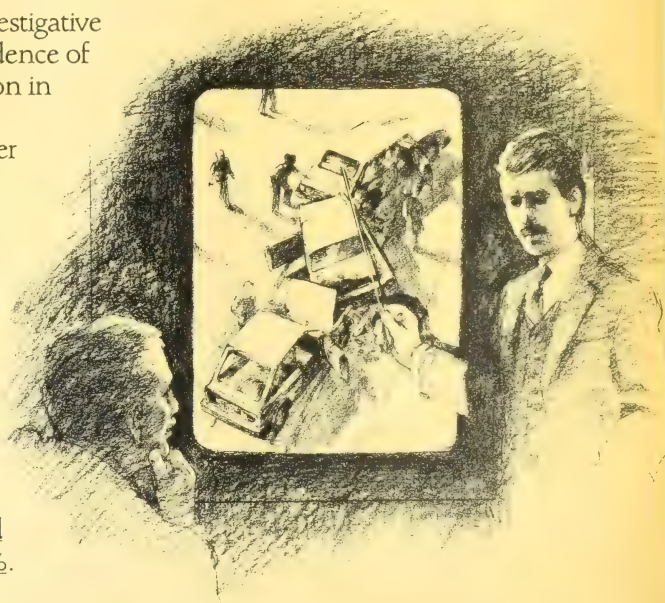
Property-Casualty insurance companies created the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute in 1971 to fill the need for an independent investigative agency that could collect evidence of insurance fraud for prosecution in criminal court.

ICPI agents are all former police officers, FBI agents, or postal inspectors, who have been trained as specialists in insurance fraud. They know what evidence to look for, where to find it, and how to put a case together for successful prosecution.

In its first seven years of operation, ICPI investigations resulted in more than 6,000 arrests and a conviction rate of over 90%.

It would be naive to believe that insurance fraud can be eliminated. But we know it can be reduced. We know, too, that some people feel that an exaggerated claim is "justifiable revenge" against an insurance company. In reality, it's a crime against all the people who share in the insurance pool, because it drives up the costs which ultimately must be reflected in the premiums policyholders pay.

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anything happened at all, in fact. The ships kept passing through the canal; the U.S. dollars kept circulating in Panama's bars; Torrijos' soldiers went on keeping Panama safe for military training in human rights, for the shah, for the American way. There was one change: the Panamanians were allowed to fly their flag over our canal, and in return for this American acknowledgment of Panama's sovereignty, the Panamanians accorded us the right to invade them whenever we chose. It was the classic deal that the Central American dictator makes with the gringos: Give me some piece of paper, some swatch of cloth to deflect the rage of my people, and you may have all my republic possesses. It was only in America, indeed, that headlines blared, senators orated, that a national crisis blew up.

Give away our canal? One might as well ask a Salvadoran colonel to make his soldiers stop raping. The suggestion was outrageous—nearly as outrageous as suggesting that coffee should be \$10 a pound.

GUATEMALA, I had been assured, was a most important country because while El Salvador was "the next Vietnam," Guatemala was "the next El Salvador." Certainly there were similarities. El Salvador was a pressure cooker. Guatemala was also a pressure cooker, but it had escape valves. In El Salvador the oligarchy was tiny. In Guatemala the middle class was immense. El Salvador had coffee. Guatemala had oil. El Salvador had a population density of nearly 600 persons a square mile. For Central America, Guatemala was expansive—the size of New York State, with only about 175 persons a square mile. The country had a few political escape valves, too. There was no need for coups d'état here, because usually all the parties nominate generals—and those generals, once elected, respect the constitutional provision that limits them to one term. So here, unlike in El Salvador, all sorts of people, both to the right of him and to the left of him, could retain the hope that when his presidential term was up in 1982, the country's current ruler, General Romeo Lucas García, would leave office and be replaced by someone who might be less worse.

Guatemala was interesting because it was two nations, and the more the country developed according to a U.S. economic model, the wider grew the gap between the two nations. From an anthropological, if not foreign policy, perspective, Guatemala may be one of the more fascinating small nations on earth. The cleavage between the unassimilated Indians

and the Hispanicized mestizos was fascinating and volatile. It was a dilemma with which Guatemalan society might grapple for decades for centuries, and never resolve. Would friction between Indian traditionalism and Guatemalan chauvinism create sparks, and the sparks grow into flames, and the flames set fire the length of the land? There seemed little doubt, considering Guatemala's unique characteristics, that it might.

And would an American president find in all that smoke and fire down in Guatemala some new Central American menace to our security, some new challenge to American resolve? That, too, seemed less a political, more an anthropological question—but the answer was not to be found in Guatemala or else, where in Central America; it was to be found in the idiosyncrasies of American politics.

THE DAILY FLIGHT from Belize to Miami originates in Panama. By the time it arrives in Belize the flight is always an hour late, having paused in San José, Managua, and El Salvador to pick up bankers and magnates and ladies in diamonds, the kinds of Central Americans who periodically fly in jet airplanes to their Florida condominiums. So while I thought I was leaving, in a sense I was wrong. Central America was coming home with me; at least a certain stratum of it was. And what of those who did not fly, whose lives were destined to unfold much closer to the ground? In Belize I had gone up to the artificial capital, Belmopan, in the savannah lands, to talk with the premier, George Price. A kindly and eccentric man, Price was like so many exceptional Central Americans I had met. He had wanted to be a Jesuit when he grew up, but things had not turned out that way. His father had died. He had been obliged to quit the seminary to support his family. He had had to settle for being father of his country instead.

At the end of our talk I had asked Price a question I sometimes ask heads of government and chiefs of state. If he could say one thing and one thing only to America, what would it be? "Be kind to us," he had replied without hesitation. "Tell the Americans to try to be kind." As the plane circled the vacant jungle, it seemed a whole multitude—campesinos and guerrillas, and oligarchs and cartoonists, and evangelicals and Marxists, the ghosts of nuns and the ghosts of archbishops—had joined George Price in his chorus; but it was only the sound of the engines, the rustling tops of the trees. The aircraft headed northward, toward that glittering homeland of all our conceits. □

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ON BEING COURTEOUS WHEN COMPELLED TO BREAK THE LAW

by Heinrich Böll

A short story
translated by
Leila
Vennewitz

IT WOULD SEEM idle to extol the obvious forms of courtesy: that naturally one holds the front door open for a child;

that one not only refrains from pushing ahead of a child when shopping but steps back for him;

that one allows a tired, stress-ridden school-child traveling home on the streetcar, bus, or train to enjoy his seat in peace without disturbing that well-earned peace either verbally or even by so much as staring at him with an expression of moral disapproval.

Further, I take it for granted that one does not allow one's child, one's cat, dog, or bird, to go hungry, that one is prepared, if need be, to go out and steal food for them, and it goes without saying that one must not let one's wife or girlfriend hunger or thirst either;

that none of them should be beaten, even when they ask for it, the courtesy of hands being one of the principal courtesies;

and that one should not pour the honored guest the first, second, or, if at all possible, even the third, but the fourth cup from the teapot, bearing in mind the Chinese proverb: Courtesy lies close to the bottom of the teapot.

Among those courtesies we take for granted is that when dealing with people of either sex who regard themselves as our inferiors—for ESSENTIALLY the concept of "inferior" is, obviously, unacceptable—one must use a slightly more subdued, more restrained tone of voice than when dealing with those who regard themselves as our superiors; of course, the concept of "superior" is also ESSENTIALLY unacceptable, since you cannot simply have a superior served up to you like a bowl of soup, and in

dealing with these superiors one should not need I say, be loud and rude but merely shade less subdued and a shade less courteous; this behavior might slightly modify the structure.

Moreover, when confronted by a person one dislikes one should not simply make remark to his face such as: "I don't like your mug!" It is possible to express one's aversion courteously, perhaps as follows, and preferably in writing, since the spoken word always carries with it the risk of rudeness:

"By reason of unfathomable, inscrutable, will not say cosmic constellations, not wishing to make the stars and their ascendants solely responsible—by reason, therefore, of circumstances that are neither solely responsible nor solely predestined, the—shall we say—strand of sympathetic response between us have unfortunately (I would ask you to interpret this 'unfortunately' as an expression of my regret as well as of my abstract respect for you person) proven incapable of animation. Hence although 'essentially' you are a most pleasant person and figure, I deem it advisable, indeed, necessary, to restrict the number of our encounters to a minimum, to that minimum which compels us, for professional reasons from time to time to shake hands, discuss details—encounters that are unavoidable in view of the increasing importance of the production of [here the product in question may be inserted, e.g.: novels, bolts, herrings in aspic]. Beyond this necessary minimum I suggest that we eschew the sound of each other's voices the sight of our skin and hair, the perception of the odors we emanate. It is with some regret that I advise you of this, in the hope that these

Heinrich Böll won the Nobel prize in 1972. His most recently published works are *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum*, a novel, and a collection of essays entitled *Missing Persons* (both published by McGraw-Hill). His new novel will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall of 1981.

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unfathomable constellations and combinations any change, that the strands of sympathetic response between us may become animated, and that an altered overall situation of sympathetic exchange may possibly enable us to extend the necessary professional contacts to the private domain. Yours most respectfully. . . ."

Such forms of courtesy appear to me too dubious to require more than a passing allusion.

BY CONTRAST, HOWEVER, it seems to me as difficult as it is necessary to point to courtesy in unconventional, indeed illegal, situations. It must be emphasized that ESSENTIALLY the actions I should like to enlarge upon are not merely unconventional or immoral but downright criminal. Let us take, for example, a crime that ESSENTIALLY as criminal as it is discourteous, such as a bank robbery or a bank holdup, and let us consider that lady, heretofore so law-abiding, respectable, and honorable, who in broad daylight—more precisely, at about 3:29 P.M.—relieved a savings bank in the suburb of a large German city of 7,000 marks. Try to imagine the scene: a sixty-one-year-old lady of the type known as frail, whose appearance calls to mind oldtaire or bridge, the widow of a lieutenant-

colonel, enters the branch of a savings bank in order to appropriate a sum of money by illegal means! If this lady became known as the "courteous bank robber," was in fact described as such in the police files, the use of the adjective "courteous" was intended to convey her particularly dangerous quality. This lady did instinctively what the courteous bank robber must do: not even think of weapons, of violence, or shouting, not even consider such clumsy methods. After all, it is not merely discourteous, it is positively dangerous to brandish pistols or machine guns and shout: "Hand over the dough, or I'll shoot!" And of course a lady such as ours does not enter just any old bank simply out of abstract greed, or because she has suddenly become unbalanced, but because in her extremity she has regained her balance. She has carefully considered this action and has her motives!

The dire plight that forces this lady to this, to put it mildly, unconventional act must be briefly outlined. She has a son who, having taken the wrong turn, has served a few minor prison sentences but has now, discharged once again from jail, found a girlfriend who exerts a stabilizing influence on him. He has a chance of being employed as a pharmaceutical salesman—his mother has spent a small fortune on telephone calls and postage, has made use of

"Robbing a till seems to her too much of an imposition, almost an importunity."



Heinrich Böll
ON BEING
COURTEOUS
WHEN
COMPELLED
TO BREAK
THE LAW

all her connections (among them two generals still on active duty) to obtain this chance for him. And now, like a bolt from the blue and at the last moment, comes the company's demand: a 5,000-mark bond! His mother—that very lady who became known as the courteous bank robber—has found him a small apartment, developed an affection for his girlfriend, everything is going splendidly, and now that bombshell: a 5,000-mark bond! Try to imagine the scene: the lady's bank credit has already been strained to the utmost; her pension has shrunk to a bare subsistence level, the greater part going to pay off the bank; she has borrowed wherever she could—from bridge friends, her husband's old fellow officers (among them two colonels and a general), all nice people; she has already eliminated the egg from her breakfast menu, and as she stands there in her apartment all she can think of is: "Beg, borrow, or steal!" and this popular saying turns out to be relatively disastrous for the savings bank.

"Beg, borrow, or steal!"—stealing seems to be the obvious remedy. I should add that the lady is not only frail but proud. Over and over again she has been humiliated, lectured, forced to submit to several thousand well-meant pieces of advice, swallow snide remarks about her beloved son; she has sold most of her furniture, disposed of her collie, to whom she was very attached, and quarreled about this with her best friend, who actually said: "A dog for a dog—that's no bargain!" She has visited her son in a number of jails, paid legal fees, incurred traveling expenses. The only luxury she still permits herself is the telephone: in order that her son can call her at any time, and she him, if he happens to have access to a telephone. There are even moments when she not only *believes* she understands him but actually does. The social experiences of the past four years have pushed her *inwardly* to the verge of becoming a social dropout, but not outwardly: she is always well groomed, looks younger than she is, and now, after her son has raised the alarm over the telephone, the fateful phrase occurs to her: "Beg, borrow, or steal," and its implications take root in her mind in a manner unforeseen by those who spread such sayings. Steal, she thinks, that's the solution, when around two o'clock she remembers that spruce little savings-bank branch situated at the edge of a park in a nearby suburb. Before leaving her apartment she feeds her pretty dwarf finches, tiny birds half the size of a thumb, which she can still afford. The word "steal," so foreign to her, becomes increasingly familiar as she approaches the park in the adjacent suburb, which she

reaches by about 3:05. Steal, she thinks, what does one steal bread? In a bakery. Where does one steal sausage? At a butcher's. Where does one steal money? From a till or a bank. The till is immediately rejected, she finds that to *personal*, she does not wish to rob anyone directly; besides, what till would ever contain 5,000 marks? And robbing a till seems to her too much of an imposition, almost an impossibility.

HER CONSCIENCE HAS long since ceased to bother her, she is already preoccupied with tactical and strategic deliberations. Hidden in some bushes she looks across to the smart little savings bank, knowing that it closes at 2:30. The bank is empty of customers, and strange things shoot through her mind: naturally she sometimes watches television, she also occasionally goes to the movies, and she thinks—not of weapons, not even of toy weapons, but of the stocking pulled over the face: which had always made her shudder because it was an affront to her aesthetic sense, that deformation of a human face. Moreover, she feels it is beneath her dignity here in the bushes to deprive one of the legs of its stocking; besides, it would provide a clue for possible pursuers. In these deliberations—as the indulgent reader will immediately discern—aesthetics, morals, and tactics come together in unique fashion!

In her handbag is a pair of oversized dark glasses—a gift from her son, who thought they would suit her. She puts on the glasses, ruffles her normally neatly coiffed hair, steps out from the bushes, crosses the street, enters the savings bank: behind the window on the right a young lady sorting vouchers gives her a polite, slightly forced smile because closing time is only a few minutes away; the center window is closed; behind the one on the left stands a young man of about thirty-four, counting the contents of the cash drawer. He looks up, smiles at her politely, and says the usual "Can I help you, madam?" At that moment she puts her hand into her bag, pulls it out as a clenched fist, steps closer to the window and whispers: "Unusually compelling circumstances force me to this, I am sorry to say unavoidable holdup. My right hand contains a nitrite capsule that can cause great havoc. I very much regret having to threaten you, but I need 5,000 marks immediately. Give them to me. Or else . . ."

The tragic drama of the situation is enhanced by the fact that the teller—like most of his colleagues—is also a courteous person who is not in the least alarmed by the "or

ie" but instantly grasps the lady's quandary. Furthermore, professional bank robbers never look for specific amounts, they demand the whole lot. He pauses in his counting—he happens to have just reached the five-hundred-mark bills!—and whispers: "You are putting me in an embarrassing position if you don't use more force. Nobody will ever believe me about the explosive capsule if you don't shout, reaten, put on a convincing scene. After all, there are rules for bank holdups too. You are doing it all wrong."

At that moment the young lady leaves her window, unlocks the bank from the inside, but gives the key in the lock. The old lady, no less determined, in fact more determined than ever, recognizes her opportunity. "This capsule," she whispers threateningly. "Nitrite," says the teller, "is not explosive, merely poisonous. Probably you mean nitroglycerine." "Not only do I mean it, I have it." It is already clear that the teller, or rather his money, is doomed. Instead of simply pressing the alarm button, he allows himself to be drawn into an argument; moreover, he already has little beads of perspiration on his forehead and upper lip and is puzzling over what the lady might need the money for: Does she drink? Take dope? Has she gambling debts? A rebellious lover? He puzzles too much, fails to make use of his rights, and in this—it is fair to say wrongly meditative—intermezzo, the old lady simply thrusts her hand through the window (she is smart enough to use her left hand), grabs as many five-hundred-mark bills as she can, runs to the door, unlocks it, crosses the street, disappears into the bushes—and only when she is long out of sight does the teller raise the alarm. It is fairly certain that this teller would have confronted a discourteous bank robber with far greater vigor: would have struck the clenched fist, raised the alarm.

Needless to say, the affair had a variety of sequels. Let me allude to the principal ones: The lady was never caught, the teller was not dismissed, merely transferred to a position where he had no direct contact with either cash or the public. When the lady discovered that instead of 5,000 marks she had picked up 1,000 marks, she remitted 1,900 back to the bank and was clever enough not to do this by telegram since that might have led to her identification. She permitted herself a taxi, drove to the railway station, took the next train to her son: that cost her some ninety marks, the remaining ten she spent on coffee and a brandy, which she consumed in the dining car—and felt she had earned. When handing the money over to her son, she placed her hand over his mouth and said: "Don't ever

ask me where I got it from." Then she phoned her neighbor and asked her to feed her pretty dwarf finches. Almost superfluous to add that things turned out well for her son: of course he read in the newspaper about the strange holdup by the "courteous bank robber," and this act of solidarization by a criminal action on the part of his mother had a morally stabilizing effect on him, more than several thousand pieces of good advice, more than his stabilizing girlfriend. He became a reliable pharmaceutical salesman with opportunities for advancement, although it must be added that he could not resist saying to his mother on more than one occasion: "Imagine you doing *that* for me!" *What* was never put into words. After much cogitation, the lady fixed the rate of repayment to the bank at one mark a month, her rationale for this low rate being: "Banks can wait." From time to time she sent the teller some flowers, a book, or a theater ticket, and bequeathed him the only valuable piece of furniture she still possessed: a carved medicine chest in neo-Gothic style.

As we see: courtesy pays, for bank employees and bank robbers; and if bank robbers were completely to exclude weapons or explosive capsules, rude language, and rude behavior from their strategy, the day might come when we would no longer speak of bank holdups but only of forced loans, which will merely be a matter of a nonviolent duel between two different manifestations of courtesy.

I must add that bank robbery, when it takes place without violence or physical injury, is quite a popular offense. Every successful bank robbery in which no one is injured releases feelings of joy and even envy among those who would at any time carry out a successful and nonviolent bank robbery if they had the courage.

IT IS FAR MORE DIFFICULT even so much as to mention courtesy in the case of an equally punishable offense such as *desertion*. Strangely enough, deserters are considered to be cowardly, an opinion that on closer inspection fails to hold water. The deserter in wartime risks being shot—by either friend or foe, since he never knows into whose hands he will fall, although he thinks he knows from whose hands he is escaping. Whatever national yardsticks one wishes to apply—and oddly enough all nations are agreed on this—the deserter in wartime risks something, and one should respect his risk. But here I wish to speak about the *courteous deserter in peacetime*, about that unknown young man who leaves military service without making use of

"We would no longer speak of bank holdups but only of forced loans."

Heinrich Böll
ON BEING
COURTEOUS
WHEN
COMPELLED
TO BREAK
THE LAW

his rights—for instance, the right to conscientious objection; the young man who clears out, disappears—if possible in a foreign country—simply because he has had enough and is fed up with the main burden of a soldier's life—boredom; the man who is not attracted by the more or less enforced camaraderie nor by the service as such; who is left cold by money, food, driver's license, educational opportunities, chances of promotion; a nice German boy who—let us say—has read his Eichendorff in school and found him “overwhelming”; a pleasant youth who never finished school because he found it too boring; who became a carpenter, something he enjoyed; who shortly after passing his apprenticeship test was called up for military service, with a total lack of interest in armored vehicles or weapons of any kind, also with no interest in politics but profoundly, although not exclusively, interested in the manufacture of furniture such as he has observed on a number of visits to Italy in the street-level workshops of Rome and Florence, perhaps also of Siena. Moral problems, such as the occasional out-and-out faking of furniture, do not interest him: he wants—he wanted—to go there, and instead now suddenly finds himself in an infantry barracks in—let us say—Neu-Offenbach. Of course, this young man can be seriously reproached on a number of counts: that he lacks civic consciousness, that he should have cleared out to—let us say, Bologna—before, rather than after, being called up. He can be reproached for lacking a sense of duty, although this is not the case, since the master carpenter under whom he served his apprenticeship, and who has meanwhile fallen victim to structural changes in the economy, gave him an excellent reference. His parents, his teachers, even his friend, have repeatedly tried to persuade him that one must think *realistically*; yet this pleasant young man does think *realistically*, he thinks about seasoned wood, about glue and screws, about workbenches and curved chair legs, and of course he also thinks about girls and wine and things like that. The point is: the army means nothing to him, it says nothing to him, gives nothing to him. There are such cases. It is useless to deplore it, although *ESSENTIALLY* it is deplorable. That is the way the boy happens to be, and to his credit he did behave in a reasonably fair manner, having faithfully completed his so-called basic training: not that he conceded its necessity, it merely aroused his curiosity. But now he has simply had enough, and he does not turn to some counseling service or other—church, government, non-partisan—no, he simply clears out; yet, being a courteous person, he does not just sneak off

without a word, he writes (from a safe distance and using misleading, i.e., Swiss, stamps a letter to his captain.

“Dear Sir: The fact that I can find no satisfaction in your profession, which I would have to practice for another year, does not, trust, hurt your feelings, in the same way that I ask you not to take my desertion personally and certainly not as an insult. It so happens that I am not a soldier and never will be, and nothing could be farther from my mind than to reproach you for not being a carpenter and probably not knowing what a tenon is, let alone how it is made. Of course I am aware—and I would ask you always to bear this in mind—that, although there are laws to force a man to be a soldier for fifteen months, there are no laws to force him to know anything about tenons, and I realize therefore that my comparison of soldier/carpenter is a lame one. So be it, and since there is this law that forces me to spend another year of atrocious boredom, I wish to inform you herewith that I am breaking that law.

“What pains me is the fact that you were such a nice, agreeable, understanding superior and that naturally I would prefer to inflict on a lousy, beastly officer the pain I may be inflicting on you. More than once you have protected me, who has so little comprehension of absurd army regulations, from punishment you have smiled understandingly at many a foolishness that aroused the ire of my corporal and even of my comrades—so understandingly that I suspect a crypto-deserter in you, and again you should take that not as an insult but as a compliment. In short: as my superior you were even better than my master carpenter, but *what* you—or rather, the army—doled out to me was, quite simply, intolerable, and this does not apply to the food or the allowance but merely to that appalling activity known as “killing time.” The simple fact is that I do not want to go on killing my time; I want to make it come alive—no more but no less.

“The only sensible activity, the only one I enjoyed, was the four-day disaster-relief deployment during the floods in Oberduffendorf: it was most enjoyable paddling the rubber dinghy from house to house and bringing the marooned inhabitants of Oberduffendorf hot soup, coffee, bread, and the tabloid—many a face lit up in gratitude! But I ask you, sir, would it not be positively macabre, ever wicked, to wait for further disasters in order to find meaning in military service?

“Hoping that you will understand some of my thoughts and not despise my motives, I remain, respectfully yours . . .” □

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The Evolution of the Species



1891



1981

No. 3: The Dress Designer

THE PUBLIC RECORD

Form 201 (1-12-71) (10-47)

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

Memorandum

DATE April 18, 1977

In reply
refer to S-10

SUBJECT: Correspondence Change for Secretary
Brock Adams' Signature

FROM: Linda L. Smith
Executive Secretary

TO: Executive Secretaries
Correspondence Expeditors

Because the Secretary has enlarged his signature, we are asking that a minimum of eight spaces be allowed between the complimentary closing and the typed name of Brock Adams on all correspondence prepared for the Secretary's signature. Please refer to the sample below:

Sincerely,
8 spaces between

Brock Adams

This procedure is effective immediately. I would ask that you alert all of the drafting offices within your agency to this change.

In addition I have found that some letters arriving in the Executive Secretariat are typed on the wrong letterhead stationery, with the inside address exceeding the five line limitation and without proper envelopes. Please see that this is corrected. It would also be appreciated if letters addressed to Congressmen and Senators include the room number on the envelope.

Honorable Harrison A. Williams, Jr.
United States Senate
Washington, D. C. 20510

Russell Bldg. - 352

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
February 5, 1963

Mr. James Jackson Kilpatrick
Editor
The Richmond News Leader
Richmond, Virginia

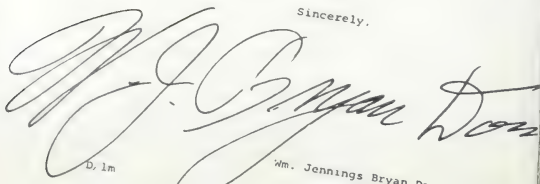
Dear Mr. Kilpatrick:

In view of what is happening today, I took the liberty of placing your excellent editorial of last year in the Congressional Record. A portion of that Record is enclosed.

The Richmond News Leader is a great newspaper. You are doing a splendid job, and we are proud of you.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,


D. Im
Wm. Jennings Bryan

From the book *Your Government Inaction*,
by Roger Bruns and George Fowles, to be published
this spring by St. Martin's Press, New York.

UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT COOPERATION AGENCY
AGENCY FOR INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT
WASHINGTON D.C. 20523

ASSISTANT
ADMINISTRATOR

OCT 23 1979

Mr. Ray Kline
Deputy Administrator
General Services Administration
18th and F Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20505

Dear Mr. Kline:

The Agency For International Development has encountered a problem of some proportion which I bring directly to your attention as it will soon obtain in all Executive agencies and doubtless generate costs and embarrassment for the Government if not avoided.

We have found that the new, larger (8 1/2" x 11") standard stationery prescribed by the Joint Congressional Committee on Printing which GSA is stocking for Government-wide use beginning January 1, 1980 is too large to fit the stationery drawers of many standard GSA desks. We discovered that earlier this month when we printed new letterhead necessitated by a recent reorganization, and converted to the larger stationery at the same time to avoid costs of a second conversion three months later.

We have found no single, easy solution of the problem but, rather, have been improvising -- exchanging desks for others in stock, providing desk-top holders and employing other costly devices.

Perhaps the Federal Supply Service can with this advance note of the general problem find some central way to avoid it for the Government as a whole.

Sincerely,

D. G. MacDonald
D. G. MacDonald
Bureau for Program and
Management Services

cc: Mr. Boulay, GSA



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
The Assistant Secretary for Industry and Trade
Washington, D.C. 20230

pk

cc: Long
Seissons
Weiss

*Rogw
Blair
Andy*

September 11, 1979

MEMORANDUM FOR ALL SPECIAL ASSISTANTS

FROM: Jill Feltheimer *Jill Feltheimer*

Stan Marcuss places great importance on correct grammar in all letters he signs, including those for the Secretary or Under Secretary. We will all have to be more careful in the future, especially about commas, which he uses more than the Secretary (but not excessively).

Please be sure to let others in your bureau know. I apologize in advance for any extra work this may cause you, but Marcuss feels very strongly about this.

THE MIND'S EYE

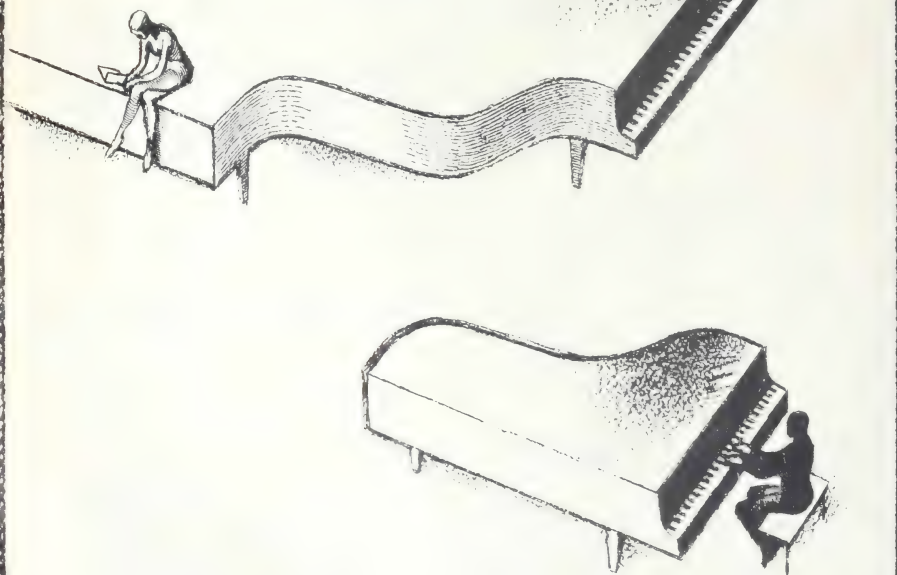
ROMAN À CLEF

It might be thought that when a musician dies, his soul crosses to a world of ideal and uncompromised harmonies. In fact, such a mathematically ordered world would be a real musical hell, as the early piano builders found:

...the C and the B sharp [in a tuning by perfect fifths] are so near in pitch that one string (and one finger-key) ought, in practice, to be made to suffice for the two of them.

...the obviously proper way for the manufacturer whose difficulties we are discussing to attain this end is to abandon his idea of tuning in acoustically perfect fifths, to make B sharp and C natural the same and then to do the same with the other enharmonics by dividing each octave into twelve equal semitones. Only the octave itself C-C will be perfectly correct; the rest will be a bit 'out.'*

—David Suter



* From *The Oxford Companion to Music*, Ninth Edition, Oxford University Press, 1955.

WATER AND POWER

the Owens Valley water war

by Page Stegner

The master condition, not only of any future developments in the West but of the maintenance and safeguarding of what exists there now, is the development and conservation of water production. Water, which is rigidly limited by the geography and climate, is incomparably more important than all other natural resources in the West put together.

—Bernard DeVoto

WHEN I CAME OUT of Mair's Market in Independence last spring, cradling a few supplies and a new frying pan to replace the one I backed the truck over at Whitney Portal, I was blanketed by high cirrus clouds had drifted over the crest of the Sierra Nevada and taken away that little warmth the March sun could still muster. The peaks along the boundary of Kings Canyon and Sequoia National Parks and Inyo National Forest had vanished into ominous darkness below the higher scud, and there was the smell of snow in the wind blowing down from Kearsarge Pass. Until then the day had been deceptively seasonal; cool, the air so bright that the abrupt wall of the mountains rising ten thousand feet out of the shadscale and sagebrush of the Great Basin, snow-covered and etched against a ceramic sky of cobalt blue, seemed more like a Bierstadt hallucination than real granite, faulted and warped, shaped by wind and water and ice. I shivered in my cotton shirt and dug in the camper shell

for my sheepskin.

An Inyo County sheriff's department van pulled in next to me, and I submitted to a long, expressionless stare from its occupants as I backed out of the parking lot and proceeded at a snail's pace up the road. Maybe they thought I was the mad bomber. Yesterday in Lone Pine all the talk was about the Molotov cocktail somebody had hurled into the Independence office of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power (DWP), and none of the good citizens I heard on the street expressed anything but deep regret that it hadn't burned the place to the ground. The authorities were edgy: it was not the first such incident. Hatred of the DWP has a seventy-year history in the Owens Valley, and recent events had apparently rekindled it with such fervor that department officials were moving around the county in unmarked cars. An otherwise uncommunicative Paiute boy I gave a ride to from the Death Valley cutoff into Lone Pine told me, with a shadow of a smile, that he'd bet more than his boots somebody would dynamite the L.A. aqueduct before summer.

A few miles north of Independence I began looking for a place to camp. The valley floor along the west side of the highway was harsh and broken by chunks of bedrock sticking up through the alluvium; the distance between me and the upthrust of the Sierra block was only a few miles. To the east a broader, more rolling plain of sagebrush flowed monotonously to the base of the White Mountains. Nearly as

Page Stegner is a novelist, critic, and frequent contributor to several magazines.

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Page Stegner
WATER AND
POWER

high as the Sierra, they lay in its rain shadow and had never been subjected to glaciation. They looked rounder, softer, more benign.

Powdery snow began to dust the windshield, and I muttered about my incurable habit of driving long beyond the hour when visibility is still a factor in the selection of a camp. Along this stretch of Highway 395 there were hundreds of dirt roads ambling off through the brush, some ending at abandoned mines, some at campgrounds, some just petering out when they ran into the mountain wall. As usual, I made up my mind to quit at just that point when I could no longer make a roadside guess whether I'd find water and firewood, or carve up my tires in one of the many flows of basaltic lava, or wind up having to dig my way back to civilization out of axle-deep sand and soda ash.

MY FIRST MISTAKE aborted in the front yard of somebody's ramshackle ranch. My second led me east down a set of tire tracks toward the Owens River below the Tinemaha Reserve and ended at a padlocked gate in the middle of a barbed wire fence. It was dark by now with the snow falling in heavy, wet flakes, and I decided to forgo the amenities, heat a pot of soup, and bed down in the camper shell I had just reached for the ignition key when I heard a rifle shot. Leaving the lights on, I killed the engine and listened. Two more, three, four, five. Not small bore either. Then as I sat there wondering who could be hunting elephants in the dark, hoping they would mistake my truck for an animate object, I got some arresting news. There was a man with a gun outside, and he was telling me to step out.

"What are you doing down here?"

"I was looking for a place to camp," I said.

"This look like a campground to you?"

"Well, no . . ." I said. "It got dark and I couldn't see much. Listen, if I've trespassed on your property . . ."

He cut my apology short. "You know Dale Walizer?"

"No."

"Jim Wickser?"

"No."

"Where are you from?"

"Santa Cruz."

"Where's that?"

"It's near San Francisco."

"Can you prove it?"

"Sure," I said, miffed, but too much intimidated to ask who he thought *he* was. "I've got a driver's license and the truck registration if you want to see them."

He didn't. Satisfied that I didn't work for the DWP, he motioned me back into the car. "You go on up to the highway and turn north about a half mile. You'll see a sign on your left that says Goodale Creek. There's a campground about two, three miles in."

"Thanks," I said. I turned the truck around and wound up the road, found the camp where he'd promised, and settled in for the night.

But two days later, in the *Inyo Register* news office, I overheard a couple of reporters talking about the DWP pump somebody had shot to pieces down along the aqueduct between Big Pine and Independence. The damage, one of them said, was increased by the use of armor-piercing shells. No wonder my man was a big curt. Molotov cocktails? Armor-piercing shells? And windows smashed in DWP cars and trucks? Bags of concrete poured into water meters? The Owens Valley water war, cold since 1927, was obviously heating up again.



Above: looking north into Owens Valley on a clear day. A portion of the dry lakebed is at the bottom of the photograph. The L.A. aqueduct is a thin ribbon to the left of the lakebed. The Sierra Nevada Mountains rise on the left. Below: dust blowing off the dry lakebed and valley floor.



The Eaton-Mulholland scam

THE VALLEY LIES about 225 miles north of Los Angeles, between the jagged thrust of the Sierra's eastern wall and the more gently sculpted range of the Inyo-White Mountains along the California border. It is not big (roughly 100 miles long by 15 to 20 miles wide), and the subtleties of its high-desert ecology are overshadowed completely by the Sierran escarpment that seems to rise almost vertically from the brief foothills along its western side. Old-timers remember when nearly a quarter of its total acreage was under cultivation—apples, pears, alfalfa, corn, even watermelons, which the ranchers used to want to feed their pigs—but that was before Fred Eaton and William Mulholland took a backboard trip into the region in 1904 and devised a plan to acquire its entire water supply and ship it by aqueduct to the city of bad dreams.

Eaton and Mulholland were not the first to recognize the potential of the Owens Valley drainage basin. In 1903 the National Reclamation Service had mapped and surveyed the area with the intention of developing a model irrigation system that would double its productive land. The project engineer had reported to his chief of southwestern operations, J.B. Lippincott, that a simple dam at the northern end of the valley and canals running north along both sides would provide enough water to irrigate 100,000 acres of new land. Lippincott told his friend Fred Eaton (former superintendent of the Los Angeles Water Company and then mayor of the city) about the Reclamation Service study, and Eaton began to put together a complicated scheme to make himself outrageously rich. It was a long shot, but if he could acquire control over the water flow in the valley, and if he could get the federal irrigation project shifted to a municipal water diversion project, and if he could find a way to fund a multimillion-dollar aqueduct to transport that water to Los Angeles, he would own something of enormous value to a growing city that had almost no water resources of its own.

Eaton took a quiet trip to the headwaters of the Owens River and found that the surrounding land, about 12,000 acres, could be purchased for half a million dollars. The proposed dam site, for which the local ranchers had already signed over their water-storage rights to the Reclamation Service, was on the property, and it was clear that whoever owned the point of origin would have a virtual stranglehold on all downstream users. Part one of his

plan was no problem. Neither was part two. Lippincott was happy to go along with it (he was later discovered to have been put on the city payroll while simultaneously working for the federal government), and reported to the Department of the Interior that the irrigation project no longer looked as attractive as it had at first. At the same time he made the Reclamation Service maps available to Eaton, who then felt secure enough to take an option on his headwater property.

But part three was not so easy. The cost of building a 225-mile aqueduct exceeded the resources of private capital, and in any event Mayor Eaton had won election in 1898 on a platform that called for municipal ownership of the water system—a platform that was implemented in 1902. Now he was scamming to sell the city of Los Angeles what presumably it would already own once the water had been stolen from the ranchers in the Owens Valley. The aqueduct would have to be built through the sale of public bonds, and the public might be less than thrilled by the prospect of Eaton's personal financial aggrandizement. It was a prickly dilemma, but there was no way around it. Eaton made an attempt to redefine the concept of municipal ownership to include only the *system* of transportation, not the *substance* transported, but that circumscription wouldn't wash with the one figure who was absolutely essential to his success, the Los Angeles superintendent of water, William Mulholland.

Mulholland took the term "municipalization" to mean what it said, and he was vigorously opposed to any scheme that might leave the city's water supply—existing or proposed—vulnerable to the capriciousness of private ownership. But his indignation was pragmatic rather than ethical. He was, after all, both Eaton's friend and protégé. There was no reason why an alternative might not be worked out that would satisfy everybody. He proposed

"It was a prickly dilemma, but there was no way around it."



an agreement whereby Los Angeles, for an amount equal roughly to the purchase price of the 12,000 acres in question, would buy out Eaton's water rights and an easement for a reservoir, and Eaton could keep the land. Moreover, the city would move immediately to acquire key downstream water rights from valley ranchers, who were all still under the illusion that they were dealing with the U.S. Reclamation Service and merely aiding the development of their own irrigation system. Country girls at the fair, they could be had before they knew it. When the city diverted everything below the headwater dam on Eaton's property, they would be forced out of business and Eaton could pick up their stock for a song. He wouldn't be a water mogul, perhaps, but he would certainly be a cattle baron.

IMPLEMENTATION of the Eaton-Mulholland plan would have been difficult, to say the least, without the host of self-interested boosters who began to swarm around it. The most significant of these were the members of a land syndicate who bought 16,000 acres of barren, waterless land in the San Fernando Valley (for \$35 an acre), and whose names read like a register of the most influential and wealthy men in the state—Henry Huntington, E. H. Harriman, W. G. Kerchoff, Joseph Sartori, E. T. Earl, Harrison Gray Otis. Earl and Otis owned three of the four leading papers in Los Angeles. Initially they were able to maintain a voluntary silence about the city's designs on the Owens Valley (while Eaton, posing as a Reclamation Service agent, went about acquiring water rights for transfer), and later to put pressure on public opinion in favor of a bond issue to build the aqueduct.

The syndicate, of course, had plans to divert the diversion; water flowing to Los Angeles could be siphoned off to irrigate its San Fernando land, and it was in a position to exert tremendous influence not only over local and state agencies but over the federal government as well. And the final obstacle was indeed the federal government, because in order to begin construction of the aqueduct, a right of way across federal land had to be obtained from Congress. Sitting on the House Public Lands Committee was Sylvester Smith, the congressman from Inyo County, and by this time the cat was out of the bag. The ranchers and farmers knew that they had been duped, and they were furious.

The right-of-way bill was introduced by Frank Flint, the Republican senator from Los Angeles. Smith proposed an amendment that would reinstate the original Reclamation Ser-

vice project and make water available to the city only when there was an excess and only for domestic use. It was an amendment supported by the secretary of the interior, and, in fact, by William Mulholland himself, but it posed an obvious threat to long-range development plans in Los Angeles, on the one hand and disaster to Huntington, Harriman, Otis et al., on the other. The smoke in the back rooms could have choked a horse. Odd enough, when it cleared, Gifford Pinchot, the head of the Forest Service and grandfather of the conservation movement, and his boss Theodore Roosevelt, champion of the little man and president of the United States, had declared their opposition to the Smith amendment, and the Flint bill was voted intact out of committee. The House passed it the next day. The interest of the few, said Roosevelt, "must unfortunately be disregarded in view of the infinitely greater interest to be served by putting the water in Los Angeles." It was the final blow to the Owens Valley.

That was in 1906. The elevation of modern consciousness about the environment and the rights of the few to be protected from sacrifice to the needs (greeds) of the many would preclude a successful heist of what remained of the Owens Valley's lifeblood in the 1980s. Wouldn't it? Evidently not.

The needs of the few

IN A LONE PINE coffee shop, while I waited to pay my breakfast bill, I read a Xeroxed flyer, taped to the bakery case, urging everyone to join in the "meter strike," whatever that was, and announcing a gathering of the Concerned Citizens of Owens Valley to discuss a plan to combat the continued deceit, malfeasance, and general skulduggery of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. There was a phone number to call for further information, which I scratched down on a matchbook and later dialed from a booth at a gas station. Lois Wilson, local coordinator for the Concerned Citizens, invited me to stop by. She'd give me all the information I wanted. And then some.

Lois was a large, handsome woman somewhere in her forties. She lived in a neat, modern house with all the appurtenances of solid middle-class life; the car in the drive appeared to be a Pontiac or Buick; the coffee was served with cookies, the china matched. She and her friends, the Nelsons, had just returned from a funeral and were therefore dressed to the nines, but nobody seemed uncomfortable or unacquainted with Sunday clothes. In short, there

re no liberal hippie activists in Red Wings and Gortex here. The Concerned Citizens of Owens Valley were not young transplants trying to defend their newly discovered outpost of Eden from corporate invasion; they were longtime residents who wanted to save what was left of their homes from blowing away, slowly and irrevocably.

"It wasn't enough," Lois told me, "that the DWP got all the surface rights to water in the valley, and extended its aqueduct 105 miles north into the Mono Basin so it could divert their water too. In 1970 they completed a second aqueduct that would increase the flow capacity to Los Angeles by 50 percent, and they started a systematic program to pump all the groundwater out of here. Well, in about 20 years you could see the results of that. All the springs dried up, a lot of vegetation in the valley that depended on subsurface water died, the dust storms got worse and worse. We've never had dust storms, ever since DWP dried Owens Lake and turned it into an alkali flat, but it got worse."

Lillian Nelson shook her head. "Lois, you remember the artesian wells on Mazourka Canyon Road?"

"I sure do."

"Dry as a bone. And that dust. Lord knows what it does to your lungs. They've just started really study the problem because we've got a lot of respiratory disease among the older people. I don't hear anybody suggesting it gets any good."

Lois ticked off a half dozen more environmental disasters and came back to the alkali dust. "There's a very highly respected geologist who lives in Independence named Gary DeDecker, and she's found evidence of the forest destruction from alkali deposits 10,000 feet above the lake. If it can kill a pine tree, what do you suppose it'll do to you?"

I allowed that I would not want to breathe long enough to find out. I had seen that dry lake on a windy day and it looked like smoke from a raging forest fire.

"You know what some genius from the DWP office in Los Angeles said? He said the dust problem was caused by dune buggies."

Lois showed me a Forest Service map of the Owens Valley. Land owned by the city of Los Angeles appeared in yellow, an unbroken line running straight up the valley floor from Lone Pine to Bishop, two to three miles wide by 105 miles long. Everything adjacent was under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Land Management and everything on both sides of that was part of the Inyo National Forest. In other words, except for a few small Indian reservations and a smattering of privately owned plots,

everything surrounding the Los Angeles corridor belonged to the people of the United States. What had happened to the safeguarding of our property under federal and state environmental protection laws? Those were my trees and shrubs that were dying to keep the swimming pools in Beverly Hills filled and the driveways in Santa Monica flushed.

Lois and Lillian chuckled a little grimly. "That was the basis of the first Inyo County lawsuit against Los Angeles in 1972," Lois said. "We wanted the DWP to file an EIR [Environmental Impact Report], and asked the court to stop pumping until levels could be set that weren't harmful. We've been in litigation ever since; won almost every battle along the way, but we're still losing the war. The DWP doesn't care what the courts say, because they figure they can stall the legal process until finally there's nothing left for anybody to fight over."

Lois sorted through a stack of legal documents, looking for an injunction dating back to 1929 ordering the DWP to stop pumping and to cap wells on specified properties owned by a consolidation of plaintiffs. In those days it simply bought or forced out troublemakers and had all such injunctions dismissed.

"They have the money and the legal staff to sidetrack the courts for years," Lois said. "Take the EIR, for example. First they argued they were exempt from having to file because their new aqueduct was completed before the California Environmental Quality Act was made law. It took our suit at least a year to work its way to a state appeals court where they were finally told they *did* have to file, because extracting groundwater is an ongoing action, not a completed one. Then they fiddled around, quibbling about what had to be included and what didn't. They managed to take three years to come up with a draft they claimed was adequate. Fortunately the court insisted on reviewing it, which took another year, and then threw it out saying it was not only inadequate but deliberately misleading."

"I think they're on their third draft now. Isn't it astonishing that all those engineers and lawyers and experts on this and experts on that can't come up with an acceptable Environmental Impact Report in eight years? Maybe they aren't trying very hard."

"I allowed that I would not want to breathe it long enough to find out."

ONE PLACE WHERE the DWP does seem to try very hard is in thinking up punitive measures to direct against those Owens Valley communities that have seen fit to contest its authority. Nothing much has changed since the days of William

Mulholland. DWP consciousness has not been elevated greatly since 1906. The reaction to this policy of intimidation—which resulted in dynamite explosions punctuating the sweet summer nights back in the Twenties, and in Los Angeles aqueduct water flowing into the desert sand 200 miles north of its destination—may not turn out to be very different either. Not unless the Owens Valley gets some measure of satisfaction. Soon.

The most recent intimidation of the valley residents by the DWP began soon after Inyo County filed its 1972 suit demanding a cessation of pumping and preparation of an Environmental Impact Report. When the county asked the court to review the document that the DWP eventually produced, Los Angeles suddenly sent word that it was cutting off all water to its agricultural and recreational lessees and proceeded immediately to close valves that had remained open since the aqueduct's completion in 1913—valves apparently so rusty from lack of use that dynamite was needed to budge them. When it was loudly protested that this action was simply a punishment for Inyo's poor taste in trying to save its environment, the city engineer in charge of the aqueduct said it was not punitive but "educational."

Evidently the Owens Valley is full of slow learners. Their defiance continued in the courtroom and the DWP needed to offer a refresher course. In 1978 it declared its intention to install water meters in all residences (in spite of its own study, which had shown the cost of such installation to be economically impractical) and announced that it would give people one year to put their lines in order before real billing would commence. Mock bills were sent in the interim so that people could readjust.

Once again valley residents were furious. They had always been charged a flat rate for water and had never been careless with its use. During the great drought of 1976-77 they had conserved 25 percent of normal consumption, while Los Angeles refused to initiate any mandatory conservation measures until a court decision forced it to do so. Only then did the city grudgingly join the rest of California in efforts to cut water usage by 10 percent. (Angelenos actually reduced usage by 15 percent, an altruistic gesture generally lost on the rest of the state to the north, where 30 to 40 percent was the norm.)

The meters were installed—upside down, backward, badly. Sometimes they registered water, sometimes volcanic gas, sometimes nothing. Lois Wilson gave me a demonstration by turning on her garden hose. It writhed like

a decapitated snake, hissing madly, the meter duly registering cubic feet of something or other, second, but whatever was coming out of the nozzle wasn't water. Lillian Nelson told me the same thing occurred in her lines up in Big Pine. "And that's the least of it," she said. "My husband and I are retired. We live in a single-family home. You want to guess what our 'projected' bill for forty-five days was?"

"Fifty dollars?" I said.

"Five hundred and sixty. Everybody was getting bills like that. They were trying to scare people out. I can't figure any other reason except wanting to intimidate people here in leaving."

Whatever motivates DWP action, the installation of meters and water-rate hikes from \$8.50 a month to \$60, \$70, \$100 (Lillian's real bill, when it came, was nowhere near \$560) did not intimidate many valley residents. They fought back with a meter strike, some refusing to pay anything, others refusing to pay more than the original flat rate. When the DWP began cutting off water in the homes of nonpayers and threatening once again to cancel land leases, the effect was like throwing gasoline on a grease fire. The night ride began to strike.

Now there are negotiations. But they are more placatory than real, and any concession that the DWP implies it may make come with amendments demanding that existing laws be dropped. The Concerned Citizens are willing to talk, but nobody trusts the adversary, at the least. Tired of the endless stall, Inyo-Mono voters turned out in record numbers in November 1980 to pass an ordinance that would invest the county rather than the DWP with control of groundwater pumping levels. But the DWP does not recognize the legitimacy of the ordinance, fought its inclusion on the ballot from the outset, and now will certainly contest the legality of its passage. And while the "dialogue" goes on (and this is the point many would argue), Los Angeles continues to pump the Bishop Cone dry, flagrantly ignoring a 1940 superior-court order prohibiting it from doing so.

A natural laborator

AS I DROVE north toward Big Pine through clouds that had been spitting sleep intermittently for the past three days suddenly lifted, and once again I found myself veering from shoulder to shoulder, unable to keep my eyes on the road in the overwhelming presence of the Sierran walls. From alluvial fans flocked with creosote brush

sage the lower canyons climbed steeply, [hacked into the fault-block by a broken river. The mid-range was folded, bent, red, cusped into the cirques and moraines, s and saddles, that rose into peaks along jagged crest—the whole face a towering, broken rampart against the Pacific, glaring in alabaster mantle of snow.

y comparison, the valley floor doesn't stand alone. Not anymore. Dry, bleak, its vegeta-stunted and sparse, it probably looks seedy moth-eaten to most of the people speeding Highway 395 on their way somewhere else, Mammoth, Yosemite, Reno, Lake Tahoe. ooks, in fact, like most of the high desert try in the West—like an old chenille bed—ad somebody threw out when its little green s bleached gray and its rich amber founda-faded dun. Its towns (only Lone Pine, dependence, Big Pine, and Bishop are big gh to notice), seem almost marginal, ly dependent on one-night tourists. Except e northern end of the valley around Bish- there is little agriculture—only occasional ring and a few irrigated fields of alfalfa.

ut this is all deception. There is more : than meets the gleam in a keno player's The hot-dogger streaking toward his ski k at Mammoth Mountain may not know r care about it, but he is passing through of the most remarkable natural laborato- in the western United States, one that ht (according to botanist Mary DeDecker) e protected and preserved in the same way onal parks, monuments, and wild and scenic rs are protected and preserved. I stopped ndependence to ask Mrs. DeDecker about age caused by Los Angeles water diver- , and the conversation led inexorably to- d that point. She has lived in the valley forty years, knows it backward and for- d, and is no doubt as indignant as the rest ut water meters and punitive gestures on part of the DWP. But her concerns are narily ecological. "If you destroy the plants I have adapted to the Owens-Mono environ- nt, nothing can replace them," she said. hat's why I'm concerned about subsurface aping. There used to be slews, meadows, ings, marshes; now they're all gone. A ole chain of life has been destroyed, and re will be more to follow if control is not osed."

mentioned that I'd heard a proposal to duce new varieties of plants from Austra- and Israel that will tolerate almost any- ing—will grow, in fact, in the alkali basin Owens Lake.

"Well, they're studying that," said Mrs. Decker, "but I'm very skeptical. If you

can find something that will survive in Owens Lake, you may well have found a monster that will eventually take over the whole valley, something that will crowd out the native grasses and shrubs. The solution is not to solve one problem by creating another. One could just put water back into Owens Lake...."

"Of course the Owens Valley will be bled dry."

THE MESSAGE IS of course commonplace in modern ecology. When you tinker with an established system you often get results you don't want. Import fisher cats to kill the porcupines in Vermont, and when they've mopped up the porcupines, they start looking around for something else to eat, like your chickens. Import a creeping kudzu vine from Japan for a hearty ground cover along a freeway, and it eats its way throughout the South. Drain a lake and impede national defense. Drill a well and dry up 2,000 square miles of farmland. On and on. Man is a tinkerer, and it seems rather idle to hope (much less expect) that he will stop. Of course the snail darter will perish. Of course Montana will be strip-mined. Of course there will be genetic engineering. Of course the Owens Valley will be bled dry. Perhaps all one can do is kick and scream to slow the process down. Or, if one lives in Inyo County, hope that some computer at the Nellis Air Force Range and Nuclear Testing Site will run amuck and drop a big one on the corner of Sunset and Vine.

Because Los Angeles is not going to go away. It needs water and power. When the Central Arizona Project goes on line and Arizona's share of Colorado River water, now used by southern California, is diverted to Phoenix, Tucson, et al., then Los Angeles's problems are going to increase considerably. The prospect makes a lot of people in northern California ecstatic. But the Owens Valley model, the dogged tenacity of the DWP to provide water and power no matter at whose expense and in spite of all attempts to curtail it through court orders and conservation methods, should be fair warning. It is idle to hope that the people of Los Angeles will find a metaphoric Jesus in the brotherhood of natural resources. And even if they did, the DWP (Devil Without Portfolio) is not accountable directly to the people of Los Angeles. It answers to its own commissioners, who answer to the mayor and the city council. In short, it operates in virtual anonymity and (if history tells us anything) regards as inherent its right to the product it sells, regardless of consequences to the environment. Anybody's environment. Teddy Roosevelt said it: "the infinitely greater interest to

be served . . .” Los Angeles is no more interested in the problems of the Owens Valley, or the Mono Basin, or the Sacramento delta, or Colorado’s western slope (all sources, existing or proposed, of its water supply) than it is in the air quality around Page, Arizona, or the four corners. It needs, wants, must have, will get more water. And to this end it is not only pumping the Owens Valley dry, it is draining Mono Lake in the next basin north along the eastern slope of the Sierra.

A “solemn, silent, sailless” sea

I DROVE NORTH TOWARD the town of Bishop and then over Wheeler Ridge into Mono County, climbing sharply to Sherwin Summit and then leveling out for thirty or forty miles through piñon and juniper woodland and forests of jeffrey pine and red fir. Stands of aspen dotted the open slopes to the west, and there was snowbush, paintbrush, corn lily, and angelica scattered through the understory. I had planned to sidetrack from Big Pine to see the bristlecone forest up in the White Mountains, 12,000 feet above sea level, but the snow was too deep and the road still closed. I’d have liked to have taken Methuselah’s Walk through that wind-blasted, frozen, rockbound area and had a look at the oldest living thing on the face of this earth, a gnarled, twisted, forked, tortured old bristlecone, 4,600 years old, that looked in photographs more like Grendel’s ganglia than a tree. It was hard to imagine something born about the time of Babylon, hitting its stride around the birth of Christ, still pottering along while mankind littered the heavens with orbital junk and strove to clone itself in a petri dish. I had to assume it would still be around my next time through.

A herd of thirty or forty deer bounded across the road a hundred yards in front of me, and somewhere just south of Deadman’s Summit, before the highway dropped into the Mono Basin, a bobcat appeared at the edge of the woods, made an instant calculation of my approaching speed, and cleared the road in two swift bounds. The wind had come up, buffeting the truck, and the familiar cloud cover drifted over the Sierra crest.

The Mono craters appeared on my left, barren volcanic cones lying like mollusks about the sand flats and pumice; then Mono Lake itself, 45,000 acres of gray, metallic water, with moonscape towers of calcium carbonate rising just beyond the banks of its sullen shore. Bubbling up over the centuries to calcify like stalagmites, this deposit lurked beneath the sur-

face as well, waiting patiently to disembody the water-skiers who no longer came, the swimmers who no longer dove from beached droppings in the mud. An Ice-Age lake, possibly the oldest in North America, dying. Gone from Los Angeles. Since the aqueduct was extended into the Mono Basin in 1940 the lake has dropped 44 vertical feet; since diversion capacity was increased in 1970 it had receded the rate of two feet per year, with only one of the five major streams feeding into it allowed to flow. Before long it would be a chemical sump, an alkali desert surrounded by a stinking mud, an airborne disaster blowing mineral salts 20,000 feet into the air (already pilots have mistaken its dust storms for volcanic eruptions), and threatening the pine forests in Yosemite Park to the west, the bleached cones to the south. Before long it would be, in fact, the “solemn, silent, sailless” sea that Mark Twain described when he first saw it in 1870.

SO LUNAR IN APPEARANCE is this body of water, so chemically unique in its composition, heavy concentration of carbonates, sulfates, and salt that it has for years been thought of as “dead,” though it is not. Its high salinity excludes fish life but not algae, nor brine shrimp, not brine flies—all that natural invertebrate food on which gulls, grebes, and (although no longer) Paiute Indians thrive. It is, on the contrary, one of the most life-productive lakes in the world, a veritable Mono Hilton for aquatic birds migrating across the continent—such as the 100,000 Wilson’s phalaropes that stop in late summer on their way to Argentina, or the million or so eared grebes that come in the autumn and cover the water like a feathered blanket. It is the maternal ward for nearly the entire breeding population of California gulls, 50,000 of which come to nest on the small islands off its northern shore.

Dead? Hardly. Not yet. And not at all the Mono Lake Committee, the Friends of the Earth, the Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, and a far-flung contingent of conservationists have their way. But their way is based on the courts, the law; and if that Owens Valley is any example, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power is exempt (through circumlocution and evasion) from the law. The courts move slowly. Legislation is a tedious process. And while the talk goes on—the charges and countercharges, the lobbying, the token gestures of accommodation (DWP has volunteered, for example, to allow up to 50,000 acre-feet to flow into the lake

is year, because the snow pack was so heavy they couldn't use it all)—the water level drops, the salinity increases to a point where even the shrimp may choke, a land bridge to the lands emerges slowly from the murky water, and coyotes begin the decimation of the gull colony. This year, with the flow of surplus water, the lake is up a foot; about 80 percent of the gulls have returned to nest. But next year? And when Arizona begins to take its share of Colorado River water?

A COUNTRY OF wonderful contrasts," John Muir said, "hot deserts bounded by snow-laden mountains, cinder and ashes scattered on glacier-polished pavement, frost and fire working together in the making of beauty." From Conway Summit, a few miles past Lee Vining, I stopped to look back down 2,000 feet into the Mono Valley and south over the volcanic cones to the lateral range of mountains that divide this watershed from the Owens Valley. How much could it cost to save it all? According to a recent California Department of Water Resources report—not much: installation of efficient plumbing devices, more careful irrigation of lawns and gardens, a slight reduction of water pressure, more use of dry-climate plants. One brick in every toilet in Los Angeles would be enough to save Mono Lake.

As I put the truck in gear and headed north toward Carson City, I was faintly amused by the euphemistic label attached to that entity charged with providing our essential services—the "public utility." What public? Why does a "public utility" think its obligation to the public stops at the faucet and the power pole? Or to one segment of the public and not another?

I was reminded of a letter Bernard DeVoto once wrote to the editor of the *Denver Post* on a different, though not unrelated, matter: "You are certainly right when you say 'us natives' can do what you like with your scenery. But the National Parks and Monuments happen not to be your scenery. They are our scenery. They do not belong to Colorado or the West, they belong to the people of the United States, including the miserable unfortunates who have to live east of the Allegheny hillocks."

Most of Inyo and Mono counties falls into a similar category—BLM land and Forest Service land, i.e., public land. Even land belonging to the city of Los Angeles presumably belongs to a public, not a private, corporation. To allow the life-sustaining element of an environment as biologically, ecologically, geologically, and aesthetically rich as this to flow into the Pacific Ocean through a sewer pipe is an act of criminal negligence on a national scale. If "National" is the magic word in preserva-

"The American Way of seizure and exploitation has a long history but a dubious future."



Mono Lake looking south to the Mono Craters. The Sierra Nevada Mountains are in the far background.

tion (as in "Park" and "Monument"), then maybe Mary DeDecker is right and we should create a new classification. Laboratory. As in National Laboratory. As in Study. Observe. Learn. Adapt. Don't tinker.

The future of exploitation

THE PRIMARY questions raised by the history of the Los Angeles DWP in the Owens Valley—the legitimacy of sacrificing a small rural community to a large urban one (putting the "needs" of the many above the needs of the few), and the legitimacy of destroying a natural environment to help create an artificial one—are linked, and opponents will answer them in opposite ways. Obviously many more forces, with incomparably greater power, are on the side of the DWP than on the side of the residents of the Owens Valley-Mono Basin. But the future may not be. The American Way of seizure and exploitation has a long history but a dubious future. It has produced ghost towns before this, when the resources ran out and the frenzy cooled and the fortune hunters drifted away. Without suggesting that Los Angeles will be-

come a ghost town, one knows that in the arid West there are many communities whose growth is strictly limited by the available water. To promote the growth of any community beyond its legitimate and predictable water resources is to risk one of two things: eventual slowdown or collapse and retreatment to more realistic levels, or a continuing and often piratical encroachment on the water of other communities, at the expense of the prosperity and perhaps their life.

Man, the great creator and destroyer of environments, is also part of what he creates or destroys, and rises and falls with it. In the West, water is life. From the very beginning when people killed each other with shovels over the flow of a primitive ditch, to the present, when cities kill each other for precisely the same reasons and with the same self-justifications, water is the basis for Western growth. Western industry, Western communities. Eventually some larger authority, state or federal, will have to play Solomon in these disputes. That, in fact, is precisely what Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt did back in 1900. Their trouble was that they made a decision that was politically sound, but environmentally and ethically wrong.

HARPER'S
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FOR MOZART, FROM THE BEGINNING

So magnified with new light
as to have become estranged
from the simple work, the song
continues itself. And since

from the blue radiance of the beginning
it rose into these minor volumes
of the greater light we must
from the beginning have contained;

and since the implacable light of the new sun
shone down upon the earth in which everything
was true, from then—
in the line of those few

who, seeing clearly by this light
have been somehow informed to choose
to love us and we have perhaps
loved back—there has been this one

to whom we might, with something
like the ease of instinct, speaking with something
like joy and in the fullness
of praise, have found it possible

to have cried aloud, but did not, that he
is indeed and always loved, who,
against all amulet and recipe, against
the cold gratuities of the subjectless,

seized in the real and made to flash forth
the mute transparencies
of matter, continued
the Creation, his heart so new,

boundless and unaltered, so
inhabited by beatitude,
as to have occasioned us to rise
from the regions of dissemblance toward one

another; and this despite
the effronteries of the disparate
body, sad goiter
of the other, because

his heart, and precisely by power
of the discord, from the first
instant of the first
spasm of light, prime turbulence, chord

of the Beginning, intent
on the immaculate bond of the ensemble, free
to cherish the light, beat, measured itself
and never otherwise gave voice

to the gorgeous numbers
of the increate sensation,
the disinterested poetry
of the source.

—John Engels

DIVIDENDS

little man, what now?

by Earl Shorris

HE AND HIS WIFE had always lived alone. They were proud people to whom punctilio was important. Their cat was Siamese; its box was always clean and deodorized. He never wore the same suit on consecutive days; she pressed the same suit between wearings. They attended the opera eight times each year; she preferred the French, he preferred the Italians, they were united in their dislike of the Germans. Each year at Christmas she worked as a clerk in a famous and expensive leather goods store; it was their rule to use her earnings solely for gifts, for each other, for his secretary, for her nephews, for his aunt, and for his brother who was confined to a hospital in Ohio.

She cooked for him with great pleasure and attention. Every night they each had one glass of wine with dinner. They bought wine by the gallon and decanted it into crystal bottles that had been left to them by her mother. Wrong wine, he said. But right for the wine drinkers, she said. For summer they had a small house near the seashore, which had also been left to them by her mother. They rented it the house during the hottest part of summer, saving for themselves only the first three weeks in September. The tenants always made them unhappy, leaving behind a trail of nicks, scratches, chips, and stains, and failing to tend the garden properly. Of their three weeks at the seashore two were always spent returning to the house and garden to their original and proper condition. He had a talent for carpentry and painting, she prided herself on her keen thumb. To have such work performed by hired help, they agreed, diminished the pleasures of living by the sea.

Children earned no esteem from them. Early in their protracted courting they had found their mutual delight that neither of them wished to raise a pack of nasty brats. Furthermore, the low opinion they held of children extended to parents, nursemaids, schoolteachers, babysitters, and purveyors of real and metaphorical pap. He thought it very witty of her to have said that the trouble with children was that they sour the wine.

IN HIS WORK he had long ago earned a reputation for intolerance. As manager of the office he was, he believed, required to rage with equal vehemence over thefts, spots on the carpeting, broken furniture or machines, computer failures, tardiness, recalcitrance, disrespect, indiscreet modes of dress, and dubious expense accounts. Yet he considered himself a good and generous Christian. When a freckled black girl came to him to ask his advice about an unwanted pregnancy, he paid for an abortion out of his own pocket. When one of the boys in the mail room, a middle-aged, slightly retarded man, told him tearfully of a fire that had destroyed his two-room apartment and all his furnishings, he permitted the mail room boy to purchase certain items of worn office furniture at the scrap price. He never failed to give people ample time, with pay, to attend to illnesses and deaths, nor had he ever chastised a woman for failing to come to work during the first day of her menstrual period. As a result, he considered certain people owed him more loyalty, and therefore more nearly perfect performance, than the rest, and he was therefore more intolerant of their failings.

His superiors, as he called them, constantly disappointed him. They were men of little style or taste, aggressive, opportunistic, avaricious. He thought some of them less than adequate to their tasks and a few of them nothing less than benighted. Business as such held very little interest for him. He did not follow sales reports or stock market prices. He had certain responsibilities, which he exercised with care and concern for costs and appearances. Production, marketing, sales, finance, personnel, procurement, international were all the same to him, all equally uninteresting.

He did, however, have some special feeling for the chief executive officer, a man with a full red face and thick white hair, a figure, the office manager said. It was the chief executive officer who had for some years borne the cultural responsibilities of the company: a seat on the board of the opera, fund raiser for the symphony, patron of the ballet. How many

Receiving bread from us, they will see clearly that we take the bread made by their hands from them, to give it to them, without any miracle.

—The Grand Inquisitor

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Earl Shorris DIVIDENDS

times the chief executive officer, forced to be out of the city on business, had sent his tickets to the office manager! How generous! How considerate of the value of the seats!

During twenty-five years with the company the office manager's salary had not risen greatly. Because of the rate of inflation, his income after taxes had actually fallen over the past several years; yet he did not complain. It was not necessary to be rich to be cultured, he told his wife. In fact, had he earned a great deal of money, they might have become bourgeois; money had that effect on many people of quality. He had observed it more than once, hadn't she? Even so, the economies forced upon them were irritating; they could no longer buy art books or eat endive; the quality of the wine they drank was not what it had been—they took risks on Italian wineries, experimented with unknown vintages; he worried that the lapels of his suit coats were just a bit too narrow; she sensed that everyone, particularly her husband, noticed the faint marks left by lowered hemlines; and their underwear had begun to gray.

They needed more money, she said. Perhaps she should consider full-time employment. How often they had called from the leather goods store to ask her to accept a full-time position! Wasn't this the proper time to accept the offer?

He thought not. They would reward him at the office, he said. The chief executive officer was a cultured man, he was not unjust or unthinking. While the world was going to hell in a handbasket, there were still men of quality, companies of quality; he was fortunate enough to have cast his lot with such a company. At any time their problems would be solved. Meanwhile, the triennial increase in their rent could be accommodated easily enough; they had only to rent the summer house for two more weeks, taking their own holiday later, when the summer people had gone and the air was truly brisk and refreshing.

We are not poor, he reminded her, merely a bit on our uppers, and only in the most temporary way.

AN ENVELOPE ARRIVED for him in the company mail. It was marked CONFIDENTIAL and PERSONAL. Inside it, he found a notice of his inclusion in the stock-owner program. He was to receive ten shares of stock initially and then have the opportunity to purchase additional stock on a one-for-one basis: for each share he purchased, the company would purchase one for him. The record of stock dividends was included in the

envelope. Over the last twenty years the company had never failed to pay a dividend. In the chart of stock prices he noticed that the stock had split four times since the company had first gone public.

He suffered an epiphany. It was sudden, clear to him that one who owned shares in stock in the company was more likely to profit by his labors than he. But why? They did not work. Ownership of such a well-managed company was hardly a risk. It was entirely just that they should be paid so much while he labored for a steadily declining salary, while his standard of living fell year after year, while his wife, a woman of quality, considered accepting a salesclerk's position for a time.

And who were these persons who profited by his labor? Speculators! Jews, mafiosi, union crooks, oil-rich illiterates from Texas, Arabs, Germans, Japanese, trash of every variety.

He took a piece of stationery from his desk, not notepaper or a memo form but the best stationery, the rag bond, and wrote a brief letter to the chief executive officer:

Dear Sir:

It has come to my attention that the earnings of my labors over these twenty-five years past have, for the most part, been paid out to persons who have no interest in the firm, no connection with our operations, and no loyalty to our goals or products. These stock owners, who are, in actuality, mere speculators, have no right to the fruits of my labor.

Unless this situation is remedied post haste, I must submit my resignation effective immediately. I await your reply.

Shortly before five that afternoon the director of personnel telephoned the office manager, asking that he return his building pass, company credit cards, keys, and so on. I'm sorry you're leaving, the director of personnel said, because you would have been entitled to early retirement in only two years.

The office manager said, I shall put those items you require into the company mail immediately. As to your regrets, I can do without them, thank you.

The office manager packed his personal belongings, which were few, into his old leather briefcase and left the office promptly at five. There was no one to whom he felt he owed a farewell. On his way home he went out on his way to pass by the elegant leather goods store in which his wife worked during the Christmas season. It really was a lovely place, he noted, filled with rich browns and maroon smelling of expensive leather, patronized solely by persons of quality.

EMBLEMS OF ADVERSITY

amus Heaney: politics and poetics

by Terrence Des Pres

YOU RISE EARLY and go out. Beyond silos and the chilly gates the countryside still sleeps. The fields lie quiet in st light, and for a moment peace is possible. Then into your morning world come armored cars,

*All camouflaged with broken alder branches,
And headphoned soldiers standing up in turrets.*

They grind past, taking the roads, trolling the land. They are the same soldiers who at night throw up blockades and stick guns in your face, judge through your letters, belittle your name. Or they grab your wife in department store because in her bag is a timing device, which is to say, an old clock got at an auction; but a clock not unlike the one used when, the week before, a building she passed exploded behind her. They are alien troops and they watch whatever you do. That's what they are there for, so you won't stand up like your friends, the one blown to bits/Out drinking in a curfew," or the one whose "candid forehead stopped/A pointblank teatime bullet."

Terrorism on the one hand, military crackdown on the other, that is life in Ulster, in Belfast. You don't

expect to be caught in crossfire each time you enter the street, you don't expect not to either. Trapped in tribal rage, you wait for the next bombing, the next pointless killing, when against your will you again witness violence, again admit life's stupid openness to harm, until finally the emblematic sum-result of the slaughter comes down to this:

*The red sides of beef retain
Some of the smelly majesty of
living:
A half-cow slung from a hook
maintains
That blood and flesh are not
ignored.*

*But a turkey cowers in death.
Pull his neck, pluck him, and
look—
He is just another poor forked
thing,
A skin bag plumped with inky
putty.*

Is humankind no more than that? Thus the old king thought, naked on the storming heath, and the allusion to *King Lear* suggests that as Northern Ireland goes, so goes the world for millions of poor forked things, men, women, and children at the mercy of merciless elements, forces heedless and inhuman, and none of them more so than politics.



Terrence Des Pres is at Colgate University and is the author of *The Survivor* (Oxford University Press). He is writing a book on poetry and politics, from which this piece is excerpted. Copyright © 1981 by Terrence Des Pres.

Leaf: Skopforts, Woodfin Camp

By politics I mean acts and decisions that are not ours but which nonetheless determine how we live; events and situations brought about by brute force or manipulations of power; whole peoples ruined by the dictates of government, of the military, of the big multinationals. Politics, then, as the condition we find ourselves in when, without consent, we become the means to others' ends—politics as endured by the victims, as seen by the witness, as beheld by the poet. And if, as Thomas Mann said, "in our time the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms," then finally politics comes to mean simply what happens, the intense brutality of history itself.

Political mutilation is nothing new, but never before has the impact of politics been so insistent, so penetrating and widespread. Never so familiar, thanks to the media, or so intimately felt. We live in fearful expectation of events that, like a terrorist's bomb, can blast our hopes and possibly our lives, or intrude to destroy peace and peace of mind like an army convoy at dawn. And there is no escape, no pretending that all is well or that some secret region of the self remains aloof, impervious to this awful nonstop roar of things. If you cannot actually hear gunfire or the cry of people tyrannized, you hear about it every day—in the papers and on the news, from an endless concussion of headlines, pictures, articles, and books. You know that racial hatred and fascism are again on the rise. You know that all over the globe, in places like Guatemala and El Salvador, hundreds of people die for political reasons daily. Merely knowing such facts changes the way you feel about being in the world.

SO WHAT do you do if, like Seamus Heaney in Ireland, your single aim is poetry, the freedom to rejoice and quicken "all into verb, pure verb"? Or to restate the question as Heaney does via Shakespeare:

*How with this rage shall beauty
hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a
flower?*

For a true answer read Heaney's poetry, *Field Work* and the collected first four volumes, and also his essays,

which are wonderfully intelligent and dovetail finely with his poetry.* Read him for his excellence, and then for the way he meets the challenge of politics and manages to honor beauty's plea. Then read him again for a perspective on our own predicament. For to judge from most recent American poetry, we stick to flowers and sidestep the rage, ignoring *what we know* or turning it to metaphor merely. We presume, against experience, that poets need not be social creatures, that between the self and history no necessary link exists. Or we keep up the old act—the New Adam naming things as he pleases—and retreat into in consequence, writing poems about "marshes, lakes and woods, Sweet Emma of Preservation Hall, a Greek lover, an alchemist, actresses, fairy tales, canning peaches in North Carolina"; stuff of that sort, to quote from an ad for a new anthology.

Whitman preferred solitude and thought death sublime; he witnessed the Civil War close up but wrote convincingly of its human cost only in his prose. Emerson, meanwhile, saw Self and Nature as the poles of human destiny, and felt divinely blessed to walk across a field. And Dickinson, of course, conversed mainly with God. That is our tradition, and if I exaggerate, the point is still important: with few recent exceptions (Lowell stood out, and so now does Adrienne Rich), American poetry continues to look inward, enamored of the self and the privileged perceptions good craft affords. It tends toward vision apart and solipsistic, preferring worlds elsewhere to the unhappy world we share. (Signs of change are starting to appear—Robert Pinsky's *An Explanation of America*, for example—but so far they are sporadic and uncertain.)

In consequence, fewer and fewer of us can draw sustenance from our own poets. More of us are turning to examples from other traditions—Milosz, Brecht, Akhmatova and the great Russians—and this is also why we appreciate Seamus Heaney, reading him with a kind of excitement and satisfaction we had almost forgotten to expect from poetry. What we need is what he gives

—a poetry that allows the spirit to feel and engage, and thereby transcend. It at least stand up to the murderous pressures of our time. This need is not a question of praxis or ideology, but of imagination regaining authority and of spirit bearing witness to its own misfortune and struggle. For, after all, if poets don't draw energy from life, major tensions, how shall their work substantiate its claim to a hearing? How shall beauty hold a plea with so bravely grasping the actual?

Poetry reveals the complexity of our relation to the world, and when drastic changes occur in the world, they show up in poetry too, especially in a language like ours, when consciousness has become global, when all fates interlock and history quakes the self to its deepest foundations. The altering eye altered all, Blake said, and what eye has not been altered by the horrors we have looked upon in this century? On Ulster evening "when windows stood open and the compost smoked down the backs" Seamus Heaney watched a badger slip through backyard brush. The animal's scurry reminded him of souls in transit, of metempsychosis in its Belfast form:

*The murdered dead,
you thought.
But could it not have been
some violent shattered boy
nosing out what got mislaid
between the cradle and the
explosion....*

HEANEY WAS born in 1939 in County Derry, of Northern Ireland's Catholic minority. His upbringing was rural, but his first years were those of the Second World War, American army installations were just up the road. He could hardly know it then, but the fulcrum of his art—pastoral calm hemmed in by unrest; politics merging with the mythical power of landscape—was fixed in his earliest experience. In one of his essays he describes his childhood world

*The American bombers groan
towards the aerodrome at Toomebridge, the American troops manoeuvre in the fields along the road, but all of that great historical action does not disturb the rhythms of the yard. There the pump stands, a slender, iron idol, snouted, helmeted, dressed down with a sweeping handle, painted a dark green*

* *Field Work*, 66 pp., \$8.95; *Poems 1965-1975*, 228 pp., \$12.95; *Preoccupations: Selected Prose 1968-1978*, 226 pp., \$15. All published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

and set on a concrete plinth, marking the centre of another world.

Encircled by signals of war, the rhythms of the yard" compose a world thin as a world, timeless, earthbound, lid, an almost sacred space that keeps e sane and serves as art's foundation. The pump at its center shafts inward into rich darkness, down rough layers of earth and memory, inging up the water five families pended on but also fulfilling what eaney calls his "hankering for the nderground side of things." "Our pioers keep striking/Inwards and downwards," he says in a poem called "Bognd." And that is surely the central sture of his art: he goes forward by ing in, and down, and back. From iggering," the first poem in his first ok, to the recent "Glanmore Son- ts" the poet's craft is likened to gging; verse is equated with plough- g. Knowledge, passion, renewal; gainst the fury of political flux, things man anchor and endure by digging :

*And here is love
like a tinsmith's scoop
sunk past its gleam
in the meal-bin.*

But if farmyard rhythms provide ability apart from "great historical tion," the signs of that action scatter ke gunshot through Heaney's early ems. A trout darts like "a tracer-bul- t," the sound of slapping on a cow's elly is "like a depth-charge," and loated frogs sit "poised like mud gre- ades." Rural integrity remains intact, ut images of violent intent intrude all e same. Which is to say that the ructure of Heaney's poetry reflects e shape of life as he knows it to be, fusion of history and the land, pol- ices colliding with life's daily round. This could hardly be otherwise for poet growing up in Northern Ire- and, where religious and political ten- sions always threatened to break, as hey have since 1969, into madness and bloodshed. It could hardly be othe- wise for any Irish poet. There, unlike n America, memory cuts terribly deep, nd to call up the past is to be haun- ted by one catastrophe compounding another. The great famine of 1845-49, or example, was caused by the failure of the potato crop at a time when Eng- and discouraged alternative means of production and demanded that the Irish ell their wheat and oats abroad to pay



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land rents. The blight was natural, the economic situation was enforced by political design, the outcome was hideous:

*Live skulls, blind-eyed, balanced on
wild higgledy skeletons
scoured the land in 'forty-five,
wolfed the blighted road and died.*

One million perished, thousands were evicted for not paying rent, more than a million piled into "coffin ships" and crossed to America. Disasters of this kind, like so much else in Irish history—tribal strife and England's inhuman misrule, a people crushed and recrushed by Henry, Elizabeth, Cromwell—resound in the soul and insist on remembrance:

*and where potato diggers are
you still smell the running sore.*

That is the heritage of Irish poets, and with no solid literary base, no indigenous written literature of high merit, until well into the nineteenth century. William Butler Yeats was the leader of Ireland's modern renaissance and his greatness is beyond doubt. But his example remains ambiguous and not fully available to a poet like Heaney. Yeats wrote important poems about the nationalist struggle and the ensuing civil war; but he also moved with ease between Dublin and London, and as a member of the Protestant Ascendancy he was at home with the English literary tradition and could use it as he pleased. Heaney, on the other hand, has had to contend with what he calls "the split culture of Ulster." Political in essence, the split is a matter of geography and religion but also of language. Heaney's formal education was in the English classics, and he has had to accommodate, but also shove against, the expansive beauty of the conqueror's tongue in order to recover the rooted speech of his own society and place:

*I push back
through dictionaries,
Elizabethan canopies.
Norman devices,*

*the erotic mayflowers
of Provence
and the ivied latins
of churchmen*

*to the scop's
twang, the iron
flash of consonants
cleaving the line.*

Heaney now lives in Dublin and has

twice been to America. But his home was in Belfast when violence exploded there, and the events of 1969 marked a turn in his art toward the need for a more forceful encounter with politics. We can gauge his predicament by recalling Yeats's famous refrain celebrating the deaths of the rebels in the Easter Uprising of 1916:

*All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.*

No poet today could indulge a manner so lofty, especially if writing about violent experience in Northern Ireland, in Latin America, in Africa, or anywhere else. The sublime style, with its surges of lyrical splendor, is not possible when brutality and terror dominate daily attention. Events are surely terrible, but no redeeming beauty issues therefrom. Even Yeats came to see this in his later years, and Heaney seems always to have known that if his art would be faithful to the world in which he lived, its emblem would be something small and solid—the anvil or the blacksmith's hand—whatever cupped strength might be needed to make history and personal feeling merge and be managed together. And the result would be less than grand:

*Compose in darkness.
Expect aurora borealis
in the long foray
but no cascade of light.*

In 1969 America was busy bombing a tiny country back to the stone age, our society was in a frenzy of political discord, but somehow very little of this intensity entered the mainstream life of our poetry. And very little got passed on. In Northern Ireland things were otherwise, and when the killing got underway it seemed to Heaney that he could not *not* respond. I quote his response at length, for its honesty and insight, but even more because it stands as a landmark statement in the current debate about the relation of poetry to politics:

*From that moment the problems of
poetry moved from being simply a
matter of achieving the satisfactory
verbal icon to being a search for
images and symbols adequate to our
predicament. I do not mean liberal
lamentation that citizens should
feel compelled to murder one another
or deploy their different military
arms over the matter of nomen-
clatures such as British or*

Irish. I do not mean public celebrations or execrations of resistance or atrocity—although there is nothing necessarily unpoetic about such celebration, if one thinks of Yeats's "Easter 1916." I mean that I felt it imperative to discover a field of force in which, without abandoning fidelity to the processes and experience of poetry as I have outlined them, it would be possible to encompass the perspectives of a humane reason and at the same time to grant the religious intensity of the violence its deplorable authenticity and complexity. . . . The question, as ever, is 'How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea?' And my answer is, by offering 'befitting emblems of adversity'.

HEANEY TOOK "emblems of adversity" from a line in Yeats's "Meditations in Time of Civil War," and although Heaney's poems are full of such emblems, the one that has most obsessed him he got from a book by P. V. Glob called *The Bog People*. Heaney had a ways associated the Irish bogs with Irish memory, and indeed, if you go to the National Museum in Dublin you are bound to be struck by how many fabulous items in that collection are identified as "found in a bog." Glob's book served to confirm Heaney's feeling for landscape as "memory incubating the spilled blood," for here was an ancient people whose sacred rite included human sacrifice and ritualized bog burial. The pictures of bodies found in the Jutland bogs are commanding, to say the least, and for Heaney they were decisive: "The unforgettable photographs of these victims blended in my mind with photographs of atrocities, past and present, in the long rites of Irish political and religious struggles." In this way he came to write "The Tollund Man," the first of a series of such poems, all of them remarkable for the way they bring history and myth, current political violence and the poet's own perplexed feelings together in muted awe and something close to religious acceptance. "Some day I will go to Aarhus/ To see his peat-brown head," Heaney says of the Tollund Man, and ends:

*Out there in Jutland
in the old man-killing parishes
I will feel lost,
Unhappy and at home.*

In Heaney's usage, this emblem of adversity takes on enormous dignity, and the Tollund Man comes to preside as a pentecostal spirit over Heaney's, granting the poet the wisdom of perspective as well as a solution to the problem of facing and transcending political ruin:

*I could risk blasphemy,
Consecrate the cauldron bog
Our holy ground and pray
Him to make germinate*

*The scattered, ambushed
Flesh of labourers,
Stockinged corpses
Laid out in the farmyards.*

The poet evokes the spirit of the ancient violent dead, hoping to resurrect a newly violent dead, knowing it cannot be so. But through poetic ritual and the ceremony of prayer he summons consolation and returns to the times their rightful worth, their meaning as human beings beyond the meaningless furor that swallowed them. And in doing this Heaney reveals the elegiac mainspring of his art. For murder negates human value the poet labors to recover and solemnize at which was taken away:

*Now as news comes in
Of each neighbourly murder
We pine for ceremony,
Customary rhythms:*

*the temperate footsteps
of a cortège, winding past
each blinded home.
I would restore*

*the great chambers of Boyne,
prepare a sepulchre
under the cupmarked stones.*

The great gift of this kind of poetry, which Robert Lowell never hesitated to call "political poetry," is that it frees us from spiritual bondage to politics. What we recover, reading Heaney, is nothing less than ourselves, our humanity gone forfeit and then returned. And in Heaney's work, as in political poetry generally, even poems with no direct political import take on added substance and point. Set down among sonnet poems, amid terrible emblems, poems of quietness and joy become what in fact they are—small victories, moments of clear transcendence over the rage which violates beauty's plea. In the following poem, one of the "Glanville Sonnets," I must quote in full, as is a fit example of Heaney's art, and

illustrates this poet's extraordinary capacity to face degrading political pressures and still maintain that strange pull toward wonder which no poet really a poet can lose:

*He lived there in the unsayable
lights.*

*He saw fuchsia in a drizzling noon,
The elderflower at dusk like a risen
moon*

*And green fields greying on the
windswept heights.*

*'I will break through,' he said,
'what I glazed over*

*With perfect mist and peaceful
absences....'*

*Sudden and sure as the man who
dared the ice*

*And raced his bike across the
Moyola River.*

*A man we never saw. But in that
winter*

*Of nineteen forty-seven, when the
snow*

*Kept the country bright as a studio,
In a cold where things might*

crystallize or founder,

*His story quickened us, a wild
white goose*

*Heard after dark above the drifted
house.*

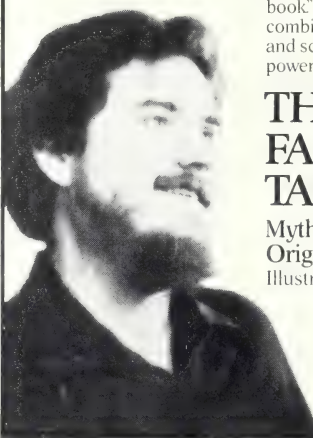
Arising from childhood memory, the poem argues its own power to tap re-

sidual strength; the image of the man daring the ice is a lesser but still "befitting emblem of adversity." As young Seamus was quickened by that story, so now his poem quickens us, reminding us that beyond the giving of pleasure and insight, poetry can help us endure, can confer the gift of fortitude. All life is "grafted with a great sorrow," but to say so caringly increases the limit of what we can bear. And if among the deep causes of sorrow must now be counted politics and history's savage spectacle, then a gift indeed is poetry that takes the measure of this further burden without retreat or loss of lyrical will.

We see in such work the drama of spirit in combat with that which would reduce us to poor forked things. I can barely believe—yet I do believe—that poetry, whose action is no stronger than a flower, can give so much. But there it is. Seamus Heaney's poems stand up to the world, they prove durably sane amid madness, and in their far echoing take on odd sweetness. To have access to this kind of poetry is once more, impossibly but nevertheless, to dwell in unsayable light. □

HARPER'S/MARCH 1981

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JUVENALIA ET ALIA

The hope of satire

by Jeffrey Burke

A Confederacy of Dunces, by John Kennedy Toole. 338 pages. Louisiana State University Press, \$12.95.

Pacific, by Charles Mercer. 320 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$14.95.

The Hangwoman, by Pavel Kohout; translated by Kača Poláčková-Henley. 512 pages. Putnam, \$15.95.

IRATE SATIRE high among the noble inventions of "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." What other institution, save the Society of Jesus, has so effectively enlisted ridicule, sarcasm, and irony in the service of good intentions? Where else, save on the evening news, could one find man's natural inclination toward folly and vice so carefully chronicled, so entertainingly exaggerated, and so unquestioningly exaggerated? How else could one safely note the mote in mankind's eye if not with the ten-foot pole satire apparently extends from one's own? And, to be casual about it, what greater promise does Ronald Reagan offer the arts than the possibility of a satiric renaissance?

Like our new president, however, contemporary satire is an easy target for *obiter dicta*: when political, its subject dates too quickly, and whatever moral lesson it hopes to convey is often sacrificed to the entertainment value of grotesqueness and absurdity. But the problem may also be generic: Literary satire, that hardy perennial, has seemed incapable of reaching full bloom in the fertile soil of twentieth-century reality. Thus W. H. Auden, in "Notes on the Comic" from *The Dyer's*

Hand: "In an age like our own, [satire] cannot flourish except in intimate circles as an expression of private feuds: in public life the evils and sufferings are so serious that satire seems trivial and the only possible kind of attack is prophetic denunciation."

But Auden's point is hardly conclusive, even if true. Satire is, after all, *sui generis*, the literary form that more than any other assumes the pen is mightier than the sword while proving better than any other that it is not. It is as difficult to cite satire's remedying of a specific human problem as it is to deny its productive exploitation of timeless human frailties. Gloriously ambivalent, satire doesn't effect change because it recognizes that some things never change. Yet it is an earnest reminder—no more and no less—that certain things need changing. Satire's operative emotion is hope, not indignation, and we all know about hope: In hope's eternal spring satire will always flower.

NOVELS TEND to embody satire at its most diffuse, because their length prevents them from sustaining a focused attack on any one target. The conventional requirements of good fiction do not seem to sit well with satire, in which plot and character rarely develop beyond the picaresque. On the other hand, the novel provides satire with the largest possible canvas to splutter on.

Three recently published works of fiction demonstrate much that is good and bad about satiric novels. Most diffuse among them is *A Confederacy of Dunces*, the only novel by John Kennedy Toole, who committed suicide in 1969 at the age of thirty-two. The book's ti-

tle comes from one of Jonathan Swift's "Thoughts on Various Subjects, Moral and Diverting": "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in a confederacy against him." Ignatius J. Reilly, the "true genius" here, is an obese, flatulent, overeducated, eccentric thirty-year-old whose outrage at modern civilization manifests itself in orotund speech, abortive crusades, and abstruse screeds recorded in cheap writing tablets. A scholar of darker ages, he laments the "breakdown of the Medieval system" and turns for consolation to Boethius, submitting himself to the whims of Fortune's wheel. In general he believes that "possession of anything new or expensive only reflected a person's lack of theology and geometry; it could even cast doubts upon one's soul."

After five years of postcollege indolence, Ignatius is forced to look for a job, a commonplace of life for which he possesses neither inclination nor competence. He is briefly a clerk in a failing concern called Levy Pants, where his least nettlesome reform is that of changing the filing system by throwing away most of the records. He improves a longer stint as a hot-dog vendor breasting space in his bun compartment to a teenage purveyor of dirty pictures, and while the kid pays by mindling the wieners Ignatius goes to a movie house to hurl abuse at the latest popular films. Ignatius never misses the new movies, because he loves to hate them as much as he does the rest of modern life.

In a busy, skeletal plot of twists, turns, and comic resolutions, Toole satirizes social reform, police work, hetero- and homosexuality, education, scholarship, business offices, marriage, and family life. It's a scatter-gun blas-

Jeffrey Burke writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Frances Talianferro.

contemporary culture that wings any of the appropriate targets without doing much damage overall. Satire so diffuse piques the conscience more than it diverts the intellect. It can cohere except in the peculiar Weltanschauung of an anachronistic hero. *Unconquered* emerges as the least of all, but still not a reasonable alternative (as, for instance, Gulliver redeemed the Houyhnhnms). Yet he is enough of a bumbling, albeit bumpy, naïf to evoke pity, and his role as a partial satiric butt is unfortunately bivalent, if not saddening.

Toole's minor characters, his depiction of New Orleans street life, and his use of dialect all testify to his energetically imaginative mind and immense gifts as a writer. Published sthumously with the help of Walker Percy, who supplies a generous foreword, *A Confederacy of Dunces* has been edited as the document and disavowed it is, which is to say, not enough. That quibble aside, I would tend the novel's saddening effect to include its status as the sum total of Toole's corpus.

IN "PACIFIC" Charles Mercer makes up in slickness what he ostensibly lacks in imagination. I say ostensibly because *Pacific* concerns the theater of operations in World War II and relies almost entirely for its material and spirit on the acronymic jargon of military bureaucracy. Mercer, who is also the author of *Rachel Cade* and *Enough Good Men*, does not out-Heller *Catch-22* by a long shot, but is content rather to touch some of the same bases less weakly while he weaves an entertaining satire of military bureaucracy.

The most inventive thread follows an unlicensed would-be psychiatrist from his quasi-legal induction through various incarnations as an army physician, a colonel in engineering, the chief engineer on the A-bomb project, and finally a billionaire pacifist. In a parallel snippet, the widow of an airman, seeking to better her displaced self in Hawaii, founds the islands' classiest hotel and in time becomes a real-estate mogul. The plot ripples along episodically, with frequent shifts in chronology and setting that lead to numerous Dickensian coincidences.

More novelist than satirist, Mercer makes the trouble to give us some back-

ground on his main characters and to give them, as fictional constructs, believable thoughts to think and emotions to feel. They have enough substance to survive as characters outside the satire—which can't be said of Ignatius Reilly—but not enough to sustain a straightforward novel. I prefer, and the genre is better represented by, an imbalance that clearly favors the satiric intention. Mercer, however, wants mainly to entertain, which he does quite well.

IT IS UNFORTUNATELY necessary to look abroad in order to find the finest satiric novels of this century. I know something of Günter Grass, Jaroslav Hašek, Milan Kundera, and Vladimir Voinovich firsthand and would enjoy singing their praises here, but for the present discussion a pre-World War II novel by Karel Čapek is most important. *The War of the Neutts* is an initially lighthearted fantasy in which large, placid neutts, capable of learning to speak and read and skilled at underwater labor, are exploited by man, with disastrous results. Rarely do more than two or three pages go by without Čapek's wry jabbing at one target or another—the footnotes alone, reminiscent of Pope's and Swift's seemingly innocent glosses, are delightful. Published in Czechoslovakia in 1936, the novel made from these disparate parts issues an effective condemnation of the dehumanizing forces that culminated in Nazism.

The Hangwoman, by Czech playwright Pavel Kohout, is a direct literary descendant of Čapek's *Neutts*. The novel centers on a secret school established in an eastern European country to prevent the arts of execution from dying out. Directed by a highly respected hangman and his assistant, both well-versed in the craft and history of their calling, the school treats a handful of teenagers to an intensive ten-month course of instruction in four main areas: Classical and Modern Executions, Torture, and Hanging.

Like Čapek and his footnotes, Kohout is mischievously thorough about the proper way to establish such an academy. He supplies separate, detailed charts of "Outline Plans" for the daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly curricula. The courses include anatomy, psychology, knot-tying, litera-

ture, language, sports, and culture. Combine all that baggage and watch the juxtapositions fly. For the four weeks of December the course in psychology covers: "Preparing parents for matriculation," "Torture at Christmas-time," "Gaining confidence of client," and "Importance of humor." Not to mention the list of security-conscious acronyms, with computer codes, for everything from MODEX (Modern Execution Rooms) to TRACK (Torture: Rack).

Kohout is equally conscientious in rounding out his characters just enough to serve the satire without disrupting it. The director, for example, betrays a resistance group during the second world war and begins his career with an amateurish execution (he recalls it later with professional embarrassment) meant to distract his suspicious compatriots. Amid pointed digressions, Kohout moves his plot in an ever-narrowing gyre, the focal point of which is apparently the beautiful hangwoman. Innocent, seductive, sensual, and the school's sole female, she speaks only one line, the book's last; but by then she has proved fatal to any man who desired her.

The novel's purposeful meaning, of course, cannot be separated from the satire, which shows how "reasonably" a human life can be devalued, can become the subject of a final exam or, by extension, the forgotten object in the effort to reword diplomatically the latest edition of a human-rights doctrine. Kohout's novel is brilliant satire achieved in an engagingly complex structure of subplots, flashbacks, unconventional chapter transitions, and macabre inventiveness—and it is narrated in a level, "reasonable" voice that says, quite simply, "This is the way things are."

By comparison, the satires of Toole and Mercer do seem trivial, to recall Auden's stigma. Yet they are no less necessary as reminders that a healthy perspective on modern life does not ignore the fact that a lot of it is garbage; or that war is the surest way of compounding life's multitude of absurdities. On their own merits, *A Confederacy of Dunces* and *Pacific* prove that satire can flourish "in an age like our own." Apposite, timely, and of high literary quality, *The Hangwoman* proves that it must. □

THE TWO THOUSAND YEARS' WAR

Thucydides in the Cold War

by Walter Karp

AROUND THE TIME Republicans were vowing to "roll back Communism," a wise old college professor of mine suggested that his Humanities 1 class might get more out of Thucydides if it compared the Peloponnesian War to the ongoing struggle between America and Russia, then only recently named the Cold War. This, he assured us (quite needlessly), would not do violence to the great Athenian historian, since Thucydides himself believed that "human nature being what it is, events now past will recur in similar or analogous forms." Of the profundity of that remark Humanities 1 had not the slightest inkling. Nonetheless, analogies fell at our feet like ripe apples.

The combatants we identified readily. Authoritarian Sparta, ruling over a mass of terrified helots, was plainly the Soviet Union. Democratic Athens was America, of course. There were even neat correspondences between the two sets of foes. Sparta, as Thucydides tells us, was an insulated, agricultural, and sluggish state, rather like Russia. Athens, like America, was commercial, fast-moving, and far-ranging. "They are never at home," complained a Corinthian envoy to the Spartans, "and you are never away from it." In Athens and America, commerce and democracy seemed, 2,300 years apart, to have nurtured the very same kind of citizen. "I doubt if the world can produce a man," said great Pericles, "who, where he has only himself to depend upon, is equal to so many emergencies and graced by so happy a versatility as the

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Athenian." What the Athenians possessed, concluded Humanities 1, was Yankee ingenuity.

More striking than the analogies between past and present combatants were the resemblances between the two conflicts. In neither struggle do the enemies fight alone. Like America and the Soviet Union, Athens and Sparta are leaders of great confederations of inferior and subordinate allies. Similarly, they represent hostile political principles, Athens championing democracy, Sparta a traditional oligarchy. In the Peloponnesian War, as in the Cold War, the enemies are "ideological" foes. And neither is physically capable of winning. Sparta, with its invincible infantry, is so superior by land that Athens avoids pitched battles at all costs. Athens is so superior by sea that Spartan ships flee her peerless

navy on sight. As a result, the Peloponnesian War, like the Cold War, fought indirectly, peripherally, spasmodically.

That was about as far as Humanities 1 got in its hunt for analogies between the ancient struggle for supremacy in Hellas and the ongoing struggle for supremacy in the modern world. Yet and ignorance doubtless limited inquiry, but a greater handicap was the fact that the Peloponnesian War lasted twenty-seven years while the Cold War had not yet survived six

THAT WAS NEARLY three decades ago, decades in which the struggle for supremacy between America and Russia did not cease for a single day. When I decided to reread Thucydides,



Steve Brodner

gle was about to enter a new and vigorous phase, under a newly elected president and a political fact that Thucydides would have un- tatingly described as the war party. Things struck me as I read: that Cold War, now so long protracted, come to resemble the Peloponne- War more than ever and that in resemblance lay a wholly unex- pected vindication of political history, cited by Thucydides, despised by the modern *eruditi*, and barely kept alive by Grub Street hacks and doting amateurs.

The grounds for vindication are in enough. Ancient Hellas and the modern world have nothing in common technologically, economically, or morally, none of those "factors" so dear to the hearts of the modern historian. If the ancient war and the modern war bear strong and essential resemblances, only political causes could have produced them; precisely those political causes that Thucydides' titanic genius found operating in the Pelopon- nesian War.

"Of the gods we believe, and of men we know," an Athenian envoy tells an agent of Sparta's, "that by a necessary law of their nature they rule wherever they can." Our nature as political beings is what Thucydides describes. Nothing compels men to enter the fight, dangerous arena of political action, but what lures them there—love of fame, power, glory, fortune, distinction—makes it fairly certain, a "law," that they will strive to rule over others. According to Pericles, Athenians, out of a love of splendid deeds and for the glory of their city, "forced every sea and land to be the highway of [their] bringing." In doing so they also forged a far-flung empire, which they had to struggle continuously to maintain; for men strive for dominion, others strive to resist it. "You risk so much to maintain your empire," the Athenian envoy is told, "and your subjects so much to get rid of it."

In the striving to gain dominion and in the inevitable struggle to maintain men produce one thing with certainty—they "make" history. Such was Thucydides' great discovery. History is the story woven by men's deeds, and the political nature of man provides a completely intelligible account of the story. That is why the great Athenian tried to predict that the tragic events

of the Peloponnesian War would one day recur in similar forms.

CONSIDER THE ORIGINS of the Peloponnesian War. Thucydides describes the petty squabbles that poison relations between certain allies of mighty Sparta and those of upstart Athens. The squabbles set in motion the great train of events, but, like Soviet-American squabbles over the Yalta accords, they are not, says Thucydides, the "real cause" of the war. "The growth of the power of Athens and the alarm which this inspired in Lacedaemon [Sparta] made war inevitable."

In 432 B.C. the Hellenic world reached a political condition that the modern world was to duplicate in 1945 A.D.—and with much the same result. Two superpowers, Athens and Sparta, have so completely absorbed all the available power in Hellas that any further gain by one appears as a menacing loss to the other. Under such conditions no real peace is possible. Of course if men and states accepted the diminution of their power there would have been no Peloponnesian War (and precious little human history), but that is just what men and states do not accept.

War with Sparta is unavoidable, Pericles tells the Athenian assembly (it is pondering whether to accede to a Spartan fiat), because "we must attempt to hand down our power to our posterity unimpaired." Moral scruple has nothing to do with it. The Athenian empire "is, to speak somewhat plainly, a tyranny," says Pericles, referring to Athens' crushing subjugation of her nominal allies. "To take it [the empire] perhaps was wrong, but to let it go is unsafe." With respect to its unwilling allies, Athens resembles the Soviet Union and, like it, must expend a great deal of her strength keeping her "allies" down.

Because such tyranny is inherently unstable, Pericles urges his countrymen to fight a strategically defensive war and seek no "fresh conquests" in the course of it. The result of the Periclean policy reveals the extraordinary, history-making dynamism released by merely trying to hang on to one's own. Framed by a statesman of the highest genius, the policy scores a brilliant success and then leads Athens to its ultimate ruin.

To the astonishment of the Hellenic world, the newfangled Athenian navy, as Pericles foresaw, proves tactically superior to Sparta's great infantry, which the Athenians, safely walled up in their city, can avoid with impunity. Facing a foe so swift, so daring, so immune to injury, Sparta, after seven years of war, becomes deeply unnerved. "Being new to the experience of adversity," observes Thucydides, "they had lost all confidence in themselves."

Buoyed up by their unexpected triumphs over the traditional leader of Hellas, however, the Athenians fall prey to the fateful temptation inherent in all political action—rashness. Success "made them confuse their strength with their hopes," says Thucydides, providing, at least, a definition of political rashness that cannot be improved upon. After a Spartan garrison surrenders without a fight, something unprecedented in Spartan history, the Athenians are ripe for any daring folly; just as President Truman, blinded by General MacArthur's sweeping victory at Inchon, rashly attempted to conquer North Korea; and just as President Kennedy, puffed up by his Cuban missile triumph, was ripe for the Vietnam war—a confusion of strength and hope that drained the country of both.

The Peloponnesian War, like the Cold War, brings civil war and revolution in its wake. The political causes are the same in both cases. When states are at peace, hostile factions and classes within countries are willing to rub along together. But when the great powers are desperately competing for allies, domestic rivals are no longer willing to preserve internal peace. Popular leaders can call on the opposing power to put their domestic enemies to the sword; oligarchic factions, to set their own cities aflame.

Love of dominion, the desire for "the first place in the city" (never far from the surface in peacetime), convulses all Hellas in wartime. Men betray their own cities without scruple and cheer foreigners for killing their own countrymen. Political exiles, aided by foreign powers, wage ceaseless war against their own cities. The Peloponnesian War, which spawns a half dozen analogues of the Bay of Pigs and of Moscow-trained revolutionary brigades, blights the integrity of the city-state, just as the Cold War now erodes the integrity of the nation-state.

ATHENS is by no means immune to the war's corrupting effects on domestic politics. At one point Athenians undergo a spasm of political paranoia that duplicates with remarkable fidelity the American McCarthy era. The causes here, too, are the same, as the sequence of events clearly shows. Shortly after the Spartan garrison's stunning surrender, Sparta humbly sues for peace, and the Athenians, a little out of breath themselves, reluctantly and ruefully accept. Thucydides regards the peace, which lasts six years, as a mere incident in a continuous war. It was, says Thucydides, "an unstable armistice [that] did not prevent either party doing the other the most effectual injury."

The chief reason for the instability is the emergence in Athens of a self-serving war party. Ten years have passed since the outbreak of war. Great Pericles is dead; new men have arisen with ambitions of their own, Pericles' own ward Alcibiades among them. The Periclean policy of deadlock, based on the determination to preserve past glories, does not content them. They want to win fresh glory for themselves, and

with it, says Thucydides, "the undisturbed direction of the people." Their real complaint about the peace with Sparta is that it is an unambitious use of Athenian power (which is exactly what the American foes of détente believe).

Confusing strength with hope, the leaders of the war party think Athens can do far more than merely hold Sparta at bay; it can destroy Spartan pretensions forever. Like the Republicans of 1951-52, the war party will accept, in effect, "no substitute for victory." Like millions of Americans in 1951-52, the Athenian people, "persuaded that nothing could withstand them," find deadlock exasperating. Why must irresistible Athens suffer the endless tensions of the unstable armistice? Is it possible that there are oligarchy-loving pro-Spartans in their midst?

A shocking act of impiety, analogous to the Alger Hiss trial, turns baseless suspicion into angry conviction: "oligarchical and monarchical" Athenians are conspiring to subvert the democratic constitution. The enraged citizenry demands arrests; blatant perjurers supply the evidence; noncon-

formists, including Alcibiades, fall prey to the mania. At the war's outset Pericles had proudly noted the extraordinary personal freedom enjoyed by Athenians, who "do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbors for doing what he likes." Now the who live differently from their neighbors fall under suspicion of treason war begun to safeguard the power of democracy profoundly corrupts democracy.

Firmly in control of a rapidly degenerating polity, the war party launches its grandiose plan to tilt the balance of power once and for all against the Spartans. Beyond the little world of Hellas, across the Ionian Sea, lie a broad island of Sicily and a dozen Greek colonial city-states. The Athenians, as Thucydides icily remarks, "not even know Sicily's size; they ignorantly contemptuous of the island colonial 'rabble.'" Nonetheless, the swaunting, overconfident Athenians intend to conquer it and use that hubris accession of imperial power to throw down Sparta itself. When an opponent of the enterprise warns Athenians of the enormous costs and hazards of a war so far from home, enthusiasts for the expedition grow even warmer.

In the seventeenth year of the Peloponnesian War, "by far the most costly and splendid Hellenic force that had ever been sent out by a single city sets sail for faraway Sicily. Vietnam but a pale analogy to what fortune inflicts on the great armada. Thucydides account of its hideous, heart-breaking fate—how its leaders blundered, how its strength drained away, how the dauntless Athenian oarsmen, the backbone of the democracy, lost the nerve and their courage—is one of the great feats of historical writing. On the hostile shores of a distant island, before the walls of an underestimated enemy, the power of Athens crumbles away forever.

Since the Cold War continues with no end in sight, its story remains incomplete. Still, it seems fairly certain even now that the same principle that makes the Peloponnesian War intelligible, 2,300 years after its end, will make the Cold War intelligible to posterity: "Of the gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a necessary law of their nature they rule wherever they can."

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The Paris Review



THE TBR 500

by Matthew Stevenson

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IT IS HARDLY a secret, even outside the walls of the publishing industry, that the best way to settle a lingering grudge is via the well-worn book review. Unlike the gangster rub-out, with its attendant necessities of clubs, chains, and abandoned rehouses, the review requires only a few quotations from Homer or a spot in the *New York Review of Books* for "hit" to be mistaken for a work of critical importance. Done well, it is not impossible for the untrained eye to perceive the wound, let alone determine the cause of death.

To find little that is offensive about a system of criticism, which is almost exclusively a product of the invisible hand; over the years it has produced a number of vivid essays and is about as close as the literary world can come to a system of checks and balances. And, naturally, it works both ways. For every review intended to correct a salon snub there is another by the author's college roommate that makes suitable comparisons between the book and passages from Plutarch. As long as people were reading books such as philippics and well-conducted advertisements could be measured against what was actually in the books. But these days, in most conversations that drift around the subject of publishing, it is rare ever to encounter anyone who has in fact read any of the books under discussion. Instead, as opinions are needed to enliven a discourse, it is reviews that are trotted forth as paleographic evidence that the writer either possesses the aspects of Milton or is worse than Charles Colson on the subject of his wars with Jesus.

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But beyond the literary world (which, in the only extant charts, resembles a kind of Polish corridor running through the center of Manhattan), the true intentions of reviewers are difficult to decipher. And when reputations are established, bookstores' orders are placed, and readers are herded along like sheep, it seems that it is leaving too much in the industry to chance if editors are allowed to go on assigning books for review in much the same whimsical fashion as Tom Landry, coach of the Dallas Cowboys, is allowed to send plays in from the bench.

UNDER THE present system, when it becomes known that an established author—William Styron, say—is publishing a new book, hostile reviewers immediately start skirmishing in the hills like followers of Pancho Villa, each hoping he will be selected to ride down on Mr. Styron's wagon train and pull the gold from his teeth. Likewise, those who live by the proceeds of Mr. Styron's typewriter—his publisher, his agent, the various book clubs—send out a few marshals to quell the insurgents and ensure that he arrives safely at the B. Dalton stores on the other side of the pass. No wonder the industry is having hard times, laying off employees, and searching for protection from those waiting in ambush.

Although even publishers acknowledge that notices, good or bad, generally sell books, a new system, as befits any regulated industry, would adopt standards to eliminate "unwanted competition." Once it was announced that Mr. Styron had completed his book,

his agent would then hold an auction—much like those now conducted for the sale of paperback rights—to lease the rights to review the latest work. The leasing arrangement would be similar to that required by drillers before they can start looking for oil in the backyard.

An exchange, resembling the Chicago Board of Options, would be set up to handle the volume of trade. On it would be listed the industrial giants, such as Roth, Mailer, Cheever, Vonnegut, Updike, and Solzhenitsyn. Lesser-known properties, as well as monographs put out by the major universities, could be traded over the counter. As under the present system, *The New York Times Book Review* (the TBR) would be the market's newsletter and analyze the various offerings, as well as list the week's trades. And the terms of all sales would naturally have to be filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission.

No more, then, would it be possible for some enemy of Mr. Styron's to seize the pages of the *New Republic* to speculate on the possibility of a lobotomy. Nor could some professor of English literature take issue with Mr. Styron's use of the subjunctive merely in order to expand his own curriculum vitae, since all critics would first be compelled to bid on a lease before sinking their drills into Mr. Styron's property.

Naturally, the publishers, like the large oil companies, would buy up most of the leases (in much the same way they do now when they place their advertising dollars), and wildcat reviewers—the type that might want to harm the industry—would be driven from the prairie forever. □

HARPER'S/MARCH 1981

ORDINARY CRITICS

Immanuel Kant and the Talking Heads

by Benjamin DeMott

I SPEND PART of my day teaching an undergraduate seminar in popular culture—movies, sitcoms, best sellers, rock music, and the like—at a small liberal-arts college in New England. People differ about whether this is a good idea and I defend it, when pushed, but what's pertinent is that the course exists. It has required reading and listening, a measure of theory, and a critical perspective (how do you distinguish better from worse when dealing with the products of the culture industry?); essays are written and grades are posted at the end of the course. The previous academic performance of those enrolled is above the average of the college—which is itself classified as elite—and the in-class talk is serious. Most of the time, when engaged in interpretive work, the group abides by straight-arrow, commonsense norms.

Most of the time. When treating rock music and films, my students diverge sharply, sometimes a shade troublingly, from those norms. They engage, that is, in several varieties of what was once called Reading In: symbol-hunt-

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ing, supersubtle motivational analysis, hermeneutic high-rolling in the large. My impression, moreover, is that the incidence of this behavior is increasing. Whither Youth? Who knows?—heavy withering isn't my beat. I've brooded more than a little, though, about the high-rolling I mention, because of its bearing on other intellectual fronts and, indirectly, on the vitality of popular culture in general.

Let me clarify, using an example—one of a dozen I remember vividly—drawn from a seminar discussion last year of Robert Redford's *Ordinary People*. For those who have forgotten, *Ordinary People* is a film about Cal, a Lake Forest, Illinois, tax accountant, played by Donald Sutherland, and his wife, Beth, played by Mary Tyler Moore; a couple afflicted with exceptional domestic stress. Following their older son's death by drowning in a sailing accident, their guilt-racked younger son tries to kill himself. Efforts by the parents and a therapist to draw him back into normal adolescence exacerbate tensions and lead to the collapse of the family.

The film's scenes of suburban high-school life—turf Hollywood seldom

gets right—are well observed. A disabling defect is its conception, rather, lack of a conception, of the parents; their feelings, motivational movements of mind are nearly incomprehensible throughout. At crisis without explanation, the mother repeatedly rejects her disturbed son's attempts to speak to her from the center of his anguish. Robert Redford, director, may have assumed that the pervasiveness of contemporary capitalism about the failure of communication in middle-class family life made it needless to search out reasons for any individual case of unresponsiveness. But that was a dumb assumption and the film is a muddle.

It was, however, regarded with respect by English 80, the course I'm speaking of. (In undergraduate discussion of films, flatly negative comments are rare anyway.) Few students were bewildered by the mother's spurning the attempts of her son to reach toward her. Confidently, thoughtfully, my undergraduate Readers-In create for her, almost from nothing, a coherent set of inner complications: the mother's grief so overwhelms her that the touch of her surviving son's hand



sound of his voice unbearably real; the image of the son she's lost; mother has an instinctive suspicion her son, in intimate chats with his apist, is betraying her through of objectification, violating family-privacies; the mother, because comparatively unsophisticated, supercilious, and wary of psychotherapy, her son—a would-be suicide who's popped out of school activities that understands to be healthy—as a risk, and is repelled by his certainty; her love for him has undergone change; the mother senses that the father and son are in secret collusion; instead, her, accusing her silently of having had an incestuous desire for the elder boy, the drowning casualty; mother holds the son responsible for the older boy's death, since he survived the accident. On and on, voice or voice accounting fluently, often silently for deeds the film itself can't account for.

Naturally I didn't lie doggo in the presence of this inventiveness. I reviewed scenes and shot sequences up at the board, held out for the superiority of interpretations supportable by gesture, expression, image, and word, condemned offhand novelizing. But the aesthetic acquiescence I finally extracted was clearly superficial. Beneath the parents' admission that they might have been Reading In lay the conviction that, really, their inwardness with the figures on the screen was privileged, their access unchallengeable. You asked us and we told you. *What's the scam about evidence? We know, it's all. We simply know.*

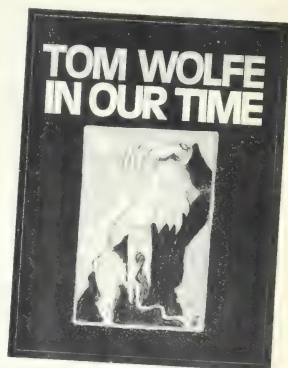
SIMILAR BEHAVIOR SURFACES, as I say, on the rock front. Sexual themes predominate in rock lyrics but, as everyone who listens to the music or pauses at his children's door as they listen is aware, the images seem dependent on random and arbitrary association; little contextual guidance, much opacity. But my students are usually unshaken nevertheless. Giving no impression of rambling improvisation, they summarize interpretive proposals for each running passage in the albums of the Talking Heads, productions especially dense with impenetrable allusions. Portentously imprecise "symbols" in the music of the late Jim Morrison and

the Doors—the monotonous "this is the end" refrain, for instance, on one hallowed cut—are unpacked with a no-hands shrug. Enigmatic, oracular declarations that a "rock literature" has come into being are soberly, extensively glossed. No sweat. We know.

One assessment of this knowingsness dismisses it as a species of dimwitted self-indulgence, testimony to the school system's inability to inculcate respect for the disciplined pursuit of knowledge, sequential reasoning, and rules of evidence. Another version, farther out, sees it as a sign of the expanding influence of those academicians, impressed by the French critic Derrida, who have taken to arguing that true meanings are illusions; every poem or book is a "textual infinity," and the good critic is by definition a high-roller—somebody who's stopped seeing himself as subordinate to the creative writer or filmmaker or lyricist and begun functioning, in his essays, as a poet. (For the record, I looked into the possibility that my student high-rollers are closet undergraduate Derrideans: no way.) Still another idea—attractive to explorers of the unique psyche fabricated in movie-house darkness—is that the acts of interpretation I describe are rightly in the cinematic grain: movies legitimize every kind of fantasy, not excluding the fantasy of full explanation.

My own belief is that behind the Reading In lies the contemporary authority problem. Admittedly there's been some effort by faculties over the past decade to reoccupy positions abandoned during the previous decade: stabs at restoring requirements, curricula, and so on. But the overall impact has been slight. Soft options and easy B's are far commoner than hard courses and gratefully accepted C's, and the preceptors at the front of the room nowadays—more likely to be veterans of war protest and marital strife than of wars—aren't a particularly commanding bunch.

Yet, within reasonable limits, the appetite for tricky work—for challenge, as they say—persists, and so too does the interest of smart undergraduates in finding a corner of the brain-world to call their own. Intelligence in youth resembles animal spirits or sexual vitality; it longs for expression somehow, anyhow, and if, owing to an interval of nervous self-hatred, elders



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ORDINARY CRITICS

seem momentarily diffident about providing arenas for arduous exercise, it will undertake to bring them into being by its own inventive will.

And the desire for ownership—for a personal position in some closely held, intricately problematic stock—is a key element in this equation. Through many gates left ajar during the epoch of "openness," students glimpse a vision of the Personal Curriculum, a body of knowledge of their own: private, specialized, exempt ordinarily from the tyranny of set questions, due dates, and letter grades. The Personal Curriculum promises a chance to be more definitive and peremptory than conventional authority dares to be on its own ground. All that's essential is to observe the conventions—meaning, you must possess your knowledge with an air of mastery and establish that you're proof against intimidation by interrogation.

Toward that end Reading In is the ticket. It enables you simultaneously to preserve the dignity of your chosen theater of expertise, to reveal your fluency, and to "work out"—push the headpiece, that is, at your own pace toward your own goal. Tell the man up front what Morrison was preaching in "The End," what the Talking Heads are alluding to, what passes through a character's mind as she stares away into the middle distance, oblivious to her heartbroken child—do this and you receive, together with mental exercise, a ticket of admission to the best circles of authority available in an age without Authority, namely those revolving exclusively around you.

Predictably, I have a sentimental worry about differences between them and us, youth and age, in the choice of objects of intellectual desire. It often erupts when I'm asked in to admire an undergraduate rock library. (They're composed of carefully catalogued taped concerts and bootleg prints, as well as of mint-quality standard albums.) I should note that while my college, like others, gives an annual prize to an undergraduate book collection, passion, expertise, and ingenuity—a collector's prime virtues—are better represented by at least two or three individual rock libraries per class than by any recent book collection I've heard of.

Browsing through a rock library, it's hard not to think back on personal as-

pirations, personal covetousness. It was expertise that we wanted back then, all right, people like myself, but our academic elders had managed to make their holdings in the knowledge line glamorous and desirable. What was it we were after? The meaning of the word *faience*? Not, at any rate, information on what some electric guitarist said about his mother before slamming into "It's My Life" at a 1979 East Coast rock concert. I feel a twinge of self-accusation while listening to the collector across the room running on about the original Presley Sun singles, explaining that it's a pity the reissues of these classics couldn't duplicate the sound of that first, primitive studio. Condescension and self-accusation. How did we blow it? How can we explain our failure to make the particulars of tradition—academic *bricolage*—consequential to student imaginations?

BUT THIS is a sentimental turn of thought. The meaning of *faience* ranks as no grander a piece of property than knowledge of the sound of Elvis's first Nashville studio. What counts, I repeat, is that the hunger for mastery and the desire to push the mind a bit—somehow, anyhow—are still alive.

The real problem—the potential danger—lies in the damage this sort of mind-pushing does the rock-film sector itself. In the public arena (an often risky scene), rock is the most various popular entertainment in the West. A musical event in one dimension—a display of lyric, melodic, or virtuoso gifts—a first-class rock concert is also by turns a demonstration, a dance, a melodrama, a comedy, an outburst of protest, an occasion for the forging of social solidarities, and an hour or two of responsive reading on the myth of The Rise, the Miracle of Success, and the wild joys of wild sex. The audience consists chiefly of persons hived off, under existing social arrangements, into the ghettos of youth- and student-powerlessness.

But because of the variousness of the entertainment and its capacity to embody contradictions and to draw together segments of the youth population ordinarily socially segregated, the experience provided by a rock concert is remarkably energizing and empowering, managing at moments almost

to escape the control of the very culture industry that contrived it. Fantasy released through film is, to be sure, not negligible, although weakened by furtiveness and solitariness. But the rock concert at its best does express oppositional force and—confirming, briefly and artificially—intensely and publicly, the continued existence of broadly shared satisfaction in democratic settings—shaky youthful cynicism and despair and charges the idea of possibility. To undergraduate specialists bent on a thetizing and academizing rock for ego-building purposes are, in so risking the impoverishment of an experience without equal in popular culture elsewhere. They're as remote from the truth of rock as I, as a fancier of the meaning of *faience*, was from the true core of the humanities.

They've been encouraged to do this, of course, by grown-up "experts," just as undergraduate movie savants have been encouraged in their direction by oversolemn grown-up readers of film-specialists in the "codes" of Keaton, Fields, and the rest. One might have hoped that, grown-up and in less need of pseudo-authority, rock savants would have shed a layer of pretentiousness and dropped the charlatany. But that happened too infrequently. The tutelage of the present undergraduate high-rollers—my Readers-In—range from respectable music-loving elders who discovered the Beatles in the late Sixties as that group was producing its most pretentious and least durable work, to the literary commentators who rhapsodize about David Byrne as an "ambitious thinker." There's *The New York Times's* John Rockwell saluting "artistic breakthrough" in Linda Ronstadt; she "has attempted with sovereign success a song that transcends the humanistic, amorous-psychological basis of her music and moves into the realm of metaphorical abstraction." There's the *Village Voice's* Ellen Willis doing literati as a Velvet Underground album calling it a "*Pilgrim's Progress* in four movements," and laying down that "For the Velvets the roots of sin are in this ingrained resistance to facing our deepest, most painful, and most sacred emotions; the essence of grace is the comprehension that our sophistication is a sham, that our deepest, most painful, most sacred desire is to recover childlike innocence we have never, in

heart of hearts, really lost." And, most regrettably and depressingly, there's the *Rolling Stone's* Dave Marsh settling in to persuade Bruce Springsteen, who stands among the most vibrant popular entertainers of his age, of his obligation to transform himself into material for scholarly exegesis. In a long interview in the current issue of *Musician*, Marsh harries the creator of "Born to Run" with observations on his concert programs as part philosophical disquisitions, on artistic self-consciousness as a rather Good. Responding gushingly to a new album called *The River*, Marsh lectures the performer about the development of his oeuvre: "Certain ideas began with the second and third albums have matured, and a lot of contrasts and contradictions have emerged—not resolved—but they've been heightened." And a moment later: "The way [your] stage show is organized is that the first half is about work and struggling; the second half is about release, transcending a lot of things in the first half. Is that conscious?"

SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP, one thinks as one reads—and then at once the further thought comes that perhaps teaching a course in popular culture itself adds to the pedantry and punditry. Not likely: at a course in the *criticism* of popular culture. It's demonstrable that those now promoting rock and film pedantry the establishment press didn't learn to do this in popular-culture classes. The *Times's* John Rockwell has a Berkeley doctorate in European culture, not the history of pop; in his present field of intellection he's plainly rolling his own.

And, anyway, who's-to-blame and who-can-justify-himself aren't the subjects at hand. We're addressing not the extravagance of rock and film chat in itself but the question of what it signifies when it's heard on campus. It signifies, I think, that students believe they're in possession of a vital culture of their own (they're roughly right about that), and it also signifies that, out of pride, students enjoy looking the problematic side of their culture and talking about it in professorial tones (it's a mistake in some respects, but they could do worse).

Lots of us itch to sound off with appropriate, urgent-voiced warnings—and with invitations, too.

The appropriate invitation is: Come home, come back to the *real* library, come cudgel the brains where the payoff is richer—Kant, Shakespeare, that crowd. The appropriate warning is: Turn Bruce Springsteen into an academic abstraction and you rip yourself off. But my money tends to say, cool it. One can take heart, whatever the look and sound of things, that the

pop-cult savants in the student body aren't that far out of the fold; could be all the way back in tomorrow. And there's at least some ground for trusting the toughness of "people's culture." Many times before, it's broken the stranglehold of both the culture industry and of phony erudition. With a little luck—the break I have in mind would do as much for Kant and Shakespeare as for rock and film—it could just bring off that amazing feat again. □

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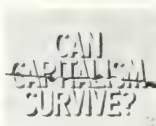
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BENJAMIN A. ROGGE

IN DURAN'S CORNER

The press takes a dive

by Sally Helgesen

*I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends
forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with
cant,
The age discovers he is not the
true one;*

—Byron, *Don Juan*

THE SPORTSWRITER, like the political writer, needs a hero. For if he is to succeed in his daily task of making much from little, he must forge public idols from the most unpromising materials. He must be skilled with the euphemistic cliché, capable of making the brute seem a man of refined sensibilities, the thug a representation of nature's earthy force, the inexperienced bumbler a *Candide* whose good intentions will set the world straight. And the sportswriter must also, if he is to survive and attain a pompous longevity, prove clever when the time comes to backtrack and explain to the out-

raged age why the hero he once trumpeted is not a true one.

Political writers in recent years have proven themselves most ingenious in the ancient skill of puffery. In 1976, the liberals among them helped elevate an innocent to the rank of president by purveying the line that inexperience keeps a man honest. Sportswriters this year gamely accepted their colleagues' challenge and threw up for public adulation the even more unlikely figure of welterweight boxer Roberto Duran, known fondly among them as "*El Animal*." And just as political writers, since November 4, 1980, have been busy explaining why a man they had alleged to possess the common touch could have met such round defeat, so sportswriters, since last December, have been pressed to say just how a man they had anointed crown prince of male invincibility could simply have quit during his title-defending bout against Sugar Ray Leonard. To write apologiae for a hero of their own creation, after he had lost with all the grace of a petulant little boy, has taxed the powers of those who create myths for public consumption, but the sportswriters have proven imaginative, and not unequal to the task.

ROBERTO DURAN was the special hero of many sports journalists, and for a long time they vented their hyperbolic instincts and practiced their poetic metaphor on him. He became "the cobra" with *manos de piedra*, a wild force with "hooded eyes," a "street urchin from Panama," an "alley fighter" whose "vicious will could never die," a man who would have to be "carried into retirement kicking and screaming." Not for our age are heroes with

any smoothness or elegance. For just as we prefer male film stars who mumble and groan and politicians who mumble and stumble, so do we like our sports heroes to be inarticulate brawlers, especially when they are white and must bear the freight of white writers' fantasies.

Then, too, it was Roberto Duran's fortune to face, in his last two championship fights, a comparatively articulate, self-owned American black man whose demeanor and dress indicated that elegance and smoothness were indeed qualities to which he aspired, and who moreover had made money from his all-American image by doing commercials for 7-Up. Sportswriters caught in the throes of a severe *mal de la boue*, could not have been more disgusted. A friend of mine, boxing writer Pete Bonventre, explained to me after the first title fight between

Sally Helgesen is a contributing editor to *Harper's*.



men last June in Montreal, a fight which Duran beat Leonard by a decision in fifteen rounds. "Of course Duran's a better fighter than Leonard," he said, "that goes without saying. But there's something more at stake. Leonard is a representative of the Americas, the middle-class men, the discos and corporations and all that. Duran and the people around him are street. They're not slick, they're low-down, earthy, brawlers to the bone. They're what boxing has always been about, and the guys in the press are trying to see that the old spirit is still alive." *New York* magazine sportswriter Vic Zeigel echoed something of these sentiments when, a week before the rematch, he expressed fear at the prospect of Leonard facing Duran's "al-black eyes" in a twenty-foot ring in Montreal: Leonard was married to a woman who had been shocked by Duran's wife's making obscene gestures earlier on a previous occasion, and the columnist wondered whether such delicate sensibilities had any place in the ring world. Thus do those who create myths betray the bias of their imaginations by the men they choose to glorify.

I HAD WATCHED the Montreal fight with a group of casual sports fans who had gathered at a Columbus, Ohio, television station: they were nearly unanimous in their support for Leonard, and disappointed when he lost by a decision. ("Typical," exclaimed Bonventre when I told him about the fans' sympathies. "Those people are plastic America.") I watched the second fight in something called the Ambassador Lounge at Giant Stadium in New Jersey, in the company of a New York fight crowd. They considered Duran to be a valiant man of the people—though the underdog—who had climbed to the top on the strength of guts and scuffling courage, and the guests and writers who sat at the seventy-five-dollar tables in the room were eager to witness a popular victory for the much-hailed noble savage over the reviled incarnation of corporate organization man. Of course they were in for a shock. With sixteen seconds remaining of the eighth round, Roberto Duran quit, threw up his hands, murmured the Spanish equivalent of "no more,"

and walked to his corner with an oddly satisfied if somewhat dazed smile on his face and no signs of injury or pain apparent in his movements. Confusion then entered the ring. Bystanders rushed the floor; the police appeared: reports circulated that Ray Leonard's brother, also a boxer, had attacked Duran. The chaos, together with the broadcasters' halting reports ("We can't seem to get any word here . . ."), brought to mind for one ugly moment a memory of the immediate aftermath of assassination, and left the viewer wondering if something as violent could have occurred. There had to be some explanation, it seemed, but there was none. Duran, who was losing the fight by a few points and had been taunted by Leonard ("Come on, hit me") in the seventh round, had simply quit, like an angry little boy who senses he cannot win, snatches up his marbles, and goes home with a pout on his face, satisfied at least that he has ruined things for everybody else. The crowd in the Ambassador Lounge—like crowds watching the fight everywhere, I suppose—stood silently and waited for something to happen. Then people slowly began to leave. Not even Ray Leonard's biggest fans were shouting in joy over his victory, for Duran, with his strange abdication, had stolen the show.

It struck me when the fight was over that in all the thousands of words of praise I had read about Duran I had encountered nothing to suggest that Roberto Duran could ever (as Rocky Graziano so baldly described it) turn yellow: the scrutiny to which the sports press had subjected his comings and goings gave no hint of the lack of heart that would dishonor the name and destroy the fame of this fighter. Surely the crack must have been somewhere discernible for the break to be so clean. But the sports press—eager, perhaps, to show its scorn for "plastic America" and indulge noble-savage fantasies—seemed collectively incapable of recognizing any potential weakness in the man who *Sports Illustrated* said "had emerged by stages into a gladiator whose whole public person described with uncommon precision a certain standard of manliness," the man who had in truth given members of the press an opportunity to exercise that peculiar armchair sadism so often

characteristic of men who fear that earning a living by the exercise of their minds puts them at odds with "the real world."

AND SO, on the day following the fight, the apologiae began. Red Smith, *éminence grise* of *The New York Times*, could only denounce Ray Leonard as "not a spectacularly gracious winner" because he had taunted Duran in the ring with a "grimacing, shoulder-shrugging boogaloo"; perhaps this loyal follower of Duran had forgotten that his gentlemanly hero had grabbed his crotch and screamed, "I've got balls!" after winning the first fight in Montreal. Pete Hamill, writing in *New York* of Duran's traumatic nightmares before the fight, waxed poetic for the "fallen hero": "He wanted the goodbye to be blatant, a decision that belonged only to him, as the pain had belonged to him, as the fear had always belonged to him, as the streets of Panama had belonged to him when he was a boy, alone and running and hungry. . . ."

The *Times*'s columnist Dave Anderson ran a column under the title "Duran Deserves to Be Believed," in which he denounced as "cynics" all those who doubted Duran's belated and unsubstantiated claim that stomach cramps forced him from the ring. "For him not to be snarling and clawing in that desperate situation, there had to be something wrong with him," Anderson proclaimed, and presented as evidence the manner in which Duran had performed in the only other fight he ever lost, a ten-round decision to Esteban DeJesus in the fall of 1972.

Five months earlier that year, Roberto Duran had won the world lightweight title from Ken Buchanan of Scotland, but he did not bother to train hard for DeJesus in their over-the-weight bout. Knocked down by a left hook in the first round, Roberto Duran was booed for punching DeJesus after the bell ended that round. He later was warned for hitting on the break and for punching low. After the eighth round, both punched furiously after the bell, and Roberto Duran shoved DeJesus into his own corner.

The champion, then, facing defeat

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THE FOURTH ESTATE

once before, had abandoned sportsmanship and fair play and used as many dirty tricks and illegal moves as he could get away with in order to win: might this not be seen to prefigure Duran's behavior on that "stunning" night in December 1980, when he pulled the dirtiest punch of all against Ray Leonard by quitting and so robbing his victory of its sweetness? Anderson saw no such connection. Nor did he seem to understand that the macho code of street violence for which he and so much of the sports press praised Duran was, in the end, inflexible, and it was this inflexibility that brought him down in the end ("I can change," Ray Leonard said before the fight. "Duran can't.") Nor did the columnist guess that this same inflexibility was displayed among his own hero-worshipping, hero-creating colleagues, and that it was this that also defeated them, obscuring from vision the flaws in what they admired.

The flaws should have been obvious. A few days after the fight, Duran's financial protector, a Panamanian businessman named Carlos Eleta, came forward with an oblique explanation for the loss. It seemed that Duran had weighed as much as 183 pounds a few months before the fight (he was 146 at the weigh-in), and had been gorging himself uncontrollably on goodies supplied by an unidentified mob of Panamanian hangers-on, who also encouraged his consumption of liquor and indulged in all sorts of riotous behavior. This crew was said to have followed him to training camp at Grossinger's and to have hurt his ability to get in shape, but the sports press, with access to the champion, chose to overlook his lack of discipline, just as it had overlooked his past exhibition of unfairness under pressure. Perhaps its members liked their heroes to be lusty, unrestrained men; perhaps a more moderate champion would have been a reproach to the alcoholic haze under which they themselves so often labored.

THE POPULIST HERO, of course, must always be something of an anti-hero, rough-spoken and recalcitrant when confronted with the smooth-tongued pieties of official, foppish culture. The trouble with Duran as anti-hero, however, is

that he took the definition over to brink into villainy by displaying ruthlessness that could become a fairness whenever it had to. Such an ethos is indeed appropriate to a much-vaunted street, where no rule applies, but for the press to praise the virtues of the street is tantamount to reviling the ideals of sportsmanship for fair play, playing *by the rules* is what sports are supposed to be about. Being "street smart" and ruthless may be considered praiseworthy in the backbiting, Sammy Glick world of New York sportswriting and in the business of sports as well, but the real heroes of the game are still supposed to show respect for the rules. Machiavelli may reign behind the scenes, but the prince must wear an untainted crown.

Perhaps, however, the essence of populist romance is a desire for heroes who are no better than those we look up to them or those who labor to create their personae. Perhaps at the root of the sentimental rhetoric about the little man, the earthy, instinctive, real man, the man with the common touch, is a wish to condescend to the who command the public attention while at the same time justifying on their own stunted aspirations to human achievement. Jimmy Carter's lack of professionalism was taken as evidence of his human touch in the early days of his campaign: he was not, one "them" (those tainted by professional politics), so he must be one of "us." Liberal pundits praised his human abilities, and the country elected a man who could not lead at all.

With Duran, we were treated to the unsavory spectacle of a man being lauded as a hero because he had shown himself to be ruthless and overexcitable and so presumably more real than his final opponent; of course he was an excellent fighter with a good record, but he was not so demonstrably better than Ray Leonard as to have merited such lionization. Political columnists who praised the early, bubbling Carter demonstrated their own feelings of ineffectuality, but the sportswriters who overpraised Roberto Duran gave evidence of a fine and sentimental taste for ignorance and brutality. In the end, of course, they revealed their faint-heartedness as well. □

ARISTOTLE'S GARAGE

mechanic's metaphysics

by Don Sharp

WITH MY index finger dripping brake fluid and with a gesture reminiscent of a proctologist I can accurately assess the bore of a brake cylinder. I am feeling for pits in the metal that could render it unfit for further service. I don't know what proctologists feel for. I understand that they seek gradations from the healthy to the potentially surgical. I wonder if subjectivity makes Platonists of me while I, who must reach a categorical decision, am thereby an Aristotelian. I am thinking of Plato's politics and Aristotle's zoology and the moral implications of each for the mechanics I am working on. The connections may be slender, but let us see. Like the proctologist, I must occupy my mind with something while my finger is busy, lest my work grow boring.

Brake fluid may be made of castor oil, a petroleum derivative, or of a synthetic; whichever it is, it degrades in time. The clear, pristine liquid that goes into the system oxidizes under the heat of the brakes must dissipate to stop a car, the fluid turns murky. Water creeps in from the air and salty slush. Eventually, an evil sludge forms in the wheel cylinders and etches pits in the cylinder bore, and these pits whittle away at the rubber cups that seal the fluid in the cylinder every time the brake pedal is applied. Eventually, the cylinder leaks fluid and the brakes fail.

The question before me is whether the edge has etched this cylinder beyond repair. My inquiring fingertip, a scientist's instrument, will supply the data for my categorical decision. I understand that the proctologist's inquiry

usually concludes with more options—indeed, begins with more—which figures, for one benefit of being a Platonist is that a Platonist can trifle with necessity.

If I decide the cylinder is salvageable, I will smooth its insides with a fine hone, put the brakes and wheel back together, check the tire pressure, and charge the owner twenty dollars for my thirty to forty minutes of effort. This might seem an excessive hourly rate, but it's not; once I have wrought my version of the proctologist's art on each of the four wheels, I will spend another troubled hour filling the system with brake fluid again. I've got to pad the job to pay for that. I will not, as would some mechanics,

leave the "brake failure" warning light on, nor disconnect its wire. That's the Aristotelian's burden: You cannot escape the consequences of a syllogism, whether it is inscribed or operative.

If I cannot salvage the cylinder, I will buy a new one for \$12.50, for which I will charge the owner \$22.50, compensating for my time lost in fetching the part and for the affront to my professional vanity when I must play the errand boy. The owner will probably squawk at the price. If I am impatient because the line at the parts counter was long, I will respond by telling him that he was a bloody damn fool for neglecting his brakes. If I am in a patient humor, such as the proctologist's gesture invites—a slow, delib-



David Johnson

Don Sharp, a defrocked academic, is a regular contributor to Boating magazine.

erate manipulation, the brake fluid smooth and viscous under my fingertips, the cylinder bore full of subtleties, the odors of the job redolent in my nose—I will gravely intone that “\$22.50 is a cheap price to put on your life.”

AROUND TWENTY-FIVE years ago I read a filler in *Reader's Digest* that said the chemicals in a human body were worth about ninety-eight cents. With inflation, that figure would be \$5 today; at \$22.50, the owner is losing money. But I do not price a life that way. Does my sentimentality make a Platonist of me after all? I think not, for I can't imagine a Platonist worrying about the insides of a brake cylinder. The protologist, though, whatever he worries about, may yet be a Platonist, for he exercises his dominion over a fellow creature while I exercise mine over a machine, a mere soulless artifact. But now I am caught in my own trap: What I do to this man's brakes gives me power over him, perhaps the power of life or death; therefore, I am a Platonist. But the owner never thinks of my power over his life. He thinks only of the nuisance of being without his car and of the repair bill. If I have his life in my hands, I bear that knowledge alone. Therefore, my Aristotelian position is safe. That was close.

The owner, for obvious reasons, is much more conscious of the protologist's power over him; reminded constantly by television commercials and insurance companies of the actuarial odds against his health, he may well be conscious of putting his life into the protologist's latex-gloved hand. Now that is a droll conceit for you, but whatever the protologist may have in his hand, I am alone with my customer's life in the narrow span of my greasy palm. I may kill him with carelessness and, if so, neither he nor the uniformed officials who survey his mangled corpse will know it. The officials will only note with technical precision that his car entered the opposing lane at such a speed and collided with the cement-mixer truck at such an angle. The agents of public information will report in the daily press that his car went out of control—presumably all by itself, that being the conventional explanation for such events among mem-

bers of the scribal class. No one will know that I was careless with his right front brake, and that when the dog appeared in the road and he jammed on his brakes, the brake on the left front wheel jerked him into the path of the cement mixer so fast that the truck's bumper crushed his skull before he had time to cry out or to wonder what had brought him to such a sorry pass. Indeed, if he had any thoughts at all, he was probably cursing the dog. Only the most purely and deliberately homicidal protologist could ever effect so sudden and categorical a change in someone's life—certainly not without a valiant struggle from the victim. Compared to me, the protologist is a puny agent.

For my part, if I believe what I read in the newspaper, I am left with a clear conscience. The car “went out of control” and I had nothing to do with it. Yet, because I know my trade and because I know about John Donne's islands, I know full well that I have much to do with it, that I have to do with it even though the owner and the public watchdogs who presume to keep him safe do not know it. With that knowledge, I know the anguish of Jeremiah.

When this owner's wheel cylinder began to dribble brake fluid, a brake failure light on the instrument panel came on, an event that provokes a moral tale. Once upon a time, pushing the brake pedal transmitted force simultaneously to all four wheels via the incompressible brake fluid: The driver pushed the pedal, which pushed the piston in the master cylinder, which pushed fluid down the brake lines, which pushed pistons in the wheel cylinders, which pushed the brake linings against the brake drum, which stopped the wheel bolted to it. How Aquinas would have loved hydraulics! But if one wheel cylinder failed, the loss of fluid nullified the remaining cylinders, leaving a brakeless projectile hurtling wherever the alarmed driver aimed it. Aquinas would have to add some footnotes about the Prime Mover.

Such events could be obviated easily by routine brake adjustments or lining inspections but, alas, most people are eager Platonists; hence, the family car gets washed and waxed often enough while its mechanical, Aristotelian systems go begging for attention. I will not hazard a comparison with the pro-

tologist at this point; the possibility that suggest themselves are not consonant with serious philosophical inquiry.

ACKNOWLEDGING such sloth in matters mechanical, the car manufacturers make self-adjusting brakes. They might have chosen to be Socratic; instructive but they preferred a response aimed at the lowest common denominators of individual respectability. Thus, they made Platonists of themselves; in so doing, they encouraged debasement of mechanics' skills. At one time the mechanic spun the wheel, adjusted a notch, and listened again, listening with an ear as acute as a piano tuner's for the sound of brake linings gently kissing the brake drum; then the brakes were adjusted just right. Self-adjusting brakes eliminated the need for such skills and promptly became extinct among the general run of mechanics, surviving only among older relics and eccentrics who resemble the refugees from the guiche set who grind their own flint that is, people who are inspired by talgia or eclecticism to practice obsolete arts. Does this reversion to the perceived type make them Platonists? Not if the gesture arises from and enhances their ability to know the truth of this world that affect their lives even if they must rearrange their lives considerably just to be able to identify those things.

Self-adjusting brakes, the work of flawed, mortal men, must not cost more on the production line than cheap plated wheel covers and must remain functional through heat, cold, rain, snow, salty slush, and dark of night. Of course, they do not. They rust. They stick. They adjust unevenly. One wears out its linings long before the others. The cylinder on that wheel begins to leak. The cylinder fails and wipes out the whole braking system.

The avoidance of such problems demands only some sensitivity to the brakes' performance and occasional inspection. Unfortunately, this sad, Platonist society has many people who will buy a 5,200-pound Oldsmobile Toronado but fewer who will pay attention to their brakes. What do you tell your neighbor in Scarsdale who parks such a car in your driveway

do you tell that neighbor when remove a wheel and inspect your brakes?

The Platonist people's government, regarding the hazards of faulty brakes, did pass a law that pointed to every driver and said, "You will be responsible for your brakes." The government itself turned Platonist and moved toward its dutiful possessions—the laws—and decreed accordingly that brakes would be divided into two systems: each system to serve two wheels; if one wheel failed, it would affect only the other wheel and two would remain operative to stop the car.

The Platonist or Aristotelian, Epicurean or Stoic, the idea is hard to dispute. The divided system would save lives and property, that being the proper function of government. Furthermore, the decree reduced public fear: "Don't worry if one brake fails, for the government has made sure you have two. Don't worry about poor car design, for the government will protect you. Don't concern yourself about defective brakes, for the government will make sure they don't."

At this point, we leave the comfortable assumptions of our political dissection and cross a frontier that poses us to a wild, primitive, fundamental issue: the matter of responsibility, which involves me down to my fingertips. The Supreme Court has held, in *Lucas v. Colorado General Assembly* (377 U.S. 736, 1964), that citizens are not, even voluntarily, give up their constitutional rights. Fair enough, but to what extent may citizens give up individual responsibility? To the extent that the individual disappears from the government, even with beneficent motives, assumes responsibility for individual acts, is that ontological suicide? Or some kind of official suicide? And, if so, does any court protect? Thus do well-meaning efforts to repair a man's brakes lead to thoughts of despair. Had Kierkegaard been a mechanic, he would not have admired a blighted love to make a philosopher of himself.

As part of the dual-brake-system concept, the government also specified that a failure in the system would activate a warning light. To serve the divided brake system with one switch and minimal cost, lest they be compelled to omit the ornamental landau bar, car manufacturers responded with

one of the nastiest of mechanical contrivances. The switch for the brake failure light is encased in a metal housing that is connected to the tubes that convey brake fluid to the two halves of the system. Each half feeds pressure to opposite sides of the switch. If both halves are sound, the switch stays in the middle, but if one side leaks, the high pressure on the good side pushes the switch toward the leaking side and turns on the warning light.

Well and good, but once the system is whole again, the switch, inaccessible in its case, must be returned to the middle. This means filling both sides with fluid, applying the brake pedal, opening a "bleeder screw"—a plug of sorts—in the good side, and allowing just enough fluid to escape from the good side to cause the pressure in the quondam bad side to push the switch to the middle. If too much fluid is released, as usually happens, the switch goes to the opposite extreme; then the bad side must be opened to let the good side push the switch back the other way. With no more than ordinary ineptitude you can bat the switch back and forth all afternoon. Or maybe the switch never moved at all; the fluid that escaped from the good side did so because of the springs that retract the brake shoes after application of the brakes, not from pedal pressure, so you spend half an hour trying to move the switch back toward the bad side when it never left there in the first place. In short, once flipped, returning the switch to neutral is more annoyance than a visit to the proctologist. Aquinas would have had no use for such a thing.

I HAVE NOT heard the final word on whether a falling tree makes no sound if no one hears it, but I recall that Boswell said Dr. Johnson kicked a bucket to assert his belief that the tree did, indeed, make a sound even in the presence of someone both deaf and blind. I do not kick buckets, but I do visit junkyards where I see proof that trees and other cars exist even though drivers have no awareness of them. A Platonist could, no doubt, make short work of my position, just as Platonist mechanics make short work of the warning light: they pull the wire off the switch. The light goes out. No light, no problem. What can-

not be seen does not exist. Thus is the work of the Platonist government for the benefit of the Platonist citizen con-founded by the Platonist mechanic. Somehow, such a system seems incapable of a teleology.

As I caress the bore of the wheel cylinder, I weigh the fact that I have a more immediate involvement with the driver's life and the lives of his wife and children than does his beneficent government. I withdraw my fingertip to reflect upon its responsibility. Poor, innocent nose-picker and armpit-scratcher, wherefore must it bear such a burden? It is an extension of me and, therefore, cannot escape its duty. What, therefore, am I the extension of, with my finger stuck in a brake cylinder and dirt from the fender falling into my face, that I should find this man's life in my hands?

The driver himself does not think of these things. He is a Platonist and once he has adopted the basic illusion, he needs neither process nor ultimate goal. What is given will remain forever: he is immortal. He has seen motorized carnage on the highways, to be sure, but such things happen to other people—damn fools driving too fast, driving drunk or drugged. And well he may think so, for the warning light I have so laboriously restored declares the perfectible world wherein government protects him from all threats. The government has convinced a great many people of its power, but being convinced will not save any of them from the consequences of faulty brakes.

The owner only grumbles at the bill, blaming the standard villains for inflation and the high cost of parts. He does not understand why getting his warning light to go off took so much time and thinks he is being cheated, but the expression on his face shows that he thinks it could have been worse.

It could well have been worse. I might have been a Platonist. Mark you, sir, I have held your life in my hand—and you don't even know it. You fear muggers in dark alleys and communists in high places, but you do not know that you turn over your blessed life to every brake shop into which you drive. As his tailights recede, I feel as if I have watched someone through a keyhole and I do not know whether I pity him or if he is merely a stranger. □

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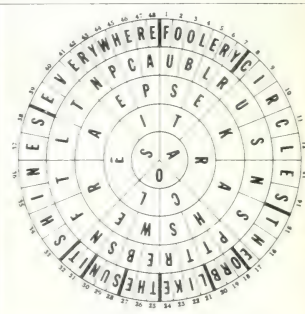
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Solution to the February Puzzle Notes for "Vicious Circles"

1. F(Au)St.; 2. autos, anagram; 3. sabot-
(age); 4. b(us)-last; 5. elate, (Po)e-tale,
reversed; 6. alert, anagram; 7. t(ea)ry; 8.
T-race; 9. Kauri, hidden; 10. (Pe)ru-ark;
11. racks, two meanings; 12. larks, two
meanings; 13. arena, an-er, reversed; 14.
S.A.-ran; 15. as-tra(reversal); 16. haras(s),
reversed; 17. epoch, h(ousehold)-cope,
reversed; 18. poo(dle)-ch(ow); 19. torch,
reversal of hot around RC; 20. botch, both
around c(hurch); 21. C-lots; 22. stoic, hid-
den; 23. ro-c(reversal)-k-s.; 24. score, two
meanings; 25. owlet, anagram; 26. whole,
homonym; 27. elbow, anagram; 28. blows,
two meanings; 29. louse, homonym; 30. N-o
(rchestra)-els; 31. ole-in; 32. lent(o); 33.
ser(I)fs; 34. Fr-esh(anagram); 35. rites,
homonym; 36. stern, anagram; 37. easel, ana-
gram; 38. sea l(ion)s; 39. t-ease; 40. st.-
ave.; 41. seine, homonym; 42. risen, anagram;
43. y(l)-pes; 44. swipe, anagram; 45. chips,
two meanings; 46. (ho)spice; 47. pairs, hom-
onym; 48. sepia, anagram.

PUZZLE

OVERLAPPLIQUE

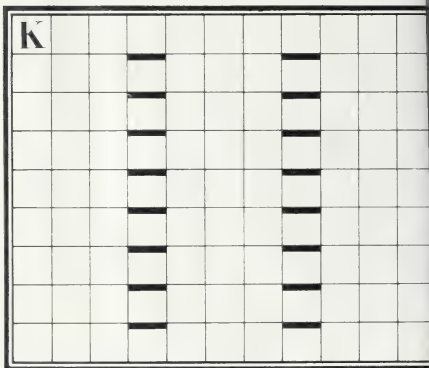
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Each row and each column in the diagram is filled by two entries, overlapping by one or more letters, with either entry going in either direction (both may go in the same direction). Each clue is really two complete clues, with no overlap and no extraneous words, leading to the two answers for a row or column. Numbers in parentheses give the lengths of the answers, but not necessarily in the order in which they are clued. And the clues are not numbered in diagrammatic order; the solver must determine where each pair of overlapping answers is to be entered. Since the answers can go in either direction, four mirror-image solutions are possible, so one letter is already entered in the diagram to avoid confusion.

Clue answers include an uncommon word in 2, 11, and 17. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 95.



CLUES

ACROSS

- Herb's dressed in sea captain's clothes I have shortened for prisoners (5/8)
- God's blood! Choir's off-key—expect swallowing a draft of Coors is something predictable from the stars (5/9)
- Open spaces in abandoned U.S. canal—no bail-out for white elephant, e.g. (6/7)
- Gee, sheep (small amount) or a lamb is, in stew, heavenly tasting (4/9)
- Yokel, embarrassed to hug and kiss, got rescued possibly (3-4/7)
- Without thinking anything of it, he sells dye, mixed soft soaps, and heels we'd rebuilt (8/10)
- Doctor Spock's tot making preparations for soup to stay fresh: dash salt (4/9)
- Shellac calamitously covers cane back in layers, and left brute upset (7/7)
- Buggy race ads covered ways to limit running in climbing gear (7/7)

DOWN

- One cat wasted energy rating a pink Bikini material (5/6)
- We hear demolition concern cut them short part of tro for board (4/6)
- A pecan (nuts for appetizer), vegetable (heart of art chokes), and fruit (5/6)
- Skirting disgrace, cut up copies I'd circulated in instalments (4/8)
- Pen vocal hymn "Where Once Man Dwelt" and copyright prayer to the Virgin (4/6)
- Giving lip service, assigns one at a time, half surprisingly (6/7)
- Porter's regulation salad to make fast—it sounds like just one smoked fish! (4/8)
- It's a cinch you'll get bad reviews over a Chopin variation without voice (4/7)
- Shrew betrayed about one hundred (to be serious-minded, betrayed about one) (5/5)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Overlapplique, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 11. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to

Harper's. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winner names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January puzzle, "Abecedarian Jigsaw," are Mary L. Cilley, Gainesville, Florida; Chris de Francesco, Columbus, Ohio; and Louis Kato, Brooklyn, New York.



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Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)	less than 0.01	0.002
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton 100's Box	1	0.1
Carlton 100's Soft Pack	less than 6	0.5
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0



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King & 100's
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100's—Only
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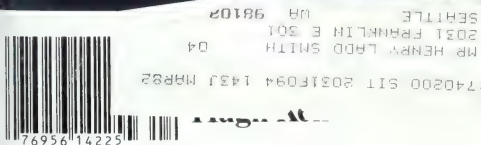
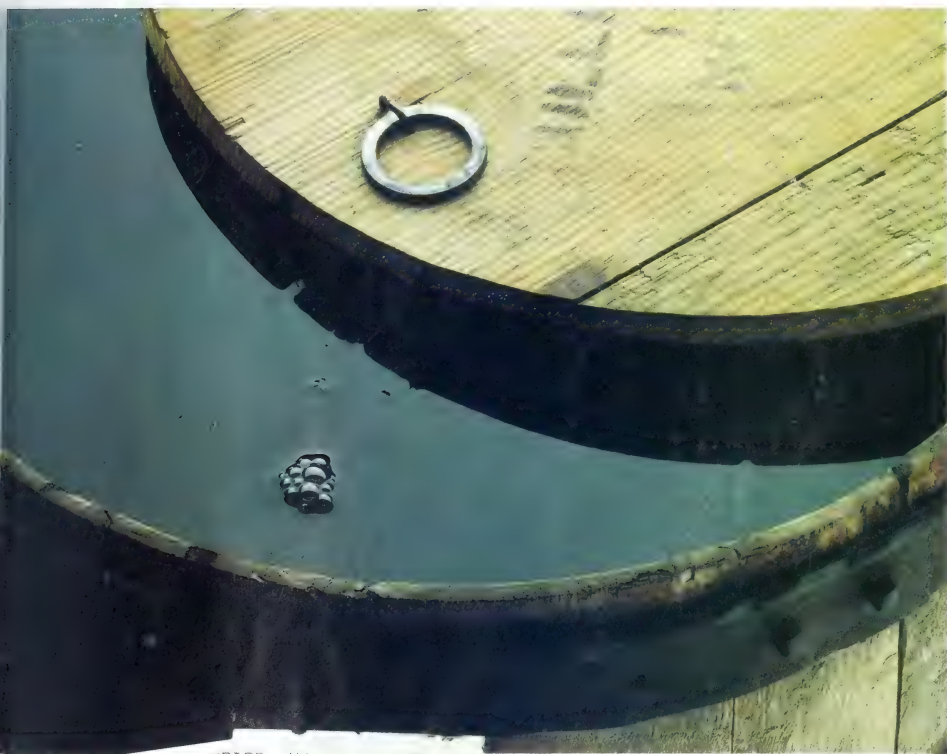
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1982

AN AMERICAN FORTUNE

the Hunt family: turning oil into silver

by L.J. Davis



PURSUIT OF WHOLINESS
INGWAY'S LETTERS

In either length—King or 100's:

Carlton is lowest.

Compare Carlton with
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	Tar mg. cig.	Nicotine mg. cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Kent	11	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Newport Lights	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0

Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)

	less than 0.01	0.002
Carlton 100's Box	1	0.1



Carlton Menthol.
King & 100's
**The lighter
menthols.**



King—
Less than
1 mg. tar,
0.1 mg. nic.
100's—Only
5 mg. tar,
0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
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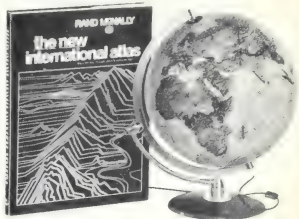
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APRIL 1981 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 262, NO. 1571

- Robert W. Tucker** 16 **TRADING POLAND FOR THE GULF**
The spoils of power politics.
- Shiva Naipaul** 20 **THE PURSUIT OF WHOLINESS**
San Francisco's New Earth Exposition.
- William Gaddis** 31 **THE RUSH FOR SECOND PLACE**
Failure as a function of success.
- L. J. Davis** 73 **AN AMERICAN FORTUNE**
What the Hunts of Dallas did with their money.
- Jim Shepard** 87 **RUNWAY**
A story.

ARTS AND LETTERS

POETRY

- John Tagliabue** 39 American Complicated with Integrity: Homage to Muriel

BOOKS

- Hugh Kenner** 93 Hemingway's letters.

- Whit Stillman** 96 Twelve March novels.

IN PRINT

- Frances Taliaferro** 100 Rescue from oblivion.

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS

5 MACNELLY

- Lewis H. Lapham** 10 **THE EASY CHAIR**
Yellow ribbons of defeat.

40 THE PUBLIC RECORD

- David Suter** 92 **THE MIND'S EYE**

- Alexander Cockburn** 103 **THE FOURTH ESTATE**
Keeping the press unethical.

- John G. Clancy** 106 **AMERICAN MISCELLANY**
A night out at the Plaza.

- E. R. Galli and
Richard Maltby, Jr.** 112 **PUZZLE**
April Fool II.

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LETTERS

The company you keep

Our attention has been called to an article entitled "Hotel California" by Barbara Grizzuti Harrison in the February issue of *Harper's*.

We are shocked and appalled, as will be any readers at all familiar with the Beverly Hills Hotel, that your usually reliable and respected publication would deign to print or even accept such a tasteless assemblage of inaccuracies and untruths.

It can only be assumed that the witless writer became lost in a blurred maze of her own confusion. She took "an hour to get potted at the airport bar" and, "hung over" on her arrival, she thought the hotel seemed "to sail over Sunset Boulevard like a stuccoed pink and white and green ocean liner of cubist design," and she seemed quite proud of "countless double vodkas" and "a seven-vodka stupor."

There is a clear lack of coherence and sobriety evident throughout the article, which may account for the distortions and the way Ms. Harrison observed everything. Her "contempt" for the hotel and, indeed, even for the West Coast, suggests the need of psychiatry to calm the problems of a seriously troubled mind. Why did she punish herself by returning four times if she disliked the hotel so much—with so many other hotels of different kinds, manners, and descriptions available to her?

To correct a few of the many erroneous passages, the type of clothes hangers described in two paragraphs on page 88 have *never* been in use at the Beverly Hills Hotel; neither room service nor the housekeeping linen room are open at 4:00 A.M. (page 88); dinner is not served in the Polo Lounge (page 90); small rooms do not have three telephones (page 90); the fireplace and the hearth are of verde marble and are not plastic (page 90); and, quite assuredly, the coffee shop was never used as "a let-

ter drop where 400 to 500 letter a day proposing marriage" were given to a patron (page 92).

Ms. Harrison says, "There are people who profess to love the Beverly Hills Hotel, though I cannot for life of me see why." Discriminating people of importance and prominence throughout the world continue to come back year after year, as is reflected in the list of names accompanying this letter, taken at random from our guest roster. She also says "You tend to feel shy about making complaints," although questionnaires are placed in all guest rooms *inviting* comments of *any* kind.

The article goes on to proclaim that "everybody is treated like Sorbo," yet, in the following sentence, "the hotel imparts a sense of inferiority to its guests"—a rather sharp contradiction.

References to the continental cuisine of the Coterie belie the fact. Our executive chef, trained under such internationally renowned French chefs as the illustrious Paul Bocuse and Roger Verge, was previously at the famous Le Français restaurant in Wheeling, Illinois, rated number two in the United States after Lutèce in New York; the question is raised whether the author was or is actually able to appreciate or understand fine cuisine.

The "superannuated midget" mentioned happens to be a very highly respected person and a fine human being of admirable character. In our employ as page for some twenty years, he was recognized as one of the brightest and most decent members of our staff, previously an established representative of the Phil Morris Company and not merely a performer. Thus the description used is resented.

The continuing and escalating success and popularity of the Beverly Hills Hotel obviously could not be achieved year after year if there were any basis for the scurrilous allegations, implications, and inferences.

tained in this inane and vacuous
resty of reality.

We feel compelled to register a
ous demurral of this example of
sponsible journalism at its worst,
we would like to hear from you
find out whether you share the
iefs in this article and if they rep-
ent your own views as well. In the
rim, we have removed the name
Barbara Grizzuti Harrison from
eligible guest register, since she
made it quite clear that she has
ever been happy at the Beverly
Hills Hotel" and our feelings are mul-
l with regard to her.

BURTON SLATKIN

President

The Beverly Hills Hotel

Beverly Hills, Calif.

few names taken at random from
guest list:

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merican Motors Corporation
A. IACocca, Chairman,
 Chrysler Corporation
NRY FORD II, Chairman,
 Ford Motor Company

PHILIP CALDWELL, President,
Ford Motor Company
THOMAS J. WATSON, JR., Director,
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Standard Oil of Indiana
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Xetox Corporation
CHARLES G. BLUHDORN, Chairman,
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JOHN R. BECKETT, Chairman,
Transamerica Corporation
LEONARD K. FIRESTONE, Chairman,
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company
AUGUST BUSCH III, Chairman,
Anheuser-Busch
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GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY
THE DU PONT

THE KENNEDYS
THE ROCKEFELLERS
THE FORDS
PRINCE PHILIP OF BRITAIN
PRINCESS MARGARET
DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
PRINCE AND PRINCESS RAINIER
OF MONACO
QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS
KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM
PRESIDENT SUKARNO OF INDONESIA
SHAH OF IRAN
CROWN PRINCE OF MOROCCO
MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK
MAHARAJAHS OF BARODA, COOCH BEHAR,
INDORE, JAIPUR AND MORVI, et al.
JOHN JACOB ASTOR
HARVEY FIRESTONE
ALFRED GWYNN VANDERBILT
GENERAL DAVID SARNOFF
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LETTERS

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JULIE CHRISTIE
LIZA MINNELLI
EVA AND ZSA ZSA GABOR
JOHN HUSTON
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GINA LOLLORIGIDA
AVA GARDNER
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LAUREN BACALL
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GEORGE C. SCOTT
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DANA WYNTER
ANITA EKBERG
HEDY LAMARR

BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON
REPLIES:

Well, I may have been "blurred"—flying, I'm sorry to say, does that to me—but I've never been known to hallucinate. And if I did hallucinate, I don't think my imagination would conjure up clothes hangers you can't remove from closets. (My unconscious is far too simpleminded to have come up with that one.) As for the hour at which I consumed chopped chicken liver (room service) and ironed a party dress (housekeeping), I hardly think this is cause for anyone's ire, or a case for Ellery Queen. The chopped chicken liver wasn't bad, and the iron reached me when

I needed it; I should think Mr. Slatkin would be pleased.

I am prepared to make three concessions: the incident I described at the Polo Lounge occurred at lunch, not at dinner; the fireplace and hearth may well be "of verde marble"—they just look like plastic (perhaps because the fire itself is fake); the steak tartare at the Coterie was actually rather good (I especially liked the way the waiter fashioned a doggie bag of aluminum foil in the shape of a swan).

Why do I punish myself by returning to the Beverly Hills? Perversity, curiosity, stubbornness, lethargy. Not very good reasons, I admit. On the other hand, I do like to observe subcultures. And I like the smell of jasmine and chlorine.

You know, I really don't have the heart to go on with this. I feel as if I'm responding to a letter from the House Un-American Activities Committee. (Lucky for Mr. Slatkin that he didn't get Hunter Thompson instead of me.)

I'm sorry I've been blacklisted by Mr. Slatkin, though I see his point. Actually, I do and I don't: surely my article won't have the effect of turning away assorted maharajahs, four- and five-star generals, Henry Kissinger, and ex-presidents from the doors of his establishment: it is bound to have absolutely no effect on Madame Chiang Kai-Shek and the shah of Iran. That is, by the way, a pretty impressive guest list. There are lots of people on it I wouldn't mind being in proximity with. What's good enough for Prince Philip of Britain ought to be good enough for me. However, as guest Lee Iacocca would doubtless agree, there's no accounting for taste.

For the record

It has just been brought to my attention that reference is made to me at some length in the article ["Inside Islam"] by Edward Said in your January issue. I would like to exercise my right to reply as follows:

Mr. Said has repeated in his article criticisms which he previously made elsewhere about the series

"Upsurge in Islam," which I wrote for *The New York Times* in December 1979. This time he quotes some length an interview on my problems and working technique, a correspondent, which I later gave *Esquire* and in which I candidly mentioned the tremendous pressure of time and effort under which I was obliged to write the series. He concludes that "one could not expect a coherent view of Islam at reading Flora Lewis..." and the articles were "a scavenger hunt for a subject that was never there to begin with."

I take issue. First of all, there was certainly a striking increase in ferment in the Muslim countries of the Middle East and further afield throughout 1979 in the wake of the Iranian revolution. The problem was not to find something that was there, but to select and condense illuminating examples of a movement that was gathering momentum in dozens of countries and in varying forms and degrees. Of course, no serious newspaper articles can tell all about Islam. The series in *Le Monde* and the French Orientalist Maxime Rodinson, which Mr. Said cites as a model to shame *The New York Times*, had quite a different purpose and reflected Professor Rodinson's Marxist convictions. My purpose was to give American readers, who admittedly had been provided with woefully little background knowledge about Islam in previous years, some idea of what was happening and what it meant. True, it was a very intense learning experience for me; I have never pretended to be an expert on the subject, and I did my best to share that experience with readers in a way that would be more accessible than the vast amount of scholarly information available, which they are not likely to consult.

I am quite ready to find my faults in the way we American correspondents work, and I regret only that Mr. Said did so little in his criticism to suggest how we might improve our coverage under deadline pressure. It seems to me that once again his sweeping attacks use precisely the generalities, the lack of solid information (in this case about

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working conditions, especially of television), and the essentially hostile attitude that he attributes to the American press in its coverage of Islam. The subject is too important for a continuing pot-and-kettle exchange. It is a shame he didn't use his space in *Harper's* more fruitfully.

FLORA LEWIS

The New York Times
Paris, France

Rights to learn

The reference to the University of the District of Columbia (UDC) in "The Color of Education" [*Harper's*, February 1981] presents your readers with a distorted view of the university by mentioning only the alleged competence level of entering students and saying nothing about its graduates. This implies that the effectiveness of a university is measured by the quality of its freshman class rather than by the success of its graduates. Moreover, in order to make a dubious point, the author resorts to gratuitous, slurring labels that are patently false.

Your readers should have been informed that UDC is a land-grant university, the only public higher-education institution in the nation's capital, and the only open-admissions university there as well. As such, we take our students as they come to us, and it is correct that a significant percentage require "remedial" instruction in mathematics and English before they are ready for college-level work. However, to blame solely the D.C. public-school system for their unreadiness is simplistic.

For example, many thousands of UDC students are working adults who moved to Washington after receiving a second-year public education in schools that were rigidly segregated, both *de jure* and *de facto*, during the 1960s and even the 1950s, when the nation's public-school system was presumed to be of a higher quality than it is today.

In fact most UDC students are not the traditional eighteen-to-twenty-two-year-old youngsters who have long made up the bulk of the coun-

try's college-going population. Less than one third of UDC students enter directly from high school. The average age is twenty-eight, and almost three fourths of the student body attend part time because the students hold jobs or have family obligations. They are among thousands of so-called nontraditional students who are enrolling in increasing numbers at universities in every major urban center in America.

Whatever their background or level of preparation, our students come to us highly motivated and are given intensive academic support, if needed, to prepare them for a degree curriculum. Such is the university's legislative mandate and its mission. When they leave the university—approximately 1,000 graduate each year—they are accepted regularly by professional and graduate schools, including some of the most prestigious ones in the East. Graduates of UDC and its predecessor institutions are practicing medicine, dentistry, architecture, and law. They are teachers, engineers, and managers in business and government. They are proof that the UDC faculty and staff are expert at taking men and women with learning deficiencies and moving them over great academic distances.

It might also be illuminating for your readers to know that what UDC is doing is neither new nor unique in the history of higher education. Nearly a century ago, the first land-grant universities were established to bring higher education to the great mass of working people, who were excluded from the elitist private systems of the time. Well into this century many of those universities faced such familiar problems as ill-prepared students, high attrition, and derisive sharpshooting from academic traditionalists. Yet they prevailed, successfully changing the pattern of education in rural America and contributing immeasurably to national economic growth and social stability.

An important reality of contemporary America is that there remains a large segment of the population that has for too long been denied access to higher education. Until the social and economic conditions that

contribute to this deprivation are substantially improved—and that includes more than simply a good public-school system—there will be need for urban universities to continue in the early land-grant tradition.

There must be support for institutions that freely take anyone willing to work for a place in the economic mainstream, regardless of his academic qualifications, and provide him with the opportunity to be competitive. Picture an America without that opportunity.

LISLE C. CARTER,
President
University of the District
of Columbia
Washington, D.C.

FRED REED REPLIES:

Gratuitous slurring labels? I wish Mr. Carter would be more specific in his accusations.

He charges that I don't mention the academic level of UDC students on graduation; he further implies—without, I note, the least documentation—that they are academically well equipped on graduation. This is dubious, as anyone who has talked at length to members of the UDC staff knows.

I wrote that 90 percent of UDC entering freshmen read below ninth-grade level, a figure that Mr. Carter makes no attempt to refute. Are we to believe that UDC takes people with junior-high education into high-grade college graduates ready for graduate schools, "including some of the most prestigious ones in the East," in four years? In that case, perhaps we should dismember the inner-city high schools and send the kids to UDC, thus saving them four years of work. Of UDC graduates who go on to these reputed graduate schools (I note Mr. Carter does not give a figure), how many would be accepted without affirmative action?

However, if he can supply me with scores on the Graduate Record Examination for an entire graduate class, supporting his assertion of UDC's academic competitiveness, I will publicly apologize.

HARPER'S/APRIL 1981

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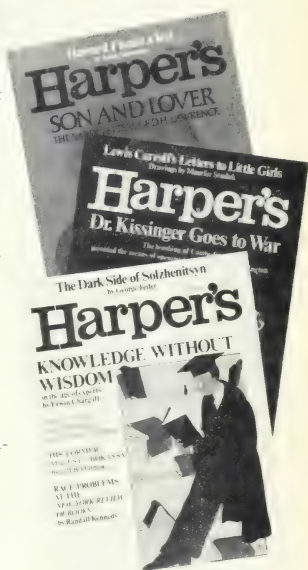
"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfectibility of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told. "

Lewis H. Lapham
Editor



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FEET OF CLAY

Celebrities of defeat

by Lewis H. Lapham

DURING THE WEEK of President Reagan's inauguration, in the midst of the parades and the days of national thanksgiving and the band music and the untying of yellow ribbons, I wondered why the country should want to celebrate a defeat as if it had been a victory. Perhaps it was because the return of the hostages from Iran coincided so closely with Mr. Reagan's remark in his inaugural address that "we are a nation under God, and I believe God intended for us to be free." A week later, welcoming the hostages on the White House lawn, Mr. Reagan rose to the occasion with the defiant rhetoric of what newspaper columnists were describing as a resurgent and assertive United States. "Let terrorists be aware," Mr. Reagan said, "that when the rules of international behavior are violated, our policy will be one of swift and effective retribution."

But the hostages had returned from Iran on terms as meager as a convict's hope, and as the celebration began to acquire the characteristics of a frenzied binge it became increasingly difficult to pretend that their homecoming had been a triumph. Like Mr. Reagan's speeches, the joyful noise had a hollow sound. People did what they could to hide the discovery of their weakness, concealing their fear behind the media's burbling about "heroes," behind the tax-deductible newspaper advertise-

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

ments contributed by banks and department stores, behind the veils of tickertape and the flights of balloons. As it was produced for television the spectacle of American patriotism was not that of a nation assured of its strength. It looked more like the cheering of a mob shouting down a truth that it could not bear to hear. If only enough people would proclaim the defeat a victory, maybe the event could be magically transformed (if not by God, then by Alexander Haig or Frank Sinatra); maybe the world would go away again.

The hostages were let go when they no longer served the uses of extortion. The United States paid what amounted to a ransom of between \$10 and \$12 billion to a government doing business as a terrorist gang.

Arguing the case on its editorial page for what it called "a good deal for Americans," *The New York Times* refused to tolerate the use of the word "ransom." "The money... is in no sense ransom," said the *Times*, protesting so loudly as to convince nobody but itself. The editorial went on to explain that the money belonged to Iran and that the Reagan administration should not revoke the arrangement, because to do so would humiliate the Algerian intermediaries, risk the chance of reducing Iran to anarchy, and set a bad example for terrorists (as yet unknown), who might otherwise doubt the willingness of the United States to

deliver suitcases filled with the sum of money agreed on.

More rigorous students of the agreement pointed out (notably the *New Republic*) that by giving up all claims arising from the seizure of the hostages and the embassy in Teheran, by vacating all existing claims and proceedings against Iranian interests in default of their contracts, and by agreeing to enforce American courts the Iranian action against the assets of the late shah, the United States had not only paid a ransom but had also done serious harm to its constitutional principles.

The agreement signed in Algiers cast the United States, not the revolutionary regime in Iran, as the villain of the piece. The documents refer to "the 'detention' of fifty-two American 'nationals'" as if these were individuals who enjoyed the international right to diplomatic immunity and as if there might have been some legitimate pretext for their arrest. In its particulars as well as its language the agreement violated both the principle and the practice of terrorism. How is it that such a squalid a result comes by the name of victory?

In Wiesbaden, Jimmy Carter welcomed the hostages with a show of emotion and said that "terrorism has been proven not to pay." The lie in character for Mr. Carter, as it was for the media that disguised the tragedy that had befallen the American republic with the melodrama of the hostages' escape from endurance

Of course terrorism had been de to pay, and pay very handely, even to the point of subting the laws of the United States. incident that began as a riot in Iranian bazaar ended with American courts being asked to rearrange principles of jurisprudence on half of a bankrupt foreign policy. en as the deal was being closed, l as the hostages in Teheran ran gauntlet of insult on their way the airport, President Reagan in shington was preaching the gospel American exceptionalism, exhort- the faithful gathered to listen to inaugural address to remember ow unique we really are." Later t evening, at one of the many ces held in Washington hotels, dy Warhol said of Mr. Reagan's ech: "I loved it. It was just the y I feel."

DURING THE 444 days that the hostages were held in captivity the American people behaved with exemplary strain. The initial surge of anger, d the first demands for immediate ion, subsided over a period of nths into the patient hope that the rter administration could negotie the return of the hostages. Even e failed commando raid in April last year gave people reason to lieve that the United States might pursuing strategies other than ose explained to the press. The national attitude of forbearance lasted rough the entire term of the capity, despite the news of Billy arter's sleazy dealings with Libyan ermediaries and despite the imission of the hostage question on e presidential campaign.

Unlike some of its figureheads, e American electorate had sense ough to acknowledge the limitations of power, to know that only very strong or a very weak or a ry foolish state can afford the luxury of cherishing unhealed wounds. Nowing that the United States bore me degree of responsibility for the ospotism of the late shah, and recognizing the country's dependence a foreign oil as well as the strategic ambitions of the Soviet Union

in the Persian Gulf, even the most belligerent of citizens could be persuaded to accede to the virtue of patience. It may have galled people to pay even a penny of tribute, but they understood that interests take precedence over feelings, that the conduct of foreign policy requires a talent for forgiving the unforgivable.

The hostages in Iran apparently endured their captivity with an equal measure of courage. Despite the sufferings inflicted on them, the hostages retained their sense of proportion as well as their strength of mind. Quoting a proverb told to him by the Spanish ambassador, Bruce Laignen said, "Patience is a bitter cup that only the strong can drink."

But when the hostages walked off the plane in Algeria, and later, when they walked off another plane in Newburgh, N.Y., they had become celebrities, and a celebrity, as everybody knows, is an immortal. For 444 days the American people had proved their collective steadiness of nerve. Within a matter of hours their good sense vanished in the smoke of red, white, and blue fireworks. In the confusion of camera angles the substance of republican virtue dissolved into magical incantation and desperate wish.

At their first press conference the hostages tried to distance themselves from the wish to make of them public statues, but their disclaimers couldn't prevail against the waving of flags. Jimmy Carter said that the United States would never do "any favors for the hoodlums who persecuted our innocent heroes." Vidal Sassoon announced that he was providing a year's free supply of beauty products for the hostages; the commissioner of baseball presented them with lifetime passes to Yankee Stadium; somebody else offered sides of beef, and the agents met the buses at West Point with the usual book and television deals.

Under the glare of the television lights, with the hometown politicians marching behind the color guard and the neighbors opening bottles of champagne, nobody thought to observe that if the hostages were heroes they were heroes in Woody Allen's sense of the word, i.e., vic-

tims bedazzled by fate. Once the music stopped they would resemble the cast in one of Mr. Allen's comedies—a constellation of newly formed media stars wearing designer jeans and clutching tickets to the World Series, around their feet a policy in ruins, a principle obliterated, and the patriotic tinsel blowing away in the wind.

Nor did anybody want to say that the prisoners of war who had suffered far worse torture in North Vietnam returned, almost as anonymously as they had left, to a cheap Chinese banquet in San Francisco. Nor was there much mention of the eight airmen killed in last April's raid in the Iranian desert, who remained as obscure as the 50,000 American dead in Indochina.

IN A WEEK of dispatches from the nation's pulpits and editorial pages, few people counted the cost of making idols. In Washington, General Haig announced that the suppression of "international terrorism" had become a primary objective of American foreign policy, replacing "human rights" as a rallying cry for the proponents of justice and order. He failed to make the corollary point that by forging alliances with bloody-minded tyrants in the provinces of the third world, the United States denied the moral principle supposedly at the root of its joyous thanksgiving.

Because their names had become known, because they had acquired faces and the bits and pieces of a life suitable for framing in *People* magazine, the fifty-two celebrities had become the nation's hostages to fortune. To the extent that popular feeling can outweigh strategic, economic, and political questions, so also has the United States no choice but to pay the next ransom asked for the next ambassador—or the next embassy chauffeur—taken prisoner on a road four miles east of the PX. How much of the future, belonging to how many people as yet unknown, does the United States thus mortgage to its passionate denial of time present? If the week's patriotic tableaux can be said to have been staged for

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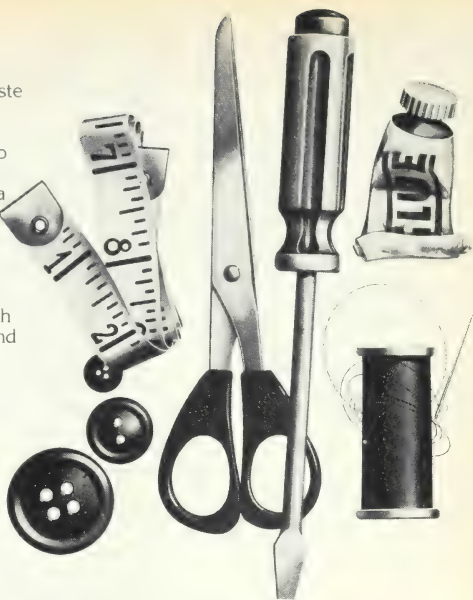
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INFLATION. TOGETHER, WE CAN SELF-CONTROL IT.

the benefit of children, whose children will be asked to pay the price of admission in time future?

The effusion of patriotic sentiment was also a way of giving voice to the palpable relief from guilt. As a nation the United States has not yet had to acquire the fortitude exacted of Israel, and a majority of the American people remain unwilling to accept the price of liberty. The Israeli government long ago declared it a matter of policy to respond with military force to any taking of hostages. If an airliner is hijacked, a village captured, or a class of schoolchildren seized at gunpoint, the Israelis make the attempt at rescue. They do so automatically, without qualification and without placing a higher value on the lives of the hostages than on the principle of refusing to negotiate with terrorists. If the lives of the hostages can be saved, all well and good; if not, not.

AMERICAN opinion cannot bear the weight of so terrible a necessity. Knowing this to be true (instinctively, not because anybody took a poll), most people in the country understood that the United States could have left the hostages in Iran for twenty years. Hence the collective feeling of guilt and hence the spasm of thanksgiving when the dilemma resolved itself. Given the chance to buy its comfort instead of being made to earn its freedom, the country lavished its rewards on people whom it knew it had failed.

The victory of the terrorists in Iran, as well as the denial of it in the United States, constitutes a giant step forward—not for the aspirations of mankind but for the regressive and criminal powers nudging the world, like a bear with a ball, into the pit of anarchy. But the United States doesn't want to recognize so melancholy a fact; doesn't want to know, in Winston Churchill's phrase, that the stones have begun to break beneath its feet; doesn't want to look the world in the face and see it for what it has become.

American foreign policy for the

last thirty-five years has been dedicated to the pretense that everything has remained as it was in 1945, and certainly this was the spirit of the gala entertainment staged by Mr. Sinatra on the night before Mr. Reagan's inauguration. Aside from its vulgarity, the entertainment was notable for the performers' age. The more prominent members of the troupe (among them Messrs. Hope and Carson, Charlton Heston, Ethel Merman, and Brig. Gen. James Stewart) belonged, like Mr. Reagan, to a generation that came of age before the Second World War, in a United States apparently as isolated from the rest of the world as the hero of an onanist's dream. The voices of the past sang of a world restored to the hygienic tidiness of an Eden on an M-G-M back lot. Seated in overstuffed armchairs, their demeanor vaguely reminiscent (in a comfortable, bourgeois way) of presiding royalty, Mr. and Mrs. Reagan smiled indulgently on the Step 'n' Fetchit routine of a black actor dressed up to look like a dim-witted Negro minstrel. They applauded the tasteless jokes of Bob Hope and Johnny Carson and listened fondly to Mr. Sinatra singing, in a false and wheezing voice, "America the Beautiful."

THE SO-CALLED new international order, about which a generation of statesmen issued complacent communiqués, was presumably to have transformed the dealings between nation states into something comparable to a New England town meeting. Events unfortunately took a somewhat different course. Rather than confront a future in which the Iranian incident might prove to be merely one of a sequence of incidents, the United States consoles itself with increasingly romantic fairy tales. As the prospect grows bleaker, the lies attract more eloquent champions, most of them as eager to delude themselves as to calm the ladies and gentlemen in the \$100 seats.

The Vietnam war was a defeat, but Henry Kissinger pronounced it a political victory and received, with

Le Duc Tho, the Nobel peace prize. The policy of détente constituted further defeat, a raffling off of American assets for whatever they would bring (in the way of time or comfort or illusion) in a thieves' market. For this Mr. Kissinger was proclaimed a man of genius. Even the emergence of the OPEC oil cartel was explained as a victory of sorts at first—a peaceful realignment of the world's wealth and a gesture of atonement toward the illiterate, the impoverished, and the dark-skinned peoples of the earth.

Each capitulation was supposed to have made the world a safer and happier place; each resulted in the world becoming that much more dangerous. In the early 1960s the United States depended on volunteer heroes in the Peace Corps and the Green Berets. When heroism turned out to be too expensive, as it did in Vietnam, the United States resorted to the "brilliant diplomacy" of the Nixon-Kissinger regime. Not the least of the concerns that led to the entente with China was the apparent absence of any human financial cost.

When brilliant diplomacy lost its breathless charm, the United States sought its salvation in alliances with the exploited nations of the "South" trying to prove its benevolence by the purity of its soul rather than by the caliber of its weapons. Now we make heroes of fumbling civil servants who, in imitation of Wood Allen's innocents, neglect to defer an embassy and forget to burn the files.

IN THE 1970s President Carter like Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kissinger before him, despaired of the republic. Choosing the words with the tact of headwaiters, these stalwart gentlemen concluded that the American people were incapable of defending their suburban lawns, much less the great interests of mankind. In the 1980s their diluted judgment takes the ominous shape of a populace so frightened of the future that it defines freedom as a drug against pain.

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although this represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of all our energy production.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal could give us as much as one-half of the new energy we'll need between now and the year 2000 — enough to help loosen the dangerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

And to the fact that coal contains ash and sulfur which, if not removed, can pollute the air when burned.

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Of course, environmental controls are expensive. But because of the current high

price of foreign oil, the cost of using coal is still less than half the cost of using oil.

And when we consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel — reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil — it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

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TRADING POLAND FOR THE GULF

Order, not justice

by Robert W. Tucker

THE TWIN CRISES in Poland and the Persian Gulf signal a period of uncertainty and danger without parallel in the past three decades.* In each crisis the vital interests of one of the superpowers—the Soviet Union in Poland, the United States in the Gulf—are engaged as they have not been since the 1940s. In both crises we can see with striking clarity that the great postwar issues that gave rise to the cold war remain unresolved. The “new world” of interdependence and an ever greater equality has been revealed as an illusion. The crises remind us, and in cruel fashion, that we have never left the old world.

Neither crisis has arisen by virtue of the machinations of the superpower that might stand to gain from it. This is readily apparent with regard to the United States and Poland. It may be less apparent, though it is substantially no less true, with regard to the Russian interest in the Persian Gulf. It was not the Russians

who forced the Western powers to abandon the position they had held in the Gulf until the late 1960s. Nor was it the Russians who forced the Western powers to submit in 1973–74 to a fourfold increase in the price of oil and to remain passive before the first Arab challenge to Western right of access to the oil supplies of the Gulf.

Regardless of the causes of the crises in Poland and the Gulf, each superpower may now be strongly tempted to take such advantage as it can from the other's difficulties. The temptation is likely to prove much greater for the Soviet Union, not only because of the favorable military position it enjoys relative to the Gulf but because of the power vacuum that now exists in that region.

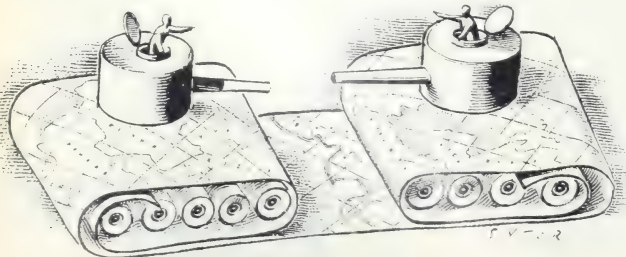
Even were the Soviet Union merely a conventional great power, harboring the aspirations great powers have habitually harbored, there would be temptation enough to take

advantage of the situation that developed in the Gulf over the past decade. In the hands of a great power, control of the Gulf is the key to global primacy. But the Soviet Union's aspirations to extend its power into the Gulf have dimensions other than those characterizing the expansionism of a traditional great power. The Soviet Union has never been accepted as legitimate in the Western position in what we have come to call the third world. Moscow has consistently proclaimed the right to use its power in the third world in support of forces inimical to the West. The Middle East has never been exempt in this respect. On the contrary, the region's importance and proximity to the Soviet Union have always made it the object of attention. In the past, the consequences of such attention have been limited by the power at the disposal of the Soviet Union. Today, this power is greater than ever, while the advantages that would accrue from its successful use in the Persian Gulf are also greater than ever, and, given the expected Soviet need for oil imports in the course of the 1980s, may prove still greater.

In some measure, the American reaction to the crisis in Poland reflects our weakened position relative to the Soviet Union, not least in the Persian Gulf. Poland appears to afford an unexpected occasion to compensate for Western weakness, though the end result of the crisis may in fact only serve to further demoralize this weakness. Even so, there are other reasons for our warning to the Soviet Union against inter-

* Some may point to 1956. But Poland is not Hungary and the Persian Gulf is not “Suez.” Others may point to 1962. But the United States no longer enjoys the military advantages it did at the time of the Cuban missile crisis.

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ning in Poland. The Polish crisis
ses anew, and in acute form, is
es that will persist so long as the
stwar dispensation in eastern Eu-
pe persists.

This dispensation has never en-
ed legitimacy. The West has al-
ys conceded that the Soviet Union
s a reason to safeguard its security
erests in eastern Europe and to do

by the maintenance there of a
ere of influence. It has also been
posed—at least after the early
ars of the cold war—to view with
tachment the means employed by
scow to secure its position. But
e West has never conceded to the
viet Union a *right* to dominate
stern Europe in the sense that it
s denied itself the right to contest
e measures Moscow might take in
e exercise of its sway. What the
est did concede virtually from the
tset, however, and has conceded
er since, is that Soviet control of
stern Europe was not to be consti-
ted by force. It accepted Soviet
mination as a matter of fact, not
right.

THE SENSE of guilt that marked
this acceptance has never
been entirely exorcised. Nor
have circumstances allowed
scape from the recurring dispute
th the Soviet Union over how it
ould exercise its dominion in east-
ern Europe. Unfortunately, there can
be no real resolution of this dispute
ver which the cold war began) to
ve by a Soviet withdrawal from the
gion or by Western acquiescence
the idea that, as a matter of *right*,
oscow may act there as it pleases.

The policy of détente sought to
oid either solution while never-
theless effectively removing the is-
ue from East-West relations. As we
n now see, and as a few perceptive
itics have long seen, the effort re-
mbled the proverbial attempt to
quare the circle. Indeed, the manner
hich détente was intended to op-
erate in Europe was bound to give
se to consequences that would
reaten, if not destroy, the founda-
ions on which détente was based.
Western policy makers assumed that
eastern Europe the stability of the

political status quo would be at-
tended by measured and moderate
steps toward liberalization. Stability,
the *sine qua non* of détente, would
thus be essentially preserved, though
political and social conditions in
eastern Europe would gradually im-
prove. Yet to the degree that even
modest progress was made toward
liberalization, the prospect arose that
at some point the foundations of
communist rule would be challenged
in a manner the Soviet Union would
find unacceptably threatening. If, or
rather when, this occurred, Moscow
could be expected to do what it had
periodically done in the past when its
position was similarly threatened.

Whether a Soviet military interven-
tion in Poland would deal a fatal
blow to an already battered détente
remains a matter of conjecture. The
insistent assertions that it would do
so clearly apply to the United States
but not necessarily to the western
European states, particularly West
Germany. Western Europeans could
not reasonably treat a Soviet inter-
vention in Poland as they have been
disposed to treat the Soviet inter-
vention in Afghanistan. Even if one
accepts the current European propo-
sition made with reference to Af-
ghanistan that détente is divisible, an
intervention in Poland would strike
at the foundations of détente in Eu-
rope. But as some observers have re-
marked, if western Europeans have
considered Afghanistan too far re-
moved to affect détente in Europe,
they may consider Poland too near
to do so. Should this prove to be the
case, the Atlantic alliance almost
surely would undergo the most severe
crisis since its inception.

THE CRISES in Poland and the
Persian Gulf invite compari-
son not only because in both
instances the vital interests
of a superpower are at stake but also
because in both instances force may
have to be employed to preserve
these interests against movements
that enjoy undoubted legitimacy.
This is apparent enough in the cir-
cumstances that would attend a Rus-
sian use of force in Poland. It is less
so in the circumstances that might

prompt an American use of force in
the Persian Gulf.

American interests may be im-
periled by contingencies other than
an "outside force" intent on gain-
ing control of the Persian Gulf. As
recent events have shown, it is plau-
sible to assume that the more likely
threat to Western interests in the
Gulf will come from inside the region
rather than outside. This being so,
force may have to be employed in
response to developments originating
in the Gulf and even in response to
the internal politics of a Gulf state.
At least, this is the prospect if the
central purpose of policy is to pre-
serve unquestioned access to the oil
supplies of the Gulf.

The Carter administration never
came to terms with this prospect. Its
successor may not be able to avoid
doing so. At any time, the United
States may find itself confronted by
a threat that follows from an action
expressing the effective will of a
people, an action otherwise recog-
nized as within the domestic juris-
diction of the state. In such circum-
stances it is safe to say that an Amer-
ican use of force in the Gulf would
evoke far greater condemnation by
the world than would a Soviet inter-
vention in Poland.

A good many people don't like to
think about the prospect of either
superpower having to employ force.
There are those who simply deny
the need in Poland or the Persian
Gulf. They do so either by denying
the existence of vital interests or by
asserting that force cannot be em-
ployed to secure these interests with-
out destroying them in the process
(as in the Gulf) or creating even
more intractable dilemmas than be-
fore (as in Poland). This line of ar-
gument accords with the notion that
there has been a dramatic decline in
the utility of military power.

Other observers, taking an even
more detached view, evade the issue
of need altogether. They retreat into
history and consider where the great
powers might have been today had
they only been wiser. Thus the So-
viet Union might have avoided the
terrible dilemma of Poland if Rus-
sian leaders had only been wise
enough to seek a Finnish solution in

eastern Europe. The Western powers might have escaped the seemingly insoluble dilemmas of the Persian Gulf if only they had been wise enough to foresee the consequences of an excessive dependence on Arab oil.

UNFORTUNATELY, we must take the world as it is, not as it might have been. The Soviet interest in Poland and our interest in the Persian Gulf form the foundations of two structures that together constitute the principal elements of the present international system. These structures ultimately depend, as have all such structures, upon military power and the willingness to use this power. No useful purpose is served by refusing to recognize this, or by recognizing it in one instance while refusing to do so in the other.

That the United States' vital interests are seriously threatened in the Persian Gulf is finally being acknowledged as a fact in this country. What doubt remains has to do with what an American government could and would do if the oil traffic ceased. By contrast, there is very little doubt with regard to what the Russians would do should they once decide that developments in Poland directly threaten communist rule. This common expectation that the Russians would intervene with force in Poland is attended by the insistence that Moscow has neither the right nor the need to do so. It is this claim that presumably forms the basis for current proposals, covering a broad spectrum of opinion, that urge a hard response to a Soviet intervention.

The claim that Moscow has neither the right nor the need to intervene in Poland constitutes a denial of the Soviet Union's interest in eastern Europe. It will not do to declare, on the one hand, that we must not challenge, or even appear to challenge, Soviet security interests in Poland while insisting, on the other hand, that the Soviet Union must allow Poland to evolve as it sees fit. Nobody knows where that evolution might take Poland, and with it the Soviet Union's security interest—not only in Poland but in eastern Europe.

Without Poland, the Soviet Union no longer has a tenable position in eastern Europe. Nor, for that matter, could Soviet leaders assume that the developments leading to the loss of their empire in eastern Europe could be kept from endangering the structure of power and authority within the Soviet Union itself.

IF THESE ARE the interests Moscow has at stake in the Polish crisis, what are we to make of proposals that a Soviet intervention in Poland be met with a hard response? Are they intended to serve as a deterrent, though little more than that? If so, they are misconceived. There is no real correspondence between Moscow's interests in Poland and the countermeasures now being proposed by some people in the United States. Even the more extreme measures would still only threaten a Soviet interest (e.g., Cuba) that cannot bear serious comparison with the Soviet interest in Poland. Unhappily, there are no countermeasures we can credibly propose that would be more than marginally deterrent.

Because we must rate the possibility of a Soviet intervention in Poland as rather high, it is all the more imprudent to threaten measures we may well not wish to take in the event. The Soviet leaders may after all take our threats seriously, more seriously perhaps than we do ourselves. Although this would not deter them from moving against Poland, should interests so dictate, it might well prompt them to move in the region of the Gulf. Given the present arms balance, it would be an act of folly if we were to encourage this response.

Against these considerations, it will be argued that we cannot afford to remain passive before the threat, let alone the reality, of a Soviet intervention in Poland. For our passivity may prompt the Soviets to assume they can act elsewhere with impunity. Moreover, if we remain passive we must set a bad example for allies who, in any event, may not need much encouragement to do nothing.

This argument has undoubted merit. What it proves, however, is that there is no response to the Polish crisis that is without risk. Still, between the two courses, the risks laid out by those urging a hard response appear far greater. Passivity does not mean condoning Soviet action. The issue does not arise here whether such action should be condemned. Obviously, it should. Does passivity preclude taking such economic sanctions against the Soviet Union as may be desirable, though these measures are matters of greater import to our allies than they are to the United States? If Soviet intervention in Poland were to restrict, and even to discourage, the economic entente between the Soviet Union and western Europe, it is a development we should be devoutly welcomed. So long as the Soviet Union remains a ruthless totalitarian state, its growing intervention in western Europe cannot be seen as desirable.

It is not the direct response we make to Poland that should preoccupy us so much as the indirect response. What is important is not much what we *do* about Poland since there is very little we can do, but what lessons we learn from Poland and the use to which we put those lessons. The first lesson to be drawn is that, despite the major changes we have witnessed, we continue to live very much in a world governed by traditional constraints. If we are wise, we should—by our efforts to redress the arms balance to shore up our position in the Persian Gulf, and to strengthen our alliances—take the lesson to heart.

This lesson will not appease those who seek moral satisfaction in the Polish crisis. But moral satisfaction can be achieved only at great risk. In both Poland and the Persian Gulf, the issue today is above all one of order, not of justice. The present order, which is at hazard in the two crises, has not been ideal. Nor is a new international order. Yet it does not suffer unfavorable comparison with the orders of the past. We cannot know the consequences of bringing it down.

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THE PURSUIT OF WHOLINESS

Letter from San Francisco

by Shiva Naipaul

IT WAS CALLED the New Earth Exposition. "Living Lightly on the Earth" was how it subtitled itself. San Francisco, whose mayor had proclaimed New Earth Week, was urged to attend. The New Earth Exposition, the handout said, recognized that the resources of the earth were finite, that all human activities were interrelated, and that the balance between man and nature was fragile. For all those reasons, it had dedicated itself to the exploration of ways in which man might live more lightly on the earth and to promoting the general acceptance of a lifestyle that would enable everyone to live better with less in a nondestructive framework.

The tone, the vocabulary, were unmistakable. Interrelatedness. Human. Fragile balance. Lifestyle. The handout spoke in the unique accents of California.

I had been living in San Francisco long enough to have become almost inured to the singular blend of eco and ego, of technologically minded worldliness and etherealism, of over-ripe self-consciousness and opulent complacency. Whales were going to be the stars of the show. One could see films of whales, hold aloft balloons shaped like whales, clamber about sculptures of whales, buy whale jewelry, even steep oneself in the language of whales. (Some months later a friend of a friend was to give birth in darkness to the accompaniment of whale sounds. I am informed

that the child, as a result, possesses a transcendental calm.)

I decided I would go.

Muddy vans that spoke of their owners' closeness to the soil were plentiful in the streets near the exhibition hall. Out had come the bearded and pigtailed with their backpacks; fecund-eyed girls with babies in slings; shaggy feminists; liberated homosexuals; earnest, mustachioed teachers worried about Energy; divorcees with allergies and lower-back pain. It was a gathering of tribes, of lifestyles. Awaiting them were the solar-panel salesmen; the herbalists; the therapists; the purveyors of wood stoves, windmills, and earthworms. Close to the entrance there was a stall chiefly devoted to the works of Timothy Leary, the former prince of acid, advocate of the politics of ecstasy, whose psychonautical voyages had once led to Algerian exile. His interest, to judge from the stall, had shifted from inner to outer space: Leary, it seemed, was now "into" planetary colonization. I did

not linger, but pushed on, past the giant effigy of a whale, to the subterranean hall beyond.

The hall was divided into various sections—Energy and Appropriate Technology; Wholistic Health and Personal Growth; Food and Gardening; Wilderness and Ecology; Shelter; Transportation; Inter-Environments. I examined the wood stoves on display in Energy and Appropriate Technology. They were expensive, about a thousand dollars.

"Wouldn't getting wood be a problem?" I asked the salesman.

"Not if you live in Oregon," said. "They have one hell of a lot of trees up there."

"But what happens if I don't live in Oregon?"

He shrugged. "Then you might have some problems."

"I thought it wasn't a good idea to be cutting down too many trees."

"Yeah... I guess that's right. I hadn't thought of that. But I reckon they'll develop some quick-growers."



Shiva Naipaul was born in Trinidad and lives in London and the United States. His last book, *North of South: An African Journey*, was published by Simon & Schuster in 1979. This piece is excerpted from the book *Journey to Nowhere: A New World Tragedy*. Copyright © 1981 by Shiva Naipaul. To be published in May by Simon & Schuster.

FOR THE MOST PART, however, Energy and Appropriate Technology was given over to a bewildering variety of solar devices. I progressed quickly into Shelter and Habitat. The main attraction here was the New Earth Self-Reliant House. This was described as an assembly of homesite technologies. These included such ecological refinements as water recycling, fish polyculture, and solar cooking. The aim was complete self-sufficiency in an urban homestead.

Boxes of earthworms were stored beneath aquariums. The earthworms would apparently process—i.e., eat—

algae scraped from the sides of the aquariums. The fish would eat the worms. In turn, the residents of the Self-Reliant House would eat—the fish, previously cooked in the solar-powered oven. The usefulness of the worms and the fish did not end there. The water from the aquariums, rich in nutrients, could be fed to the vegetable seedlings placed over the aquariums. In due course, the residents would share the vegetables grown in the solar-heated greenhouse with the chickens and rabbits they kept out in the back. Eventually, they would eat some of these chickens and rabbits. The wastes generated by man and animal would be used to grow more seedlings nourished by the aquarium water, whose algae fed the worms that ate the fish. Apart from the occasional trip to a nearby recycling workshop to break down the more tractable by-products, the residents of the Self-Reliant House would never need to leave and so would minimize any risk of disturbing the fragile balance of Spaceship Earth. They would have established a self-perpetuating ecosystem; a virtually unlike purity in their relationship with the environment. Algae, worms, chickens, rabbits, and man would all be locked into their respective ecological niches. Over all would shine the beneficent sun. If I had wanted to, I could have embarked on my salvation there and then by investing just under \$200 in a mini farm—"Nature's finest waste converter." I resisted the temptation. I drifted into Food and Gardening. My attention was caught by a few and revolutionary yogurt whose methods of manufacture, it was aimed, did not destroy the environment as other, more traditional, methods of manufacture had been doing for generations. Not only did it not wreak untold environmental havoc, but it could be used to feed the starving millions of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Its promoters explained how. Ten pounds of milk made one pound of cheese and nine pounds of whey. Most of this unwanted whey was siphoned off into rivers and lakes. Whey, in such quan-



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THE PURSUIT OF WHOLINESS

titles, was an ecologist's nightmare. This miraculous new yogurt made use of the whey that would normally be discarded. One gallon of it used enough whey to spare the environment the equivalent effect of thirty people living in a metropolitan area for one day and saved 54,000 gallons of water. In nutritional value, it was surpassed only by eggs and mother's milk. I went away sobered by the awareness of the grave threat ordinary yogurt posed to the planet.

Food and Gardening carried on the theme of self-reliance—growing your own. Organic farming in the backyard was one obvious possibility; and if you did not have a backyard, hydroponic farming in the living room was a good substitute.

A change in the planetary diet was another basic requirement of the New Age. Tofu (soybean curd) burgers and tofu cheesecake were on display. Wheatgrass juice was highly recommended. Feeling thirsty, I bought myself a cosmic herbal cocktail.

A CLOWN PLAYING an accordion wandered past me. Children clambered about a whale sculpture. A group of feminists were shouting on the central stage, hairy arms punching the air. The cause of their excitement eluded me. One aspect of their grim evolution was summed up in a document I had been given that set out the rules of nonsexist language to be adhered to by newswriters.

Rule No. 1 stated that news stories about women were to be treated exactly as if they were news stories about men. If the style, tone, or concept seemed in any way offensive to women, the item was to be either rewritten or abandoned.

Rule No. 2 was about pronouns. They were intrinsically sexist and therefore deeply offensive to women. A good news editor should be able to restructure whole sentences without having to use personal pronouns at all. Ships, hurricanes, countries, and nature were now "it," not "she." Male persons should not be first in order of mention more than half the time.

Rule No. 3 was about titles. The introduction of gender into titles was strictly taboo. Traditional sexist labels like "actress" and "suffragette" would have to be discarded. "Housewife" was a particularly offensive term and not to be used under any circumstances.

Rule No. 4 forbade any reference to marital status. To talk about "Miss" and "Mrs." verged on the obscene. But even "Ms." and "Mr." could be offensive and were to be avoided if at all possible.

Rule No. 5 stated that women were *never* to be referred to as ladies, gals, chicks, girls, the fair sex, coeds, divorcees, career girls, housewives, or blondes.

Rule No. 6 spelled out the policy to be adopted toward women's struggles and the struggles of all other oppressed groups in society, especially homosexuals and blacks. These were to be treated with the utmost dignity. The activities of women had to be given the same space as the activities of men.

Rule No. 7 abolished any reference to the sexual orientation of persons in the news. It was an unwarranted presumption to assume that newsmakers were heterosexual.

Rule No. 8 abolished the use of stereotyping words. These included "feminine," "mother," and "husband."

Rule No. 9 announced that the age of "man" was finished. From now on persons would wear synthetic, not man-made, fibers; they would sleep

in two-person tents; they would value not man-hours, but work-hours. On forever were man-to-man talks in the man-in-the-street.

Having finished my cosmic cocktail, I took care to stay clear of howling humans on the stage, skid a display that labeled itself *Woman in the Wilderness*, and penetrated to the gentler realms of *Wholeness, Health and Personal Growth*.

Wholism (sometimes spelled wholism) was another term that I had not heard until coming to California. It was explained by one of the practitioners and ideologues, a certified medical doctor who was also a professor of public health and an environmental social philosopher—as well as director of something called the Dual Degree Option and Integrating Seminars. Anything (I am using restructured nonsexist language) that is *Whole* within itself and working in harmonious conjunction with all the components of its world, is, by definition, healthy. Healthiness, properly understood, is Holiness (Wholeness). Healthiness (Holiness, Wholeness) is to be truly alive—to be, to be, afloat on the River of Life. Aliveness (Healthiness, Wholeness, Holiness) is to be at one with oneself, with one's inner being, with one's dreams, with the world. True healing is the process of making Whole.

The creation or restoration of a wholistic being is not merely the concern of doctors but that of all humans who have to cope with the rigors of earthly existence. We have to learn how to be truly *Al* (Healthy, Whole, Holy), to overcome the fear, love, warmth, pain, and hope of existence. When wholeness does not exist—and that is nearly always the case—something is *Awry*. Some people call this awryness (Unwholeness, Unholiness, Unhealthiness, Unaliveness) illness. But to do awryness illness is to rob the human condition of its meaning and complexity. This is precisely what conventional medical practice does. Conventional medicine confines its attention only to the symptoms of what it calls disease. The context of issues are ignored. But what illness really connotes is a lack of inner and outer balance—in a word, *Awryness*.



ess, in fact, is an attempt at per-
al growth. It is a struggle for har-
ny and for wholeness. Illness is a
ative process. Even dying, come
hat, can be a creative experience.
e doctors who lock us up in Ill-
s Worlds (hospitals) are stifling
creativity of inner being, frus-
ting the organism's striving for
oleness. Shamans, faith healers,
lamas are authentic mediators
ween our bodies, minds, and souls
the higher planes of spiritual
ity. Wholeness will be achieved
ough art, music, the quest for
d; through creative insanity. These
the avenues that lead to totality
being. To be whole is to be re-
rn.

Each holist, however, has his own
sion of the thing. Wholistic Health
d Personal Growth took up about
third of the subterranean hall. It
s a flourishing science. I watched
ople being massaged, others hav-
g their biorhythms monitored, yet
ers rolling on the ground, testing
grooved, club-shaped piece of wood
at conformed to the principles of
e Yang and the Yin and was guar-
teed to clear up the pains of the
ver back. I could have enrolled in
e Holistic Life University for a
e-year course in holistic health,
listic childbirth, and life-death
insitions.

Another entrepreneur offered
e Footsie Roller, carved out of
erry wood and finished with the
tural oils of the tung nut. It prom-
ised to release the tensions I har-
red in my feet and to protect and
omote my natural energy flow. The
idology Institute of America boast-
ed of how it had changed the muddy
een irises of a sixty-two-year-old
an to sky blue in the space of six
onths. Up on the Wholistic Health
age someone was talking about the
sistive effects of negative ions on
ealth and house plants. The accor-
on-playing clown passed and re-
essed.

I strayed into Interior Environ-
ent. Here I saw Creative Lounging
rniture, colorful hammocks from
ucatán, Japanese folding beds, an
genious prismatic device that would
ood a room with a dazzling lab-
inth of rainbows. I could have

bought Unjeans, Shakti shoes, recy-
cled safari clothing. It was impos-
sible not to marvel at the eclectic
riot of privileged consumerism that
heralded itself as the New Age; and
we could live lightly and opulently
not only on the earth but under it as
well: one entrepreneur was show-
ing off his range of pine coffins.

INTERIOR ENVIRONMENT led to
School and Communities. Ker-
ista Village advertised itself as
a utopian community pioneering
a new spirituality, a new family
structure, a new economic system, a
new psychology—and, most arrest-
ingly, a new sexuality. Several of
the men wore their hair in pigtailed; the
women looked friendly and fecund.
I paused for a chat.

Kerista was the inspiration of two
Energy Forces, Brother Jud and
Even Eve. In 1956 Brother Jud had
a mystical experience that propelled
him out of his relatively straight life-
style into a search for communal ful-
fillment and meaningful religiousness.
The other Energy Force, Even Eve,
after experimenting with the poten-
tial of consciousness-raising through
multimedia art in Vermont, migrated
to San Francisco in the flower-pow-
er Sixties. Even Eve was confused
about many things at that time, but
of one thing she was sure: the ne-
cessity, in some form, of group sex.

It was in San Francisco that the two
Energy Forces met and coalesced.
Together, Brother Jud and Even Eve
set out to found the world's next
great religion. Group sex metamor-
phosed itself into the more elevated
concept of polyfidelity. This novel
sexual institution became the heart
of the Kerista lifestyle. Its instru-
ment was the BFIC, the Best Friend
Identity Cluster. Each BFIC was
composed of up to twelve men and
twelve women—or, if you prefer,
twelve women and twelve men. Sex-
ual gratification was shared by, but
limited to, the members of the BFIC.
Polyinfidelity—BFIC hopping—was
not allowed: sexual relations were to
be strictly endogamous. Novitiates,
I was disappointed to learn, were
not allowed to join a BFIC immedi-
ately. They were assigned to the

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People Pool and were expected to remain celibate while they scouted out the BFIC appropriate to their needs. The atmosphere in Kerista was said to be partylike because polyfidelity permitted the appreciation of many types of human beings, all of whom could be sampled and fully experienced within the BFIC. Despite this, Keristans saw themselves as a new kind of monastic order. They admitted that they were not in the conventional ascetic mold. All the same, they were turned on only by the highest and purest forms of sex. As far as Kerista was concerned, you could be heterosexual, homosexual, or bisexual. It just so happened that most of the monks at that moment seemed to prefer heterosexual interpersonal relationships.

But Kerista was more than the sum of its libidos. They had a philosophy. This philosophy was a fusion of scientific rationalism and mysticism. They did, in fact, constitute a recognized church, and thus benefited from the tax exemptions and other constitutional guarantees bestowed by the world of the flesh on the world of the spirit. It was called the Kerista Consciousness Church.

The Kerista Consciousness Church had no authoritarian figure at its head. Brother Jud and Even Eve, the founding Energy Forces, were committed to egalitarianism. Their godhead, a pantheistic essence, was called Kyrallah. The most important attribute—or nonattribute—of Kyrallah was that It was not sexist. Kyrallah was quite definitely an It and not a Him. Although the contemplation of Kyrallah occasionally sent Its devotees into religious raptures, they had found It to be a little too abstract and remote. For everyday purposes they worshiped a more personalized manifestation of Kyrallah, a goddess they called Sister Kerista. Sister Kerista was Jesus's older sister. She was hip, she was completely liberated, she was black, and she wore sneakers. History, in the Keristan view, was a progression toward Utopia. Evil would eventually disappear from the face of the earth when technology reached the necessary sophistication and when some way had been found to dis-

tribute wealth more fairly. Altruism and global concerns motivated them as strongly as their search for a flawless lifestyle. But, they were quick to point out, Keristans were not angry revolutionaries. They were proud to be American; proud of the freedoms they enjoyed and the benefits conferred by American citizenship.

Harmony was promoted not only by polyfidelity, Kyrallah, and Sister Kerista, but a form of encounter therapy they practiced on each other—the Gestalt-O-Rama. It was a technique of reeducation, of psychic surgery, carried out by the group mind, and it enabled the individual to overcome all symptoms of unliberated, insensitive, and unloving behavior. Occasionally, the Gestalt-O-Rama brought to light a great chunk of craziness, an outsized neurosis, embedded deep in some individual psyche. It then became the duty of the group mind to extract this chunk of craziness, as you might a rotten tooth. This psychic surgery could be harrowing, but the infected individual emerged from it a liberated, loving, and grateful Keristan.

Kerista had many plans for the future. They wanted to expand into rural bases, to set up a network of orchards, farms, and ecovillages. In conformity with their altruism and global concern, they hoped to take care of the aged, to provide health services for the poor, to run child-care centers.

Feminism, ecology, pseudo-mysticism, communalism, psychic hygiene, philanthropy mixed with commerce, half-baked messianism: Kerista was an eccentric, recycled ragbag of many of the temptations characteristic of the New Age. They were absurd, these men and women; they were also probably quite harmless—as harmless as the germs that go to make up a common cold. But a common cold, given a suitable twist of fate, can turn into bronchial pneumonia. In this hothouse atmosphere of pampered self-consciousness, ideas—or what passed for ideas—floated like viruses. They were a disease you caught; a contamination of the intellect.

I walked on down the line of booths.

"An Idea Whose Time Is Come," announced a bold banner.

IT WAS THE STALL of the World Hunger Project. I had heard little about this body, which had set itself the task of ending hunger on the planet by 1997. It was an offshoot of the highly successful consciousness-raising est (Erhard Seminars Training) organization.

"Hi!" A teenage girl, name pinned to her breast, smiled beatifically at me. "Would you like to make a donation?"

I asked her to tell me something about the World Hunger Project.

"We plan to rid the world of hunger by 1997. The ending of hunger is an idea whose time has come."

"That's nice to know. But what does the World Hunger Project actually do?"

"It makes each person realize the he or she can make a difference."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that if you decide you want to end world hunger you can."

"I still don't understand. How does my deciding I want to see world hunger end make world hunger end?"

The beatific smile was becoming edged with impatience. "I'll get someone who can explain it better she said.

She went off, found a young man and brought him to me.

"Hi!" The young man grinned and shook my hand. "What's the problem?"

"I can't get him to understand the idea behind the World Hunger Project," she said.

The young man laughed pleasantly. He looked into my eyes. "What your name, sir?"

I told him.

"Quite simply, Shiva, we feel it an idea whose time has come."

"I'm aware of that. What I'd like to know is how you plan to implement that idea."

"Well, Shiva, if you and millions of other people like you want to see world hunger end, you can make it happen."

"All I have to do is want world hunger to end? Nothing else?"

"That's about the size of it, Shiva."
 "But what does the World Hunger Project itself do with all the millions of dollars it has collected? Has it actually helped to feed anyone?"

"You're missing the point, Shiva," said gently. "It's not our aim to actually feed anyone."

"Then why do you need to collect money?"

"Our job, Shiva, is to spread the good news. That's what we use the money for, Shiva."

"What good news?"

He too was beginning to show signs of impatience. "The good news is that hunger can be ended by 1997 millions of people like you decide it they want it to end. We collect signatures, Shiva, of people who have made that commitment. We spread the idea—the good news."

"I must say it's a very elusive idea."

He signaled over another, older man.

"I'm experiencing some difficulty explaining the World Hunger Project to my friend Shiva," the young man said.

"Hi, Shiva! That's an interesting name you've got there. Like it! Like it!" The newcomer beamed at me. "What aspect of the World Hunger Project is troubling you?"

"All aspects."

He did his best. Since the beginning of time there had been hunger. The attitude throughout the ages had always been that it was inevitable. Thealthusian economic doctrine had helped to reinforce that fatalistic attitude. The World Hunger Project was reversing that traditional pessimism. It was saying that where there was a will, there was a way. Using modern technology, the planet could produce enough to satisfy the needs of four billion people. If the majority of people wanted to end starvation, starvation would be ended.

We were joined by a third man. "Can I share Shiva with you?" he asked.

It was agreed that I could be spared.

"You see, friend Shiva, it's all about commitment," he began. He spoke of Karl Marx, the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution, the

program to land a man on the moon, the campaign to eradicate smallpox. Those had all been acts of will, acts of commitment. The Hunger Project was in the same mold. It had been praised by the Indian government and by the United Nations. True, they were not ending hunger as such. What they were doing was creating a context in which hunger could be ended.

He put a hand on my shoulder. "I can see you're a pretty negative type, Shiva," he said, gazing compassionately into my face. "You're hung up on logic and all that kind of bullshit. To understand the Hunger Project, Shiva baby, you've got to forget everyday logic. For some of us, I know, that's difficult. It took me about a year to get the hang of it. But, man, when I finally did, it just sort of blew my mind, you know?"

"How about a donation?" the girl asked.

"I think I'll get the hang of it first," I said. "Wait for the idea to blow my mind."

"Sure, friend Shiva. Sure. Take your time. Let it sink in. That's okay

by us. Nobody's forcing you to do anything."

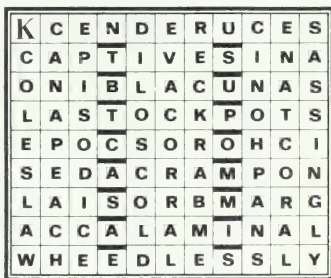
Looking around, I discovered another devotee of the Project, a woman of pensionable age, on the point of persuading my five-year-old son to commit himself. I seized the enrollment card he was holding. "The Hunger Project is mine completely," it said. "I am willing to be responsible for making the end of starvation an idea whose time has come. As an expression of my participation, I will do the following: (1) I will fast on the 14th of—; (2) I will enroll another individual or individuals in the Hunger Project; (3) I will donate the following amount to the Hunger Project: \$10, \$25, \$50, \$100, more . . . ; (4) I will create my own form of participation."

"He's five years old," I said. "How do you expect him to create his own form of participation?"

The woman apologized and retreated.

Fatigued by the chimeras of the New Age, I went out into the gloomy San Francisco afternoon. □

HARPER'S/APRIL 1981



Solution to the March Puzzle

Notes for "Overlappique"

Explanations for each pair of answers are given in the order in which they were clued. Across: 1. anise, anagram/Capt(I've)'s; 2. ichor, anagram/ho(rosc)ope, partial anagram (Coors); 3. lacunas, anagram/albino, anagram; 4. G-ram/ambrosial, anagram; 5. red-neck/secured, anagram; 6. heedlessly, anagram/wheeldecs, anagram; 7. stockpots, anagram/last, anagram; 8. malacca, hidden in reverse/lamina-L, reversal; 9. arcades, anagram/cramp-on. Down: 10. octane, anagram/coral, two meanings; 11. reck, homonym/'em-bark; 12. canape, anagram/pea-(arti)ch(okes); 13. di(s)gra(ce)/episodic, anagram; 14. cornel, homonym/c.-Ave; 15. sassing, anagram/(surpri)singly; 16. Cole's-law/lock, homonym (lox); 17. snap, reversal/aphonic, anagram.

This is one of our home states: Wisconsin

Wisconsinite



want it all.



In its winding course to the Mississippi, the Wisconsin river powers enough plants, factories and mills to make it, easily, "the hardest working river in the nation."

And through that same course, especially through that canoeist paradise, the Wisconsin Dells, it is, with equal ease, one of the world's most beautiful.

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THE RUSH FOR SECOND PLACE

essed victories in America

by William Gaddis

RONALD REAGAN recalled it with the word "noble," McGeorge Bundy felt that "somewhere, somehow, the United States could have done better," and Alexander Solzhenitsyn saw the whole thing as a pacifist betrayal and a failure of nerve on the part of the American intelligentsia. Gerald Ford, speaking as our unelected president at the moment of that final humiliating withdrawal from Vietnam, chose the metaphor of the game. It seems a shame, he said, "that the last minute of the last quarter we don't make that special effort. . . . It just makes me k. . . ."

Ford was, after all, a veteran of the playing fields of Michigan, where he had been voted Most Valuable Player on a college football team that lost every conference game; but these were not the fields where winning mattered less than "how you played the game." They were closer to those of his predecessor, mired in Watergate while busy on the one with strategies for the next day's victory by the Washington Redskins. These were the fields of Eton, where Waterloo was won, but nearer those of the legendary Vince

Lombardi, where "winning is not a sometime thing. It is an all time thing. You don't win once in a while, you don't do things right once in a while, you do them right all the time. There's no room for second place. There's only one place, and that's first place."

Asking "if a full-fledged America suffered a real defeat from a small communist half-country, how can the West hope to stand firm in the future?" Solzhenitsyn deplored the decline in courage "particularly noticeable among the ruling groups and the intellectual elite, causing an impression of loss of courage by the entire society." He'd descended upon Harvard that gloomy 1978 commencement day from his private gulag in Vermont to bear witness at the outset that "truth seldom is pleasant; it is almost invariably bitter," and went on to regale his audience from the full catalogue of bitter truths he'd managed to unearth about the West in general and America in particular. "Active and tense competition permeates all human thoughts without opening a way to free spiritual development," he cautioned, moving from the deluded pose that humanism declares man born to be happy, to attributing our

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William Gaddis
THE RUSH
FOR SECOND
PLACE

woes to our delusion of the attainment of happiness through the relentless pursuit of material goods. But "one psychological detail has been overlooked," the novelist confided: "the constant desire to have still more things and a still better life and the struggle to obtain them imprints many Western faces with worry and even depression, though it is customary to conceal such feelings."

Customary or not, Cyril Connolly, visiting New York thirty years before, had had no trouble finding "many traces of this unrest. Insecurity reigns. Almost everyone hates his job . . . books on how to be happy, how to obtain peace of mind, how to win friends and influence people, how to breathe, how to achieve a cheap sentimental humanism at other people's expense, how to become a Chinaman like Lin Yutang and make a lot of money, how to be a Baha'i or breed chickens all sell in the millions."

In fact, that precious "psychological detail" that Solzhenitsyn unveiled for this book-ridden audience could have been overlooked only by overlooking the main body of American literature and the novelists who have been struggling with the bitter truths of conflict and failure in American life since, and well before, he was born.

A generation before that blessed event Edward Bellamy had written, in his utopian novel *Looking Backward*, "For thirty years I had lived among them, and yet I seemed to have never noted before how drawn and anxious were their faces, of the rich as of the poor, the refined, acute faces of the educated as well as the dull masks of the ignorant. And well it might be so, for I saw now, as never before I had seen so plainly, that each as he walked constantly turned to catch the whispers of a specter at his ear, the specter of Uncertainty."

Vince Lombardi's exhortation lives on today in that "wild animal roar," that "outpouring of some visceral, primordial feeling of ascendancy and dominance" in the Astrodome and, decorously framed, on the office walls of middle management—often along with Murphy's law, and, further down the line, "This is a nonprofit enterprise, even if we didn't plan it that way." Elsewhere, such doggerel revives as "Everyone told him it couldn't be done; with a will he went right to it. He tackled the thing that couldn't be done, and found that he couldn't do it." A nine-year-old passes in a T-shirt that proclaims, "I can't cope"; test scores drop; classrooms empty and jails fill; alcoholism gains illness status and drugs abound—prescriptions for the middle class, cash for the kids and ghettos; and the day's mail brings flyers offering courses in Mid-life Crisis,

Stress Management, Success Through Aliveness, Reflexology, Shiatsu, Hypnocyberics, and The Creative You. Books disappear overnight or are instant "best sellers": mystifying confessionals and est, group therapy, primal screams and "making it," pious pluries on moral fiction and Maharishi Mantra, Yogi's TM Technique for reducing blood pressure and increasing self-esteem. Even intolerance is briefly chic; the movie screen of the dreary sentimental humanisms of W. Allen achieved at the expense of cast and audience alike and, for the beer crowd, *Rolling*. There is a rush for second place.

BAD MONEY drives out good, and Gramscian law accelerates; but if this is so, indeed the cheap money we see being spent left and right, where is the good being hoarded? Our highly touted religious revival thrives with enthusiastic custodians. No stranger to private jets, poolside parties and expense-account living—his fund-raising efforts reportedly yield \$1 million a week—Moral Majority's Reverend Jerry Falwell, among the first to recognize material wealth as "God's way of blessing people who put Him first."

Eager to share his spiritual good fortune through the political process, Falwell disdains the constitutional niceties separating church and state as a problem that "isn't violating anything. The problem is that we don't agree with those buzzards—and that we outnumber them." Yet the real problem lies well beyond the Lord's hosts vs. the buzzards of secular humanism, or even whether the struggle to have still more things and a still better life, which Solzhenitsyn so deplores, must stigmatize secular humanism alone as Christianity's common enemy.

The Reformation swept away the intersection of the Roman church in the sixteenth century and posed man's direct accountability to God. We might do worse, then, than to pursue this accountability in an effort to discover what became of it in the form Christianity took in the shaping of America; whether, in fact, the Protestant ethic fostered the very secular humanism it is now being summoned to do battle against and, if this is so, whether it can prevail with half the equation missing.

"I don't think people ever *want* to lose the faith either in religion or anything else," Father Rothschild said gently in 1930 in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*. "I know very few young people, but it seems to me that they are possessed with an almost fatal hunger for permanence. I think all these divorces show the

ople aren't content just to muddle along wadays. . . . My private schoolmaster used to say, 'If a thing's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well.' My Church has taught that in different words for several centuries. But these young people have got hold of another end of the stick, and for all we know it may be the right one. They say, 'If a thing's not worth doing well, it's not worth doing at all.' It makes everything very difficult for them."

"Good heavens," counters Mr. Outrage, "I could think it did. What a darned silly principle. I mean to say, if one didn't do anything it wasn't worth doing well—why, what *would* it be . . . ?"

The half century since has proliferated with the embarrassment of riches. A character in recent fiction remarks that there have never been so many opportunities to do so many different things not worth doing; and a society where failure can reside in simply not being "successful" holds its most ignominious debts in store for those—we call them "losers"—who fail at something that was not worth doing in the first place. In *The Lonely Crowd* David Riesman dwelt on the parent who demands "conformity as evidence of characterological fitness and self-discipline." From the Britan's anxious search for some assurance of salvation, secularization turns to the status hierarchy. "On the one hand the parent looks for signs of potential failure—this search arises in part from guilty and anxious preoccupation about himself. On the other hand he looks for signs of talent—this must not be wasted."

More pointedly, in the fiction of a generation before, George Babbitt told his daughter, "Now you look here! The first thing you got to understand is that all this uplift and flipflop and settlement-work and recreation is nothing but God's world but the entering wedge for socialism. The sooner a man learns he isn't going to be coddled, and he needn't expect a lot of free grub and, uh, all these free classes and flipflop and doodads for his kids unless he earns 'em, why, the sooner he'll get on the job and produce—produce—produce!" Sinclair Lewis drew Babbitt as a man who made nothing in particular, neither butter nor shoes nor poetry, but he was nimble in the calling of selling houses for more than people could afford to pay, "who 'simply can't understand how I ever came to have a pair of shillyshallying children like Rone and Ted.'"

"Anyway I've got no children myself," laughs Mr. Outrage takes up, "and I'm thankful for it. I don't understand them and don't want to. They had a chance after the war that no generation has ever had. There's a whole civilization to be saved . . . and

all they seem to do is to play the fool."

He spoke just a half century ago; and if they did these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

"A visitor strolling along the Bahnhofstrasse here," read a recent news story datelined Zürich, "gazing into the windows of some of the world's most exclusive shops or pausing outside the headquarters of some of the world's most powerful banks, would be hard put to believe that not too long ago scores of young people paraded naked there, smashing storefronts and shouting imprecations at their horrified elders."

And not just in Zürich but in Bern, in Lausanne, and in Geneva itself, where, four centuries gone, economic conditions "were so bourgeois, and on such a small scale, that Capitalism was able to steal into the Calvinist ethic." This "Protestant ethic of the 'calling,'" continues Ernst Troeltsch, "with its severity and its control of the labour rendered as a sign of the assurance of election, made service in one's 'calling,' the systematic exercise of one's energies, into a service both necessary in itself and appointed by God, in which profit is regarded as the sign of the Divine approval. . . . The owner of wealth or property is 'the Lord's Steward,' and administers a Divine gift which has been entrusted to him."

"If one didn't do anything that wasn't worth doing well—why, what *would* one do?"



THAT WAS PRETTY MUCH the way John D. Rockefeller looked at it, and at himself, bringing his talents for organization to America's chaotic oil industry 300 years later. Here was no idler, no boozier, no skirt-chaser, but a man who saw eye to eye with an ethic that regarded "laziness and idleness as the source of all evil, and the result of a failure to impose discipline," who could feel "the obligation towards property as towards something great, which ought to be maintained and increased for its own sake" and who subscribed to the philosophy articulated in this Sunday school address: "The American Beauty rose can be produced in the splendour and fragrance which bring cheer to its beholder only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it. This is not an evil tendency in business. It is merely a working-out of a law of nature and a law of God.

"The growth of a large business," it concluded, "is merely a survival of the fittest." And while it was pointed out elsewhere that all the survival of the fittest meant was that the fittest survive and—the American Beauty rose notwithstanding—that the fittest need not necessarily mean the best, Rockefeller's ethic was widely applauded. In a world where Darwinism had pulled the rug from under the first book of the Bible and appeared, therewith, to threaten Christianity itself, he had synthesized the two without a blink.

"American society saw its own image in the tooth-and-claw version of natural selection." Richard Hofstadter wrote of that century's last decade, "and that its dominant groups were therefore able to dramatize this vision of competition as a thing good in itself," to which William Graham Sumner had already borne witness "that if we do not like the survival of the fittest, we have only one possible alternative, and that is the survival of the unfittest."

At the outset of Upton Sinclair's novel *The Jungle*, where he burst forth in 1906, Jurgis Rudkus vigorously agreed. Scorning the despairing job seekers around him in the Chicago stockyards as "broken-down tramps and good-for-nothings, fellows who have spent all their money drinking, and want to get more for it," this brand newcomer demanded, "Do you want me to believe that with these arms"—and he would clench his fists and hold them up in the air, so that you might see the rolling muscles—"that with these arms people will ever let me starve?" Would they ever! By page 161 (and 180 still to go) "they" had "ground him

beneath their heel, they had devoured all substance; they had murdered his old father, they had broken and wrecked his wife, they had crushed and cowed his whole family; and now they were through with him. . . . He had no wit to trace back the social crime to its sources—he could not say that it was the thieves men have called 'the system' that was crushing him to the earth. . . ."

It was the earth Jurgis had sprung from the mud of a Lithuanian farm, to become a disposable item in that gigantic shift from status to contract that swept Western civilization in the burgeoning of the new industrial society. Here, "status" had none of the inviolable quality it would later embrace in Babbitt's wish to be known as a "realtor" rather than a real-estate salesman: none of the current obnoxious fulfillment of Jose Ortega y Gasset's thesis: "not that the vulgar believes itself super-excellent and not vulgar, but that the vulgar proclaims and imposes the right of vulgarity, or vulgarity as a right"—to "right" that afflicts us in television commercials. Quite the opposite; here, status still expressed Martin Luther's translation of the Greek word for "toil" as a "calling." Here "God accomplishes all things through you," Kemper Fullerton cites; "through you he milks the cow and does the most servile works," conveying "the idea that the proper performance of such a secular task is a religious obligation." Fleeing that outmoded, static world which held no threat of failure since it had no place for success, Jurgis's immigrant effort to proclaim himself an individual by putting a price on his labors reduced him to simply that, a unit of work without status, without "calling," and without any authority as an individual whatsoever. In a world increasingly beset by applied scientific principles, by the tangible, the quantifiable, the measurable "useful fact," he had singlehandedly rendered himself just those things.

The year Jurgis was being obliterated in Packingtown, William James, farther east, was picking up the pieces of his earlier speculations at Columbia University. In his lectures "What Pragmatism Means," the pragmatist said James, "turns away from abstraction and insufficiency, from verbal solutions, from *a priori* reasons, from fixed principles, closed systems, and pretended absolutes and origins. He turns towards concreteness and adequacy, towards facts, towards action and toward power. . . . You must," he insisted—bypassing "God" as a verbal solution—"bring out of each word its practical cash-value, set it at work within the stream of your experience."

Pragmatism, says Hofstadter, "was absorbed

o the national culture when men were thinking of manipulation and control." Frederick Winslow Taylor had been thinking on those lines since the Eighties and was already busy with the time-motion studies that would launch him as the "father of scientific management." A nation ravenous for progress in the shape of material goods, the logical outcome was the concept of mass production, the assembly line, the consequent reduction of every element involved to proportions amenable to quantification, manipulation, and control, and inevitably the blossoming of such collateral frights as human engineering," of such insidious goals as "the engineering of consent."

THESE ELEMENTS were the heart, or at least the sinews, of the rise of automation and the development of computer technology, prompting hopes in the quarters for the fulfillment of Lord Keynes's speculations in 1930 "that the day might not be all that far off when everybody would be rich. We shall then," E. F. Schumacher, author of *Small Is Beautiful*, found him saying, "once more value ends above means and prefer the good to the useful. . . . Beware! The time for all this is not yet. For at least another hundred years we must extend to ourselves and to everyone that fair and foul is fair; for foul is useful and fair is not. Avarice and usury and precaution must be our gods for a little longer still. For only they can lead us out of the tunnel of economic necessity into daylight. . . ."

Put all together in the Sixties—from the basic quantification of the "body-count" to that chilling light at the end of the tunnel—would spell Vietnam.

The real marvel in our complex technological world, given the frustration implicit in Murphy's law, is not that if anything can go wrong it will go wrong but that anything goes right at all. In communication and control we are always," wrote cybernetics' pathfinder Norbert Wiener, "fighting nature's tendency to degrade the organized and to destroy the meaningful." The more complex the message, the greater the chance for error. Entropy rears as a central preoccupation of our time. As computer technology's appetite for precision is enhanced by its own enlarged complexity, the arch-enemy, disorganization, must look increasingly to human error for an ally; and failing error, where foul is useful and fair is not, to sheer deceit. If Robert McNamara's computers wanted "body-counts," they should have them; if the squad leader whose job was billed as fighting for freedom knew his real job was

simply to make the man above him look good to the man above him, the body-count escalated accordingly; and whose bodies were they anyway? V.C.'s? Children's? Old ladies? Clear fictions?

For McNamara, "the can-do man in the can-do society, in the can-do era," as David Halberstam recommends him, "time was not just money, it was, even more important, action, decisions, cost effectiveness, power." Angry that General Harkins had "seriously misled" him on the progress of the war but not to be outdone, he was on hand with some lies of his own to cloud the evidence on the Tonkin Gulf incident, a *casus belli* provoked by South Vietnamese PT-boat raids conducted with full knowledge and control shared by Harkins, McGeorge Bundy, Dean Rusk, and McNamara himself.

A year later there were 184,000 United States troops fighting an undeclared war in South Vietnam and 385,000 the year following, with the attendant conspiracy to avoid a tax increase by concealing the war's real projected costs for 1967—\$6 to \$7 billion above the \$10 billion acknowledged—from the president's own economic advisors, from Congress, and from the American people. McGeorge Bundy, busy since 1961 in that quagmire of deceit as special assistant to the president for national security affairs, slipped off to a substantial salary at the Ford Foundation; and McNamara, for whom by 1967 the war had become "a human waste, yes, but it was also no longer cost effective," was off to the World Bank.

But there was still Dean Rusk, dutifully defining the traits instilled in him by a Calvinist father as a "sense of the importance of right and wrong which was something that was before us all the time." And there was still Lyndon Johnson, whose mother's Protestant ethic had left no room for uncontrolled and frivolous behavior, but who'd let him win at childhood games even when it meant changing the rules.

"Deep down I knew—I simply knew—that the American people loved me," he would tell his biographer, Doris Kearns. "After all that I'd done for them and given to them, how could they help but love me? And I knew that it was only a very small percentage that had given up, who had lost faith. We had more than three million young people serving in uniform. . . . They were just there, from daylight to dark fighting for freedom and willing to die for it." Some 30,000 of them, in fact, willing or not, had done just that.

Lyndon Johnson was obviously not a man to settle simply for being liked. He had tried that once with Dean Acheson, who responded

"Avarice and usury... must be our gods for a little longer still."

William Gaddis
THE RUSH
FOR SECOND
PLACE

bluntly, "You are not a very likable man." In his rising paranoia Johnson was, writ large, that "unprecedented inner loneliness of the single individual" that Max Weber had found at the core of the Protestant ethic, where again, as Fullerton elaborates on Weber's thesis, "since the individual is elected by the eternal decree of God, all intermediaries between God and man are, at least theoretically, excluded. . . . The soul stands in the presence of its God in awful isolation."

This was clearly no John D. Rockefeller, to whom the need for human affection scarcely occurred, prepared as he was at any moment to give a face-to-face account of his divine stewardship, until his publicist Ivy Lee let him know he was cordially loathed; who, failing the generation around him, stuffed his pockets with dimes to buy what pals he could in the new one. Nearer Babbitt perhaps, writ small, who "liked to like the people about him; he was dismayed when they did not like him." Safe in the American tradition of the "self-made man," Babbitt could credit himself with a success ascribable only to a system that could in turn embrace "selling houses for more than people could afford to pay" as a "calling." But there was also Babbitt—the content of his theology limited to "a supreme being who had tried to make us perfect, but presumably had failed"—plumbing the shallows of his own inner loneliness, confessing to his son on the novel's last page, "Now, for heaven's sake, don't repeat this to your mother . . . I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life!"

The imperatives of success

FOR ONE ROBERT MCNAMARA who "hated failure," who "had conquered it all his life, risen above it, despised it in others," we can count a million Willy Lomans: "I'll go to Hartford. I'm very well liked in Hartford," he tells his wife in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. "You know, the trouble is, Linda, people don't seem to take to me. . . . I gotta overcome it. I know I gotta overcome it. I'm not dressing to advantage, maybe. . . ." He's been on the road for his company for thirty-six years and here, suicide bound, is the dark side of the coin; "created free and equal" in his right to pursue happiness, he is racked by the shame and guilt of failure when the system itself goes sour.

At about the time Lord Keynes opened the Great Depression with his postponement for a century of the day when we might "once more value ends above means and prefer the good

to the useful," he was confirmed by the appearance of a disingenuous book filled with recipes for exchanging the remnants of things worth being for those presumably worth having. A casebook of manipulation, expediency, "what works," *How to Win Friends and Influence People* combined the worst of both possible worlds: pragmatism's "cash value" of an idea and the inner loneliness of Protestant ethic. There, in the absence of "calling" and in place of the soul's stance toward God's presence "in awful isolation," it has offered the shabby temporal alternative of "being liked" to more than nine million readers. "Better to go down dignified/With bought friendship at your side/Than none at all./Provide, provide!" Robert Frost intoned.* A Ortega y Gasset posed the "mass-man," who "accepts the stock of commonplaces, prejudices, fag-ends of ideas or simply empty words which chance has piled up within his mind and with a boldness explicable only by his genuineness, is prepared to impose them everywhere." "I may not be any Rockefeller James J. Shakespeare," says Babbitt, "but certainly do know my own mind. . . ." A Willy Loman, no Polonius, advises his son: "The man who makes an appearance in the business world, the man who creates personal interest, is the man who gets ahead. Be like him and you will never want."

"Approval itself," David Riesman writes, "irrespective of content, becomes almost the only unequivocal good in this situation: one makes good when one is approved of." The hunger for approval appears in all its desperate trappings in John Holt's excellent, profoundly saddening book *How Children Fail*. The overriding desire of the children in his elementary classroom to please, irrespective of the lesson's content or even the question of self; the anguished search for an answer, an answer, even the wrong one, to end the anxiety; and the hapless attempts to manipulate his authority, later drove him to recommend the disbanding of schools altogether. But finally he came round: these schools were, after all, preparing these children for exactly the contentless, need-for-approval, manipulative society he saw out there waiting for them.

"I've had twenty or thirty kinds of jobs since I left home," Willy Loman's son Biff the one-time high school football star, tells his brother. "I'm thirty-four years old, I ought to be makin' my future. That's when I come run

* From "Provide, Provide" from *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, edited by Edward Connery Lathen. Copyright 1936 by Robert Frost. Copyright © 1969 by Lesley Frost Ballantine. Copyright © 1969 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

g home. And now, I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. I've always made a point of not wasting my life, and everytime I come back here I know that all I've done is waste my life."

"I mean to say," says Mr. Outrage, "if one can't do anything that wasn't worth doing in the first place—why, what *would* one do?"

Possibly introduce a new cultural style: all it psychedelic, or call it, as its own proponents have, a "counter-culture," wrote Harvard sociologist Daniel Bell, dismissing the ties as the decade closed as "simply an extension of the hedonism of the 1950s.... Just the political radicalism of the 1960s followed the failure of political liberalism the decade before, so the psychedelic extremes—sexuality, nudity, perversions, pot, and rock and the counter-culture followed on the heels of the hedonism of the 1950s." No mention of the, in the entire passage, in fact, of Watts, Detroit, of the shootings, burning, killing, the assassinations, the 543,000 United States troops in South Vietnam and the 10,000 American casualties dead, maimed, and missing. Rather, Bell determines, "The counter-culture proved to be a conceit. It was effort, largely a product of the youth movement, to transform a liberal life-style into a world of immediate gratification and exhibitionistic display. In the end, it produced little more and countered nothing."

"I don't understand them, and I don't want to," Mr. Outrage echoes. "There was a whole civilization to be saved and remade—and all they seem to do is to play the fool."

In fact, the "heroes of the Sixties" were losers who survived or martyrs," Doris Kearns writes. "The cult of failure spread. As Benjamin Braddock in *The Graduate*, Dustin Hoffman came to epitomize the unknown everyman who was the hero of the late Sixties: uncertain, alienated, and, by any traditional standards, a loser." And more than that he was, in any ways, a pale version of the real cult hero of the Fifties: James Dean portraying youth's desperate, inarticulate appeal to a father—helplessly opaque in *East of Eden*, helpless in *Rebel Without a Cause*—for a direct answer, for some measure of accountability, for something, anything, on which to base some hope for its own worth. It was a despairing version of the demand for honesty, the seizure of being honest, presented fiercely in Alan Sillitoe's *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, significantly in *The Catcher in the Rye*, triumphantly in *Huckleberry Finn*.

It was in Biff Loman's cry, "Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you...! I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand

that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all."

It was in Fred Exley's "fictional memoir" of his father, a reduced small-town sports hero, in the self-abnegation in his worship of the college-turned-professional football star, where his readers found themselves with him suddenly wanting to shout, "Listen, you son of a bitch, life isn't all a goddam football game! You won't always get the girl! Life is rejection and pain and loss...." *A Fan's Notes* closed out the Sixties after Exley had reread and burned an earlier draft he'd spent a year writing, "because on every page I had discovered I loathed the America I knew."

And it was in a German novel from a generation before that was being read, imitated, and discussed, with the eternal question presenting itself: "whether all this was simple stupidity and human frailty, a common depravity, or whether this sentimental egoism and perversity, this slovenliness and two-facedness of feeling was merely a personal idiosyncrasy of the Steppenwolves. And if this nastiness was common to men in general, I could rebound from it with renewed energy into hatred of all the world, but if it was a personal frailty, it was good occasion for an orgy of hatred of myself."

The newspapers of 1973 headlined Richard Nixon's second-term inauguration, the ceasefire in Vietnam the next day, Lyndon Johnson's fatal heart attack the day after, and even-

"Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you!"



Tudor Bunus

William Gaddis
THE RUSH
FOR SECOND
PLACE

tually, one of them, SUICIDE: SECOND LEADING CAUSE OF DEATH AMONG PEOPLE 15 TO 24. The information: "More girls attempt suicide but more boys succeed. One reason advanced for this is that the methods generally used by girls (razor and pills) are less certain than the methods usually chosen by boys (guns and hanging)." And the psychologist's attribution: "an inability to communicate, and a feeling of isolation and loneliness, as the 'most overwhelming' contributing factors to young suicides, of whom fewer than 30 percent leave notes."

Lyndon Johnson's heroes were winners: Andrew Jackson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, "Lucky" Lindbergh. By contrast, the late Ivan Morris wrote of another type of hero, in the complex Japanese tradition, who "represents the very antithesis of an ethos of accomplishment. He is the man whose single-minded sincerity will not allow him to make the manoeuvres and compromises that are so often needed for mundane success. . . . He is wedded to the losing side and will ineluctably be cast down. Flinging himself after his painful destiny, he defies the dictates of convention and common sense, until eventually he is worsted by his enemy, the 'successful survivor.' . . . Faced with defeat, the hero will typically take his own life in order to avoid the indignity of capture, vindicate his honour, and make a final assertion of his sincerity."

IT IS, IN EFFECT, a final assertion of accountability. Here at home, on the other hand, where suicide is a sin, a crime, a confession of failure, or at least a desperate avoidance of failure, we have only "successful survivors."

"Large and painful events, unless they are closely studied, have a habit of teaching us the wrong lessons," McGeorge Bundy announced in a 1975 commencement address at the University of Texas in Austin, when the echoes of the last hurrahs (in Vietnamese) had barely begun to fade in Saigon. He had come there to deplore "the immense cost of a breakdown in relations between the president and Congress." Not denying, he said, the "extraordinary difficulty of maintaining effective connection with a Congress which has largely lost its own traditional trust in relevant committees and visible leaders, one must remark that a self-defeating predilection both for secrecy and for personalism has marked the recent conduct of our diplomacy."

With the disclaimer that this might not be the place or the time "to examine the shallow pretense that the people and the Congress

really knew about it at the time," was this be a close study of that "large and painful event," a candid unraveling of the secrecy, personalism, the shallow pretenses to the people and to Congress that had crowded the ministrations he had served in the Sixties? Not likely. Not in Austin.

That decade he blithely consigned to history, where "probably no administration Congress over the last twenty years will be held harmless. . . ." He was here to nail "successful survivors" of the following administration with "the most dramatic episode of all": President Nixon's sweeping assurance President Thieu that United States forces "would not stand idly by in the event of a renewed large-scale military action by Hanoi made without Congress's knowledge, precluding Gerald Ford's winning try in the last minute of the last quarter. As though "winning would have ended it.

Given Nixon's predilection for theatricality that may, of course, qualify as far more dramatic than the backstage budget deceptions and taxation avoidance of the Sixties that launched the inflation we are still enjoying today. As a man without a center, one whose Quaker pose only to shore up early poverty and teared-stream demonstrations of a manipulative sincerity incapable of any ethical or moral grasp, Nixon might represent the most "successful survivor" of them all, bar one.

Henry Kissinger, kneeling beside him in prayer some four years and some 20,000 American deaths after their mandate to end that still-undeclared war in Vietnam, had absorbed "the manoeuvres and compromises that are so often needed for mundane success" well outside the American tradition. Like Metetrach, whose manipulative, secretive political had made him Europe's chief arbiter in the early nineteenth century, Kissinger worked hard to be made a prince by the second and Now, in the third, he lurks in the wings, carrying "a lot of baggage," and the labels—Chile, Angola, Iran, the Middle East commute, Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos—are a hodgepodge of manipulative failures, and yet . . .

And yet, as William Pfaff pointed out succinctly, "He presents himself as a success. He projects success. He is taken as a success. He is talked about for high office once again. It is a striking case of style over substance. It is an American success story."

Haunted five years later by those triumphant front-page grins of Kissinger and Gerald Ford over the thrilling rescue of the merchant ship *Mayaguez* and its crew of thirty-nine with United States losses at only thirty-eight, could Jimmy Carter be faulted for seizing se-

place, calling his aborted rescue mission the hostages in Iran at a cost of a mere bit an "incomplete success"? Just halfway through Lord Keynes's century's all, somehow, an American success story. Following failure so massive as to threaten underpinning of the entire economy, Chrysler's rush for second place is precipitate. Belther of free enterprise, it abruptly confronts taxpayers' ravaged good faith, tin cup in hand, its six-figure-salaried successful survivors accountable not, of course, to the taxpayers but to its stockholders. Elsewhere the papers and the courts seethe with cases calling people, officials, corporations, law enforcers, and the laws themselves to account, and occasionally someone gets enough time in prison to write a highly profitable book about it. Organized crime, where successful survivors are few, lists CIA consultations on the art of assassination high in its résumé and poses as a model of efficiency. Deftly cornering second place, the FBI precludes failure with its scam program, in which the crime—duly ranged and recorded—is solved before it is committed, netting, among others, Congressman Richard Kelly, already called to account in Christian Voice for his votes on "fourteen y moral issues" where he'd scored 100 percent. Even the highways mirror bewilderment

over accountability to absolutes, and to their temporal watchdogs, in bumper stickers reading *Keep God in America*, as though He were, this very moment, making good His escape down I-95, scorning Ortega's counsel that "it is precisely because man's vital time is limited, precisely because he is mortal, that he needs to triumph over distance and delay. For an immortal being, the motorcar would have no meaning."

"Thus we mix good and evil, right and wrong and make space for the absolute triumph of absolute Evil in the world," Solzhenitsyn preached that gloomy day in Cambridge, managing to pose absolute Good only in the most amorphous terms and therefore scarcely absolute; able, in fact, to pose Evil's absolute in no more satisfactory terms than those of his own flawed, temporal enemy. And mounted against that enemy—billions upon billions of dollars and nine years hence at best—if the vast Bugs Bunny concept of the MX missile launching system actually comes into being, and someone drops a wrench into its innards, an error into its computers, or an item of "disinformation"—a simple lie will probably do—will anyone be left to sing the day's hit song, "Yes, We Have No Māñanas"? Will anyone have been accountable? And will it, any of it, have been worth doing well? □

"It is a striking case of style over substance. It is an American success story."

HARPER'S
APRIL 1981

AMERICAN COMPLICATED WITH INTEGRITY: HOMAGE TO MURIEL

It is difficult to see in this harsh light, in the glare of
this machine place
with the ferocity of blandness, pollution, steel, trains and cars
with tired people almost well adjusted
to their lack of direction and
their routine; Kafka is in
his grave; Camus lets out another call as he falls; the river is
cold; the 385 dream songs are pieces of ice;
the Lewiston factories are making Marsden Hartley cumbersome and
outraged again; once more he celebrates
the splash of the uplifted Atlantic wave and the terror and songs of
Hart Crane; Homage to those shaken seers
on Main Street; the cars
ride by, the energy crisis, the identity crisis, the failure of
communication crisis; how can you forget
the concentration camps
and all that went with them? but look at Muriel I say to my students,
look at Muriel Rukeyser,
collect her large volume of poems, she has protected, with those
activists we have overcome, the Song goes on;
her poems have collected our hope and power, to walk with
her and them makes us see bold incorrigible
indivisible Whitman ahead.

— John Tagliabue

THE PUBLIC RECORD

97TH CONGRESS
1ST SESSION

H. R. 878

The Former Presidential Enough Is Enough and Taxpayers Relief Act of 1981.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

JANUARY 16, 1981

Mr. JACOBS introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Government Operations

A BILL

The Former Presidential Enough Is Enough and Taxpayers Relief Act of 1981.

- 1 *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representa-*
2 *tives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,*
3 That the total annual Government expenditures for the care
4 and feeding of a former President, excepting reasonable
5 Secret Service protection, shall not exceed ten times the pov-
6 erty level income for one urban family of four.

○

THE HARPER'S INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER 1981



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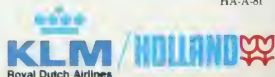
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HA-A-81



1981 THE INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

Festivals: The word for today's traveler

Festivals add bursts of pleasure to a traveler's itinerary. Small, backwater villages or great metropolises, in temples or cathedrals, with the sound of cheerful brass bands, Bach, or avant-garde jazz, the mood of a festival is always one of heightened enjoyment, relaxation, and friendly internationalism.

Man seems always to have celebrated. At first, he expressed his joy at the mysteries of the changing seasons, the bounty of a harvest, or a fishing catch. Later, he commemorated his victories. In recent years, festivals have grown up around the birthplace of a genius (Mozart in Salzburg, Wagner in Bayreuth), or around a galaxy of talent that gathers in a single place for a short time to create programs of beautiful music and drama.

Whatever their source, festivals have become important to travelers. Our International Travel Planner has selected from among the world's major festivals, holidays, and celebrations those that will add rich rewards to your trips.

We have included a tear-out card at page T21 to help you find the information you need free of charge. Just tear it out and return it to us. You'll receive a generous assortment of information to help you plan your trip.


Besides its wondrous sights, the world offers to the traveler a multitude of celebrations and special events, which are invariably the most memorable moments of any trip. We hope our International Travel Planner will lead you to them.

Frances Koltun
Editor

HIGHLIGHTS '81

Among this year's top celebrations and events:

- Year of the Scot, **Edinburgh and throughout Scotland**, to November 20. 167 events including highland gatherings, international clan gatherings, banquets, balls, concerts, and more.
- Portopia '81, **Kobe, Japan**, from March 20 to September 15. Outstanding exposition. Theme: "The creation of a new city of culture on the sea." Offers futuristic concept of a self-sustaining marine city. On Kobe Port Island, world's largest man-made island. Sea pageants, transpacific yacht race, entertainment. Kobe is Japan's leading trading port.
- 1300th Anniversary of Gloucester Cathedral, **Gloucester, England**, from April 13 through mid-July. Religious services, lectures, medieval banquets, concerts, exhibits.
- Gathering of Holocaust Survivors, **Jerusalem, Israel**, from June 15 to 18. Special programs, and memorial services at Yad Vashem (Israel's Memorial to the Holocaust).
- Visit of Pope John Paul II to **Lourdes, France**, to attend the Eucharistic Congress and Pilgrimage, from July 16 to 23. Marks forty-second International Eucharistic Congress and the one-hundredth anniversary of first Eucharistic Congress.
- Picasso Exhibit, **Louisiana Museum of Art just north of Copenhagen**, from March 7 to June 21. Largest Picasso exhibit in Europe. Many paintings from New York's Museum of Modern Art show plus additional pieces.
- Paris Air and Space Show, **Paris's Le Bourget Airport**, from June 4 to 14. Held biennially since 1908.



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UROPE

urope's calendar for 1981 is brightened by marvelous events that deserve the traveler's attention. There is an outpouring of music, drama, and film festivals; flower shows; great sports competitions; sound and light spectacles; handicraft fairs; traditional religious holidays; and harvest celebrations; and much more.

Andorra

July 19-20: FOLK DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. Canillo. Performers wear area costumes.
July 25-27: FOLKLORIC CELEBRATION. Les Escaldes Village. Country fair with singing, dancing, and regional foods.
August 8-10: SONG AND DANCE COMPETITION. Andorra La Vella.
August 15-17: ENCAMPMENT. La Massana.
September 8: OUR LADY OF MERITXELL NATIONAL FESTIVAL. Pageantry, religious procession, folk music, and drama.

Austria

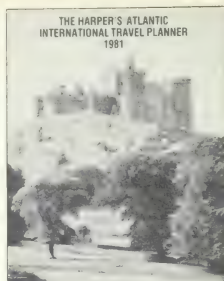
April 1-June 30, September 1-December 31: OPERA SEASON. Vienna. Graz.
July 11-20: EASTER FESTIVAL. Salzburg. Wagner's "Parsifal." Haydn's oratorio "The Creation."
July-October: PALACE CONCERTS AND PERFORMANCES AT THE MARIONETTE THEATER. Salzburg.
July 16-June 21: VIENNA FESTIVAL. Vienna. Citywide concerts. Majority are free.
July 22-31: WIPA-INTERNATIONAL STAMP EXHIBIT. Vienna.
July-early July: WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND PERFORMING ARTS. Vienna.
July 18: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY BOAT PROCESSIONS ON LAKE Traunkirchen. Hallstatt, Upper Austria.
July 18-28: SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Hohenems. Vorarlberg. Concerts and recitals.
July 27-August 31: CARNTIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. Ossiach, Villach. Opera and concerts.
August 3-September 5: MUSICAL SUMMER PROGRAM. Vienna. Concerts.
August 11-mid-September: OPERETTA WEEKS. Baden. Lower Austria.
July 21-mid-August: TYROLEAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. Innsbruck.
July 21-August 23: BREGENZ FESTIVAL. Bregenz. Ballet, drama, music.
July 26-August 31: SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Salzburg. Drama, ballet, music, opera with world-famous performers and conductors.
August-early September: INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL-AUSTRIA '81.

Altenburg Abbey, Breitenbach Castle, Lower Austria.
September 5-30: BRUCKNER FESTIVAL. Linz, Upper Austria. Music.
September 12-20: INTERNATIONAL FALL TRADE FAIR. Vienna.
September 26-October 4: SOUTHEAST FALL TRADE FAIR. Graz.
October 16-27: "VIENNALE." Vienna. Films.
October 17-end of November: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Graz.
November 13-21: ANTIQUES FAIR. Vienna.
November 21-December 26: CHRISTMAS MARKET. Vienna.
November 24-29: INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR PSYCHOANALYSIS. Vienna.
December 24: "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT CELEBRATIONS. Oberndorf, Hallein, Wagrain. Recalls composition of world-famous Christmas song.
December 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE FANFARES. Vienna. City Hall.
December 31: IMPERIAL BALL. Vienna.

Belgium

April 28-October 13: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. several cities in Flanders. Ballet, music, drama.
End of April-end of May: ROYAL GREENHOUSE DISPLAYS. Brussels. Six acres of 300-year-old orange trees and Azalea House at Palace of Laeken.
May-November: FESTIVAL OF WALLONIA. various cities in Wallonia. Orchestra, ballet, theatre.
May 1: 1,003RD ANNUAL PERFORMANCE OF PLAY OF ST. EVERMAR. Ruten.
May 1-May 17: SPRING FAIR. Brussels. Palais du Centenaire.
May 28: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD. Brugge. 800-year-old relic honored by local citizens in medieval costume.
May 30-31: HARBOUR FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. Blankenberge.
June 6-8: EEL FESTIVAL. Mariekerke.
June 14: PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT AND LEGENDARY BATTLE OF THE DRAGON. Mons. Celebration over 100 years old.

Be sure to use reply card at page T21



Ireland is a dramatic blend of ancient ruins and soft green fields. Here, the great Rock of Cashel, crowned by the stones and towers of an old, historic cathedral, rises above the plains of Tipperary. Photograph by Porterfield-Chickering/Photo Researchers.

Contents

Europe	T5
Mexico	T18
Canada	T19
Central America	T19
South America	T20
Reply Card	T21
Africa	T21
Middle East	T22
Bermuda	T22
The Bahamas	T22
The Caribbean	T24
Asia and the Far East	T28
The Pacific	T31

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Since much of our information must be gathered months in advance, we suggest you always verify dates, places, and events. They are occasionally subject to last-minute change. (Where events do not specify a city, they are held nationwide.)

July 2-3: OMMEGANG PAGEANT. **Brussels.** Medieval pageantry in the illuminated Grand Place.

July 11: ANTIQUES AND HANDICRAFT MARKET. **Westende, Middelkerke.**

July 13-17: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT FOR YOUTH. **Middelkerke.**

July 21: BELGIAN NATIONAL DAY. **nationwide.**

July 25-August 9: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. **Brugge, Music.**

August 22-30: 30TH GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **Oeverijse.**

August 29-31: BEGONIA FESTIVAL. **Lochristi.** Exhibits of Belgium's famous begonias in floats and flower carpets.

September 5: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Dendermonde.**

September 5-6: 34TH INTERNATIONAL BALLOON COMPETITION. **St. Niklaas.** Annual precision landing contest.

September 13: BREUGEL FESTIVAL. **Wingene.** Biennial celebration includes parade with floats, special Breugel meal, torchlight tattoo.

September 26-October 11: ANNUAL OKTOBERFESTEN. **Weize.** Beer festival's twenty-sixth year.

October 24: ANNUAL CATTLE AND NUTS FAIR. **Henri-Chapelle.**

November 13-22: GASTRONOMIC AND TOURIST FAIR. **Brugge.** Bouwewijnpark.

December 20-31: 25TH WINTER FESTIVAL. **Zottegem.** Includes children's carnival, parade.

December 20-January 5, 1982: CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ILLUMINATIONS, all major city centers.

December 26: LOVERS' FAIR. **Virton.**

Britain

Now to November 30: YEAR OF THE SCOT. **Edinburgh and throughout Scotland.** Festivals, exhibits, tours highlight contributions of twentieth-century Scotland.

April-January 1982: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND THEATER SEASON. **Stratford-upon-Avon.** Royal Shakespeare Theater.

April 4: GRAND NATIONAL STEEPCHASE. **Aintree, Merseyside.**

April 4: OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. **Putney to Mortlake, River Thames, London.**

April 13-mid-July: 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. **Gloucester.** Services, lectures, medieval banquets, concerts, exhibits on cathedral's history since its founding by Prince Osric in 681.

April 15-22: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Harrigate.**

April 27-May 3: ST. ANDREW'S GOLF WEEK. **St. Andrews, Scotland.**

May-September: CHICHESTER FESTIVAL. **THEATER SEASON. Chichester.**

May 2-17: FESTIVAL OF ARTS. **Brighton.**

May 9-October 17: PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL. **THEATER SEASON. Pitlochry.**

May 17-20: FIFTH MALVERN FESTIVAL. **Malvern.** Highlights works of George Bernard Shaw and Sir Edward Elgar.

May 18-23: BACH FESTIVAL. **London.** South Bank.

May 19-22: CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW. **London.**

May 21-August 31: ROYAL WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION. **London.** Traces 1,000-year history of Westminster's relation to the Crown.

May 22-June 7: BATH FESTIVAL. **Bath.** Music, art, drama, fireworks.

July 27-August 11: GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL. **THEATER SEASON. Glynedebourne.**

June 3: DERBY. **Epsom.**

June 6: OBSERVER TRANSATLANTIC YACHT RACE 1981, starts from Royal Western Yacht Club, Plymouth, Devon and finishes at Newport, R.I., U.S.A.

June 9-18: 24TH LLANDAFF FESTIVAL. **Cardiff.** Recitals, choral concerts. Welsh music.

June 12-28: ALDBURGH FESTIVAL. **Aldbrough, Suffolk.** Benjamin Britten's music.

June 13: TROOPING THE COLOR, THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY. **London.**

June 13-28: GREENWICH FESTIVAL. **Greenwich.** Outstanding music and drama in historic area.

June 14-24: MANANNAN-INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS. **Isle of Man.**

June 16-19: ASCOT. **Berkshire.** Internationally famous horse race.

June 22-July 4: WIMBLEDON TENNIS. **London.**

June 22-July 4: LINCOLN CYCLE OF MYSTERY PLAYS. **Lincoln.** Lincoln Cathedral.

June 27-July 12: LUDLOW FESTIVAL. **Ludlow.** Festival held in ancient castle focuses on Shakespeare's plays; includes concerts.

July 23-25: HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA. **Henley-on-Thames.**

July 5-18: 1981 FESTIVAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON. **London.** First of a new series of annual festivals. Music, theater, dance, poetry.

July 5-19: CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL. **Cheltenham.** Important international music festival.

July 6-26: COVENT GARDEN MOZART FESTIVAL. **London.** Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

July 7-12: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD. **Llangollen, Clwyd, Wales.**

July 15-August 1: ROYAL TOURNAMENT. **London.** Military display.

July 18-August 2: CAMBRIDGE FESTIVAL. **Cambridge.** Music, drama, the visual arts.

July 30-August 12: HARGOATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Hargrove.** Music, art, drama.

August 1-8: ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD. **Machynlleth, Powys, Wales.** Welsh literary and singing contests.

August 1-9: COWES WEEK OF SAILING. **Cowes, Isle of Wight.**

August 12-September 5: EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO. **Edinburgh.**

August 16-September 5: EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Edinburgh.** Music, art, drama, ballet.

August 23-29: THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL. **Worcester.** Since 1720s held alternately in cathedrals of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester.

September 5: ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING. **Braemar, Scotland.**

September 5-19: SEPTEMBER FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS. **St. Ives, Cornwall.**

September 8-19: CHELSEA AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR. **London.** Old Town Hall, Chelsea.

September 19-October 4: WINDSOR FESTIVAL. **Windsor.** Concerts, lectures, walks, exhibitions.

October-February 1982: THE GREAT JAPANESE EXHIBITION. **Royal Academy, London.** Largest show of Japanese art ever held in Europe.

October 3-17: SWANSEA FESTIVAL. **Swansea.** Principal arts festival in Wales. Centers on Brangwyn Hall.

October 5-10: HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW. **London.** Wembley Arena.

October 8-10: GOOSE FAIR. **Nottingham.** Forest Recreation Ground.

November 1: VETERAN CAR RUN. **Hyde Park, London to Brighton.**

November 2-21: FESTIVAL OF ARTS AT QUEEN'S BELFAST. **Northern Ireland.**

November 14: LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION SHOW. **London.**

December 7-11: ROYAL SMITHFIELD SHOW AND AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY EXHIBITION. **London.** Earls Court.

December 26: BOXING DAY. **nationwide.** Holiday pantomimes.

Be sure to use reply card at page T21

Bulgaria

May-June: MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Sofia.**

May 1: LABOR DAY. **nationwide.**

May 22-23: WORLD CUP SKI RACE. **Borovetz.**

May 28-June 6: 15TH NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HUMOR AND SATIRE. **Gabrovo.**

June: JUNE: SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, OPERA, AND CHAMBER MUSIC. **Varna.**

First week of June: FESTIVAL OF ROSES. **Karlovo.** Pageantry in the Valley of the Roses.

June 4-7: GOLDEN ORPHEUS FESTIVAL. **Sunny Beach.** International popular music competition.

June 14-July 12: WORLD HUNTING EXPOSITION. **Plovdiv.**

July 1-30: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL. **Albena, Sunny Beach, Golden Sands.** In the Black Sea resort area.

August 7-12: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Koprivshtitsa.**

Late August: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Bourgas.**

September 2-16: 1300TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION. **nationwide.**

September 11-21: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC. **Plovdiv.**

September 26-October 5: 37TH INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Plovdiv.**

October 17-24: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THE CARTOON FILM.

Cyprus

April 18: THE PROCESSION OF THE ICON OF ST. LAZARUS. **Larnaca.**

April 24-26: EASTER HOLIDAYS. **nationwide.** Including Procession of the Epitaphios of Good Friday.

First two weeks of May: NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Nicosia.**

May 23-June 7: INTERNATIONAL STATE FAIR. **Nicosia.**

June 15: CELEBRATION OF THE "FLOOD." **Kataklysmos.** Sea games, dancing, singing.

June 15-30: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA. **Limassol.** Ancient Curium Theater.

June 15-30: NICOSIA FESTIVAL. **Nicosia.** Folk art, drama, music.

July 1-15: INTERNATIONAL ART FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Municipal Gardens.

August 14-15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN. **Monasteries of Trooditissa and Kykkio.**

September 15-30: WINE FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Free wine at open-air restaurants, folk songs, dances, drama.

October 1-15: INTERNATIONAL CLAY COURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Nicosia.** Field Club Courts.

Czechoslovakia

April 23-28: INTERNATIONAL CONSUMER GOODS FAIR. **Brno.**

May 12-June 4: INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Prague.**

June 12-14: BRASS BAND FESTIVAL. **Kolin.**

June 16-25: GOLDEN PRAGUE. 18TH INTERNATIONAL TV FESTIVAL. **Prague.**

July 1-30: SMETANA MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Litomy.**

July 3-5: FOLK FESTIVAL. **Yvodchna, in the Tatras Mountains.**

July 4-5: INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. **Brno.**

July 4-11: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF PUPPE ENSEMBLES. **Chrudim.**

July 27-28: INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Straznice.**

September 1-30: DVORAK'S AUTUMN. **Karlovy Vary.** Music.

October 11-16: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Bratislava.**



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Before you check your answers, we should tell you that, in a study conducted by the European Travel Commission, country Americans chose over and over again as being great in all five categories was... Austria. Of course, Aust

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☐ Scenic countryside is the most important reason Americans cite for visiting Europe. Pictured below is a typical wine region in Austria, one of the most famous wine-producing countries in Europe—in fact, certain vineyards have been continuously cultivated since Roman times. Strict wine laws assure that quality designations are carefully adhered to. Only the best wines can be exported. Recently, Austria has embarked on aggressive exportation of their wines to the United States. For consumers, the Austrian wine seal guarantees top-quality wine.

☐ Interesting cities rank next in importance to Americans. Here again, Austria has an understandable advantage. Our venerable cities date from the days of the Roman Empire. It's taken us all these centuries to achieve the marvelous blend of old and new that you'll find in cities like Vienna, Salzburg, Innsbruck and Graz. Medieval streets, filled with picturesque views and fashionable shops, have a flavor you'll fall in love with.

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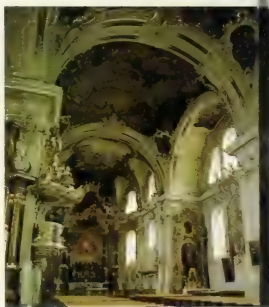
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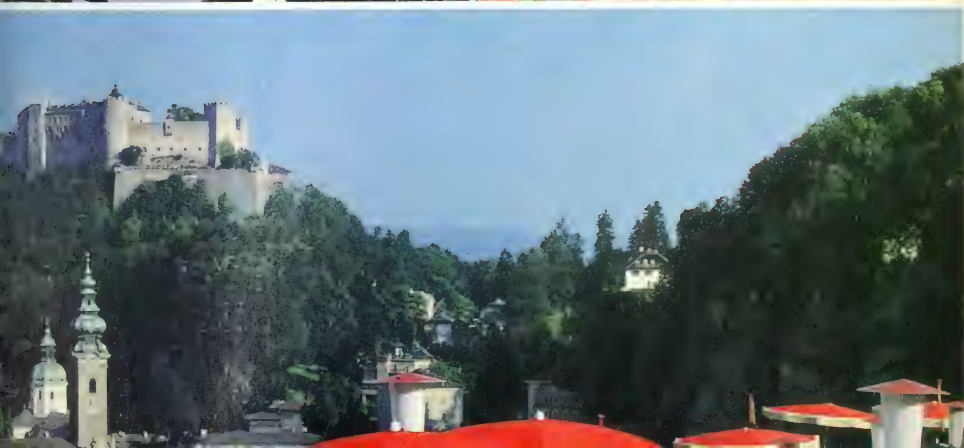
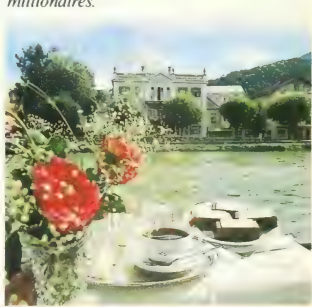
Travel test...

many other elements that make up a superb vacation: fun, good food, good transportation, a dazzling variety of events (including opera, concerts, museums and festivals). When it comes to the things that really count with us on their trips to Europe, it's easy to see why Austria comes out on top so often. Why not see for yourself? Why flit over Europe to find the things you like best...when they can find you...in Austria! It's surprisingly affordable, prices ranging from \$100 a week. Find out from your travel agent. For a free travel kit that includes information on Austria, just send in the coupon. Come, visit Austria...and see if we don't pass *your* travel test with flying colors!

*ric places count as another favorite
icans. Over the centuries, Austria
lured more than its share of
il events, including many of the
eading cultural achievements. In
'one, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,
1, Strauss and Mahler have
rd the works that have made them,
tria, famous. You can visit
que Oberndorf, where "Silent
toly Night" was conceived. Or
tour the famous, fabulous
rnn palace, where the Hapsburgs
nd played in royal splendor.*

☐ *Friendly people are naturally important to Americans. And Austria, which has been greeting travelers since travel first became a pleasure, goes out of its way to make you feel welcome. That's true in our cities, where you can expect the finest service, and in our towns and villages...where earthy, open and friendly Alpine folk will offer you Gemütlichkeit and good cheer, and a cozy chalet and hearty food.*

☐ *It's no wonder that Austria's many wonderful hotels did well in this study. The great Austrian tradition of hospitality over hundreds of years has been refined to an art. Five-star luxury hotels set a standard of service for the world to envy. And in our rustic Alpine villages, you'll experience an equally wonderful but completely different kind of service and friendliness. Whichever style you choose for your stay in Austria, we can promise you a wonderful time. And you'll discover another thing that Americans like about us: we don't have the mistaken idea that all Americans are millionaires.*





Spring in Britain brings fields of glowing daffodils, like these near King's College, Cambridge

British Tourist Authority

Denmark

- April–August:** DEER GARDEN FAIR SEASON. Copenhagen.
- April–mid-September:** LEGOLAND SEASON. Billund, Jutland.
- April 7–11:** SIXTH INTERNATIONAL FOOD FAIR. Copenhagen. Gourmets from many countries create and display specialties.
- April 11–23:** VIKING EXHIBITION. Brede, Copenhagen. Emphasizes impact of Viking culture
- April 30–May 3:** SCANDINAVIAN GOLD AND SILVER DAYS. Copenhagen. Bella Center. Fortunes in gold and silver to be displayed and traded.
- May 1–mid-September:** TIVOLI GARDENS SEASON. Copenhagen. 136th season. Outstanding amusement park features variety of rides, attractions, concert hall, flower gardens, fireworks, fine restaurants.
- May 6–10:** INTERNATIONAL FURNITURE FAIR. Copenhagen. Bella Center. Furniture designs from all over the world.
- June:** ROSKILDE FESTIVAL. Roskilde. Pop and jazz music.
- June–July:** VIKING FESTIVAL. Frederikssund. Viking pageantry.
- June 21:** MIDSUMMER EVE. nationwide. Bonfires and celebrations through the night
- June 28–July 5:** INTERNATIONAL HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN CHILD AND YOUTH FESTIVAL. Odense. Competitions in music,

- dance, theater for young people from all over the world.
- Early July:** JAZZ FESTIVAL. Copenhagen. International performers.
- July 4:** REBILD FESTIVAL. Rebild National Park, south of Aalborg. Salutes American Independence Day.
- August:** ROYAL DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL. Copenhagen. Premieres of several new productions.
- September–December:** ROYAL THEATER SEASON. Copenhagen.
- September 5–13:** AARHUS FESTIVAL. Aarhus. Drama, ballet, opera, music. Citizens of Aarhus are main performers, joined by artists from around the world.

Finland

- April 3–10:** INTERNATIONAL OLD TIMERS HOCKEY TOURNAMENT. Helsinki. World Cup competition for senior citizens.
- April 30:** MAY DAY EVE. nationwide. All-night parties celebrate spring
- May 24:** FINLANDIA MARATHON. Jyväskylä.
- June 4–7:** ILMAJOKI MUSIC FESTIVAL. Ilmajoki. Opera, concerts
- June 5–12:** DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. Kuopio.
- June 8–14:** FESTIVAL. Vaasa. Drama, art, music. Child and puppet theater is theme.

- June 12:** HELSINKI DAY AND START OF HELSINKI SUMMER WEEKS. Helsinki. Outings, concerts, entertainment.
- June 12–24:** MUSIC FESTIVAL. Naantali. Chamber music concerts.
- June 19:** MIDSUMMER EVE CELEBRATIONS. nationwide. Longest day of the year with bonfires and open-air dancing
- June 23–July 2:** JYVASKYLA ARTS FESTIVAL. Jyväskylä. Concerts, exhibitions, seminars.
- July 23–25:** OPERA FESTIVAL. Savonlinna.
- July 9–12:** JAZZ '81. Pori. Jazz concerts, jam sessions, exhibitions.
- July 20–26:** FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. Kaustinen.
- July 24–August 2:** CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. Kuhmo.
- Early August:** 42ND INTERNATIONAL CAMPING AND CARAVANING CAMP. Tampere, Maisansalo.
- August 10–16:** INTERNATIONAL ORGAN FESTIVAL. Lahti.
- August 17–26:** MUSIC FESTIVAL. Turku. Chamber, symphony, and rock music.
- August 18–23:** TAMPERE THEATER SUMMER. Tampere. Drama in open-air theater.
- August 27–September 12:** HELSINKI FESTIVAL. Helsinki. Art, ballet, music, opera at Finlandia Hall and throughout city.
- September 12–13:** HANDICRAFT DAYS. Turku. Handicraft Museum.
- October 24–25:** INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. Helsinki. All breeds.
- November 28–29:** NORTHERN FINLAND CAR RALLY. Oulu.
- December 6:** INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. nationwide. Lighted candle in all windows, students' processions.
- December 13:** LUCIA FESTIVAL. Festival of Light.

France

- April–May:** FOIRE DE PARIS. Paris. Food displays and the arts at Parc de Vincennes.
- April–June:** PARIS OPERA. Paris.
- May:** BORDEAUX FESTIVAL. Bordeaux. Music, drama, ballet with international stars.
- Mid-May:** ANNUAL GYPSY PILGRIMAGE. Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. Three-day event honoring gypsies' patron saint, Sarah.
- June:** INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THEATER. MUSIC, AND DANCE. Lyon.
- June–July:** MARAIS FESTIVAL. Paris.
- June–July:** FESTIVAL. Arles. Guitar concerts, bullfights.
- June 5–6:** 37TH D-DAY LANDING ANNIVERSARY. Normandy.
- Mid-June:** 43RD STRASBOURG FESTIVAL. Strasbourg. Features music of Bach, Schumann, Strauss.
- June 13–14:** LE MANS AUTO RACE. Le Mans. Twenty-four hour world famous race.
- June 25–July 19:** 68TH ANNUAL TOUR DE FRANCE. Nice. Bicycle race covering 3,900 km. during twenty-two laps, ending on the Champs-Élysées in Paris. This year tour includes Pyrene Mountains, Belgium, and Alsace.
- July–August:** AVIGNON FESTIVAL. Avignon. Ballet, drama, music.
- July–August:** INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF OPERA AND MUSIC. Aix-en-Provence.
- July–October:** FESTIVAL DE SCEAUX. Paris. Chamber music in Orangerie of Château de Sceaux.
- July 14:** BASTILLE DAY. nationwide.
- Mid-July–September:** 16TH FESTIVAL OF PARIS. Paris. Various cultural events throughout the city include concerts, opera, dance.
- July 16–23:** INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS. Lourdes.

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September: 34TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Besancon.**
September 8: FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN. **Lourdes.**
Early October: ROSARY PILGRIMAGE. **Lourdes.**
October–November: GASTRONOMIC FAIR. **Dijon.**
November: 10TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. **Metz.**
November 21–23: "LES TROIS GLORIEUSES" (Three Days of Glory). **Nuits-Saint-Georges.**
Beaune, Meursault. Most important wine festival in France. Folk dancing, banquets, wine sale.

German Democratic Republic

Early May: 8TH INTERNATIONAL JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH COMPETITION. **Leipzig.**
May–early June: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Dresden.**
June: HANDEL FESTIVAL. **Halle.**
July: ROSE SHOW EXHIBITS. **Erfurt.**
July: INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL. **Rostock.**
August 30–September 6: FALL FAIR. **Leipzig.**
September–October: 25TH FESTIVAL OF THEATER AND MUSIC. **Berlin.**
November: 17TH ANNUAL MUSIC DAYS. **Halle.**

West Germany

March 30–April 5: WATER '81—CONGRESS AND EXHIBITION. **Berlin.**
April 1–8: 1981 TRADE FAIR. **Hanover.**

April 24–26: EUROPEAN FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Heidenheim, Brenz.**
April 25–May 3: TRADITIONAL ANTIQUES FAIR. **Munich.**
April 30–May 4: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS AND PROCESSION. **Koblentz.**
April 30–October 18: FEDERAL GARDEN SHOW. **Kassel.** Millions of flowers, home and garden plants. Held biennially in a different German city.
May: MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET, OPERA, MODERN DANCE, AND MUSIC. **Wiesbaden.**
June–July: MOZART DAYS. **Augsburg.**
June–July: "PRINCELY WEDDING." **Landshut.** Re-enactment of the 1475 wedding of Duke George The Rich of Bavaria to Jadwiga, daughter of a Polish king. Celebrated every three years.
July 2–August 2: SUMMER CONCERTS IN SCHLEISSHEIM CASTLE. **Munich.**
July 9–August 4: OPERA FESTIVAL. **Munich.**
Late July–late August: WAGNER FESTIVAL. **Bayreuth.** Devoted solely to Richard Wagner's operas.
August–October: WINE FESTIVALS. **Rhine River region.**
September: FESTIVAL WEEKS. **Berlin.**
Late September–early October: OKTOBERFEST. **Munich.**
October 14–19: BOOK FAIR. **Frankfurt.**
November 24–December 20: CHRISTKINDLESMARKT (Christmas Market), several cities.

Gibraltar

Mid-April: BASKETBALL KNOCK-OUT LIGHTNING COMPETITION.
May: SHARK ANGLING COMPETITION
May–June: INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY FESTIVAL AND TOURNAMENT.
August: DEEP SEA AND PIER FISHING CONTEST

October 21: TRAFALGAR DAY CEREMONY. Special services at Trafalgar Cemetery.
December: 28TH ANNUAL DRAMA FESTIVAL. **Inces Hall.**

Greece

April: ATHENS OPEN INTERNATIONAL MARATHON RACE. For amateur runners.
April 1–October 31: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. **Athens, Rhodes, Corfu.**
April 26: EASTER SUNDAY FAIRS. **Ia, Tripoli.**
Trapeza near Patras, Livadia. Roast lamb, special wines for visitors. Easter Sunday celebrated throughout Greece as great festival of Greek Orthodox Church.
May–September: GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES. **Athens.** Nightly at Doris Stratu Theater on Filopapou Hill.
June–October: REGIONAL GREEK FOLK DANCE. **Rhodes.** Old City Theater.
Late June–early August: EPIDAUROS FESTIVAL. **Epidaurus.** Ancient Greek drama at Theater of Epidaurus, third-century B.C. amphitheater.
July–mid-September: WINE FESTIVALS. **Daphni, Rhodes, Alexandroupolis.**
July–September: ATHENS FESTIVAL. **Athens.** Internationally established art festival held in second century amphitheater at foot of Acropolis.
August 15: THE DORMITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. **nationwide.** Religious rites, processions.
September 6–20: 46TH INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR AND FILM FESTIVAL. **Thessaloniki.**
October: DEMETRIA FESTIVAL OF BYZANTINE MUSIC AND DANCE. **Thessaloniki.**
October 28: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Parades.

Hungary

April: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP. **Kiskunhalas.**
May: CYCLE RACE ROUND BALATON. **Fuzso-Keszthely.**
May: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR. **Budapest.**
May: 11TH INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Kecskemet.**
May–August: FERTOD HAYDN CONCERTS. **Budapest.**
June–August: BEETHOVEN CONCERTS. **Martonvasar.**
June–August: ST. JACOB'S SUMMER NIGHT. **Kaposvar.** Music and drama in ruins of Benedictine Abbey.
July–August: OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL. **Budapest.** Margaret Island.
August: GUITAR FESTIVAL PROGRAM. **Esztergom.** Citadel Museum.
September–October: MUSICAL WEEKS. **Budapest.**
Early October: 14TH FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Szekszard.**

Iceland

April–June: ICELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PROGRAMS. **Reykjavik.** Thursday concert.
April 23: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. **nationwide.**
May 1: LABOR DAY. **nationwide.**
Early June: SEAMAN'S DAY. **nationwide.**
June 17: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades, speeches, entertainment.
June 23–24: MIDSUMMER NIGHT GOLF TOURNAMENT. **Reykjavik, Akureyri.**
Mid-July–mid-August: CLASSICAL MUSIC CONCERTS. **Skalholt.** Saturday, Sunday afternoons.
September–December: NATIONAL THEATER PERFORMANCES. **Reykjavik.** Daily except Monday.
October 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY. **nationwide.** Marks the discovery of America in A.D. 1000.

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il 24-26: INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST, Cavan.
 June 29-May 3: 28TH INTERNATIONAL CHORAL AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, Cork. Leading choirs from Europe and Ireland compete.
 y 5-9: SPRING SHOW AND INDUSTRY FAIR, Dublin. Showcase of Irish agriculture and industry.
 y 10-17: PAN CELTIC WEEK, Killarney.
 y 21-31: INTERNATIONAL MAYTIME FESTIVAL AND CARROLL'S THEATER FESTIVAL, Dundalk. A week of musical, sporting and social events.
 y 29-31: "FLEADH NUA"—SPRING FESTIVAL, Ennis.
 e 5-18: FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES, Dublin. International soloists and orchestras play in some of Ireland's most beautiful eighteenth-century mansions.
 e 19-21: DONEGAL INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY, Letterkenny.
 e 26-28: FOURTH CITY OF DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT, Dublin.
 F 3-5: BACH FESTIVAL, Killarney.
 F 12-19: INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, Cobh.
 gust 2-3: IRISH ANTIQUE DEALERS FAIR, Dublin.
 gust 4-8: HORSE SHOW, Dublin. Major sporting and social event.
 gust 8-22: YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL, Sligo.
 gust 21-23: "FLEADH CHEOIL NA HEIREANN," Donegal. Irish music at Buncrana.
 gust 29-September 3: ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, Tralee. Concerts, horse racing, parade, free street entertainment. Highlight is Rose of Tralee contest.
 tember: OYSTER FESTIVAL, Galway. Banquet marks opening of first oyster of season.
 tember 19-October 4: 23RD INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA, Waterford. Attracts leading amateur companies.
 tember 28-October 17: THEATER FESTIVAL, Dublin.
 tober 2-9: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Cork.
 tober 6-11: INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST, Castlebar. One of Europe's major song contests.
 tober 21-November 1: OPERA FESTIVAL, Wexford. Known for presentation of rare operatic masterpieces of eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Also, concerts, chamber music, films.
 vember 12-15: INDOOR INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, Dublin.

aly

ril 1-8: 36TH ALMOND BLOSSOM FESTIVAL AND 28TH INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Agrigento, Sicily.
 ril 14-23: 59TH TRAPANI FAIR, Milan.
 ril 17: THE PROCESSION OF THE MYSTERIES, Trapani, Sicily. Passion procession of twenty groups of life-sized figures in carved wood and canvas.
 ril 19: EXPLOSION OF CART, Florence. Easter Sunday fireworks.
 ril 25: ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY, Venice. Start of gondola regatta season.
 ay-mid-June: SACRA MUSICALE, Luca.
 ay-June: 18TH INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, Bergamo.
 ay 1-4: FESTIVAL OF ST. EFISIO, Cagliari.
 ay 1-June 30: 44TH MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL, Florence.
 ay 15: RACE OF THE CANDLES, Gubbio. Costumed bearers carry huge shrines to church atop Mount Ingino.

May 17: SARDINIAN CAVALCADE, Sassari.
 June: WAGNER FESTIVAL, Ravello.
 June-September: 33RD SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Verona. Roman Theater
 June 2: FESTIVAL OF THE REPUBLIC, Rome.
 June 18: FLOWER FESTIVAL, Genzano, Rome. Religious procession on streets carpeted with flowers in beautiful designs.
 June 24, 28: 16TH CENTURY FOOTBALL MATCH, Florence.
 June 25-July 12: TWO WORLDS FESTIVAL, Spoleto. Opera, drama, art, ballet.
 July-August: SUMMER OPERA SEASON, Rome. Baths of Caracalla.
 July 1-31: OPERA SEASON, Syracuse, Sicily. Greek Theater.
 July 2, August 16: PALIO, Siena. Medieval costume pageant, flag-throwing skills, bareback horse race, and competition for the "palio," or banner.
 July 9-August 29: OPEN-AIR OPERA, Verona.
 August-September: MUSICAL WEEKS, Stresa.
 August 3: JOUST OF THE QUINTAIN, Ascoli, Piceno.
 September 6: JOUST OF THE SARACEN, Arezzo. Tilting contest of thirteenth century with knights in armor.
 October: TRUFFLE FAIR, Alba. Rare white truffles sold.
 October: PERUGIA MUSIC FESTIVAL, Perugia, Terni, Assisi, Todi, Sangemini, Gubbio, Narni, Foligno, Cascia, Passignano, Trasimeno, Castiglione del Lago, Magione, Deruta.
 December 7-May 1982: OPERA AND BALLET SEASON, Milan. La Scala Opera House.

Luxembourg

April 16-18: HOLY WEEK, nationwide.
 April 18-23: EASTER EXHIBITION AND WINE FAIR, Grevenmacher. Wine tastings.
 April 20: "EMAISENCH" FESTIVAL AND MARKET, Old Luxembourg. Popular traditional festival. Sale of earthenware articles, folklore dances, children's games.
 May 10-24: "OCTAVE"—303RD ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF LUXEMBOURG, Luxembourg City.
 May 16-24: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR, Luxembourg.
 June 8: 33RD "GENZEFEST" BROOM FLOWER FESTIVAL, Wiltz.
 June 9: DANCING PROCESSION HONORING ST WILLIBROD, Echternach. Medieval costumes.
 June 15-July 15: INTERNATIONAL CLASSICAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Echternach.
 June 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
 End of June-early July: REMEMBRANCE DAY, Ettelbruck. Honors U.S. General George Patton, Jr., liberator of Grand Duchy in 1945. Military parade.
 Early July: CHERRY FESTIVAL, Trintange.
 July-August: 29TH INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, Wiltz.
 August 8-9: 25TH WINE AND WINE GROWERS FESTIVAL, Stadtbredimus. Includes concerts and ball.
 August 9: INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS—GRAND PRIX DE LUXEMBOURG, Ettelbruck.
 August 22-September 7: SCHUEBERFEST—SHEPHERD'S FAIR, Luxembourg City. Capital's major fair.
 September 12-13: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL, Grevenmacher. Free wine, fireworks, concerts, parades.
 October 4: NUTS MARKET, Vianden. Nuts, nut cakes, nut liquor sold. Band parades through narrow streets of medieval town.
 Early November: "MIERTCHEN" Vianden. Ancient custom celebrating end of the harvest.

December 23-January 1, 1982: 14TH WINTER RALLY FOR CAMPERS, Wiltz. Concerts, evening parties, hiking tours, Christmas-New Year's celebrations.

Malta

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY, nationwide.
 April 19: EASTER SUNDAY, nationwide. Religious services and early morning processions with statue of the risen Christ.
 May 8-10: CARNIVAL, Valletta. Since 1535.
 June-August: WEEKEND FESTAS, nationwide. Patron saint feasts in all villages; religious processions, street decorations, and special events.
 June 20-24: 12TH INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY, Valletta.
 June 27-28: MNARJA FOLK HARVEST FESTIVAL, Valletta. Evening programs in Buskett Gardens.
 July 1-15: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Naxxar.
 September 8: REGATTA, Grand Harbour, Valletta.
 December 24-25: CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS, nationwide. At midnight mass, a child narrates story of Christ's birth.

Monaco

April 9-19: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, Monte Carlo.
 April 18-20: EASTER BALLETS, Monte Carlo. Three major performances in Salle Garnier.
 May 9-10: 14TH INTERNATIONAL FLOWER COMPETITION, Monte Carlo. Exhibits at Centenary Hall.
 May 16-17: 44TH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW, Monte Carlo. Casino Terraces.



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May 31: 39TH GRAND PRIX. **Monte Carlo.** Internationally-famous car races in local streets.

June 23-24: ST. JOHN'S FEAST. **Old Monaco.**

July-August: 16TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS. **Monte Carlo.** Tuesday nights.

July 24-August 9: INTERNATIONAL ART DEALERS EXHIBITION. **Monte Carlo.**

August 7: RED CROSS GALA. **Monte Carlo.**

November 18-19: MONEGASQUE FESTIVAL DAY. **Monte Carlo.**

December 10-14: INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL. **Monte Carlo.** Fontvieille.

Netherlands

March 27-May 24: KEUKENHOF—32ND NATIONAL OPEN-AIR FLOWER SHOW. **Lisse.**

End of March-mid-May: BULB FIELDS IN BLOOM, between **Haarlem** and **Leiden.**

April-October 17: MADURODAM—DISPLAY OF MINIATURE DUTCH CITY. **The Hague.**

April 1-October 31: DEMONSTRATIONS OF OLD CRAFTS. **Arnhem.** Open-Air Museum.

April 10-20: DUTCH ART AND ANTIQUE FAIR. **Breda.** At Turfschip.

Mid-April-mid-September: ALKMAAR CHEESE MARKET. **Waagplein, Alkmaar.** Fridays.

April 20-24: INTERNATIONAL TULIP MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Katwijk aan Zee.**

April 30-September 24: ANTIQUE MARKET. **The Hague.** Thursdays.

Early May: NATIONAL WINDMILL DAY AND NATIONAL CYCLING DAY. **nationwide.**

May 5: LIBERATION DAY

June-September: INTERNATIONAL ROSE EXHIBITION. **The Hague.** Westbroek Park.

June 1-23: HOLLAND FESTIVAL. **Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen.** World-famous performers and orchestras. Concerts, operas, chamber music, ballet, plays, exhibitions.

June 10-August 12: OLD DUTCH MARKET. **Hoorn.** Demonstrations of old crafts and folk dance groups.

June 26-28: INTERNATIONAL AGO SPRINT RACES AND ROWING FOR THE HOLLAND CUP. **Amsterdam.**

July-August: WINDMILL DAYS. **Kinderdijk,** southeast of **Rotterdam.**

July 10-12: NORTH SEA FESTIVAL. **The Hague.** Nederlands Congressgebouw.

August 20-23: EUROPEAN YOUTH FIELD AND TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Utrecht.** Stadium Polderweg.

September 15: "PRINSIESDAG" (Prince's Day). **The Hague.** Queen rides in golden coach to open Parliament.

October 16-November 4: 33RD OLD ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR. **Delft.** Prinsenhof Museum.

November 4-8: NATIONAL FLOWER TRADE FAIR. **Aalsmeer.**

December 15: "GOUDA BY CANDLELIGHT." **Gouda.** Town Hall and Market Square illuminated by candlelight; carols, lighting of Christmas tree, carillon concert.

Norway

May-June: FIORD BLOSSOM TIME. Best blooms: May-June 10.

May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. Round-the-clock sunshine to July 30.

May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY. **nationwide.**

May 20-June 3: 29TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, FOLKLORE. **Bergen.** Norwegian's chief cultural event.

June 15: GRIEG'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. **Lofthus.** Concert and folk dancing.

June 19-27: NORTH NORWAY FESTIVAL. **Harstad.** Open-air theater, folklore.

June 23: MIDSUMMER NIGHT. **nationwide.** Bonfires, fireworks, dancing.

June 24-28: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Kongsberg.**

July 9-10: INTERNATIONAL OCEAN FISHING FESTIVAL. **Harstad.** Competitions.

July 25-26, 28-29: ST. OLAV FESTIVAL. **Stiklestad** near **Trondheim.** Honors King Olav who died in Viking battle at Stiklestad on July 29, 1030. Historic pageant, folklore, bonfires.

August 2-9: PER GYNT FESTIVAL. **Vinstra.** Folklore drama.

August 3-8: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Molde.** Star performers.

October 1-31: STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT. **Oslo.** Annual art presentation.

December 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PRIZE. **Oslo.** By invitation.

Poland

May: 26TH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Warsaw.**

May-early September: CHOPIN CONCERTS. **Warsaw.** Sundays at Lazienki Park.

June: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Poznan.**

June-July: 18TH FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS. **Szczecin.**

August: 16TH ORATORIO AND CANTATA FESTIVAL. **Wroclaw.**

September: 25TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—"THE WARSAW AUTUMN." **Warsaw.**

October: 23RD INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL—JAZZ JAMBOREE '81. **Warsaw.**

Portugal

March 25-April 25: THE MARCH FAIR. **Aveiro.** Also known as the Fair of the "Barcos" (boats). Prizes for most beautifully decorated Phoenician-prowed boats.

April 11: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF BOA VIAGEM. **Constancia.**

May-June: GULBENKIAN CONCERTS. **Lisbon.**

May-July: CONCERTS. **Estoril.**

May 1: PONTE GRANDE FESTIVAL. **Alta.** Equestrian program.

May 12-13: ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE. **Fatima.**

June 4-6: FESTIVAL OF ST. GONCALO. **Amarante.** Folk dances, songs, flower battles, evening events.

June 7-21: GRAND INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Santarem.**

June 7-26: 2ND MADEIRA BACH FESTIVAL. **Funchal.** Concerts in great cathedral.

June 10: CAMOES DAY. National holiday.

June 12: ST. ANTHONY'S EVE. **Lisbon.** Dancing in streets of Old Lisbon.

July-August: ESTORIL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Estoril.**

July-August: ALGARVE SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Faro.**

July 3-August 3: HANDICRAFTS FAIR. **Estoril.** Handicrafts of all provinces exhibited.

July 5-6: RUNNING OF THE BULLS. **Vila Franca de Xira.** Portuguese cowboys demonstrate riding ability; bullfights, fireworks.

August 1-2: FESTIVAL OF SANTA CATARINA. **Praia do Rocha.** River procession; mass celebrated on the beach.

August 1-3: FESTAS GUALTERIANAS. **Guimaraes.** Markets, parades.

August 8-11: FESTIVAL OF GREEN CAP AND SALT. **Alcochete.**

August 20-22: FEAST OF THE AGONY. **Viana do Castelo.**

September: WINE FESTIVAL. **Palmela.**

September 8-13: SENHORA DA NAZARE FOLK PILGRIMAGE. **Nazare.** Parades, folk dancing, fireworks.

October 12-13: ANNUAL FALL PILGRIMAGE. **Fatima.**

November 8-15: TRADITIONAL FAIR OF ST. MARTIN. **Golega.**

December 31: GREAT FESTIVALS OF ST. SYLVESTER. **Funchal, Madeira.** Midnight fireworks in harbor.

Romania

May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY

May 8-15: FESTIVAL OF ROMANIAN MUSIC. **Iasi.**

May 10: SHEEP BREEDING FESTIVITY. "SIMBRU OILOR." **Hura Certeze.**

June 22-30: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Bra.**

July 18-19: MAIDEN'S FAIR IN THE MOUNTAIN. **GAINA, Avram Iancu.**

August 3-10: SEA FESTIVALS, at seaside.

August 9: "CEAHLAU" MOUNTAIN FESTIVITY. **Durau.**

August 9-16: FOLK FESTIVAL. **Passul Prislop.**

August 15: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF SONGS, DANCES. **Bucharest.** Costume parade.

August 23: NATIONAL DAY.

September 16-27: 9TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL GEORGE ENESCU. **Bucharest.**

September 23: TRADITIONAL SONG AND DANCE FESTIVAL, at foot of hill of Castle of Br.

Spain

April 12-19: HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS. **Seville, Malaga, Cartagena, Cuenca, Granada, Ronda.**

April 22-24: THE FAIR OF THE MOORS AND CHRISTIANS. **Alcoy in Alicante.** Costume re-enactment of medieval battle.

April 23: FESTIVAL OF SAN JORGE AND CERVANTES DAY. **Barcelona.**

April 28-May 3: APRIL FESTIVALS AND FAIR. **Seville.**

May 1-12: PATIOS FESTIVAL. **Cordoba.** Competition.

May 10-24: FESTIVAL OF SAN ISIDRO THE FARMER. **Madrid.** City's patron saint is honored. Bullfights.

May 13-17: HORSE FAIR. **Jerez de la Frontera.**

June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL. **Granada, Toledo, Seville.** Since 1230.

June 20-July 7: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Granada.**

June 21-29: FESTIVAL OF SAN JUAN. **Alicante.** Folkloric displays, religious rites.

July 6-12: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN. **Pamplona.** Running of the bulls.

July 23-August 29: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC A DANCE FESTIVAL. **Santander.**

August 1: ASTURIAS KAYAK RACE FESTIVAL. **from Arriondas to Ribadesella.** Down river.

August 1-15: SPANISH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND BALLET. **Nerja, Caves.**

September 9-13: SHERRY WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Jerez de la Frontera.**

October 1-31: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Barcelona.**

October 27-31: SAFFRON FESTIVAL. **Consuegra.** Honors the Saffron Rose with dancing and singing.

Sweden

April 1-5: INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES FAIR AND INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC FAIR. **Stockholm.**

April 3-5: HORSE SHOW AND INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING. **Gotenburg.**

April 12-26: ICE HOCKEY WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. **Gotenburg.**

April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT. **Lund, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Uppsala, Umea.** Bonfires and night-time revelry welcome Spring.

May 13-17: MUSIC WEEK. **Uppsala.** Concerts religious-services at Uppsala Cathedral.

Mid-May-mid-September: BALLET AND 18TH CENTURY OPERA. **Stockholm.** Drottninghol Court Theater.

June 19-21: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.**

July 1-31: JULIADEN. **Stockholm.** Concerts entertainment, other events in parks.

5: BOAT RACE Leksand. Longboats race over Lake Siljan to Sunday services.
July-late July: SWEDISH OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. **Bastad.**
July-mid-August: 52ND PETRUS DE DACIA, fishy, **Gotland.** Pageant performances
ust 20-22: FLADEN FISHING FESTIVAL, **Farberg.** Sea angling competition
ember 14-26: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP QUASH. **Malmö, Gothenburg, Stockholm.**
ember 29, December 6, 13: SKANSEN CHRISTMAS SALE. **Stockholm.**
ember 10: NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY. **Stockholm.** By invitation.
ember 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. **nationwide.** Queen of Light and her court wear lit candle crowns for festive processions.

Switzerland

il 24-May 3: ANTIC '81. **Zurich.** International art and antiques fair.
il 25-May 4: 65TH SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR WITH EUROPEAN WATCH AND JEWELRY FAIR. **Basel.**
il 26: OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT. **Canton of Appenzell-Outer Rhoden, Appenzell.** Constitutional gathering of citizens entitled to vote.
June: 26TH INTERNATIONAL LAUSANNE FESTIVAL. **Lausanne.** Music.
July: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL. **Zurich.** Opera, drama, art.
August: FIFTH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Berne.**
September: 20TH INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS. **Murren.**
September: OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCES OF "WILLIAM TELL." **Interlaken.**
October 15-17: 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CANTON OF Fribourg. **Fribourg.**
October 20-September 26: GREAT WORLD THEATER. **Einsiedeln.** Lavish pageant put on by local people.

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Special Attractions: Art, Museums, and Auctions

- Buckingham Palace, Queen Elizabeth II's London home, is off-limits to outsiders, with one notable exception: the Queen's Gallery. Here, a portion of what is undoubtedly the richest privately-owned collection in the world can be enjoyed by the public. On view now and into late 1981 is Her Majesty's collection of works by Canaletto, the great eighteenth-century Italian artist. This exhibition marks the first time the entire group of forty-five paintings and sixty-two drawings and etchings has been shown. The Canalettos, acquired by George III, are one of the glories of the splendid royal collection.
- If you're interested in knowing more about Britain's Festivals, the British Tourist Authority and the British Arts Festivals Association publish a useful booklet called "British Arts Festivals 1981." It describes each festival, gives sources for further information, and lists provisional dates for 1982 events.
- Britain's Royal Academy is planning an exhibition of Japanese art which will take place from October 1981 to February 1982. It will be the largest showing of Japanese art ever held in Europe, as well as one of the most important mounted by the Royal Academy. Never before have the Japanese allowed so many priceless objects—nearly 500—to be out of Japan for so long. The exhibition will cover the years from 1573–1868. Among the works on display will be paintings, prints, textiles, books, ceramics, armor, and lacquer, all of exceptional quality.
- If you like scrounging and searching for bargains and antiques and occasionally walking away triumphantly with a treasure, you'll be intrigued by the Dorotheum in Vienna. Probably Europe's most unusual auction house, as well as one of the world's largest, the Dorotheum has been in existence for over 250 years. It is run by the government rather like a big pawn-broker shop, and you can find all sorts of goods on the auction block. There are old shoes, clothes, cooking utensils, marvelous works of art, splendid pieces of furniture, antique jewelry, porcelain, silver, coins, carpets, stamps, and even cars. Each item is evaluated by an expert, then tagged with its price and date of sale. If you can't be there when your treasure is due to come under the hammer, you can, for a small fee, commission an official broker to bid on your behalf.
- Vienna is one of the richest museum cities in the world. One of its treasures is the Albertina, named after one of Maria Theresa's sons-in-law. Devoted solely to graphics, it houses 40,000 drawings and one million etchings that are among the most beautiful to be found anywhere, with the works of, among others, Dürer, Michelangelo, da Vinci, Rembrandt, Picasso, Klimt, and Schiele. Because the collection is so vast and because drawings and etchings are sensitive to light, only a small part of the museum's treasures is shown at any one time, but there's a study room, open nearly every day, where you can look at things quietly.

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Ian Wollington, student, King Edward VI School



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Stratford.

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July 3-19: 15TH INTERNATIONAL MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Montreux.**
August-October: 36TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Montreux, Vevey.**
August 1-31: 25TH YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL. **Gstaad.** Music.
August 15-September 8: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Lucerne.**
August 31-September 6: SWISS COSTUME AND ALPINE HERDSMEN'S FESTIVAL. **Unspunnen, Interlaken.**
September 6-7: 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CANTON OF SOLOTHURN. **Solothurn.**
September 12-27: 62ND SWISS COMPTOIR NATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR. **Lausanne.**
September 26-27: WINE HARVEST. **Neuchâtel.** Costumed pageant, flower-decorated float parade.
November 23: TRADITIONAL ONION MARKET. **Berne.**

Turkey

April-May: TULIP FESTIVAL. **Istanbul.** Thousands of blooms in parks and palace gardens.
April 23: NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY AND CHILDREN'S DAY. **nationwide.** Children's parades, entertainment, junior sports.
May: FESTIVAL OF EPHESUS. **Ephesus.** Drama in Roman amphitheater.
May: FESTIVAL OF PERGAMUM. **Pergamum.** Ancient and modern dance and folk music performances in ancient amphitheater.
May 19: YOUTH AND SPORTS DAY. **nationwide.** Student parades, athletics, gymnastics.
May 27: CONSTITUTION DAY. **nationwide.** Parades with military bands, fireworks.
Early July: MEDITERRANEAN FESTIVAL. **Izmir.** Arts, crafts, folklore, cooking competition.

June 7-13: OILED WRESTLING MATCHES OF KIRKPINAR. **Edirne.** Free-style, 600-year-old Turkish wrestling.
July 21-August 15: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS. **Istanbul.** International performing-arts event with classical music, opera, ballet, Turkish traditional shadow and puppet theater, special exhibitions.
August 20-September 20: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Izmir.**
August 30: VICTORY DAY. **nationwide.** Celebration with military parades, band concerts, fireworks.
October 29: ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC. **nationwide.**
December 14-17: FESTIVAL OF "MEVLANA" (Whirling Dervishes). **Konya.** Ritual dances and Seljuk art exhibits.

USSR

May: MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL. **Moscow.** Ballet, art, music.
May-early June: KIEV SPRING FESTIVAL. **Kiev.** Focuses on the arts.
June: SONG FESTIVAL. **Riga.**
June: WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL. **Leningrad.** The arts under the midnight sun.
November 15-24: BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN. **Minsk.**
December 25-January 5, 1982: RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL. **Moscow.** Sports, arts.

Yugoslavia

April-December: SKADARLJA EVENINGS. **Belgrade.** Folk and gypsy music, theater, art exhibits.

April 14-26: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN TABLE TENNIS. **Novi Sad.**
May-October: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Bled.**
May 1-31: BELGRADE SPRING FESTIVAL OF POP MUSIC. **Belgrade.**
June-August: LJUBLJANA FESTIVAL. **Ljubljana.** Chamber music, pantomime, folklore.
June-September: "MORESKA SWORD DANCE." **Korcula.** Medieval pageant recalls battle against Saracen pirates. Thursdays.
June 15-August 15: 27TH SUMMER FESTIVAL OF DRAMA, OPERA, CONCERTS, BALLET. **Split.**
June 18-20: "KMECKA OHCEST"—PEASANT WEDDING FESTIVITIES. **Ljubljana.**
June 20-July 5: INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL. **Sibenik.**
July-September: SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Opatija.** Open-air stage drama, fashion shows, folklore.
July 10-August 25: 32ND SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Dubrovnik.** Drama, music, folklore take place in the city's squares, palaces, and churches.
July 26-30: 16TH INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE. **Zagreb.**
August: FESTIVAL OF OLD TOWN SONGS. **Ohrid.**
August 2: SINJKA ALKA. **Sinj.** Chivalrous contest on horses commemorates victory over Ottomans in 1715.
September: INTERNATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR. **Zagreb.**
September 10-30: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. **Belgrade.** Contemporary works.
October-November: BEMUS' MUSIC FESTIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Belgrade.**
October-December: CONCERT AND THEATER SEASON. **Belgrade, Zagreb, Ljubljana.** National symphony orchestra, first rate performers.
December 29-30: WINTER CUP OF NATIONS—UNDERWATER FISHING COMPETITION. **Mali Losinj.**

MEXICO

April-May: CERVANTES FESTIVAL. **Guanajuato.** Music, drama, dances.
April 12-19: HOLY WEEK OBSERVANCES AND PROCESSIONS. **nationwide.**
April 25: SAN MARCOS FAIR. **Aguascalientes.** Annual Spring festival. Music, charros, bullfights.

April 25-May 9: "SUN TO SUN" REGATTA. **Cancun.**
May-June: ARTS AND CRAFTS FIESTA. **Tehuantepec.**
May 1: LABOR DAY. **nationwide.**
May 3: HOLY CROSS DAY. **Campeche.** Construction workers festival.
May 5: BATTLE OF PUEBLA. **nationwide.** Recalls successful battle against French.
May 15: SAN ISIDRO LABRADOR. **Huistan.** Chiapas. Festival of patron saint of farmers; blessing of seeds and water for planting.

June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. **nationwide.** Traditional Spring festival. Processions, blessing of fruits presented by children in regional costumes.
June 24: DAY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. **nationwide.** Religious rites, traditional swims at dawn mark start of swimming season.
July 16: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF CARMEN. **Cuidad del Carmen.** Religious services, processions, flower and livestock show, sports.
July 20, 27: "GUELAGUETZA"—PRE-COLUMBIAN INDIAN FESTIVAL. **Oaxaca.** Indian dances and fair on Cerro del Fortin, hill near city.
August 15: ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY FIESTA. **San Juan de los Lagos, Jalisco.** Religious rites and processions.
August 25: SAN LUIS FIESTA. **San Luis Potosi.** Celebration with "Matachines" and "Malinches."
September-October: ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL FESTIVAL. **Puebla.** The arts.
September 15-16: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **nationwide.**
September 29: DAY OF ST. MIGUEL. In all places named **San Miguel.** Patron saint of horsemen.
October 12: "DAY OF THE RACE" CELEBRATION. **nationwide.** Festive in Tlaquepaque on outskirts of Guadalajara. Fair and Indian dances.
November: PROFESSIONAL BULLFIGHTING SEASON OPENS. **Mexico City.**
November 1-2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY OBSERVANCES. **nationwide.** Food and drink are placed on graves by local villagers.
November 20: ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION. **nationwide.**
December 12: FIESTA OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. **nationwide.**
December 16-24: CHRISTMAS "POSADAS" (Processions). **nationwide.** Colorful in Oaxaca, Queretaro, San Miguel de Allende.

Mexico's Cancun: an attractive melding of sunny resort and ancient ruins



Bob Barrett/Imagery Bank

rch 30–April 4: ROYAL WINTER FAIR
Brandon, Manitoba.
il 10–18: NATIONAL HOME SHOW. Toronto,
Ontario. Exhibition Place.
il 28–May 3: INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR.
Quebec City. Centre Municipal des
Congrès.
il 30–May 17: SPRING FESTIVAL. Guelph.
y 1–September 30: SHAW FESTIVAL.
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. Theater.
y 2–24: NIAGARA BLOSSOM FESTIVAL.
Niagara Falls, Ontario.
y 11–30: ONSTAGE '91: THEATRE FESTIVAL.
Toronto, Ontario. About fifty
international and Canadian productions at
different theaters.
e May: APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL.
Kentville, Nova Scotia.
ie May–August: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS.
Banff, Alberta.
ie–August: INTERLAKE FESTIVAL. Winnipeg
Beach, Manitoba.
ie–August: CHARLOTTETOWN FESTIVAL.
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.
Music, art, drama.
ie–September: FRANTIC FOLLIES.
Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.
Melodrama.
ie–November: STRATFORD FESTIVAL.
Stratford, Ontario. Shakespeare and
contemporary drama in repertory.
ne 20–September 5: MAN AND HIS WORLD
EXHIBITION. Montreal, Quebec.
ne 25–July 1: GATHERING OF THE CLAN AND
FISHERMAN'S REGATTA. Pugwash, Nova
Scotia.
ne 27–July 4: INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM
FESTIVAL. Windsor, Ontario.
ly: LOBSTER CARNIVAL AND LIVESTOCK
EXHIBITION. Summerside, Prince Edward
Island.
ly–August: REGINA BUFFALO DAYS AND
EXHIBITION. Regina, Saskatchewan. Fair,
rodeo events.
ly–August: NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL.
Dauphin, Manitoba.
ly 1–31: FESTIVAL OTTAWA. Ottawa,
Ontario. Opera and chamber music at
National Center of Arts Theater.
ly 3–12: CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE.
Calgary, Alberta. Rodeo.
ly 10–11: HIGHLAND GAMES. Antigonish,
Nova Scotia.
id–July: SEA FESTIVAL. Vancouver, British
Columbia.
ly 15–25: KLONDIKE DAYS EXHIBITION.
Edmonton, Alberta. Gold Rush Days
pageantry.
ly 25–August 4: "CARIBANA"—FOLK
FESTIVAL. Toronto, Ontario.
ly 31–August 2: ATLANTIC FOLK FESTIVAL.
Antigonish, Nova Scotia.
August–September: CANADIAN NATIONAL
EXHIBITION. Toronto, Canada. Fair.
rly August: STAGG. St. John's,
Newfoundland.
rly August: ANNUAL ACADIAN FESTIVAL.
Church Point, Nova Scotia.
August 1–2, 8–9, 15–16: SIX NATIONS INDIAN
PAGEANT. Brantford, Ontario.
August 2–3: HERITAGE FESTIVAL. Edmonton,
Alberta. Hawrelak Park.
August 2–9: LAC SAINT-JEAN BLUEBERRY
FESTIVAL. Mistassini, Quebec.
August 7–9: INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW.
Abbotsford, British Columbia.
August 7–9: SECOND ANNUAL FOLK MUSIC
FESTIVAL. Edmonton, Alberta. Gold Bar
Park.

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August 9–22: CANADA SUMMER GAMES.
Thunder Bay, Ontario. Sports.
August 14–17: DISCOVERY DAY OBSERVANCE.
Dawson City, Yukon Territory.
August 22–September 1: PACIFIC NATIONAL
EXHIBITION. Vancouver, British Columbia.
Late August: TROIS RIVIÈRES "MOLSON" GRAND
PRIX. Trois-Rivières, Quebec. Auto
racing.
September 11–20: 106TH WESTERN FESTIVAL.
St. Tite, Quebec. Rodeo, fair.
September 18–27: NIAGARA GRAPE AND WINE
FESTIVAL. St. Catharines, Ontario.
September 30–October 3: CANADIAN TRADE
FAIR. Edmonton, Alberta. Kinsmen
Fieldhouse.
October 9–17: OKTOBERFEST. Kitchener-
Waterloo, Ontario. Canadian beer
festival.
November: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR.
Toronto, Ontario.
November 11–15: CANADIAN FINALS RODEO.
Edmonton, Alberta.
November 24–29: BOOK FAIR. Montreal,
Quebec. Exhibition Hall.

CENTRAL AMERICA

Belize

March–April: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS AND
CRAFTS.
April 20: CROSS-COUNTRY BICYCLE RACE. Belize
City.
September 10: NATIONAL DAY.
November 19: CARIB SETTLEMENT DAY. Stann
Creek, Toledo.

Costa Rica

April 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF
RIVAS. nationwide.
June 18: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI. nationwide.
July: UNIVERSITY WEEK. San Jose. Arts, sports.
July 25: COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNEXATION
OF GUANACASTE. nationwide.
August 2: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS.
Cartago.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
nationwide.
October 12: RACE DAY. nationwide.
December 12: INTERNATIONAL SOCCER FOOTBALL
GAMES. San Jose.

Guatemala

Mid-April: HOLY WEEK. Antigua. Colorful
traditional celebrations.
April 22–28: Local fair. San Marcos.
May 1–7: FAIR OF THE CROSS. Lake Amatitlan.
Pageant.
June 10–13: ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA FESTIVAL.
San Antonio Aguas Calientes.
July: FIESTAS JULIAS—LOCAL FAIR.
Huehuetenango.
July 31–August 6: FESTIVITIES HONOR SANTO
DOMINGO. Coban. National folkloric
festival.
September 12–18: STATE FAIR.
Quezaltenango.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
nationwide. Cultural events, sports,
parades, fireworks.
October 20: FIESTA RECALLING REVOLUTION
OF 1944.
Late October–early November:
INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Guatemala City.
December 13–21: SANTO TOMAS FAIR.
Chichicastenango.

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Honduras

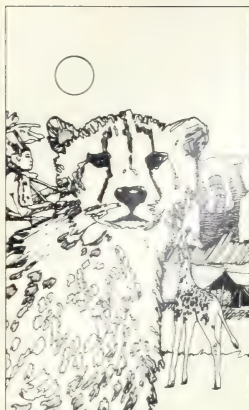
May: FERIA SAN ISIDRA. La Ceiba. Fair.
Last week of June: SEMANA SAN PEDRANA
Cattle show.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
nationwide. Celebrations and parades.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
December 12: VIRGEN DE GUADALOUPE. Mass.
processions, folklore.

Nicaragua

August: SANTO DOMINGO FIESTA. Managua.
August 15: FIESTA OF THE ASSUMPTION.
Granada.
September 30: DANCE OF THE BULLS. Leon.
Honors San Jeronimo.
December 7–8: FIESTA OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION. Managua, Leon, Granada.

Panama

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL.
Boquete.
April: TOMATO FESTIVAL. Nata de los
Caballeros.
April 26–May 1: AZUERO FAIR. Villa de los
Santos. Horse show, livestock exhibits,
agricultural and industrial fair.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May–November: CONCERT SEASON. Panama
City. National Theater.
June: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AND
FESTIVAL. Los Santos, Penonomé.
July–September: 30TH INTERNATIONAL FISHING
TOURNAMENT. local waters.
July 16: INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL.
Taboga Island. Flower adorned boats,
religious processions, aquatic sports.
August: FESTIVAL DE MANITA. Ocu. Folklore
festival.
August 24: EIGHTH ANNUAL PANAMA DERBY.
Panama City. Horse racing.
September 23–27: OUR LADY OF MERCY
FESTIVAL. Guarate.
October 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION
National holiday.
October 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST.
Portobelo. Procession.
December 8: MOTHER'S DAY. Honors Virgin
Mary. Procession of children.



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SOUTH AMERICA

Argentina

May-September: OPERA SEASON. Buenos Aires.

July: NATIONAL CATTLE SHOW. Buenos Aires.

July-August: SNOW FESTIVAL. Bariloche.

July 9: NATIONAL DAY OBSERVANCE. Parade of the armed forces.

August: RURAL EXPOSITION. Principal agricultural show. Finest cattle, horses, sheep.

October: NATIONAL YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIPS. Olivos, Buenos Aires.

November: INTERNATIONAL FISHING COMPETITION. Bariloche.

November-December: FESTIVAL OF THE TROUT. Mar del Plata.

December: HANDICRAFTS FAIR. Chaco.

Brazil

April: SHRIMP FESTIVAL. Joinville.

May: FESTIVAL OF POPULAR MUSIC. Brasilia.

May: COWBOY FESTIVAL. Oeiras. Rodeo.

May 1: NATIONAL DONKEY FESTIVAL. Panelas.

June: FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS. Manaus.

June 1-17: 106TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS. Rio Grande do Sul, Caxias do Sul.

July: WINTER FESTIVAL. Ouro Preto.

July: WINE FESTIVAL. Andradás.

August: CATTLEHANDS' RODEO. Barreto.

August 21: DRUMBEATS FOR EXU. Pernambuco. Voodoo.

October 1-30: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA. Rio de Janeiro.

November: FLOWERS AND ORCHID EXHIBIT. Brusque.

December 24-January 6, 1982: THREE WISE MEN PAGEANT. Pernambuco.

Chile

April: VINTAGE CELEBRATIONS. Aconcagua, Curico, Maule.

June-September: SKIING SEASON. Central region near Santiago.

June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY

September: AGRICULTURAL ARTISAN INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Parque Cerillos.

Late October-early November: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Santiago.

Colombia

April: ARTISTIC FAIR. Medellin. Drama, art.

April-December: PROFESSIONAL SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIPS. various cities.

May: AUTOMOBILE TRANSPORTATION FAIR. Medellin.

May: 14TH NATIONAL SPORTS CHAMPIONSHIP. Neiva.

June: TANGO FESTIVAL. Medellin. Competition for groups, soloists.

June: BAMBUCO FESTIVAL. Neiva. Music, dancing.

July: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. Bogotá.

July 20: COLOMBIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY.

August 1-31: AUGUST INTERNATIONAL ART SHOW. Bogotá. Museo de Arte Contemporáneo.

September: SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL HORSE-JUMPING CONTEST. Bogotá.

September: SALT FESTIVAL. Manuare. India gather and process salt in Guajiro Deser.

Late September-early October: FESTIVAL OF "SAN PACHO." Quibdo. Folklore.

October 12: FESTIVAL OF THE "RAZA" (Race). Guatavita.

November: INTERNATIONAL FAIR OF THE FRONTIER. Cucuta.

November: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF EXPERIMENTAL THEATER. Bogotá.

December: BULLFIGHTING SEASON. Bogotá, Cali, Medellin, Cartagena, Manizalez.

December-January 1982: INTERNATIONAL SUGAR CANE FAIR. Cali.

Ecuador

April: AGRICULTURAL, ANIMAL, CRAFTSMANSHIP INDUSTRIAL FAIR. Riobambo.

May 2: FEAST OF THE GREEN CROSS. Quito.

May 24: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PICHINCHA. 1822. Quito.

June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Otavalo.

June 28-29: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY. Otavalo, Cotacollao, Tabacundo.

July 23-25: FOUNDING OF GUAYAQUIL CELEBRATION. Guayaquil.

August 10: FESTIVAL OF ST. LAWRENCE. Pillar Sicalpa.

August 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

September: FESTIVITIES OF THE LAKES. Ibarra.

December 1-6: QUITO'S FOUNDING DAY CELEBRATION. Quito.

French Guiana

July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS

October: CAYENNE FESTIVAL. Folk songs, music, dances, and foods.

Paraguay

May 14-15: INDEPENDENCE DAY EVENTS

June 24: ST. JOHN'S NIGHT. Asunción.

"Promiers" walk barefoot over hot flame

August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY AND FOUNDING OF ASSUNSION OBSERVANCES

October 12: RACE DAY AND COLUMBUS DAY

Peru

May: ALASITAS FAIR. Puno.

June: INCA FESTIVAL. Cuzco.

June 23-24: ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL. Iquitos.

July: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL. Huanuco. Harvest events.

July 28-29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

August 29-30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA. Lima. Honors Peru's patron saint.

September: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL. Trujillo.

October: BULLFIGHT FAIR. Lima.

October 12: DAY OF THE RACE. Honors Columbus and coming of Spring, south of Equator.

November: INDUSTRIAL PACIFIC FAIR. Lima.

December 6-8: PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE SHRINE. Guadalupe.

Surinam

May 1: LABOR DAY

July 1: DAY OF NATIONAL UNITY. Paramaribo. Kotomissie shows.

September 1: OPENING OF NEW SESSION OF SURINAM PARLIAMENT. Paramaribo.

September 24-October 8: SURINADE. International trade fair.

ber 27: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS
ember: KONFRIEJARIES—PEOPLE'S FAIR
aramaribo:
ember 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.

Uruguay

il 12–19: HOLY WEEK SERVICES AND PROCESSIONS
ust: LIVESTOCK FAIR. **Montevideo.**

Venezuela

il 19: NATIONAL HOLIDAY
y–September: MUSICALS OF THE CROSS. **Caracas.**
e 18: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. **San Francisco de Yare.**
y 5: INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY
y 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Parades, fireworks.
ust: NATIONAL FESTIVAL AND FAIR. **Tariba.**
tember: LA TURA DANCE. **El Vego, Flacon.**
e December: GREAT PRE-CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION. Fireworks, "aquinaldos."

AFRICA

Nigeria

il: FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS. **Miliana.**
ly May: FEASTS OF RABB. **Tiemcen.**
te: HARVEST FESTIVALS. **Miliana.**
te: CHERRY FESTIVAL. **Miliana.**
y 5: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **nationwide.**
ust: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT. **Tiaret.**
tember: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Algiers.**
ember 1: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION. **nationwide.**

thiopia

y 1: WORKINGMEN'S DAY
tember 28: FEAST OF FINDING OF TRUE CROSS
ember 28: FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL. **Kulubi.**
ilgrimage.

hana

ly–August: HOMOWO TRADITIONAL FESTIVAL. **Accra.**
ugust: KUNTUM FESTIVAL. **Ahanta, Nzima.**
tember: TRADITIONAL ODWIRA FESTIVAL OF THE AKWAPIMS. **several cities in Eastern region.**

Kenya

ril 15–19: 29TH AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY. **Nairobi.** Road race
ay 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATIONS.
ne: MUSICAL FESTIVAL. **Nairobi.**
ne 1: MADARAKA DAY—ANNIVERSARY OF SELF-GOVERNMENT
id-June: AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Nakuru.**
Fair
te August: AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Mombasa.**
Exhibits.
arly September: KENYA FLYING SAFARI.



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Machu Picchu: mysterious fortress city in the Peruvian Andes

Nairobi. Air race at Wilson Airport.
Late September: KENYA AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Nairobi.**
October 20: KENYATTA DAY
November 1–30: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL. **Malindi.**
December 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY

Mali

May 1: LABOR DAY
May 25: AFRICA DAY PARADES. Includes music programs.
September 22: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF REPUBLIC OF MALI

Morocco

Mid-April: DOR ESH SHEMAA. **Salé.** Lantern procession.
Mid-May: ROSE FESTIVAL. **Kelaa des N'Gouna.**
June: NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Marrakech.**
Early October: DATE FESTIVAL. **Erfroud.**
Early October: EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL. **Tissa** near Fez. Riding skills contest.

Mozambique

August–September: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. **Maputo.**

Senegal

April 4: SENEGAL INDEPENDENCE DAY
Late April–early May: BASSARI HOLIDAY
 Week-long celebration.
May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades.
Early August: KORITE. Celebrates end of Muslim thirty-day fast.
November: TABASKI. Muslim holiday celebrates sacrifice of Abraham.
Beginning of December: TAMKHARITE

Religious holiday celebrating famous prophet.
End of December: MAGAL DE TOUBA
 Pilgrimage to **Touba.** Religious ceremony honors return from exile of Amadou Bamba Mbacke.

South Africa

March 21–April 4: INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Cape Town.**
 Goodwood Show Grounds.
April–May: RAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Johannesburg.** Milner Park.
April 4–25: ARTS AND SPORTS FESTIVAL. **Cape Town.**
May 2–31: NATIONAL REPUBLIC FESTIVAL '81—SPORTS FESTIVAL OF SOUTH AFRICA.
Pietermaritzburg and nationwide.
May 17–31: ROYAL SHOW. INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL FAIR. **Pietermaritzburg.**
 Royal Show Grounds.
May 31: "COMRADES' MARATHON." between **Durban** and **Pietermaritzburg.** Fifty-seven-mile uphill race.
June 1–30: OPERA SEASON. **Cape Town.**
Late July: SHEMA FESTIVAL. **Inanda** near **Durban.** Zulu tribal dancing.
August: ANNUAL PRETORIA SHOW. **Pretoria.**
 Showgrounds.
September 11–17: 10TH WORLD ORCHID CONFERENCE AND SHOW. **Durban.**
October 10–23: INTERNATIONAL SONG AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Florida.**
Early November: INTERNATIONAL WYNN'S 1000. **Johannesburg.** Car racing at Kyalami Track.

Tanzania

April 20: EASTER MONDAY CELEBRATIONS
April 26: UNION DAY. **Tanganyika, Zanzibar.**

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May 1: INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY
Early July: NATIONAL FESTIVAL. **nationwide.**
July 7: PEASANTS DAY
Late July-early August: INTERNATIONAL FAIR.
Dar es Salaam.
December 9: INDEPENDENCE DAY

Tunisia

April 12-19: FESTIVAL OF THE KSARS.
Tataouine. Fantasia, folklore of the desert areas.

First two weeks of May: ORANGE TREE FESTIVAL. **Nabeul.**

May 1: LABOR DAY OBSERVANCES

May 17-24: FALCON HUNTING FESTIVAL. **El-Haouaria (Cap Bon).**

May 17-24: LA GHRIBA PILGRIMAGE. **Djerba.**
 Jewish religious services and celebration.
 La Ghriba Synagogue.

Second week of June: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HAMMAMET. **Hammamet.**
 International cultural events and performers.

Third week of June: ULYSSES FESTIVAL. **Djerba.**

June 21-July: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARTHAGE. **Carthage.** Jazz, drama, folklore.

July-August: FESTIVAL OF TABARKA. **Tabarka.**
July-August: FESTIVAL OF BIZERTE. **Bizerte.**
 Folk dances, local festivals.

July 25: REPUBLIC DAY OBSERVANCE

August 13: WOMEN'S DAY. **nationwide.**

September 3: MEMORIAL DAY. **nationwide.**

November 22-29: SAHARA FESTIVAL. **Douz.**
 Camel fights, greyhound racing, and folklore.

Zaire

June 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **nationwide.**

Zambia

May 16-21: AFRICAN TRAVEL ASSOCIATION ANNUAL CONGRESS. **Lusaka.**

May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY. **nationwide.**

Political rallies, tribal dance performances

Late May-early June: COPPER BELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Ndola.**

Early July: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. **Ndola.**

July 4: HEROES DAY

July 5: UNITY DAY

August 8: YOUTH DAY

September: AGRICULTURAL COMMERCIAL FAIR. **Lusaka.**

October 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE MIDDLE EAST

Egypt

May: ARABIAN HORSE FESTIVAL. **Luxor.**

June 18: EVACUATION DAY.

July 23: NATIONAL DAY—REVOLUTION OF JULY 23RD ANNIVERSARY

August 15-31: NILE INUNDATION

September 1: REVOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER 1—PROCLAMATION OF THE UNION

October 15-19: FEAST OF THE SACRIFICE

October 24: SUEZ DAY

Early November: INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL. **Luxor.**

December 23: VICTORY DAY

Israel

April 1-October 30: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. **Jerusalem.**

April 5-10: 10TH JERUSALEM INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Jerusalem.**

April 12-19: HOLY WEEK SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**

April 19: EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**

April 19-26: PASSOVER OBSERVANCES. **nationwide.**

April 20-25: EN GEV FESTIVAL. **Sea of Galilee.**
 Israel Philharmonic, music, dance.

April 26: GREEK ORTHODOX EASTER SUNDAY RITES

April 28-29: HOLOCAUST DAY. **Jerusalem, nationwide.**

May: ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR. **Tel Aviv.**

May 6-31: JERUSALEM SPRING FESTIVAL.

International performers.
May 7: 33RD INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.**

June 1: JERUSALEM DAY

June 15-18: GATHERING OF HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS. **Jerusalem.** Meetings, seminar programs, memorial service at Yad Vashem (Israel's memorial to Holocaust).

July-August: ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA. **Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Caesarea.**

July 6-16: 11TH MACCABIAH GAMES. **Ramat Gan, Tel Aviv.** Sports competition for 3,000 athletes from thirty countries.

September 29: ROSH HASHANAH—JEWISH NEW YEAR OBSERVANCE. **nationwide.**

October 8: YOM KIPPUR—JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT. **nationwide.**

November-April 1982: ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA. **Haifa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv.**

December 21-28: CHANUKAH. Festival of Lights.

December 24: CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**

December 25: CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**

Jordan

Spring and Fall: WATER SKIING FESTIVAL. **Aqaba.** Competitions.

May 1: LABOR DAY

May 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY

August 11: KING HUSSEIN'S ASCENSION TO THE THRONE

Mid-October: ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF JORDANIAN FINE ARTS. **Amman.** Palace of Culture.

November 14: KING HUSSEIN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Lebanon

May-July: LIGHT AND SOUND SHOW. **Baalbeck.**

June: SEA FESTIVAL. **Sidon.** Water show, boat parades along Castle of the Sea.

July-August: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF BAALBECK. **Baalbeck.** Ballet, folklore, dances, concerts, drama by world famous orchestras and performers at Temple of Jupiter and Temple of Bacchus. Classical dramas such as those by Moliere and Shakespeare are performed. At festival's end there are two days of folk dancing.

August 15: CELEBRATION OF VIRGIN MARY'S DAY. **mountain area.** Religious rites, fireworks, folk dances.

September: FESTIVAL OF THE CEDARS. **Ehden.** Evening drama, concerts.

September: VINEYARD FESTIVAL. **Zahleh.**

BERMUDA AND THE BAHAMAS

Bermuda

March 8-April 18: BERMUDA COLLEGE WEEK. **islandwide.** Various events for visiting college students.

April-May: BERMUDA HOMES AND GARDEN TOURS. **Wednesdays.**

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY. **islandwide.** Kite-flying traditional.

April 19: EASTER SUNDAY SUNRISE SERVICES. **islandwide.**

April 23-25: PEPPERCORN CEREMONY. **St. George's, Town Square.**

April 23-25: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION. **Paget, Botanical Gardens.**

April 26-May 2: INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK
 Yachtsmen from many countries compete in a week of races.

April 29: BEATING OF RETREAT CEREMONY

May 1-November 30: 39TH ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT

May 17-25: BERMUDA HERITAGE WEEK. **islandwide.** Cultural events, sports, parade ending on Bermuda Day. **May 24.**

June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. **Hamilton.** Public holiday.

July 12, 30: PONY RACING. **Devonshire.**

July 30-31: ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL. **Sandy's Parish.**

September: ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW. **Hamilton.** West Exhibition Hall at City Hall.

October 7: BEATING OF RETREAT CEREMONY. **St. George's.** Pageantry in Town Square.

November 5: GUY FAWKES DAY. **Hamilton.** Fireworks in harbor.

November 7, 8, 10, 11: INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW

December-March 15, 1982: BERMUDA RENDEZVOUS TIME. **St. George's.** Various events for visitors.

The Bahamas

April 1: SUPREME COURT OPENING. **Nassau.**
 Colorful ceremony opens second quarterly session.

April 23-25: 26TH ANNUAL OUT ISLAND REGATTA. **George Town, Exuma.**
 Bahamian work sloops compete for prizes.

Late April-early May: BILLFISH TOURNAMENT. **Walkers Cay.**

May: TUNA TOURNAMENT. **Cat Cay.**

June: BIG GAME BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT. **Bimini.**

July: BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Chub Cay.**

July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **all islands.**

August 14: FOX HILL DAY. **Fox Hill, five miles from Nassau.** Old-fashioned carnival, Bahamian cuisine.

September: SIXTH ANNUAL NASSAU CITY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. **Nassau.**

October 12: DISCOVERY DAY. **San Salvador.** Columbus landed here in 1492.

November 22: AMATEUR OPERA. **Nassau.**

December: 10TH BAHAMAS MARLBORO TENNIS OPEN. **Paradise Island, Ocean Club.**



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THE CARIBBEAN

Antigua

March-May: NETBALL SEASON. St. John's.
Daily matches.
April 17: GOOD FRIDAY OBSERVANCE, islandwide.
April 20: EASTER MONDAY BEACH PICNICS, islandwide.
April 27-May 2: 15TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK. Includes Sunfish Regatta.
June: JUNE WEEK FOR THE RED CROSS. St. John's.
Fund-raising events.
July 27-August 4: MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL, islandwide.
September: CARIBBEAN TRADE FAIR
November 1: STATE DAY

Aruba

April 20: EASTER MONDAY
April 21-December 15: WATAPANA FESTIVAL
Arts and crafts, food and drinks, local entertainment, Tuesday nights.
April 30: QUEEN'S DAY, islandwide.
Celebration of Queen's birthday. Sports events, parade, fireworks.
May 1: LABOR DAY
May 28: ASCENSION DAY
June: ARUBA SPORTS UNION OLYMPIAD, St. John's.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Oranjestad.
Authentic folk dance. "Derramento di Gai," performed.
August: MISS ARUBA BEAUTY PAGEANT, Oranjestad.

September: MISS TEENAGE PAGEANT
October 1-31: INTERNATIONAL TROLLING TOURNAMENT, local waters.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY
December 26: BOXING DAY

Barbados

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY SERVICES, islandwide.
April 20: EASTER MONDAY CELEBRATIONS, islandwide. Picnics, sports, pageantry.
May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS
Mid-June-early July: CROP-OVER FESTIVAL, Bridgetown and most villages. Sugar cane harvest festivities.
June 8: WHITMONDAY, islandwide. Parades, folk songs, dances.
July 6: CARIBBEAN DAY
July 19-August 3: CARIFESTA. Caribbean's cultural showcase.
October 5: UNITED NATIONS DAY
November 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY
December 26: BOXING DAY

Bonaire

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY OBSERVANCE
April 20: EASTER MONDAY PICNICS
April 30: CORONATION DAY
May 1: LABOR DAY
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Folkloric events in all villages.
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Local fishermen honored by songs, dances in seaside villages.
Mid-October: 14TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, Kralendijk. Four-day festival. Hundreds of entries.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Autonomy observance.

Cayman Islands

April 20: EASTER MONDAY REGATTA, local waters.
May: GRAND COURT OPENING CEREMONY, George Town, Grand Cayman.
May 18: DISCOVERY DAY SAILBOAT REGATTA, George Town, Grand Cayman. Also plantings by school children.
June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
July 6: CONSTITUTION DAY SAILING REGATTA, local waters.
Late October-early November: PIRATES WEEK, George Town, Grand Cayman. Lively search for hidden treasure.
November 9: REMEMBRANCE DAY

Curaçao

May 12: OPENING OF THE "STATEN," THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY
July 26: CURAÇAO DAY, Willemstad.
December 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY
December 15: KINGDOM DAY AND ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY

Dominica

May 1: LABOR DAY AND TRADE UNION CELEBRATIONS
June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY, Roseau.
July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY.
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY
November 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY

Dominican Republic

April 12-19: HOLY WEEK OBSERVANCES AND PROCESSIONS, islandwide.
April 28: BOOK FAIR, Santo Domingo.
May: FLOWER FESTIVAL, Santo Domingo.
Floral pageant, exhibits.
July 24-August 4: MERENGUE FESTIVAL, San Domingo. Dance competition.
August 4: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF SAN DOMINGO, Santo Domingo.
August 16: ANNIVERSARY OF RESTORATION OF DOMINICAN INDEPENDENCE, Santo Domingo.
August 28-31: FOURTH SIBONEY CUP INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, Romana.
September 24: PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGIN OF MERCEDES SHRINE, El Santo Cerro.
October 23: PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP, nationwide.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY, San Juan de la Maguana.
November 30: FEAST OF SAN ANDRÉS, Santo Domingo.
December 5: ANNIVERSARY OF DISCOVERY OF ISLAND OF HISPANIOLA, Santo Domingo.

Grenada

April 12-19: YACHTING RACES AND WATER FESTIVAL
June 8: WHITMONDAY YACHT FESTIVAL
June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS
August 4: EMANCIPATION DAY OBSERVANCES

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adeloupe

- December:** BICYCLE RACES. **islandwide.** undays.
- 120:** EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY Beach and ver bank picnics.
- 1:** LABOR DAY. **islandwide.**
- 28:** ASCENSION THURSDAY. **islandwide.** eligious services.
- 18:** PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach picnics.
- 14:** BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, rowers.
- 21:** SCHOELCHER DAY. Tribute to abolitionist Victor Schoelcher who helped brain freedom from slavery.
- 1st 8:** FÊTES DES CUISINIÈRES—COOKS FESTIVAL. **Pointe-à-Pitre.** One of adeloupe's most colorful events. Vmen parade in Creole costume carrying laborate food, followed by five-hour feast. /visitors get complimentary tickets.
- 1st 15:** ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious holiday.
- ember 1:** ALL SAINTS DAY. Dramatic andnlight ceremony in the island's emeteries.
- ember 22:** ST. CECILIA'S DAY. **all towns and cities.** Music programs on feast day of patroness of musicians.
- ember 24:** CHRISTMAS EVE CELEBRATIONS. nightmass with French and Creole arnals, continuous dancing and eating. with stew, Angola peas, blood sausage.
- ember 28:** YOUNG SAINTS DAY. **islandwide.** Mass and parade of costumed children carrying toys.
- ember 31:** "RÉVEILLON DE LA SAINT SYLVESTRE." **islandwide.** New Year's Eve celebrations.



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aiti

- il 20:** EASTER SUNDAY RELIGIOUS SERVICES
- ay 1:** AGRICULTURE AND LABOR DAY
- ay 18:** FLAG AND UNIVERSITY DAY
- ay 22:** SOVEREIGNTY DAY
- ust 15:** ASSUMPTION DAY
- ober 24:** UNITED NATIONS DAY
- ember 1:** ALL SAINTS DAY
- ember 18:** ARMED FORCES DAY
- ember 5:** DISCOVERY DAY

PLANNING AN ITINERARY

Always prepare an itinerary with a calendar in hand. It's important to know when national holidays fall and where you'll be on Sunday (in Moslem countries, on Friday), or you may arrive to find a city shuttered, with its banks and shops closed.

Try to get to a festival a day or two in advance so you can settle in, adjust to the rhythm of the place, and discover the restaurants and cafes to which everyone heads after performance.

Since it's difficult to absorb a steady diet of music, drama, and celebration, plan to spend your days in a counterpoint of festival performances and sightseeing.

Remember that many "fringe events" take place around the major festival. In Edinburgh, for example, these "fringe events" have become an important showcase for new talent.

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15TH PUERTO RICO MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Old San Juan.**
15 PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL. **San Juan.**
23-24: SAN JUAN BAUTISTA PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. **San Juan.**
20TH NATIONAL CRAFTS FAIR. **Barraquitas.**
16: VIRGEN DEL CARMEN PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. **Catano, Ponce, Cabo Rojo.**
25: CONSTITUTION DAY. **San Juan, P.R.**
25-October: 8TH SUMMER ART FESTIVAL. **Old San Juan.** Fort El Morro built by Spaniards in sixteenth century.
December-December: SYMPHONY SEASON— **Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra.** **most major cities.**
December-December: 17TH INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. **San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce.**
December-January 1982: BASEBALL SEASON. **San Juan.** Six pro clubs at Hiram Bithorn stadium.
November: 12TH JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL. **Jayuya.** Taino Indian culture craft shows, dances, visits to Indian sites.
19: OBSERVANCE OF DISCOVERY OF PUERTO RICO IN 1493.
January 15-January 6, 1982: "NAVIDADES" Puerto Rico's Christmas season celebrations.

Saba

30: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
December: SABA DAYS. Sports, folkloric programs.
15: KINGDOM DAY TO MARK AUTONOMY OF NETHERLAND ANTILLES. Street dances, sports.

St. Barthélemy

28: ASCENSION THURSDAY OBSERVANCES.
8: PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach parties.
14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE.
15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Processions, religious rites.
24: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHELEMY. Celebrated for several days in honor of island's patron saint; reminiscent of French country fair.
31: "REVEILLON DE LA SAINT SYLVESTRE." New Year's Eve events.

St. Eustatius

30: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
16: STATIA AND AMERICA DAY. First foreign country to recognize American flag in 1776.
15: KINGDOM DAY.

St. Kitts, Nevis, Anguilla

20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. **St. Kitts.** Picnics, dances, water sports. Horse racing in Nevis.
4: LABOR DAY.
14: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY PARADE. Picnics, dances.
August-August: CULTURAMA. Nevis. Music, art, drama, exhibitions.
3: AUGUST MONDAY. **Nevis.** Horse racing, picnics, dances.
14: PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTHDAY.
January 1982: CARNIVAL. all islands.

St. Lucia

May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS. Highly celebrated holiday.
May 26-27: CARNIVAL FESTIVITIES.
July: FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Castries. Fireworks, parades.
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY.
August 30: FÊTE DE LA ROSE. Castries and some towns. Costumed parades.
October 1: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL.
October 17: FEAST OF ST. MARGARET. Mary Alacoque.
December 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports contests.

St. Maarten

March 28-April 8: SEVENTH ANNUAL TRADEWINDS RACE. **St. Maarten-Virgin Gorda-Martinique-St. Maarten.** Covers 800-mile course.
Mid-April-early May: CARNIVAL TIME. Steel band competitions, pageants, parades.
April 18-May 2: CARNIVAL. Beauty contests, parades, steel band competitions, jump-up.
April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY.
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY. Parades, fireworks, sports events.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 15: ASCENSION DAY OBSERVANCES.
June 8: WHITMONDAY FESTIVITIES. Beach picnics, sports.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Fireworks, parades, dancing, sports events.
November 11: CONCORDIA DAY. Ceremonies at border observe long-standing amicable agreement of 1648 between Dutch and French that divided island.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Celebration marks autonomy of Netherlands Antilles.
December 26: BOXING DAY.

St. Vincent and the Grenadines

April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. Beach parties, fireworks, sports.
May 4: LABOR DAY.
June 6-8: WHITSUN REGATTA. Bequia. Between Kingstown Harbour and Port Elizabeth.
June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
Late June-July 4: CARNIVAL. Steel bands and calypso contests.

Trinidad and Tobago

April: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA. **Trinidad.**
June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION. **Port of Spain, Trinidad.**
June 19: BUTLER'S DAY. **Trinidad, Tobago.**
July: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL AND COMPETITIONS. **Trinidad, Tobago.**
August 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **Trinidad, Tobago.**
November 1-2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY. **Trinidad, Tobago.**

British Virgin Islands

April: SPRING REGATTA. **Virgin Gorda.**
April 20: EASTER MONDAY FESTIVAL. **Virgin Gorda.**
June 8: WHITMONDAY.
July 1: TERRITORY DAY.
First weekend in August: B.V.I. FESTIVAL. **Tortola.**
October 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

U.S. Virgin Islands

April: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT COMPETITIONS. **St. Thomas.**
May: MEMORIAL DAY YACHT RACES. **St. Croix.**
May 1-2: VIRGIN ISLANDS CARNIVAL PARADES.
June 28: ANNUAL CRAFT AND FOOD FAIR. **Cruz Bay Park, St. John.**
June 29-July 4: CARNIVAL WEEK. **St. John's.**
July 3: U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS EMANCIPATION DAY.
July 4: ROUND-THE-ISLAND YACHT RACE. **St. Thomas.**
July 4-6: GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT. **St. Thomas.**
August: YACHT RACE. **St. Thomas to Tortola, B.V.I.**
Mid-August: GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT. **St. Thomas.**
Mid-September: PILLSBURY SOUND YACHT RACE. **St. Thomas to St. John.**
October 19: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING.
November: ANNUAL WAHOO TOURNAMENT. **St. Croix.**
November 4: LIBERTY DAY.
Late November: FIFTH ANNUAL PRO-AM GOLF TOURNAMENT. **St. Croix.**
December 6: ISLAND HOPPER RACE. **St. John's.**

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ASIA AND THE FAR EAST

Burma

- April 13-16:** BURMESE WATER FESTIVAL—THING YAN. **Rangoon and nationwide.**
April 17: BURMESE NEW YEAR'S DAY. **nationwide.**
May 1: WORKER'S DAY. **nationwide.**
November 11: FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS. **nationwide.**

Hong Kong

- April 5:** CHING MING FESTIVAL
April 21: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
April 27: BIRTHDAY OF TIN HAU, GODDESS OF FISHERMEN. Fishing fleet honors Goddess of the Sea. Special junk tours and decorations. **Public holiday.**
May: CHEUNG CHAU BUN FESTIVAL. Four day festival includes religious ceremonies, Chinese opera, procession.
June 6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races in beautifully decorated boats.
July 14: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER BUILDER
August 13: YUE LAN. Festival of the Hungry Ghosts.
September 12: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL
October: SIXTH FESTIVAL OF ASIAN ARTS. Music, dance, art exhibits.
October 6: CHUNG YEUNG FESTIVAL

India

- April:** FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL. **Sirigum, Goa.**
April 20: MILAGRES—OUR LADY OF THE MIRACLES. **North Goa.** Religious services,

- July 3:** RATH YATRA—TEMPLE FESTIVAL. **Puri, Orissa.** Thousands join procession of huge chariots.
September: ONAM—SNAKE BOAT RACES. **Aranmula, Payipad, and Kottayam.**
October 8: DUSSEHRA. Ten-day festival based on the legend of Rama.
October 27: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS. **nationwide.** Marks beginning of Hindu New Year.
November: PUSHKAR FAIR. **Pushkar.**
November 8: MUHARRAM. Colorful Muslim holiday. Largest celebrations in **Lucknow.**

Indonesia

- April:** SEA FESTIVAL. **along coast.**
April 1: MEDAN ANNIVERSARY. **North Sumatra.** Fair, cultural events.
April 21: MARTIN DAY
May: WAJAK—BIRTH OF BUDDHA, Mendut and Borobudur Temples, **Central Java.**
May-October: RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL. **Yogyakarta.**
June: ANNUAL FAIR. **Jakarta.**
June 29: 453RD ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF FOUNDING OF CITY. **Jakarta.**
August 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **Jakarta.** Parades, fireworks.
September: KERAPAN SAPI BULL RACES. **Madura Island.**

Japan

- March 20-September 15:** PORTOPIA '81. **Kobe.**
 Theme: "The creation of a new city of culture on the sea." On man-made Kobe Port Island. Sea pageants, transpacific

- yacht race, entertainment.
April: CHERRY DANCES. **Tokyo and Kyoto.** Cherry blossom time.
April 10-28: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Osaka.** The arts.
April 14-15: TAKAYAMA FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE. **Takayama.** Festive procession
April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
May 3-5: KITE BATTLES. **Hamamatsu, Shizuoka.** Competition.
May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. **Public holiday.**
May 11-October 15: CORMORANT FISHING SEASON. **Nagara River, Gifu.**
May 15: HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL OF SHIMOGAI AND KAMIGAMO SHRINES. **Kyoto.** Imperial parade and pageantry.
May 17-18: GRAND FESTIVAL OF TOSHOGU SHRINE. **Nikko.**
June 10-16: SANNO FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE. **Tokyo.** Lavish procession.
July 16-17: GION MATSURI PROCESSION. **Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto.** Elaborate floats along streets. One of Kyoto's best known festivals.
July 23-25: WILD HORSE CHASE AND ROUND. **Haramachi, Fukushima.**
August 6: PEACE FESTIVAL. **Hiroshima.** Memorial rites.
August 6-8: TANABATA FESTIVAL. **Sendai.** Streets decorated with ornamented bami branches.
August 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE. **Mt. Nyoigadake, Kyoto.** Huge bonfire.
September 16: "YASUBAME"—HORSEBACK ARCHERY. **Kamakura.**
October-November: CHRYSANTHEMUM DO. Shows. **nationwide.**
October 7-9: KUNCHI FESTIVAL. **Nagasaki.** Dragon parade.
October 10: HEALTH-SPORTS DAY. **nationwide.**
October 22: FESTIVAL OF ERAS. **Heian Shrine, Kyoto.** Commemorates city's founding in 794.
November 3: CULTURE DAY. **nationwide.**
December 17: "ON MATSURI" OF KASUGA SHRINE. **Nara.**

Korea

- April 5:** ARBOR DAY. Tree plantings.
April 8: BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE. **nationwide.** One of Korea's most colorful celebrations. Elaborate rituals at Buddhist temples.
May-early-June: TANO. Traditional holiday with wrestling matches, band contests.
May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. PROGRAMS
July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY
August 15: LIBERATION DAY
October: CHUSOK. Traditional harvest festival
October 1: ARMED FORCES DAY. **Seoul.** Parades.

Macau

- April 25:** ANNIVERSARY OF PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION. **Public holiday.**
April 27: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Honors to fishermen.
May 11: FEAST OF THE BATHING OF LORD BUDDHA. Temple rites mark Buddha's birth.
May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION
June 6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races
June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. **Public holiday.** honors patron saint.
July 13: FEAST OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 13. **islands of Taipa and Coloane.** Marks defeat of Chinese pirates in 1910.
August 13: FEAST OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
September 12: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Moon cakes eaten to celebrate Autumn equinox
October 5: REPUBLIC DAY.
November: 28TH MACAU GRAND PRIX. Auto race.

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Malaysia

12: PALM SUNDAY. Jalan Bendahara Lalacca. Candlelight procession to St. Peter's Church, oldest functioning church in Malaysia.

September: MIGRATION OF GIANT ARTILS

1: LABOR DAY

9: KADAZAN HARVEST FESTIVAL. Sabah. dances, thanksgiving ceremony for a successful harvest.

18: WESAK DAY. Religious rites, freeing captive birds, lantern procession mark birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha; BIRD SINGING COMPETITION. **nationwide.**
KITE FLYING COMPETITION. Kelantan.

1-2: DAYAK FESTIVAL. Sarawak. End-of-harvest prayers, poems, dances.

6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL

29: FEAST OF ST. PETER, two miles from Lalacca. Fishing events, decorated boats jessed, folk dances, songs.

31: LUMUT SEA CARNIVAL. Three days of sports, Chinese operas, dances.

1st 31: NATIONAL DAY

September 28-October 6: FESTIVAL OF THE ONE EMPEROR GODS

ber 6: UNIVERSAL CHILDREN'S DAY. Kuala Lumpur.

ber 26: DEEPAVALI. Marks victory of light over darkness.

Nepal

1: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL. Bhadgaon.

113: NAVABARSHA. Katmandu and nationwide. Nepalese New Year's day.

1st: MATAYAA—MUSIC, DANCE, HUMOR FESTIVAL. Patan.

ember 13: INDRAJATRA. Katmandu. Colorful festival marks end of monsoon season.

ember 15: WOMEN'S FESTIVAL. Ashupatinath.

ber 5: BADA DASAI. Major day of fifteen-day observance. Public holiday.

People's Republic of China

il 15-May 15; October 15-November 15: TRADE FAIR. Canton.

1: INTERNATIONAL MAY DAY-LABOR DAY OBSERVANCES. nationwide. Parades, speeches.

ust 1: RED ARMY DAY. nationwide. Parades.

ober 1: NATIONAL DAY. nationwide. Parades, theatrical performances, fireworks, special events.

Philippines

il 9: BATAAN DAY

il 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING PAGEANT. Cebu. Commemorates landing in 1521.

1-30: FLORES DE MAYO. Santa Cruz.

14-15: CARABAO FESTIVAL. Bulacan, Rizal. Thanksgiving events.

il 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Manila. Rizal Park.

e 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. San Juan, Rizal.

e 28-30: STS. PETER AND PAUL FEAST. Apalit, Pampanga.

1-30: HARVEST TIME FESTIVAL. Mountain Province.

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July 6: RIVER FESTIVAL. Bokaue. Holy Cross of Wawa honored with procession.

August 26: CRY OF BALINTAWAK. nationwide. Marks start of revolution against Spain.

Republic of China

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY AND ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK

April 8: BUDDHA BATHING FESTIVAL. nationwide.

April 27: BIRTHDAY OF MATSU, GODDESS OF THE SEA. Peikang, Tainan.

June 6: DRAGON BOAT RACING FESTIVAL

September 12: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL

October 10: THE DOUBLE TENTH CELEBRATION

Singapore

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY CANDLELIGHT PROCESSIONS. Church of St. Joseph.

May 1: LABOR DAY

May 18: VISAK DAY. Celebrates Lord Buddha's birth, enlightenment, and death

June 6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Exciting dragon boat race.

August 1: HARI RAYA PUASA. Beginning of Feast of Shawar or "Aidil Fitri."

August 9: NATIONAL DAY. Marks founding of Singapore with parades and fair.

August 14: FESTIVAL OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS

September 12: MOON CAKE FESTIVAL. Heralds arrival of Autumn with lantern parades, eating of moon cakes.

September-October: NAVARATHRI FESTIVAL. Indian dances, musical performances, and recitals.

October 8: HARI RAYA HAJI. Observed at most mosques.

October 26: DEEPAVALI. Hindu festival, literally "Festival of Lights."

Sri Lanka

March-April: ID-UL-AZHA FESTIVAL OF SACRIFICE. Religious rites recall near sacrifice by Abraham of his son.

April: HOLIDAY SEASON. Nuwara Eliya. Special events in hill resort.

April 1: NATIONAL NEW YEAR. nationwide. Begins after harvest season.

May 1: MAY DAY

May 18-19: VISAK FESTIVAL. Commemorates birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha.

May 22: NATIONAL HEROES DAY

July-August: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL.

Kataragama.

July-August: ESALA PERAHERA. Kandy. Medieval procession of elephants, drummers, dancers.

October 9: HAJI FESTIVAL. Celebrates annual Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca.

October 26: DEEPAVALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

Thailand

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Honors King Rama I, founder of Bangkok.

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il 13-15: SONGKRAN—WATER FESTIVAL. Chiang Mai, Paklat. Thai New Year celebration. Ploughing ceremony
5: CORONATION DAY. Public holiday.
8-9: ROCKET FESTIVAL. **Yasothon.** Dancing processions, drum serenades, fireworks hail harvest time before start of rainy season.
16: ASANHA BUCHA. Candlelight procession honors first sermon delivered by Lord Buddha. Public holiday.
17: BUDDHIST LENT BEGINS. Public holiday.
ust 12: QUEEN SIRIKIT'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE
ober 13–November 11: THOT KATHIN. Bangkok and nationwide. End of rainy season and Buddhist Lent.
ember 21–22: ANNUAL ELEPHANT ROUNDUP. Surin. Elephants perform tricks, demonstrate skills, play soccer, and have tug-of-war with people.
ember 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL DAY

THE PACIFIC

Australia

il 4: NATIONAL BOOMERANG THROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS. Albury, New South Wales.
il 20–26: BAROSSA VALLEY VINTAGE FESTIVAL. Barossa Valley, South Australia. Wine harvest events.
il 25: ANZAC DAY. Public holiday.
ue 4: FOUNDATION DAY. Western Australia. **est:** AUSTRALIAN SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS. Mt. Buller.
e August: HENLY-ON-TODD REGATTA. Alice Springs. Makeshift yachts charge through soft sand.
ust–September: ROYAL ADELAIDE SHOW. Adelaide, Fair.
ly September: CAMEL CUP. Alice Springs.
tember: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW. Melbourne.
tember: ROYAL SHOW. Perth, Fair.
tember 19–26: TOOWOOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. Toowoomba. Exceptional garden displays.
tober: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL. Melbourne.
tober: WINE BUSHING FESTIVAL. McLaren Vale. Tours, tastings, exhibits.
ember 1–8: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL. Melbourne. Melbourne cup race on November 3 highlights week of major horse racing events.
ember 26: YACHT RACE. Sydney to Hobart.

ook Islands

ril 19–20: EASTER SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY. Muri Beach. Beach parties, sports.
il 25: ANZAC DAY. **Rarotonga.** Parade.
ly 31–August 9: CONSTITUTION DAY OBSERVANCE
tober 26: GOSPEL DAY. Religious plays (Nuku) performed in open air.

iji

ril: AUCLAND—SUVA YACHT RACE
ne: SOUTH PACIFIC BOWLING CARNIVAL. Suva.
ne 16: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Suva. Parade at Albert Park.
ugust: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL. Suva. Exhibits, entertainment, parade.



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September: NATIONAL ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBIT. Suva.
Mid-September: FLOWER SHOW. Suva.
October 27: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS
November 12: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.

Guam

May 1–31: MAYFAIR. Agaña. Carnival events at Paseo de Susanna Grounds.
June 13: FIESTA OF ST. ANTHONY. Tamuning.
July 1–29: FIESTA GUAM. Yigo. Athletic events, contests, concerts, fireworks. Liberation Day parade on July 21. Guam Amusement Park.
July 4: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATION.

New Zealand

April 17–20: HIGHLAND GAMES. Hastings.
May–June: WINTER AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW. Dunedin.
May 24–30: NEW ZEALAND WOOL FESTIVAL. Dunedin.
June 11–13: 13TH NEW ZEALAND AGRICULTURAL FIELD DAYS. Hamilton.
July: 13TH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. Auckland.

August: NEW ZEALAND INDUSTRIES FAIR. Christchurch.
August: 27TH NEW ZEALAND KENNEL CLUB NATIONAL DOG SHOW. Wellington.
September: ANNUAL BLOSSOM FESTIVAL PARADE. Alexandria.

Papua New Guinea

June: MABORASA FESTIVAL. Madang. Traditional Papua New Guinean and Asian dances.
June–July: FRANGIFANI FESTIVAL. Rabaul.
June–July: TOLAI WARWAGIRA—DISPLAY OF HANDICRAFTS. Rabaul.
June 13–15: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW. Port Moresby.

July: FLOWER SHOW. Madang.
August: EASTERN HIGHLANDS SHOW—SINGSINGS. Gaily-painted, feathered warriors perform traditional dances.
September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY
November: PAPUA SAFARI. Port Moresby. Car racing.
November: PEARL FESTIVAL. Samarai, Milne Bay.

Tahiti

April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY
May 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATION.
May 16: ANNUAL DAY OF THE "MAIRE." Papeete.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. islands of Raiatea, Tahaa, Huahine, Bora Bora.
July 14–21: FÊTES DE JULIET. Papeete, Raiatea, Bora Bora.
November 21: THOUSANDS OF FLOWERS COMPETITION AND PAREU DAY. all islands.
December 5: TIARE TAHITI DAY. Papeete.
December 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE ILLUMINATION OF THE WATERFRONT. Papeete.

Tonga

April 25: ANZAC DAY. Parade in honor of soldiers killed in World War II. Public holiday.
May 4: BIRTHDAY OF CROWN PRINCE. Tupouo'a. Military parades. Public holiday.
May 12–18: RED CROSS WEEK
June: OPENING OF PARLIAMENT
June 4: EMANCIPATION DAY. Public holiday.
July 4: KING'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
September 6–13: HEILALA FESTIVAL. Nuku'alofa.
September–October: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Includes chariot and horse races.
November 4: CONSTITUTION DAY
December 4: KING TUPOU I DAY

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EUROPE'S WELCOMING IS

AN AMERICAN FORTUNE

e Hunts of Dallas

by L. J. Davis

HAVE ON my desk a copy of a photograph that, I believe, is unique in the annals of high finance. It depicts almost the precise moment of the founding of a great personal fortune. The date is sometime in October 1900, and the time is either early morning or afternoon (the print is not a good one). The place is a field, in Rusk County, east of Texas, belonging to a lady named Daisy Bradford. In the immediate background is a portion of one of the crude oil rigs of the period. In the immediate foreground, shaking hands, are a pair of confidence men—Columbus "Dad" Joiner, who specialized in the buying of grass widows, and A. D. "Doc" Dryden, a former snake oil salesman masquerading as a geologist, complete with jodhpurs. Their faces are creased in weak smiles, assumed for the purposes of the photographer. A catastrophe has just occurred. Against staggering odds, they have accidentally hit the greatest oil pool ever discovered in the continental United States.

Slightly behind them and to the right, standing out from the happy roustabouts of the crew by the virtue of his straw boater, clean shirt, and bow tie, is a forty-one-year-old itinerant cardsharp, small-scale land speculator, and minor fortune hunter named Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, Jr. Though at the moment he owns no part of the well in question—Daisy Bradford No. 3—he has just struck it rich. His nickname, by

the way, was "June."

A seventy-year-old former Tennessee legislator with a gift of the gab, a fatal attraction for the ladies, and a fake map drawn by Lloyd, Dad Joiner wasn't exactly in the oil business. He was in the oil-lease business instead. Unlike gold, which had a way of getting itself found on land owned by Indians or Mexicans or the Canadian government (and was therefore pleasingly uncomplicated by questions of title when it came to staking claim), oil happened to be located beneath property owned by a great number of taxpaying American citizens, who had lawyers and sheriffs at their disposal. The only way to get at the oil was to cut these citizens in on the deal, and leases were devised for the purpose: the landowner received a one-time payment for his drilling rights and an agreed proportion of the profits in the event that any oil began to flow from his land.

But then there were additional complications. In those early days of the industry, a single runaway gusher could ruin an entire field. If there were no gushers or if the ones that did occur were controlled, the oil from an abundant new field could glut the market and depress prices below the break-even point. And with major companies like Humble only just beginning to understand the principles of oil-field management (and the independent wildcatters understanding them not at all), many

L. J. Davis is a contributing editor of Harper's.

This is the first part of a two-part article. Part II, on the Hunts and silver, will appear in the May issue of Harper's.

fields soon lost pressure and went out of business with more than half the oil still in the ground, unrecoverable, which meant that the whole costly search had to begin all over again somewhere else. Costly, that is, but potentially profitable, for it soon occurred to men like Joiner and Lloyd that there was a different way of going about the business, that the search for oil, rather than the finding of it, could be the place where the money was.

AS IN ANY of the great mineral booms, much profit—sometimes the only profit—was reaped by the usual camp followers: the merchants, the equipment salesmen, the tavern keepers, the prostitutes, the cardsharps like June Hunt. But here again, oil was different. For one thing, to get even a little bit of oil required expensive machinery and a crew. Unless a driller had money of his own, he needed backers, and as long as he continued to obtain backers, he continued to eat. In some cases it did not even matter whether he found oil or not; if, like Dad Joiner, he was a plausible man, and if he developed a reputation for having drilled where other men later found petroleum, he could get by. Furthermore, the money from the backers could be used creatively; it could make more money in the form of lease participations. Given a proper climate of expectation, a lease could be used just like currency. It could be subdivided into shares, which could then be used to purchase haircuts and food and lodging, and that was just what Dad Joiner did.

During the 1920s, Joiner acquired upward of ten thousand leases, which he then parceled out through the use of some highly creative

mathematics to obtain goods and services at more money—selling, for instance, a three-hundredth share of one of his tracts plus four acres of another 320-acre tract, which sound okay until you divide 320 by 300. It was a risky life but Joiner appeared to thrive on it, and if anybody called his bluff, he could always make good by swapping another lease. It didn't even matter that the titles of some of his lessors were themselves questionable, that the properties were clouded or encumbered. That wasn't the point. Nor was the object to find oil and to pay out on the lease. The point was to keep the scam going, to make it so complicated that nobody would ever know who owned what, and occasionally to sink a dry hole in the interest of proving his good faith as an oil driller. That was exactly what Dad Joiner was doing out in Dad Bradford's field in October 1930, drilling a tract that had already been gone over by the majors and given up as a bad job. He was drilling another dry hole, and he accidentally hit a bonanza. Now he was going to have to make good on all those leases, all those three-hundredth parts of one thing and impossible four acres of another, all those clouded titles. But fortunately, although he didn't know it yet, he had a good friend standing right behind him.

The two-family man

LIKE SO MANY TYCOONS of the classic age of money, H. L. Hunt seemed to come from nowhere, out of a long line of perfectly ordinary people who had never betrayed any special aptitude either for making a pile or holding on to it. He was born on February 17, 1889, in Carson Township, Illinois, the grandson of a Confederate cavalry captain and the son of a sometime farmer, sometime merchant, sometime county sheriff and small country banker named Haskett Hunt, who had come north from Arkansas in 1864. As far as his early years are concerned, we have little to go on but his unsupported word, and he had a way of improving on the story as he went along. He said he was reading aloud from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* when he was two, or possibly even one ("it was my second year . . ."), although as an adult he could scarcely write a legible or grammatical sentence: he dictated his messages to the world. He said he was nursed by his mother until he was seven years old. In the light of subsequent events, however, there seems little reason to doubt him when he said that he was very good at parlor games.



He said he left home in 1905 and wandered country for the next five years. He said he known as Arizona Slim. He said he won \$100 from a bunch of Mexicans in a game bocconcan. He said he almost became a semi-ballplayer in Reno, and that some men asked him to fight Jack Johnson and beat the Great White Hope. He definitely attended Valparaiso University for two tenk terms. He said he played a lot of poker re. In 1911 his father died and left him \$1000. June Hunt immediately headed south the Arkansas delta, back to where the family come from, and set up as a cotton farmer. His first crop was flooded out. His second s eaten by cutworms. His third crop was dded again. He kept himself alive by playing ds, finally made a little money at farming. d when World War I drove up the price of ton land he began to speculate in land. He o married a local girl named Lydia Bunker, d they soon had a child, Margaret, which emptied him from the draft when the United tates entered the war. He began to invest in ton futures—another enterprise that reired little capital. By then he was also growg a lot of cotton on the land he bought for speculation. He said later that he made a conerable sum of money, although he never id how much, but in 1920 he was caught in double squeeze when he sold his futures short a rising market and lost all his money. At e same time he and some partners found themselves unable to sell 2,500 acres of cotton d when the price of real estate broke sharply ownward. He said he saved the day by winng \$10,000 off Jinks Miller and some other gh rollers at the Grunewald Hotel in New leans, but when things finally sorted themselves out, he was pretty well broke. He was ying to get back into land speculation when e heard that oil had been struck in the town El Dorado, Arkansas, and he headed there ead, equipped with an Italian sidekick med Frank Grego and a \$50 loan cosigned a Frenchman, an Irishman, and a Jew.

HE SAID LATER that he quit playing poker in 1921, but somehow he managed to parlay his \$50 stake into a full-fledged gambling operation in nearby Junction City. He also denied that he on his first oil lease in a card game, but he as shortly trading leases back and forth and aking himself some money. He also began to ill for a little oil on his own, and when a ew field was developed at Smackover, he oved his operation there. By 1925 he was ble to buy an entire residential block in

El Dorado, build a house on it, and move in his family, now grown to include H. L., Jr. (called Hassie) and Caroline. That same year he sold out most of his holdings to Louisiana Oil and Refining for \$600,000 and headed east to Florida to get in on the land boom. On Armistice Day, November 11, 1925, using the name Franklin Hunt, he married a young Tampa woman named Frania Tye. A few months later, back in El Dorado, Lyda gave birth to Nelson Bunker Hunt.

It was a curious existence. In Shreveport, Frania Tye had her first child, Howard, on October 25, 1926, and her second, Haroldina, on October 26, 1928. On March 6, 1929, Lyda had her fifth, William Herbert Hunt. Frania Tye moved to Dallas and bore a third child, Helen, on October 28, 1930—just about the time Dad Joiner's disastrous well was coming in—and back in El Dorado, Lamar was born on August 2, 1932. Frania Tye had another child, Hue, on October 14, 1934, but he was born on Long Island. By then Frania Tye had found out who Franklin Hunt really was.

Meanwhile, back in 1925, the author of all this mischief had traveled to New York, was smitten by Broadway, and tried to write a musical comedy. One of the numbers was called "Whenever Dreams Come True, I'll Be With You." Years later, as an old man, he sometimes sang it to his visitors.

Florida real estate proved too expensive for Hunt, but he soon got out of it without a profit or a loss. He returned to El Dorado, his two small oil companies—Tenable and H. L. Hunt Incorporated, which would later become Placid—and a fledgling staff of loyal employees that centered on a diminutive autocrat named Roy Lee, who once turned down a raise with the words, "You really can't afford it now, Mr. Hunt." Hunt himself began to drift again, looking for another score. He moved south to Webster Parish, Louisiana, but the field was too small. He checked out the action in California and Oklahoma, found none to his liking, and, like most of the minor operators, was frozen out of the big Van field in Texas. By October 1930, he was down to his last \$109 (or so he said), and he found himself in Rusk County just as Dad Joiner's well came in. By a happy chance, he owned a lease to the immediate south, and he began to drill. It was a gamble. He knew next to nothing, either then or later, about subsurface geology, but he knew a lot about how to count a house, and he became extremely interested in the player sitting on his immediate left. This was the Deep Rock Oil Company, and it was drilling on land to the west of the Bradford strike, where no oil had ever been found and where,

"He sold his futures short in a rising market and lost all his money."

L. J. Davis
AN AMERICAN
FORTUNE

naturally, the majority of Joiner's leases were concentrated. Hunt sent one of his men over to keep an eye on things while Joiner's tangled affairs ended up in receivership in Dallas. To raise some badly needed cash, Hunt cut in his amiable El Dorado haberdasher, Pete Lake, on the deal that was percolating in his mind, and the two of them moved into the Baker Hotel in Dallas, where Joiner was hiding out. In November, Hunt's man at the scene reported that Deep Rock had hit oil, and they had a rough idea of which way the field extended—right into the heart of the unsuspecting Joiner's leaseholds. Hunt immediately offered the old man the deal of his life.

Joiner held leaseholds on about 5,580 acres, many of them typically confused by clouded titles and conflicting participations. Hunt traded 20 percent of the deal to Pete Lake in exchange for \$30,000 in cash, which he then gave to Joiner as a down payment. He gave him an additional \$45,000 in notes, payable over nine months, and promised a final \$1,260,000 when the oil began to flow. As for the legal questions, Hunt had been a land speculator and land was something else he knew a lot about. If there was oil—real oil—down there, a good lawyer could take care of the problems. If there wasn't, he could always walk away. With no cash of his own and

\$30,000 of his haberdasher's money, Har-
son Lafayette Hunt, Jr., had just obtained
major interest in the largest oil pool in the U

A way of keeping score

THAT WAS ALL there was to it. That was the fortune. There is an elegant simplicity about oil—provided, of course, that you have a lot of it—that is entirely lacking in most commercial enterprises. You don't have to be particularly smart to profit by it, although, of course, shrewdness helps at the beginning. To obtain oil, you do have to make anything or do anything particularly clever; all you have to do is find and drill for it. To sell it, all you have to do is bring it to the surface, and it usually does that on its own. If not, a simple pump will suffice. If you happen to lay hands on as much of the stuff as H. L. Hunt did, you no longer have to stretch yourself; you can buy just about anything you want, including more leases somewhere else; you can lose money on the bale; you can put it in the bank and wait for it to grow as though by magic, and you are set for life. And, not surprisingly, wealth obtained in this way plays old Harry with a certain narrow variety of the Protestant conscience. Because the new plutocrat has to do very little to earn his keep once the initial exertion of actually finding the pesky stuff is over, he often develops the notion that someone—the government, the Rockefeller family, the Reds, the Jews—would like nothing better than to take it away from him. Indeed, he often seems to suspect that they would be entirely correct in doing so, which has a way of making him a little frantic.

Here one senses the root of much of the more exotic varieties of Texas politics, but this suspicion can also lead to a sort of mindless avarice—the kind of avarice exhibited, for example, by H. L. Hunt and his heirs. As he himself pointed out in the twilight of his life, when he was a billionaire, he didn't live much better than a man with a mere \$200,000. In fact, he didn't live even as well as that, with his cheap blue suits and cracked black shoes and old blue Plymouth automobiles—and the bag lunches, the tourist-class airline tickets, and all the rest of it. He was a man who had once lived much better than that, when he had next to nothing. Making money, he said, was a way of keeping score—perhaps with God, perhaps with his fellow men, most probably with himself. The money proved that his life was really about something, he wasn't just another shiftless layabout on welfare.



AT FIRST, THOUGH, there were a number of distractions. For one thing, he had to raise some money—no easy thing in the Depression year of 1931, with selling at twenty-four cents a barrel. To litigate matters, he executed two bold strokes immediately set him apart from the run-of-the-mill independent oil man. He set up his pipeline company—Panola—and his own drilling company, Penrod. Although it was a revived operation, Panola enabled him to pass the marketing apparatus of the majors sell his oil directly, at his own railhead terminal. More durable was the Penrod Drilling Company, which he originally set up to drill more than nine hundred wells he would eventually sink in the field. Much has been made of the family penchant for founding six-letter entities beginning with the letter H, and there is no doubt that Hunt and his descendants have proven very fond of the use of H. More to the point, however, is that no matter what Hunt and his boys decided to call their various companies, they exhibited, and continue to exhibit, a proclivity for integrating their activities, controlling all phases of their operations, and keeping them private; public, shared enterprises are not the Hunts' style, and their experiences with them have not been happy. Penrod Drilling was notable for a number of ways. For one thing, it indicated that Hunt was something of a wildcatter in the oil business, whether he intended or not. Since drilling for oil was a somewhat new thing, even the majors leased much of their equipment rather than run the risk of buying a lot of costly machinery and well-paid crews sitting around for long periods doing nothing. When he originally set up Penrod, Hunt had plenty of work for it to do, but he soon faced with a dilemma: either he had to find some use for it, or he had to disband it. And, as has been remarked more than once, the Hunts never sell anything if they can help it.*

So H. L. went into the oil-rig-leasing business. It proved a profitable sideline. When he leased a rig, he could lease it to himself, and he could lease any rig that he wasn't using to his competitors, including the majors. Today Penrod disposes of around a hundred rigs, including five semisubmersible outfits worth between \$50 and \$60 million each, renting for about \$60,000 a day in diverse locations. It is,

*Years later, the story was told that Hunt's youngest son, Lamar, ended up building the Worlds Fun amusement park outside Kansas City because he lost his head at an M-G-M auction and sent a fortune on old movie props, including the rattle-wheelers from *Showboat*. The amusement park, the story goes, suggested itself later, when his head cleared.


as they say in Texas, a nice little business. "The Hunts never sell anything if they can help it." It also provides the family with its own industrial espionage system, since Penrod always knows where the competition is drilling and has a fair idea of what it's finding there. The acquisition of such an espionage system was one of the chief arguments urged on John D. Rockefeller, Sr., when he was thinking of buying a bank back in 1911, since members of the bank's trust department could sit on the boards of rival corporations. The Hunts, unlike many other great, rich families, have never showed much interest in the banking business. One reason may be that they haven't needed to.

In Hunts we trust

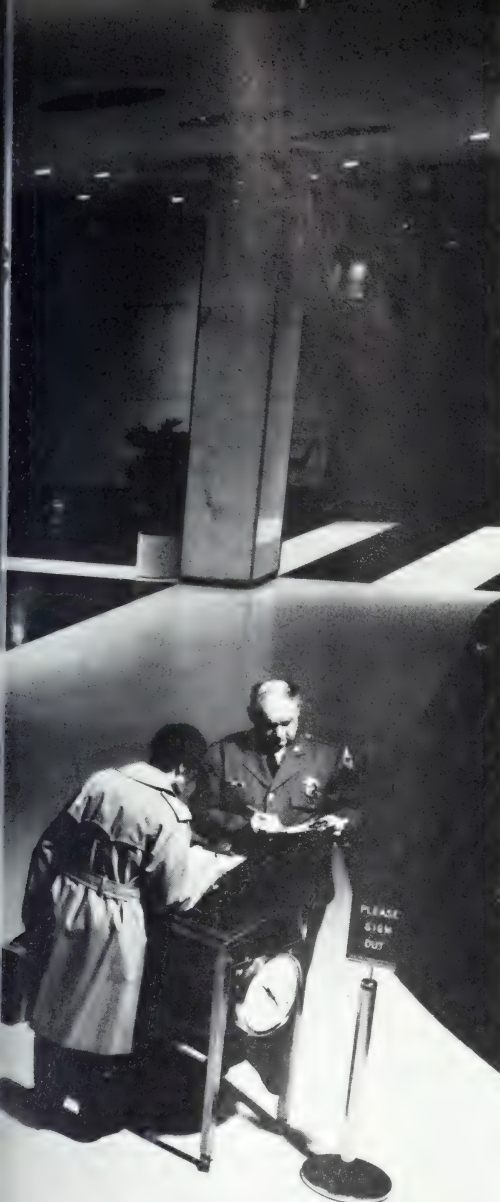
MEANWHILE, HUNT had his hands full. Since the east Texas field had been overlooked by the majors, it was developed mainly by independent wildcatters who were not much interested in orderly development of the pool. Rather, they were interested in getting the oil out, which caused chaos in an already depressed market. In 1931, with Hunt calling loudly for some kind of government regulation, the field was occupied by the militia. In 1932, Dad Joiner sued him and had to be bought off. Hunt bought more leases. By June 15, 1934, and allowing for more than 600 dry holes, he owned 229 producing wells out of 13,512 in the field, which made him larger than anybody but the majors. That same year Frania Tye made her astounding discovery and headed for New York, whence a lawsuit would issue some forty-one years later, further complicating a family fortune that, by then, was one of the most intricate in the world. Shortly after Frania Tye deserted him, Hunt decided to provide for what was to become known as the First Family—the children of Lyda Bunker.

The law of trusts is one of the more fascinating aspects of the management and preservation of great wealth. It is an ancient and complicated body of legislation, and in an age increasingly unsympathetic to vast personal fortunes, complexity is the rich man's friend. In the simplest possible terms, money placed in a trust no longer legally belongs to the beneficiary. It belongs to the trust, and the trustees are supposed to invest it as their prudence dictates, not necessarily as the beneficiary wishes. Indeed, the beneficiary is not supposed to have any say in the disposition of the money whatever, something that has proved a considerable bone of contention in—among others—the Rockefeller family.

The marvelous wealth-protecting properties



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YOUR JOB
TO GET
ANY WORK
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of trusts did not escape the attention of the rich, who were perfectly aware—sometimes a little hysterically—of the way the wind was blowing in Depression Washington. The Rockefellers established a great trust in 1934 to protect the fortunes of the family's third and fourth generations. The Kennedys followed suit. So did the Du Ponts and the Pews. So did just about everybody who still had money and a smart lawyer—and so, in late 1935, did H. L. Hunt. As a nouveau riche who came into oil at a bad time, he enjoyed some unique advantages. Because oil wells tended to dry up with alarming regularity in those days of poor field regulation, oil properties enjoyed low tax appraisals—doubly so, with the Depression's reduced land values. Hunt was therefore able to transfer his properties to his children with a minimum tax encumbrance and, because he acted in 1935, with no inheritance taxes whatever. One of the properties was the Placid Oil Company, the crown jewel of his empire.

To retain control over their trustees the Rockefellers bought a bank, but Hunt took a shortcut. He dispensed with banks entirely and appointed the trustees himself from among his lawyers and associates, with the same effect: he controlled the people who controlled his money. While the socialist revolution so feared by the Pews and Du Ponts, and later by Hunt himself, never came to pass, by splitting the money six ways he avoided the worst of the confiscatory taxes of the war years, and by establishing the trusts at a time of depressed assessments, he accomplished another goal: he hid his fortune. By keeping his companies private and their shares undervalued and dispersed, he made it next to impossible for any outsider to find out exactly how much he was worth. For example, on September 30, 1973, Nelson Bunker Hunt's trust listed the dollar value of its one-sixth of Placid Oil Company as \$103,750. The Placid Oil Company is the largest privately owned oil company in the world. It is worth around \$6 billion.

THE ESTABLISHMENT of the trusts did more: it provided a framework for the management of the fortune which persists, with small modification, to this day. As H. L.'s children came to maturity, they continued to keep the trusts out of the banks, they kept the family lawyers and associates on the boards, and they began to serve as members of each other's funds. This led to some interesting interlocks. Consider the case of the ubiquitous A. G. Hill, Margaret Hunt's husband. On July 31, 1978, he served as secretary-treasurer and director of the Hunt Petroleum

Company (Tom Hunt, president, and William Herbert Hunt, vice president and director, secretary of Hassie Hunt, Inc. (Margaret Hunt Hill, vice president and director, Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf, director, and Lamar Hunt, vice president), the Hassie Hunt Exploration (Margaret Hunt Hill, vice president and director), chairman of the board and director of the Seven Falls Co. (A. G. Hill, Jr., vice chairman, chief executive officer and director), Lyda Hunt, president and director, and Margaret Hunt Hill, vice president and director, treasurer and director of the Garden of Gods Club, director of Penrod Drilling (William Herbert Hunt, president), assistant secretary-treasurer of World Championship Tennis, Inc. (A. G. Hill, Jr., president, Lamar Hunt, vice president), and served in the same capacity for WCT, Inc., and WCT Academy, Inc. As if this weren't enough (after all, a man must sleep), he was trustee of the Harold Hunt, Jr. Trust Estate, the Lamar Hunt Trust Estate, and the Heather Hill Trust, and served as a member of the advisory board of the Nelson Bunker Hunt Trust Estate, the El Michael Margaret Hill Trust, and the Michael Busch Wisenbaker, Jr. Trust. In addition to the positions previously mentioned, his wife served as director of Hunt Energy (Nelson Bunker Hunt, chairman of the board, William Herbert Hunt, president, and Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf, vice president), vice president of the Placid Oil Company (Lamar Hunt also vice president), and director of the Park Pipe Line Co. (William Herbert Hunt, president, Nelson Bunker Hunt, vice president, and Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf, director). Margaret was also trustee of the Hassie Hunt Trust, the Lyda Hunt Margaret Trusts, Bunker Trusts, Herbert Trusts, the Lamar Trusts, the Hill III Trust, and the Michael Busch Wisenbaker, Jr. Trust, and a member of the advisory board of the Caroline Hunt Trust Estate, the William Herbert Hunt Trust Estate, the Lyda Hill Trust Estate, the Albert Hill Trust, the Alinda Hunt Hill Trust, the Elisa Margaret Hill Trust, the Sharron Hunt Trust A, the Clark Hunt Trust A, and the Daniel Linn Hunt Trust A.

They developed a cabinet system—once a month, the entire first family—parents, children, and grandchildren—gathers at the headquarters of the Hunt Energy Corporation, the umbrella organization that services more than 200 family companies and trusts. A situation report is presented and money is drawn from the various family accounts to cover expenses. As Bunker himself points out, it isn't the most structured way of running an empire variously estimated at \$8 billion or \$9 billion or \$10 billion, but it has its virtues. It is very private.

an object lesson in family solidarity and general lesson in the family's curious business practices, it is an invaluable learning experience for the family's youngest members. At all cabinet meetings, it usually meets to unify the policies of the first among equals, Bunker and Herbert—but not always; last year, when the boys were using Placid as a vehicle through which to crawl out from under their silver indebtedness, their sisters made the brothers chip up more of their own money. By and large, however, the family cabinet is an unusually credible instrument for implementing Bunker and Herbert's policies, and it has the further virtue of offering support for their complex dealings, especially when the unexpected occurs. Such as, for instance, the silver crisis. The sudden appearance of yet another of H. L.'s families—his third.

The problems with Hassie

FIRST, HOWEVER, there was the problem of what to do about Hassie, and in those days there was no such thing as a family cabinet; H. L. still ran the show. He had always kept Hassie close to him, even when the rest of the family remained behind in El Dorado. It was only when they began having fights, physical fights in which he struck out at the father, that the young man was packed off to a military academy to turn some discipline. When Hassie returned, presumably chastened, H. L. allowed him to try his hand at business in Louisiana, where H. L. was buying more leases and renting out his drilling equipment. But partly because he then reneged on the boy's deals, Hassie slipped. Next he was allowed to try the University of Texas (it seems, unusually, to have been his own idea), where he distinguished himself largely by jamming some regularly scheduled radio programs with a ham set. He still hung around the office, though, trying to learn the business. He also legally changed his name from Haroldson Lafayette Hunt I to Hassie and asked the court to declare him an adult. He achieved a small coup when he traveled to Germany with one of his father's associates and traded oil for steel pipe—a deal his father did not abrogate—and an even larger one in 1940, when he beat out his father in Mississippi, brought in an oil strike of his own, and became a millionaire in his own right, free from the 1935 trust that his father continued to control, as his father would continue to control all of the children's trusts, well into their adulthood. He was twenty-two then, and growing stranger and stranger. He

might have been a millionaire, but his paperwork was chaotic, his leases unpaid, his contracts improperly drawn, and he still sent the traveling expenses of his entourage to his father's office. Once, in Jackson, Mississippi, he saw an automobile he liked in a dealer's showroom, threw a brick through the window to attract the salesmen's attention, and paid for both window and car in cash when they came racing out onto the sidewalk. With his father as his partner, he moved back into Louisiana and continued to demonstrate what H. L. later came to believe was a miraculous ability to find oil, though by then their holdings were huge, their staff professional, and their oil finds everywhere. It must have been with some relief that H. L. saw his son packed off once more, this time to wartime Washington as a second lieutenant in the Engineer Corps and adviser to the Chinese Nationalist government.

By 1943, Hassie was back in Louisiana, a mental patient in an army hospital. He seemed to believe that somebody was after him; the Rockefellers, California oil men, it's hard to discover just who, or just what had happened. He was never the same again.

To the end of his life, H. L. refused to reconcile himself to this. He sent Hassie to the Menninger Clinic and later to Massachusetts, tak-

"Hassie was twenty-two, and growing stranger and stranger."



ing a house in Andover to be close to the boy and dividing his time between the racetrack and the hospital. Hassie was given shock treatments and possibly two lobotomies, which appeared to calm him down but left him no less strange. Back home in Dallas, he took to wandering about the house with his shoes around his neck. He refused to sit near the dinner table for fear it was electrified. He couldn't tolerate direct questions. Still, his father insisted that he was recovering—and continued to insist on it to his dying day. Hassie was moved into a home of his own in his father's neighborhood, where, under constant care, he became the subject of obscure rumors and a long series of announcements proclaiming his imminent return to normal life. In the old man's last years, Hassie came to dinner almost every night, accompanied by a paid woman companion and dressed exactly like his father in a bow tie, a cheap blue suit, and a pair of cracked black shoes. H. L. claimed that Valium had finally done the trick.

THERE WERE LOOSE ENDS to be cleared up and money to be disposed of. In 1936 Hunt bought out Pete Lake for \$5 million in cash leases and a Buick: he never had another partner outside the family. He bought an oil refinery in Texas and began the expansion into Louisiana. He moved to Dallas and acquired the old Tom Pickett house on White Rock Lake. The liberal press would later make much of the similarity between the house and Mount Vernon, but Hunt simply bought it because he liked large houses, and because it was cheap. In 1941 he arranged for Frania Tye to become briefly married to an associate named John Lee, which gave her children a new last name, and he established four new trusts to take care of them. That same year he was turned down for membership in the Brook Hollow Country Club on the grounds that he never gave anything to charity. Shortly afterward, he took up with a secretary named Ruth Ray and sired another four children, but this time he didn't bother to get married.

The war years were good to him, but how good, with his enterprises and his money privately held and partly dispersed among his children's trusts, is anybody's guess. He began to buy land—swamps in Florida, cotton acreage in Mississippi, a pecan grove because he liked pecans—and he almost never sold any of it. Sometimes there was oil under the land—sometimes there was a lot—and sometimes there wasn't, but it more than evened out in the end. "A wildcatter can expect to bring in one well for every thirty tries," he

once said, "and only one man in thirty will do that. If you don't have faith in the law of averages, you'll probably get discouraged and quit. In my wildcatter days, I've drilled hundred dry wells one after the other. The when prospects looked most pessimistic, the law of averages would go to work for me, just as I figured it would." After twenty years in the oil business, he still knew next to nothing about subsurface geology. His instincts were still those of a gambler, playing a lone hand, keeping his cards close to his chest, hedging his bets with a shrewd assessment of the other players and inside information—provided Penrod Drilling—and keeping his winnings secret. During the late 1940s he maintained a wire room not far from his office, with, it is said, a mathematical wizard from MIT in charge of figuring the odds—and, yes, many of the things he bought actually did turn out to be good for something: about \$200 million worth of land and pecan groves alone, when the final tally was taken, and a ranch in Wyoming with 9,000 head of cattle and 12,000 sheep. But a gambler's skills, no matter how formidable, are not necessarily identical to those of a businessman or a political analyst, and as he entered his second decade as a member of the Big Rich, Hunt was about to have a fling at being both. He turned himself into a crackpot instead.

Restoring capitalism and Christianity

LIKE ALL STORIES about the Hunt, the tale of how H. L. became the Scrooge McDuck of the American Right is an obscure one, riddled with fantastic rumors, but the transformation seems to have been the result of a combination of bad advice and offshore oil. In 1942 Hunt's lawyer, J. B. McEntire, dropped dead on a golf course. Hunt replaced him with Sidney Latham. McEntire had been good with questions of deed and title. Latham was a politician of a highly specialized sort, and he soon became Hunt's gray eminence. He was a Protestant fundamentalist of the kind that has recently returned to vogue under the leadership of the Reverend Jerry Falwell—although this type has always flourished in the South and Texas—a former state legislator and secretary of state, and he had plans for both the country and himself. He proposed to use Hunt's fortune to return the country to the first principles of capitalism and Christianity, and he proposed to become governor of Texas. To do this he was going to have to educate Hunt and bring him out of his poker player's shell.

wasn't the easiest thing in the world, and Latham's success was only partial. (He never got to be governor of Texas.) Little is known of Hunt's political leanings before the war period, largely because they appear to have been nonexistent. When his office was in Dallas, in the heart of the east Texas field, it was one of the first National Recovery Administration blue eagles in town, and Latham generally seemed to consider himself some kind of a Democrat until the very end. Nevertheless, Latham's particular brand of politics was well received. He could hardly have arrived in Hunt's life at a better time: the new employer was beginning to feel the touch of advancing age, the uneasiness of wealth, a desire to instruct the nation, and a crying need for new entertainment. Still, Latham was never an easy prey, and it was years before he was warning the nation, with distinguished earnestness, that the communists were bent on subverting the rich by infiltrating communist maids into their nurseries, communist teachers into their schools, and communist wives and mistresses into their beds. Under Latham's prodding, he emerged from obscurity only gradually. First it was put about that he, Hunt, had personally supplied 85 percent of the natural gas that relieved the coal shortage during the strikes of 1946. In April 1948, *Fortune* estimated that his oil properties were worth \$263 million—a figure that could only have originated within the Hunt circles—and *Life* took his picture. He gave an interview to the *Dallas Morning News* in which he revealed that he had “always attempted to maintain a nonalcoholic and non-Communist organization,” but he spent almost as much time talking about his wife and his employees. He then announced that he favored Douglas MacArthur for the presidency. He did not, however, explain why he preferred MacArthur, and the real reason says much about Latham's politics, both then and after. MacArthur was, of course, sound on the issues dear to the conservative heart, but there was one issue on which Mac was sound that was very dear to the particular heart of H. L. Hunt: offshore oil leases. H. L. may have been conservative but he wasn't crazy, and he expected to get something back from his crusades. He refused the MacArthur nomination for the next four years, attending the 1952 Republican convention as a delegate and even lobbying with Ike himself, but to no avail. MacArthur was a lost cause, and so, temporarily, was Latham's underwater oil; after Ike's election, Latham bid \$17 an acre for offshore leases that the federal government normally leased for an average of \$406, and the Interior Department turned

him down flat. “Eisenhower,” he said later, “was no good. Eisenhower was the worst president, the most harmful president, we have ever had. He was so popular he didn't have to do anything people asked him to do.”

(Hunt fared a little better after the offshore oil was transferred to state control, however. After his ideological associate, Allan Shivers, became governor of Texas, Hunt successfully bid \$6 an acre for 100,000 acres of leases. Everybody else's average bid was \$78.)

AS ALWAYS, it was almost impossible to get money out of him. Goldwater and Smathers received some for their first senatorial races, but after that the well was dry. In 1956 he gave the entire Republican party \$38,000—at the time, his income was estimated at \$200,000 a day—and his usual gift to a favored candidate was in the \$250-\$500 range. Texas liberals, obsessed with the notion that he was a fascist plutocrat, insisted that he had to be spreading his money around in some other way, but he wasn't. When he set up his Facts Forum and Life Line radio broadcasts to disseminate his view that the country was going to hell thanks to the sinister schemes of the Reds, the pinkos, the subversives, the liberals, and urban renewal, his partner was the Internal Revenue Service. The programs, which were eventually aired over some 330 stations (Hunt kept a small, powerful receiver on his desk so he could monitor them), were the legal creation of a tax-exempt foundation of Hunt's devising. When the government sent an FBI man named Dan Smoot down to Dallas to examine the foundation's books, Hunt hired him as a commentator. He also got the idea of selling simulated-leather-bound Bibles over the air at a 100 percent markup—it had occurred to him that the Bible was a best seller—but his staff talked him out of it.

It gave him something to do. With the family's oil ventures increasingly in the hands of Herbert and Bunker—and running largely on their own momentum—he needed a diversion to fill his days, and politics was it, although politics was something he knew little about. It was a classic case of money hypnosis—worth equaling worthiness; the richer you are, the smarter you are—and it reduced him to political impotence. With a greater and more sophisticated knowledge of the world, families like the Rockefellers and the Mellons were able to buy and donate their way into the heart of the nation's power structure, and affect its destiny. With far more money and the world view of a small-town barber, Hunt became

“H. L. may have been conservative, but he wasn't crazy.”

almost quaint and a little pathetic, wandering around the Democratic convention in 1960 stuffing copies of an anti-Catholic sermon by Dallas preacher W. A. Criswell—the “Protestant pope of North America,” in the words of the contemporary New Right, who also greatly favor him—under the hotel-room doors of the delegates. “I saw old Hunt wandering down the hall, looking like a lost soul,” said a man who was there. “He wandered into Lyndon Johnson’s suite, which was right next to ours, and tried to get somebody to talk to him. There were a lot of people in there but they were all too busy to talk to Hunt, so he wandered on down the hall and talked with me. And I thought, ‘Here’s this poor ol’ boy with two billion bucks in his pocket and he can’t get anybody to talk to but me.’”

“If he weren’t basically such a damned hick,” a Texas editor said, “Hunt could be one of the most dangerous men in America.”

Visitors to Hunt’s office in those days passed through a room filled with people pursuing the oil business, then a room full of people pursuing communists, and finally came to the small corner room where the old man spent his days. The leather of the furniture, like his shoes, was badly cracked. There was a picture of Hassie on the wall and a tiny American flag

on the desk. The windows were pasted with stickers advertising Life Line and the wall basket was similarly adorned with stickers advertising HLH food products. Nearby was a table, and on it was a display for a digestible tablet called Gastro-Majic. After a lifetime as a gambler, with a fortune that more or less took care of itself, H. L. Hunt had finally gotten into business.

“The world’s richest man”

IN OIL, IN LAND, he seemed to be losing touch, although his companies remained as productive as ever. In 1950 he hatched an enormous scheme to reclaim some 100,000 ren farmland he owned in east Texas, using unemployed young men as laborers in his personal CCC, but the plan bogged down with the practicalities of the situation got mixed with the strange new politics Sidney Lathrop was teaching him, and it came to nothing. Then he convinced himself that another oil pool would delay those same east Texas fields where fortune had been made, and he spent quite a lot of money proving that it wasn’t there.

Food and patent medicine were something different. People had to eat, people got sick, and food and patent medicine were things he had gotten very interested in as he grew older. He gave up smoking, and discovered the wonders of Deaf Smith County organic wheat. So he founded the HLH food companies to process and market the kinds of food he personally preferred, such as collard greens, and he founded the HLH laboratories and went into the suppository, aspirin, and vitamin business. But the apple of his eye was Gastro-Majic. There was a drugstore on the ground floor of the Mercantile Bank Building, where his offices were, and many an astounded patron reported encountering the billionaire behind its counter, exhorting them with the words: “Hello, I am H. L. Hunt, the world’s richest man, and these are Gastro-Majic, which I make, so they must be good. Try some.” Like some character escaped from a Kurt Vonnegut story, who erected a billboard advertising the stuff on a front lawn, and when the neighbors made him take it down, he put up another one on the vacant lot next door. He used Gastro-Majic and other HLH products to support Life Line with spot advertisements. When, in an unthought-of burst of charity, he actually undertook to write a student production of *The Barber of Seville* at the Dallas Fair Grounds, he was invited to say a few appropriate words in the intermission. Instead, he attempted to sell the audience some Gastro-Majic. Gastro-Majic



Shel Horshorn/Black Star

elated HLH products even caused the famous Watergate, when Bunker and Herbert me convinced that the old man's food and executives were swindling him behind back, hired a private detective to wiretap suspects, and ended up in court when the detective was caught by a traffic cop. It may be too much to say that Gastro-Majic lightened the burden of his last years and gave him many happy hours.

DECLAIMING HIMSELF "the best writer I know," he became an author. Although he still couldn't compose a grammatical sentence, he'd had a lot of practice, thanks to the many pamphlets he wrote for the Life Line mailing list. In 1960 he published his first novel, *Alpaca*, a Graustarkian romance involving a dashing young man, an opera singer, the mythical South American country of the title, and a model constitution that rewarded or withheld the citizens' votes depending on how much money they had and how many government services they made use of. At the publication party, two teenage daughters (Lyda Bunker died in 1955; after a decent interval, Hunt married Ruth Ray and acknowledged her four children) sang a song of his own composition. To the tune of "Doggie in the Window," the opening words were:

*How much is that book in the window?
The one that says all the smart things....*

sent copies of *Alpaca* to every member of Congress, numerous colleges and libraries, and it translated into Vietnamese, in case they got around to writing a constitution. H. L. Hunt died on November 29, 1974. His novel, *Yourtopia*, was incomplete, but nobody could say he hadn't led a full, rich life. When his will was filed for probate, it valued the value of his estate at a scant \$56 million, but this was legal magic. Penrod Drill was officially a partnership of Herbert, Bunker, and Lamar, and all the children had their trusts, including a whole set of new trusts: Loyal 1, 2, 3, and 4—set up in 1958 for Bunker's son and three daughters. Placid was effectively owned by the first family. That left HLH food and drug companies, which immediately became moribund, some oil property in Louisiana, which went to the first family and 80 percent of Hunt Oil, which was worth about \$300 million. The will awarded 80 percent to Ruth Hunt, with her son, Bunker, as executor. The first family was not very happy about this development; so unhappy that they, in fact, that it was put about that

another of the reasons for the family wiretap had been to try to find out the provisions of the will, and to do something about it if the old man seemed inclined to place Hunt Oil in the wrong hands; which was exactly what he did. As a sign of their displeasure, Herbert and Bunker moved their offices down to the twenty-fifth floor of the First National Bank building, leaving Ray alone on the twenty-ninth. Ray went right out and bought fifty-three acres of downtown Dallas. Then the children of Frania Tye—now called the third family, though actually the second—successfully laid claim to an additional \$7.5 million of their father's money. It was a fascinating moment in the family history, everybody bickering about money while Bunker and Herbert were trying to avoid a jail sentence for the wiretap, but it passed into obscurity. For one thing, the boys beat the rap. For another, they happened to be sitting on at least \$200 million worth of silver, and they were trying to figure out what to do with it. Something soon occurred to them.

Of Lamar, Herbert, and Bunker

WHILE THE OLD MAN played with his last ventures, his boys were not idle. His advice was still offered with telling effect—for example, he prevented the trusts from losing a bundle in Alaska—but by and large he was an indulgent parent. Lamar, the youngest, kept a finger in the oil business and once made a tidy sum by investing in freeway-adjacent real estate, but professional sports became his special province. With Houston's Bud Adams he founded the American Football League, and, after a brief but tempestuous existence during which he reportedly subsidized some of the owners, merged it with the NFL. He owns the Kansas City Chiefs football team. (H. L., hearing that Lamar was losing a million dollars a year with the team, is supposed to have cracked, "If he keeps on like that, he'll be broke in 250 years.") He also owns the Dallas Tornadoes soccer team and World Championship Tennis, but because of the rules of the NFL, he lists himself as only a minority partner, and he holds a genuine minority interest—11 percent—in the Chicago Bulls basketball team. "He's a sports nut," says Sam Blair of the *Dallas Morning News*. He also happens to have \$250 million.

Herbert took a geology degree from Washington and Lee in 1951 and took over Penrod. Bunker, following in his father's footsteps, drilled \$31.5 million worth of dry holes in Pakistan. He drilled more dry holes—"all over

"If he keeps on like that, he'll be broke in 250 years."

L. J. Davis
AN AMERICAN
FORTUNE

the state, almost at random," says one observer—in Kansas. All in all, it was said that he drilled \$250 million worth of dry holes here and there, including a number in New Zealand, where he is drilling dry holes yet. "I could find more oil with a road map," H. L. once remarked. Just when it appeared that Bunker was about to beat Lamar's projected bankruptcy by 245 years, he struck it big on Concession 65 in the Sarir field in Libya. The reserves were estimated at eight billion barrels. Bunker owned half and British Petroleum owned half. Oil was then selling at two dollars a barrel. Bunker was a billionaire, but in order to develop his find he had to borrow money from his father. It can hardly have helped their relationship. At the rate Bunker was drilling, he was bound to find some oil sooner or later, but the old man had already given up on him. The ghost of Hassie stood between them; H. L. had decided that his second son was hopelessly stupid, and it seemed that nothing Bunker did could narrow the distance between them. It wasn't for lack of trying, either. Alone of the children of the first family, Bunker shared his father's passion for horse racing and acquired a stable of 650 thoroughbreds; in the early 1970s his horse Dahlia became the first filly in history to win more than \$1 million, and Bunker was named breeder of the year. Like his father, he bought land and cattle, 3.5 million acres, 95,000 head. He embraced the same right-wing politics that had rendered the family politically irrelevant, but, unlike his father, he evolved no plans to make money off them. Instead, he parted with money: regular contributions to H.L.'s Life Line and Facts Forum, perhaps \$250,000 a year to the John Birch Society, on whose executive board he sits, another pledge to help the Reverend Bill Bright raise a billion dollars for the controversial Campus Crusade. He also contributed to the war chest of Senators Helms and Thurmond. In 1968 he endowed a persuasive million-dollar trust fund to help tempt General Curtis Lemay to join the Wallace ticket, but the New Right has lately found him somewhat less than openhanded: he attended their Dallas rally for the evangelical ministers in August 1980, but an overpowering thirst seized him while the collection plate was being passed, and he raced to the lobby to quench it.

THE OLD MAN'S eccentricities were all of a piece, the exaggerated expressions of a coherent personality; Bunker's seem a little forced, as though he were imitating something, as though he were going to enormous lengths to inconvenience himself.

HARPER'S
APRIL 1981

Like the politics, it keeps coming out with Bunker. H. L.'s food fads emerge as frugality, his father's frugal manner of dress comes a kind of studious slobbishness, the Plymouth becomes an eight-year-old Cadillac, and the parsimonious style of travel that aides and family cannot contact his fascinating moments in his affairs. But in crucial aspect, Bunker is his father to the bone. Like H. L., Bunker is a plunger.

The Sarir field was producing 500,000 barrels a day by 1973, the year that Colonel Qaddafi nationalized it and threw Bunker out of Libya. Bunker had gotten in the way; Qaddafi was actually retaliating against his British partners, who took the rap for the shah's seizure of the Tunb Islands in the Persian Gulf, but it made no difference. Bunker was out. At the peak of the Sarir output, he'd be making an estimated \$30 million a year, now, presumably, he wasn't even a billionaire anymore. To pursue a previous analogy, however, owning a fortune the size of Bunker's is a little like owning a major bank. It can hurt, but it is hard to destroy; money keeps coming in from somewhere, and it keeps coming in all the time. And, like bank income, it has to be spent on new ventures or the consequences will be terrible. Badly hurt by his Libyan experience, Bunker gave considerable thought to the nature of his next move and his reasoning isn't too hard to follow. Pumping oil out of the ground was the easiest thing in the world, but oil had betrayed him; his great strike happened to have been on ground controlled by a radical Muslim colonel who thought a good way to punish a Persian was to take away a Texan's oil. Bunker needed to invest in something he could keep under control, something he could move if danger threatened, something he could hide. Like a vault, it needed to be a store of value, something that other people desired, enough to pay money for, and—ideally—it should be something of which he could control the entire world supply.

Money met many of these criteria, and holding liquid is a common practice in the business world when real or potential setbacks loom. But money had its drawbacks. For one thing, there were all those tax consequences. For another, Bunker's politics taught him that the currencies of the West were based on a dangerous illusion that would shortly dissolve since they were backed by nothing of value they weren't really worth anything, and deception would be discovered someday soon. Bunker talked the matter over with Herb and they decided to take control of the world silver.

RUNWAY

tory

by Jim Shepard

HE OFTEN WONDERED, sitting at the window watching Billy and Theophilus play in the street, what he would do if one of them were hit a car. Billy sat against the telephone pole, where he always did, where the driveway met the street, throwing the chewed-up tennis ball at the raised curb on the other side, perually fooling Theophilus with its change of direction. Theophilus would bound toward it as it would hit and ricochet or arc softly back, just beyond his snapping jaws, to Billy.

WITH A SON like Billy you don't wonder things like that, Jay often thought. Has the boy ever come close to doing anything less? Has the boy been anything less than he should be? He sat before the TV, clasped and unsped the arms of his chair, and nudged the son, lying on the floor in front of him. "Hey. Anybody ever tell you you're the best?"

Billy made a face.

Their eyes went back to the TV and he drummed his fingers on his knee.

"Where do you go on those walks of yours?" Anne asked. She leaned her film book, ponderous and lavish, forward on her lap, delicately, expectantly. Garbo loomed out at him.

"And he gets it from you," he said, standing.

"Jay," she said, "that's wonderful. But you didn't answer my question."

He smiled and leaned forward and kissed her, holding the kiss a moment longer than she expected, before straightening up.

She looked up sharply. "You're going on one now, aren't you? Jay, where do you go?"

"You sound tired," he said.

"I *am* tired." She switched off the lamp and looked back toward the television. She looked beautiful in its light; indistinct, ethereal. "This is almost over. I'll turn it off."

"No, it's all right. I'll be back in a little while." Jay touched his wife's ear, once, for a goodbye, and slipped away.

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THEOPHILUS had almost been hit once, by a big Buick. Jay had heard the screech but no thump and no horn, and he'd reacted, he'd thought later, as if he were underwater, swimming futilely toward the door and reaching the front yard in time to see Anne already crouching over Theo, making sure he was all right, with another arm around Billy's shoulder. The driver had waited for him to get there before leaving, but he hadn't had anything to say when he arrived. Anne, passing him on the way back in, had said, What were you, asleep? and he hadn't been able to shake the feeling of being underwater until hours later, watching the Bruins.

HE LEFT ANNE watching TV and crossed through the kitchen, easing around Theo, asleep on the floor, and opened the door softly, still thinking of Anne's face in the blue light, and then was out, down the street at an unhurried pace; yet very quickly, it seemed, he was deep into the darkness, away from the house lights, away from even the streetlights, floating off-white and quiet in the fog.

The lights receded and the darkness and quiet increased because his street was a dead end, and he was going to the end of it, heading for the fence beyond the pavement, heading for the airport beyond the fence.

HE HAD AN ARRANGEMENT with Anne for Thursday nights if the Bruins were on. He'd watch a little bit of the first period and all of the third, and she'd watch most of "Masterpiece Theatre" in between. Sometimes he watched it with her; sometimes he sat by the window in the living room, often with the lights out.

Billy usually watched both.

THE SIEBERTS' DOG, the big Doberman, would start barking, he knew, at the rattle when he reached the fence, and would keep barking until he'd slid underneath and got all the way down to the base of the bluffs, picking his way through the tangle of brambles and fallen birches in the moonlight and fog. As he got to the fence and the Sieberts' dog started up, he realized through the links just how foggy it was, realized he wouldn't be able to see much tonight. It was no problem. He slid through the damp, smooth hole worn between the dirt and the fence; he knew his way around.

ONCE HE'D COME into the room watching "The Life of Dickens" and asked Anne if he could change it, and she hadn't answered, and when he changed it, he'd just missed Lambert tying up for the Canadiens, so they'd both sat watching the end of the game, mad.

Billy was nine and Theophilus was ten and Anne was twenty-eight, and he spent much time as he could with them, watching. They were all happy. When he thought of the family he saw Theophilus, snuffing under the azalea, sprinting in short bursts at squirrels and birds, barking and leaping, splay-legged at Billy's tennis ball. Anne was happy. Anne loved her job and concentrated on it at home in a knit-browed, serious way that he loved. She loved her books, her cooking, her studies. Billy was happy. He had his father and mother and Theo. Theo was happy. Everybody was happy.

AS HE THOUGHT, once on the bottom runway level, the fog was no problem. He headed for the four red lights stretching diagonally away from him, watching for any security vehicle the fog inviting him and closing behind him.

At this point he was always alone with the lights, the houses on the bluffs overlooking the runway disappearing even without the fog. Within moments his foot landed, abruptly, on the hard surface of the runway.

He crossed to the center of the red light, looming around him in order, chest high; attention, it seemed to him, pleasingly obedient and waiting. He held his hand over the light gently, the red glowing up through his skin, flashing out between his fingers, creating, pleasing, instant X-ray, and he held on to the thick, warm glass and leaned back, squeezing, staring out into the fog in the general direction of the approach pattern of the planes.

He pulled away from the lights, finally moving toward the center of the runway, the circling beam of the tower in the distance making him feel calmer. When he could make out the sweeping, large white numbers of the runway designation beneath him, he sat down and looked back at the four red lights, still silent and waiting. Then he lay back, spread-eagled, and looked straight up into the fog.

It wasn't long before he heard the first plane. It was a light, far-off buzzing at first, starting way beyond his left arm and circling quietly, slowly, around him until it was coming, harder and louder, from below his head. He told himself he wouldn't look, he'd keep looking up, but when it got so loud it seemed

ady over him he jerked his head up, his
on his chest, and caught the landing
ts full in the face. They passed over him
an instant, streaking up the runway far
ad of the plane, leaving him momentarily
ded, but everything reappeared immedi-
y and right overhead swinging toward
like a great pendulum were the red and
te lights, spread out unevenly in a line
gleaming on the smooth underside of the
gs and fuselage, the wheels swaying low
eath them. He rolled, face pressed against
pavement, as the noise rushed over him
wave, shaking him, and was gone.
le rose to his elbows, watching the plane
t into the fog, the lights slowly joining
lights of the tower.
le marked the spot in his mind and visu-
computed how far into the runway the
t spot should be. Then he left, heading for
bluff at a good speed, because airport
rity wasn't that bad.

THERE WAS NO PATTERN to his runway
visits. He varied the frequency of
them wildly to baffle airport security,
for he was almost certainly reported
h time by the incoming pilot. Varying it
no problem for him: he had no over-
vering need to be there. Sometimes he
ted as much as three months to go out,
ching the security patterns through the
in-link fence at the end of the street.
ometimes he went as often as once a week.
s week he was going twice: Thursday and
urday.

SATURDAY NIGHT he heard a Piper, twin
engine, it sounded like, even before
he'd found the spot he'd marked. He
went to his knees and scuttled forward,
proximating where it would have been, and
n around. The lights were banking, slow-
coming around to level, parallel now to
four red lights of the runway edge. The
se increased, and he picked up the landing
ts slipping slowly along the ground, sud-
dly speeding up and flashing over him as
roar grew louder and the lights sank
ser, and at the last moment he flattened
as much as he could on the unyielding
face of the tarmac, turning his face as his
s filled with sound and his clothing shook
l he felt it touch down hard behind him,
shock traveling through him, and he knew,
he got up, running for the bluff, that the
t time, farther out into the runway, might
the last time.

HE REMEMBERED a movie he had seen
some years ago called *The Magnifi-
cent Seven*. In it, Steve McQueen,
one of a group of gunfighters who
have banded together for no apparent reason
to protect a poor Mexican town from bandits,
is asked by the bandit chief why they stay
and fight against insurmountable odds for
no reward. He replies, "Well, it's like a guy
I once knew in Waco. Took off all his clothes
one day and jumped into a cactus. I asked
him why he did it."

And the bandit chief says impatiently,
"Well? What did he say?"

And McQueen replies, "He said it seemed
like a good idea at the time."

WHEN HE GOT BACK Billy and
Theo were on the porch, wait-
ing, and Billy said, "Where'd
you go, Dad?"

He realized that he was still shaken,
flushed, and he put his hand over the top of
Billy's head and shook it playfully, feeling
exposed in the bright light. "I went for a
walk. What're you, a cop?"

But Billy held his ground, staring up at
him, and he was forced to turn to Anne,
quickly, guiltily; she was next to him, behind
the partition, the phone to her ear. "Yeah,
Mom. He just came in. You know how he is
with the walks." She gave him a stern look
and he kissed her until she had to pull away
to say, "Yes, Mom, yes, I'm listening," and
then he went in and switched back the TV
to see O'Reilly and Gilbert being interviewed
on the news, the series with Montreal now
tied at three apiece.

WHEN HE THOUGHT about why he
did what he did, no easily de-
finable answers surfaced. Noth-
ing made him do it, he would
think, mowing the first summer grass or
piling clippings into the trunk to take to the
dump; but part of the reason, he knew, was
the way he felt that first split second when
he heard, or thought he heard, a Cessna, or
an Allegheny, make that distant, slightly un-
real buzzing far off in the night.

HE'D BEEN OUT nine times, each time
moving his six-foot, three-inch frame
six feet, three inches farther out into
the runway, each time coming closer
to the touchdown point of most aircraft. Of
course, there'd always been the chance that

"He said it
seemed like a
good idea at
the time."

someone would touch down early, too.

He hustled around the house after supper for a week, cleaning, fixing, storing, straightening up, and Anne watched him happily and took him aside and said, smiling, "You're a real dynamo this week, know that?" and when he started to pull away, hedge clippers in hand, she became serious and added, "You're wonderful, do you know that?"

He settled his affairs at work, getting the last shipments of the week out almost two days early, working with such efficiency and cheer, even for him, that his fellow workers were sure something was up, and, as they said when they asked him and he denied it, they'd never been wrong before.

He made sure before he left that someone could cover for him Monday if he was late or couldn't make it.

MOST OF THE GUYS at U Tech thought he was a pretty good worker. They'd say, Y'know, Jay, you're a pretty goddamn good worker. They also knew he was crazy.

He wasn't inclined to believe them.

He didn't feel at all wild or out of control when he did the things he did.

When he was five, he jumped off the roof of his porch in the old house on Spruce Street.

When he was seventeen, he and Joey Fensterblau had driven Joey's car off Pullman's Landing. And when he was twenty-five, four years ago, he had climbed the roof of the main hangar during his lunch break in his first year on the job.

Two years after that he was on his belly behind the forklift in Hangar 6, just out of reach of the light drizzle slicking the helicopter pad, thirty-three yards away from him, and the HH-52 warming up on it.

He knew it was thirty-three yards because he had measured it. He'd measured everything, including the time it would take for him to cross those thirty-three yards at top speed and the time it would take the HH-52 to get airborne and just out of reach from its first revving of the engines. He'd figured out what the best day would be—Saturday—the best weather conditions—rainy—and the best copter—the HH-52 with its massive, strong pods surrounding and supporting the landing gear, which would be his handholds, as well as shielding him from the tower's view.

When the engines revved and the blades pitched he'd counted one, two, three, four and broke for the ship, spattering across the gleaming blacktop and into the rotor wash,

coming from diagonally behind the ship, avoid both pilot detection and the tail rotor and leaping as the landing gear was lifted up, swaying away from him, catching an arm around the inside strut and pulling the other arm and legs quickly up and around too. There'd been no hesitation in the climb, so he'd known he was okay, and almost immediately the copter had banked out over the river that ran alongside the plant, and he swung his legs down, looking past them at the water spinning away below, and let the noise of the rotors fill his ears all the way down.

ONCE HE HAD DECIDED on Sunday, he asked Anne if she'd go with him to see the White Swan for dinner Saturday night; they'd get a sitter for Billy, drive into the city, spend an evening alone. She thought it was a wonderful idea and hugged him and looked up and kissed him, and when she appeared before him, ready to go, he thought her beauty must increase geometrically with her happiness.

HE'D FIRST THOUGHT of the runaway idea on Christmas day, stuffing the wrapping paper from the presents into a big brown garbage bag, going to Billy's fight with Theo over the New Year's football. Anne had been on the phone, in her blue nightgown with the tiny embroidery on the shoulders, saying, "Hi, Mom, Merry Christmas. They're right here. Do you want to speak to them?" and "They loved the presents. No, he'll fit into them," and he got up, dressed, kissed her on the cheek, and he went by, and gone out into the snow. He had known before he ever reached the runway that he would have to wait, because he wouldn't have had time to plow yet, but he kept going and crossed out to the middle of the flat, slightly drifting whiteness in the glare of the morning, judging where the center of the runway would be, and before turning back, he'd lain down in it, sinking and looking up at the sky.

SUNDAY MORNING he didn't read the papers; he played with Billy, playing catch down the length of the driveway, throwing him grounders, like drives, sinking pop-ups.

He had drinks in the backyard with Anne and then helped her with supper.

He helped Billy with his homework, played

bble with him over iced cranberry juice
ne still warmth of the porch, and joined
e in the den immediately after that to
h *Moby Dick*.

hen Gregory Peck nailed the gold coin to
masthead, he said he was going to take
ok around, carried his cranberry glass to
sink, washed it out, and went out into the
it, enjoying the summer smells and head-
down the street at a good pace.

ANNE HAD NEVER KNOWN about the
runway or about the copter ride,
even though that had been in the
papers (a UPI photographer there to
er a shot flight had happened to get a shot
im on the way down, a tiny figure, grainy
blurred; it had caused a minor sensation
he U Tech upper echelons). But she had
wn about the other things, including the
gar roof, and when she brought it up,
ting to understand more than anything
, and asked if he ever thought about her
Billy, about his job, he would only shrug
stroke her, stroke his way through her
y do you have to do it? Why do you do
se things? And Are you sixteen years old?
He felt he loved her and wanted to protect
, so he hadn't told her any more after that.
also didn't know how to explain without
nding as if he were refusing to explain it.

HE TOOK HIS TIME all the way down,
listening carefully to the Sieberts' dog,
off in the darkness to the left, imag-
ining for a moment he heard an-
er dog answering, running his fingers over
link fence in tactile appreciation before
eping under it, hesitating at the top of the
ffs to survey the runway before leaning out
r the slope and cantering down, in perfect
trol, digging his heels into the gravel and
ting bushes and larger stones.
At the base he heard the rumble of some-
ing big, so he waited, and a four-engine
egheny came thundering over the bluffs to
right of him, close enough so that he could
heads in the windows, and swept over the
way, the rear wheels slamming down with
remendous, murderous screech, and, he
mated as he hurried toward the runway
ts wake, right where he would momentari-
e lying.

He stopped at the edge of the runway,
scurrying, looking for any of the yellow secu-
Jeeps, and then quickly crossed to the
ddle, immediately finding his old mark,
asuring out from it, and setting his new

one. He lay back on his elbows on it, scanned the runway around him, slipped down, looking up at the stars, and waited.

Far off he could hear cars moving, beyond the tower on the other side of the airport, coming or going from the highway, and from that grew another buzzing.

He jerked around, looking back for the tower, and caught in the gleam of one of its circling beams a Pilgrim Airlines twin-engine banking slowly around toward his strip.

He lay back, trying to keep still; the plane circling gradually in the darkness, off to the left, disappearing beyond the bluff as it made its final gliding bank into the approach pattern, its engines still audible. He could feel them getting louder, higher in pitch, and as he watched the section of bluff hovering directly above his feet, waiting for the red and white lights to explode over it toward him, he seemed to feel it coming from the opposite direction as well, and he twisted around to see the headlights of the security Jeep down by the tower, bouncing along the shoulder of the runway. He was up in a crouch instinctively, but then he hesitated, turned back to face the bluff, the Pilgrim's engines roaring right behind it now, and lay back down.

Then he saw Theo.

He'd picked up the movement in his peripheral vision, and he'd just barely turned to face him when Theo's front legs reached the runway, carrying him across it. His "Theo, get back!" got caught in his mouth when he saw Billy pile out onto the runway too, slipping to his knees. He shot a look back toward the Jeep while trying to push Theo away, and Billy called "Dad! What're you doin'?" as he ran forward, but the last part was drowned out by the deafening roar of the Pilgrim twin-engine bursting over the bluffs. Billy froze, looking up at the huge, lighted dark shape swinging down toward him, screaming, perhaps; Jay couldn't hear. He grabbed Theo by the skin and hair of his neck and dove at Billy, throwing Theo as far as he could, sending him sprawling and skidding off the runway, and hitting Billy in the mid-section and driving him hard onto the shoulder of the runway as the twin-engine hit behind them, the wing sweeping over, and was gone.

The Jeep pulled up next to them, becoming audible only as the plane taxied farther down the runway, and they were all piled into it, even Theo, amid a barrage of questions, but it never occurred to him to try to answer. He was thinking about Anne, and concentrating on not letting go of Billy. □

"He lay back on his elbows on it, scanned the runway around him, and waited."

THE MIND'S EYE

by David Suter

THE WHITE HOUSE REDECORATES



"... Should we hang these separately or together?"

WRITING BY NUMBERS

Hemingway's letters

by Hugh Kenner

AT THE AGE of half past five, noted Ernest Hemingway's mother, he could count to 100 and "spell by ear very l." At forty-nine he still spelled ear ("haveing," "makeing," "love-") and would sum up a fortnight's with English prose in a string of nbers appreciably larger than 100.

n April have written 556, 822, 1266, fished, 631, 0, 966, 725, 0 (4500 words of letters and business) 679, 0 (Sunday—laid off) 466, 905, 763 in what has run of this month. Hope it isn't all shit.

ose were his day's word counts; l *The Old Man and the Sea*, he l Charles Scribner, Jr., in 1951,

ph Kenner is the author of *The Pound* and many other books.

was "exactly 26, 531 words. My previous count was on an incomplete copy. . . .

"This is the prose that I have been working for all my life that should read easily and simply and seem short and yet have all the dimensions of the visible world and the world of a man's spirit. It is as good prose as I can write as of now."

As it was; and yet that compulsion to count the words, each day's words, the achieved total of words: what was he proving? How many there were, or how few? Many showed a world that thought he did nothing save drink and fish that he was working. Few, though, showed how well he was working. A page of this magazine holds about 1,000 words. Hemingway seldom managed a *Harper's* page in a day, and that fact bespoke virtue. The fewer words the better was a principle Ezra Pound had convinced him of in Paris, in those miraculous years when Hem and Hadley lived up over the sawmill in the rue Notre Dame des Champs. By 1929 he could summarize: "I always try to do the thing by three cushion shots rather than by words or direct statement."

Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterward the road bare and white except for the leaves.

The elegiac cadences, the dust, the leaves, suffice to tell us that those troops have marched off to disaster. A few years ago Michael S. Reynolds allowed us to see how Hemingway conjured this wonder into existence from a less distinguished draft.* "It is time to question constructively all of the explications we have inherited," Mr. Reynolds wrote. "The vein of psychoanalytic exegesis has been overworked. The misleading thesis that Hemingway is always his own protagonist has littered the critical landscape with so much debris that it will take another generation of critics to restore the ecology." The

* Michael S. Reynolds, *Hemingway's First War: The Making of "A Farewell to Arms,"* Princeton University Press, 1976.

Perico Pastor



time had come to watch the craftsman.

He added, citing appropriately Romantic instances, "Hemingway's reading is as important to his art as that of Coleridge; his textual revisions are as significant as those of Keats."

THIS YEAR, Reynolds is back with *Hemingway's Reading, 1910-1940: An Inventory*,* complete with a revised claim: "Hemingway's reading was more important to his art and to his life than Coleridge's was to his." Almost simultaneously, Hemingway's biographer Carlos Baker has sponsored 900-plus pages of *Selected Letters*, apt to confirm the darkest prejudices of the skeptical. Has a distinguished reputation ever been hitched to so many square yards of trash? That soon comes to seem a fair question.

Corp Shaw and I were on an enormous party at the Toledo Club. We both lay on the grass out side of the club for some time. Your old pal Hem established the club record. 15 martinis, 3 champagne highballs and I don't know how much champagne then I passed out.

Or:

Lots of things happen here. Gertrude Stein and me are just like brothers and we see a lot of her. Read the preface you [Sherwood Anderson] wrote for her new book and like it very much. It made a big hit with Gertrude.

Yup, bet it did. For 150 pages or more this dreary leering and muscle-punching taxes patience, relieved by an occasional break such as (1921, to a sister): "It was a glorious night. We'd come out of some place where we'd been waltzing and into the outer air and it would be warm and almost tropical with a big moon over the tops of the houses. Kind of a warm softness in the air, same way it used to be when we were kids and we'd roller skate or play run sheep run with the Luckocks and Charlotte Bruce." Suddenly, a flash of the

Hemingway Style, linked with his surest topic, nostalgia. He might have written it in the first draft of a story, after which he would have reworked it with sureness.

But the Letters aren't reworked, ever. He liked writing them, he told Scott Fitzgerald, "because it's such a swell way to keep from working and yet feel you've done something"; or, as he told Bernard Berenson, "I write them instead of stories and they are a luxury that gives me pleasure and I hope they give you some too." More than once he hoped no one would print them. "I write letters because it is fun to get letters back. But not for posterity." They were byproducts. "Should you save the hulls a .50 cal shucks out for posterity?" (This says, "I am a gun.") He said many unguarded things.)

What happens when they're printed is that they make a Book, such a book as the fastidious craftsman would have disowned. For the style was not the man; the style was what the man could achieve after he had before him something to revise. Nothing is more striking than the painful distance between his deft three-cushion shots and what he would spill onto paper when he just felt like gabbing. There are writers—Henry James and Virginia Woolf come to mind—who exist in their letters as we expect them to from their books: poised, guarded, grammatical, careful of nuance.* It is not accidental that Hemingway cared for neither of them.

Here, for instance, is Virginia Woolf, sampled at random: "About Rupert's letters. I'm all in favour of printing them and giving some sort of correction to that impossible sentimental fashion plate of Eddies. If Gwen, Dudley, and you (—what about Noel though?—) all contrib-

* By coincidence, the Belknap Press at Harvard has just issued the third volume of James's *Letters* (ed. Leon Edel, 1883-1895, 579 pp., \$20) and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich the sixth volume of Woolf's (ed. Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann, 1936-1941, 556 pp. \$19.95). In the present state of publishing, the letters of safe authors are a safe enterprise. Yale recently emitted, with relief, the forty-second and last volume of the correspondence of Horace Walpole, with a mere six volumes of indexes yet to come.

uted, that should be wiped off. I hadn't heard of the Bryant schism but Morgan talked to Leonard about your suggestion that he should do something."

That's about a 1936 proposal to publish still other letters, those of poet Rupert Brooke, by way of rectifying Edward Marsh's 1918 memoir. It is written from within a club where first names suffice, and Edward Marsh, who requires correction no remote, malign bungler but since "Eddie." The literary game had a but specifiable rules. People knew other people well, and hints sufficed. When you picked up a pen, as when you picked up a teacup, your obligations included deftness.

An equally random dip turns up this from Hemingway:

The word count is Wed. 57 and yest morning, my birthday, 573 before breakfast. Weight 200 even. To celebrate my fiftieth birthday (in what other goddamn country where you've spent your life writing as well as you can wouldn't you receive one wish from an American when you've made fifty against considerable odds) I fucked three times, shot ten straight at pigeons (very fast ones) at the club, drank with five friends a case of Piper Heidsieck Brut and looked the ocean for big fish all afternoon. There was nothing although the current was strong and the water very dark.

Far from reaffirming his identity with a tight-knit circle, Hemingway is concerned to define himself against his correspondent's every sense of how a normal life is conducted. It begins with the affirmation that spends his life writing as well as can (who else, he constantly implies, does that?), goes on to a list of things he does in Cuba that no one can do in New York, such as shooting pigeons and going after big fish, casually brandishes a brutal tabular word, and affects indifference to the utter neglect he doesn't forget to complain about. Writing is a lonely occupation; so is the nightlong reeling on which Hemingway's writing fed, and Hemingway was an intensely lonely man, in exile more than in his life.

* Princeton University Press, 1981.

HEMINGWAY'S EXILE did not commence when he left his native country for Paris; it commenced when he returned. After 1928 he was always the people he valued weren't in West, in Cuba, in Ketchikan. After letter begs for their company. Four of the dozen sentences in the letter to John Dos Passos say, "lightly varied words, 'For God's sake come down.'" To collect the script of *A Farewell to Arms* for Hemingway's, Max Perkins will have to come down" (he did). At work on *Afternoon* in Wyoming, Hemingway pleads for a visit from Mike Stevens: "Wire me as soon as you can. This if you can come. . . . Why hell don't you come out here. . . . I'll hear you're coming. . . ." (Hemingway didn't).

Many letters are cries from an exhausted man. What exhausted him was inventing, a thing he did with the aid of books and maps and topographical memories and remembered incidents. "Every writer is in much his work. But it is not as simple as that," and Philip Young's book which proves that I am all my own" would have profited from the exact information. A scrotal infection had set Ernest wondering at a man's life would be like if his penis had been lost and his testes and spermatic cord remained intact. "I had known a boy that had opened to. So I took him and made him into a foreign correspondent in Paris and, inventing, tried to find out what his problems would be."

And the trouble with *Tender is the Night*, he told Scott Fitzgerald, was that the real people Scott had invented in it clashed with the lives he had invented for them. "If you take all people and write about them you cannot give them other parents than they have (they are made by their parents and what happens to them) you cannot make them do anything they would not do. . . . Invention is the finest thing but you must not invent anything that would not actually happen."

"That is what we are supposed to do when we are at our best—make it all up—but make it up so truly

that later it will happen that way." In his best work Hemingway made it up so truly that there have always been readers to believe it had already happened that way, and to Hemingway himself. Carlos Baker's fine biography, published in 1969, allows us to suppose that *A Farewell to Arms* tells the story of an affair he had in 1918 with a nurse in Milan, Agnes von Kurowsky; "the story ached to be told." At seventy-nine, Agnes talked to Michael S. Reynolds:

Q: *I think he wrote a lot of things he never experienced.*

A: *Well, that one in Spain—I know that doesn't sound like anything he would do. Some of the books are fine. The Old Man and the Sea—that one stands out in my mind more than anything he wrote. It's so to the point. Nothing comes in to interfere.*

Q: *Of course the experience never happened to Hemingway.*

A: *Of course not! He would have put the skeleton of the fish up on the wall if it had.*

She emphatically denied any but a platonic romance with young Ernest, and Mr. Reynolds concludes that she had contributed little to the novel's Catherine Barkley save presence and physical beauty. So much for the story that ached to be told.

YET THERE HAD been a story that ached to be told: the story of a fantasy. One of Carlos Baker's notes is astute in citing a fellow patient who thought that Ernie "must have dreamed a good part of the story during his tedious stay in the hospital." "It is not *un-natural*," wrote Hemingway, "that the best writers are liars. A major part of their trade is to lie or invent and they will lie when they are drunk, or to themselves, or to strangers. They often lie unconsciously and then remember their lies with deep remorse. If they knew all other writers were liars too it would cheer them up."

Maybe it would. Here's a story Hemingway wrote in a 1936 letter, recounting, of all things, a "Wallace Stevens evening," Stevens having

come to Key West "sort of pleasant like the cholera."

It starts with "my nice sister [Ursula] . . . crying" over Mr. Stevens "telling her forcefully what a sap I was, no man, etc." (A touchy theme in those years; in 1937 the suspicion that Max Eastman had implied something similar earned Eastman a slam in the face and some moments of terror.)

Next, out in the rainy street, our hero "met Mr. Stevens who was just issuing from the door having just said, 'I learned later, 'By God I wish I had that Hemingway here now I'd knock him out with a single punch.'" This is hardly the Stevens we know, but Hemingway was not following his own counsel against putting real people into stories. The Mr. Stevens of the story next "swung that same fabled punch but fortunately [sic] missed and I knocked all of him down several times and gave him a good beating." The location of Stevens's fall was "a large puddle of water."

Someone then requested that Hemingway take off his glasses, desiring "a good clean fight without glasses in it." Next "Mr. Stevens hit me flush on the jaw with his Sunday punch bam like that. And this is very funny. Broke his hand in two places. Didn't harm my jaw at all and so put him down again and then fixed him good so he was in his room for five days with a nurse and Dr. working on him."

Finally, "I have promised not to tell anybody and the official story is that Mr. Stevens fell down a stairs."

That's the story. It omits the shabby detail that Stevens was 56, Hemingway 36. Is it a true story? Who's to say? Six years later Wallace Stevens called Hemingway "a poet and I should say, offhand, the most significant of living poets, so far as the subject of EXTRAORDINARY ACTUALITY is concerned." Just the man, Stevens goes on to say, to lecture on poetics at Princeton.

Hemingway at the lectern, making an academic point? Stevens was fantasizing a story too, and just on this theme his story may have been the truer one. □

BEHIND THE BATHROOM DOOR

Twelve March novels

by Whit Stillman

IN *From Caligari to Hitler*, a study of a nation's neuroses as revealed in its movies, Siegfried Kracauer linked recurrent story patterns in the films of Weimar Germany to national attitudes that facilitated Hitler's rise to power. Kracauer held that, because of the collective nature and mass audience of prewar German film-making, the films reflected pervasive attitudes, "not so much explicit credos as psychological dispositions."

In a sample of twelve novels issued by American publishers in March certain recurrent themes also emerge. Writers are seen as admirable and interesting—in nearly every novel they star. New England is revered and conventional morality shunned. Driving cars is portrayed as highly dangerous, particularly toward the end of poorly plotted novels. The dominant theme, however, is simply: *husbands must be punished*. Fortunately for them, American novel writing has far less of a mass basis than Weimar film-making had.

The dozen March novels range from some openly "commercial" genre-fiction to a larger group of serious, or at least noncommercial, novels. Three of them are British and the rest American, nearly all are in modern dress, eleven are not worth reading.

Perice Pastor

Whit Stillman is the New York editor of the American Spectator.

ALLEN DRURY's *The Hill of Summer** is an exception to all the above generalizations except the last. The theme, as in most Drury novels not set in ancient Egypt, is America's inadequate response to the Soviet threat. Drury is clearly on to something but, for a writer of political melodrama, has the serious handicap of an aversion to dramatic scenes. When something happens in a Drury novel, it is compressed into a boldface headline, telegram, or wire-service bulletin.

After winning the Pulitzer Prize for his heavily edited first novel, *Advise and Consent*, Drury is said to have concluded that he does not need editing, so that his manuscripts now

* Doubleday, \$14.95.

pass untouched and sometimes read to the copy editor. *The Hill of Summer* does little to make one do the story. Subtitled "a novel of Soviet Conquest," it is set in the 1980s, when Vice President Hami Delbacher succeeds to the presidency in time to oppose an increasingly expansionist Soviet regime. Transfer of fictitious U.N. and Congressional debates, White House, Pentagon, Kremlin discussions, political sessions, informal diplomatic talks and other exchanges of views make up the bulk of the novel.

For twenty years Drury was Washington political correspondent and he writes as if, after a career being told to do his Soviet thriller story in twenty column inches double-checking every fact, his managing editor has said: "O.K., Drury take 12,000 inches and make it up." He finally couldn't fit the whole story in a single enormous volume, however, so a sequel is promised. Volume One ends:

SINO-SOVIET PACT! RUSS, CHINESE SIGN FIVE-YEAR ACCORD "TO RESTORE SOCIALIST HARMONY AND REPEL IMPERIALIST AGGRESSORS." U.S. ISOLATED. WORLD STUNNED BY AGREEMENT BETWEEN COMMUNIST GIANTS, ONCE BITTER ENEMIES. MANY LEADERS BELIEVE "IT MEANS WAR."

The Flowers of the Forest,

* Athenum, \$12.95.



Doan MacDougall, is part of an aging "feminist heritage" genre which strong women characters placed back in olden times, in case 1878. The Livingston and Lorne families have fled poverty oppression in Scotland to settle in New Hampshire factory town. Livingston marries taciturn, farming-obsessed Duncan MacCae and they move to isolated Whitbury, New Hampshire. The novel jumps ahead twenty years. Anne finds that her husband is still a taciturn sheep farmer gets in the habit of directing her conversation to their sheepdog, Tad, though he's even less articulate. In intervening years Anne has had children and still feels resentful of it:

he had supplied Duncan with rmbands and herself with household help, just the way she was apposed to, but she had never gured out the reasoning behind the system. More children meant more food and clothes and rooms eeded, and this made as much ense as Tad's chasing his own ail.

Matthew Chandler, a genteel young olmaster from Boston, comes to rd with them for a month that mer, but he offers to leave early r making love to Anne in the apatch—an offer she rejects.

"You mean you usually pay our bill and flee, after a roll in he grass with your landlady? . . . t was my fault, too. I don't know ow it happened. I don't know hat got into me—"

She heard herself, glanced up at him, and, to her dismay, gave a great whoop of laughter.

Smiling, he said, "That was a pretty song."

When he took her hand, she told Tad, "Stay."

While Anne pursues the affair, her husband's sheep flock is wiped out the second time, and he hangs himself from a rafter in the barn—e of a series of cuckold-suicides in the March novels. *The Flowers of the Forest* ends abruptly with Anne cutting her first pay from a new job and inexplicably dismissing Matthew, er whom she's mooned so much

of the novel. It must be a requirement of the genre that strong women characters end up Standing Alone.

A NON-IDEOLOGICAL impetus for contemporary novels to feature strong women characters comes from publishers, who see them as appealing to the predominantly female novel-buying audience. Thomas Fleming's *The Officers' Wives** is the embodiment of this commercial insight. Long before publication it proved itself in the subsidiary rights marketplace with sales to Warner Books and to the Book-of-the-Month Club as a main selection.

The Officers' Wives ostensibly concerns the woes of a group of women who marry members of the West Point class of 1950, but it's their husbands who really suffer. Fleming's heroine is Joanna Burke, who starts out (like Fleming himself) a liberal Catholic intellectual but who finds in Zen philosophy a new way to be boring. Frequent allusions to her own and Japanese poetry, and an aversion to childbearing too strong to be expressed in roman type, identify the parts of the novel in which Joanna appears.

*The hell with being a Catholic.
The hell with not being able to
love in freedom. Without fear.*

* * *

*Let's have another baby, Pete
had said.... No, she had said.
No. No. No. And each morning
thrust another Enovid in her
mouth, while the big soldier
clumped helplessly outside the
bathroom door.*

This dispute, the rigors of her career as a soi-disant poet, and a refusal to compromise with convention combine to drive her husband to volunteer for a series of tours in Vietnam, where he dies a cuckold-suicide in spirit.

The novel's male star, Adam Thayer, is another writer-intellectual (he introduces Joanna to Zen) and the possessor of a long New England bloodline, which he often discusses. In his campaign to "give the army a political conscience," Thayer battles

* Doubleday, \$15.95.

the snobbish, cryptofascist Gen. Willard Eberle, who is hateful in every way—his suicide comes as a surprise.

"Life resembles a poorly plotted novel" is the apparent theme of *Tickets*, by Richard P. Brickner.* Alan Hoffman—an opera-obsessed dandy, profligate seducer ("I've never had anyone come on to me so strong," a former girlfriend says), and top interviewer at *Newsworthy* magazine—begins an uncharacteristically sincere love affair with novelist Betsy Ring. She is mysteriously dissatisfied with her amiable young lawyer husband, Curtis, another cuckold who self-destructs. "He asked me if I had a boyfriend, and I said no," Betsy tells Alan afterward.

He asked me if I was telling the truth, and I said yes. Then he called himself a loser. He went into the bathroom and came out and sat down on the bed. He said he had terrible pain. . . . Then he was dead, like that.

Betsy and Alan's plans to live together and long discussions about opera and novel writing (she's blocked) come to an abrupt end when Betsy dies suddenly in a car crash. In a favorable advance comment, Alfred Kazin says that he admires Brickner's "great sense of the tragic as the unexpected in our lives," but it looks more like incompetence.

C ONTEMPORARY FICTION often has a sameness difficult to explain by random literary assortment. Many small, extra-literary factors influence the sorts of novels that actually get written, typed up, and published. People in academic work, upper-middle-class housewives, beneficiaries of unemployment compensation, heirs to modest fortunes, and people with small appetites have a better chance to write than the average jobholder.

A further push to conformity comes from publishing-house editorial departments, generally staffed by New York and Boston residents not too keen about making money. Women and single men are represented in disproportionately high numbers—few husbands are editing

* Simon and Schuster, \$12.95.

fiction. Many editorial offices have the atmosphere of a women's-college English department that has gone into trade.

Four of the dozen March novels bear a strong academic mark. Three are set in New England and one even farther to the northeast—in England itself.

The characters in Thomas Savage's *Her Side of It** cloak their western and midwestern origins under layers of tweed. Savage's narrator, an English professor at a New England college, reminisces about his friend, the gifted novelist Liz Phillips, with a reverence novelists usually reserve for their own work. She wrote "as a poet writes poetry, as a painter—particularly a watercolorist—paints," he says. "I think what she wrote was more poem than novel—everything felt, not much happening."

In Liz's first story-poem, a frank attack on God that hypocrites prevent from winning a college English prize, her young reporter-hero comments on an incestuous union between a parent and child: "It's life that matters. What doesn't matter is who puts whose cock into whose cunt." This is a long way from *Anna Karenina*.

Liz is enraged when her husband, Hal, hearing the news of her miscarriage while on military duty in the Pacific, writes in consolation: "Things like this just happen." She attacks as a fiction the belief "that women quickly forget the pain of childbirth, and once again allow themselves to be penetrated. A fiction fostered by men who won't shoulder responsibility for causing pain... As for me, never again." She turns to other men and women for sexual consolation. Hal, at the start a talkative and effeminate college drama instructor, changes into another inarticulate cuckold, finally exploding (verbally) one Christmas Eve:

"Oh, you're fucking glib one way or another," Hal said. "And you're a damned selfish wife." He turned and went into the bathroom where he relieved himself directly and noisily into the water and then he splashed around washing his hands; he was meticulous about that.

Meticulous hand-washing—pretty damning stuff. Wives listening critically to their husbands going to the bathroom becomes a recurrent theme in the March novels.

In her novel *Intrusions**, Ursula Hegi, a University of New Hampshire creative-writing teacher, lets loose a point-of-view experiment that would have been tiresome enough in the classroom. "Perhaps," she declares,

you would like to see me in the role of a writer who does not interrupt, who presents a *slice of life* without interferences, without calling attention to the fact that this is a story. I won't accept that role.

Ursula Hegi writes about "Ursula" writing about Megan Stone, who is also much like herself. The intrusions vary from long reminiscences and commentary to short parenthetical remarks: "Beverly Stone (I might still change her name to Mildred or Eleanor) is very satisfied with her life."

Megan finally walks out on her model family for reasons that "Ursula" ponders at length without resolving. But Megan is furious at her husband for saying that the birth of their last child had been easy—in the March novels childbirth is never that.

In *Intrusions* Megan flees from family and college writing courses to ultra-Yankee Nantucket; in *Leave of Absence*** retired Harvard creative-writing prof Theodore Morrison sends his protagonist, a New York book editor, to the hills of northern New England. "You New Englanders!" Jason Knowles's boss exclaims before granting him a summer's leave.

Jason, an interior-monologue windbag, spends the summer with his talented artist wife at rustic Fox Ridge, happily contemplating a return to academia as the director of a university press. The novel's excitement comes when Jason discovers the corpse of a newborn infant—suggesting an extremely negative attitude toward childbirth on someone's part.

Anita Brookner's *The Debut*† is a comparatively charming novel about Ruth Weiss, an English girl who goes to academia to escape an eccentric home life—her parents are café society shut-ins. The novel is burdened with a life-versus-literature theme which climaxes in a kind of paean to amorality. Plotting adultery, it begins

to think of the world in terms of Balzacian opportunism. Her insights improved. She perceived that most tales of morality were wrong, that even Charles Dickens was wrong, and that the world is not won by virtue... here she was, looking really not too bad... and absconding from the Bibliothèque Nationale to spend time with another woman's husband

Later she lovelessly marries "amiable but childish" Roddy, who is shortly disposed of in a car crash. Balzacian opportunism never seems to work out for her, though. The scene opening and closing the novel has her forty-year-old Balzac scholar, printing her publisher for a dinner party.

DM. THOMAS'S *The White Hotel*** and Doris Grumbach's *The Missing Inson**** are mock biographies of two women with serious emotional problems. Both are "mythic"—which means that it is hard to determine what is happening, which could be for the best. Toward the beginning of *The White Hotel* appears a fifty-five-page erotic fantasy and a twelve-page erotic poem, with some of the milder lines running:

I didn't know till then the stars
in flakes
of snow, come down to fuck the
earth, the lake.
It was too dark to reach the white
hotel
that night, and so we fucked
again, and slept.

The well-known Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, Austria, studies the poem and fantasy in his treatment of their author, Lisa Erdman, who has been prevented from consummating

* Linden Press, \$11.95.

** Viking, \$12.95.

*** Putnam, \$11.95.

* Viking, \$12.95.

** W.W. Norton, \$12.95.

* Little, Brown, \$12.95.

her marriage by terrifying hallucinations. "She was sure the hallucinations only arose," Dr. Freud es, "as a warning to her of what had already told me: that on no account should she bear a child. A coitus interruptus carried an intent of risk." Lisa eventually dies her Holocaust but afterward has a sthumous lesbian encounter with mother.

he lesbian character in *The Miss Person*, film star Delphine Lacy, suddenly in a car crash. The el principally follows a Thirties movie goddess from her adolescence—during which she is seduced by her mother's boyfriend and tilted by the school principal—to film stardom, marriage to a Pulitzer-winning poet-screenwriter, ultimate disappearance. Fuller's well, Hollywood gossip columnist y Maguire—"realizing that at she had lost patience with the appearances and reappearances of my Fuller, and believing that readers were bored by her uning and unexplained acts"—fiy gives up the search. Unending unexplained acts do get boring readers.

The Virgin Mary is a character in a Maitland's *The Languages of e*,* but the rest of the story is in present-day London. Liz, who urs in *I am a humourless feminist* hirt, is obsessed with her inability conceive a child. In one argument, calls her husband, Ian, an "imment queer" and he hits her and ows her out of the house.

"He hit her," Liz ruminate at her ce the next day. "Even there ere she had felt safe at last, the lence lurked; there was no way e, no breaking of ancient patterns. e curse of Eve was on her, like e] on other women." Tony, the rary agent for whom she reads nuscripts, begins comforting but ls up seducing her:

She was powerless even to want to resist. Somewhere her body cried out and she could not even pretend not to hear it, her skin sang to her that this was the Man, this was what bred children, sent women through the world in joyfulness.

* Doubleday, \$10.95.

Ian is one cuckold who survives, although his wife sometimes becomes dangerously angry. ("She hated him because his marriage and childishness did not dominate his mind; because it was not fair that she should be the one with the obsessions, the psychic illnesses . . .") At least *The Languages of Love* is not a novel that takes serious things lightly. In Britain it won the 1979 Somerset Maugham Award.

THE LAST NOVEL of the March dozen, Robert Byrne's *The Dam*,* represents the ostensibly passé disaster genre, which already gives the story away—the dam bursts. Byrne, however, makes it all far better than a disaster novel has any reason to be.

The hero, Phil Kramer, is again a writer-intellectual of sorts—he wrote his engineering doctoral thesis on dam failure. He joins a multinational engineering firm and, testing his pet dam-failure program on its computers, finds that the Sierra Canyon Dam in northern California is about to fail.

In disaster fiction those in authority must refuse until the last moment to accept the disaster's imminence, because otherwise they might do something about it, which could wreck the story. Within these confines, Byrne lets odd, plausible, appealing and unappealing characters sprout up all over. Theodore Roshek, the engineering firm's president and the dam's designer, fires Kramer and dismisses his warnings but is still allowed to be partly admirable as an engineering genius and to make fun of newspaper reporters, who are in a sense writers.

Quiet humor, and sometimes louder humor, weave through the novel in dozens of small scenes, none especially remarkable, such as Byrne's quick portrayal of a jerk bartender in a packed, youth-oriented saloon near the dam. Phil Kramer is trying to attract the attention of the bartender, "a large, unpleasant-looking man with a sunburned nose and forehead."

"Do you know Chuck Dun-

* Atheneum, \$12.95.

can?" Phil shouted over the din.

"Old Chuck or young Chuck?"

"Young, I guess. The inspector at the dam."

"Yeah. It's the old man I never met."

"Is he here?"

"Who wants to know?"

"We work for the same company. His mother sent me."

The bartender shrugged, stepped onto a case of beer, and peered through the haze over the heads of the dancers. "He's in the corner booth. The blond kid with the stupid expression. Tell him I said that."

Tell him I said that . . . Who wants to know? . . . Yeah. It's the old man I never met—the testimony of an authentic jackass. Similar brief exchanges, sprinkled throughout *The Dam*, make disaster worth waiting for. After the dam has burst and Byrne has drowned most of his subplots, Roshek becomes another cuckold-suicide—but with dignity. In contrast to the serious novels, the mayhem in *The Dam* has a satisfying preordained quality.

* * *

IF THE FILMS of Weimar Germany reflected a national predisposition to authoritarianism that made possible Hitler's success, then March's novels suggest the danger of a strong woman character seeking through national plebiscite or non-democratic means to concentrate all power in her own hands in order to institute a national conception policy and expanded privileges for writers and P.D.'s.

Taken as a group, the March novels are certainly not humorous, but they do not reflect much personal seriousness either. The stories seem to have been thought up the way blocked novelist Betsy Ring of *Tickets* goes about trying to concoct the theme for her next book from anagrams of words spotted in the dictionary. Most of the novels take the form of long anecdotes, padded with the authors' pensées and concluded with a sudden round of fatalities. They are generally the sort of novel about which one can say: "I couldn't pick it up!" □

HARPER'S/APRIL 1981

RESCUE FROM OBLIVION

Literary revivals

by Frances Taliaferro

The Towers of Trebizond, by Rose Macaulay. 277 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$14.95 (cloth), \$5.95 (paper).

Frost in May, by Antonia White. 221 pages. The Dial Press, \$5.95 (paper).

MIDDLE AGE is full of curious surprises. Not the least is the discovery that one is regarded as a traveler from an antique land. One thinks of the imperishable Koren cartoon of a few years ago in which a small—probably adolescent—shaggy creature regards a larger, wearier one with wonder and condescension: “You grew up in the ‘50s, didn’t you?”

What was it *like* then? I remember wondering that of my parents, amazed that they could have been ambulatory in the Twenties and Thirties, that they had actually inhabited a period I regarded as history. Now I, too, appear to be a survivor, and the question—if anybody bothers to ask it—is the same: what was it *like* then?

When we answer at the dreadful day of judgment, what will we say about our own time? Very little, I expect. Much of it is forgotten; much of it we never got around to. Surely there were High Victorians who did

not visit the Crystal Palace, or cultivated New Yorkers who skipped the Armory Show of 1913. Surely there are events that mark the Seventies and Eighties forever, and we will not forget our small share in them, but what will we say when they ask us about the literature of the period? I know: “Well, er, I always *meant* to read *Gravity’s Rainbow*, but I never seemed to have time.”

There may be giants among us whose reading is truly catholic: not only the serious literature of the year but also the ephemera, with some time left for ritual rereadings of Shakespeare, Proust, and other saints. Yet Homer nods, and even the omnivorous V. S. Pritchett must some-

times miss a book the first time around. Art is, after all, long and life is short.

Fortunately, a book so missed is not gone forever. It’s probably in the library, but you must remember to carry a list on your person at all times, for no stupefaction equals that of standing in the library staring at your mind a complete blank as you try to remember the names of writers—let alone the titles of books—you’ve been longing to read. Without such an aide-mémoire, you may find yourself going home to read *People* magazine by default.

The common reader owes a great debt to publishers who reissue forgotten books. In many cases there must be practical reasons: it makes good sense to remind the public of books like *Testament of Youth* or *Tom Jones* in order to coincide with a television series or a film. There may be ideological reasons: in the past ten years, feminism has rediscovered the writings of such forgotten women as Kate Chopin, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and Antonia White, of whom I shall say more. There may also be prescient publishers who decide which are ideas whose time has come and then find classics to fill that putative need. But of all the possible reasons for reissuing a book, quirky affection is the best. I like to imagine that *The Towers of Trebizond* is with us again



Frances Taliaferro writes the “In Print” column in monthly alternation with Jeffrey Burke.

ause there was a Rose Macaulay at Farrar, Straus and Giroux who didn't bear to have it out of print.

AME ROSE MACAULAY (1881-1958) was an engaging English spinster of letters. Searching for her essence, friend compared her to the Old y in the Babar books, a person unknown antiquity and unvary-gaity and zest." To another nd, the novelist Rosamond Lehm, "she suggested youth, a girl, hat pure and eccentric English ed which perhaps no longer exists, ess yet not unfeminine, naïve yet wd."

cousin, somewhat removed, of caulay the historian, Rose Ma-lay was a prolific novelist as well a dutiful daughter in the Ed-dian manner. Of the twenty-three ks of fiction she wrote between 6 and 1956, *Potterism* (1920) sed the greatest stir. Reading it, one wonders why: its text is the stliness of the bourgeoisie, its e is a little callow, and it has not d well. Rose Macaulay herself d splendidly and wrote her most resting work in her seventies. ders may happily browse in *Plea-e of Ruins* (1953), a rich, curious bination of history and travel. ally original is *The Towers of bizond* (1956), a novel to which might easily become addicted.

"Take my camel, dear," said my unt Dot, as she climbed down rom this animal on her return rom High Mass.

seems almost a formulaic begin-g for the tale of a madcap rela-; after all, aunts have been useful pectacles of literary eccentricity m Dickens to Patrick Dennis, and kindly offer of the camel prom- future larks with the old girl.

On one level, *Trebizond* does not appoint these expectations. The t, such as it is, depends on Aunt t's expedition to Turkey and the ck Sea to reconnoiter the feasi-ty of setting up an Anglican mis- in the neighborhood of Trebi-d. One companion is Father ntry-Pigg, an "ancient bigot"

with a great desire to find a few planks left over from the Ark and to "search for such scrolls as might still be lying about in caves." The other companion is the narrator, Laurie, Aunt Dot's niece or nephew: it was Rose Macaulay's little joke to use no pronoun that would reveal that person's gender (though to me Laurie seems unquestionably female).

Aunt Dot and Father Chantry-Pigg disappear across the Russian border to take a look at Armenia and the

Caucasus; when they safely reappear toward the end of the novel, Aunt Dot's vigorous account of their larks suggests how sensibly international espionage might have been reorgan-ized by the likes of Miss Marple. Meanwhile, Laurie makes her way alone to Trebizond, the shining city of legend and romance, the equivocal Trebizond, whose "derelict for-lorn grandeur" recalls the glories of Byzantium and the fallen Greek em-pire. Laurie is also making her way

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to meet her lover and to taste again the "brilliance and delightfulness" of their adultery. It ends badly, as adultery will.

The Towers of Trebizond can be read with pleasure as a rich and idiosyncratic travel book. Rose Macaulay's learning was immense; like a magpie, she built *Trebizond* of the most shining and brightly colored pieces, so that it is never less than amusing. Aunt Dot's quirks are quite at home in this odd Levant, where all the foreign visitors are writing "Turkey books," one may go to a part-time enchanter to be cured of fever, and the melancholy camels roar at their watering places like the sea at Dover Beach.

Rose Macaulay's reflections are couched in what she called the "rather goofy, rambling prose style" of her narrator. Her frame of reference, which ranges easily from Boswell to Billy Graham and St. John Chrysostom, is that of a serious and antic dilettante. It is also true that *The Towers of Trebizond* features both a mad camel and an ape named Suliman, whom Laurie teaches to drive a car and play croquet. This book cannot, however, be dismissed as a mere pastiche of eccentricities.

It is a deeply moral novel about sin and the separation of the soul from God. Rose Macaulay moves quickly from the clerical gossip of the earlier chapters, all "Anglo-agnosticism" and High Church whimsy, to the grander image of Trebizond as the shining city, the "magic castle [that] changes down the ages its protean form." Laurie stands outside its gates, a soul cut off, "expelled in mortal grief," unable to beg entry. For this vision is the Church,

like a great empire on its way out, that holds its subjects by poetic force, its fantastic beauty heightened by insecurity; one sees it at times like a Desiderio fantasy of pinnacles and towers. . . . Yet, though for ever reeling, the towers do not fall: they seem held in some strong enchantment, some luminous spell, fixed for ever in the imagination, the gleaming, infrangible, so improbable as to be all but impossible, walled kingdom of the infrangible God.

This is Rose Macaulay at her most ironically ornate, the "Anglo-agnostic" who returned in latter years to the Church from which her own adultery had distanced her. The sense of loss—of illusion, of love, of God—gradually displaces all the eccentricity of this extraordinary novel, whose humor and intelligence cannot palliate its sadness.

THE DIAL PRESS is now publishing the Virago Modern Classics Series, which originated in London at the Virago Press, a small but growing feminist publishing house. The Virago Series concentrates on "rediscovered works" by and about nineteenth- and twentieth-century women; this year's titles include novels by Rebecca West, Radclyffe Hall, and Emily Eden, all of whom may already be known to American readers, and by Antonia White, whom this reader found a wonderful surprise.

Antonia White (1899–1980) was born in London. Her father was senior classics master at St. Paul's School; his conversion to Catholicism accounted for the years Antonia White spent at a convent school. Trained as an actress at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, she gradually edged into journalism and wrote *Frost in May* (1933) under pressure from her husband. She produced no other novels for almost twenty years: her publisher comments on the "virulent writer's block" and the attacks of mental illness that disabled her. She did, however, translate many novels from the French. (An introduction by Elizabeth Bowen pairs *Frost in May* with Colette's *Claudine à l'École*.) *The Lost Traveller* (1950), *The Sugar House* (1952), and *Beyond the Glass* (1954) continue the autobiographical fiction begun in Antonia White's first novel. All are well made and interesting as social history; the last is an especially believable portrait of mental illness. None of the 1950s trilogy, however, has the purity of *Frost in May*.

It is a novel of school life whose setting is the Convent of the Five Wounds in Lippington. To nine-year-

old Nanda Grey, Lippington is a complete world where a new convert must master the intricacies of a highly evolved social order and a piety watchfully guarded by her astute nuns.

Born a Protestant, Nanda learned the Lippington protocol with all the zeal of the convert. She experienced with particular intensity "that rising wish to be like everyone known only to children at boarding schools," and she must make a familiar choice between naughtiness and popularity on the one hand, virtue and adult approval on the other. At thirteen, she is burdened by an independent intelligence, a romantic soul; neither is acceptable at Lippington, and Nanda's rebellion ends in her expulsion from this paradise.

The reader thinks inevitably of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, to which *Frost in May* is a worthy companion piece. Occasional passages suggest that Antonia White deliberately echoed Joyce, as here:

What Purity was she was still uncertain, being too shy to ask but she realised it was something very important. St. Aloysius Gonzaga had fainted when he heard an impure word. What could the word have been? Perhaps it was "belly," a word so dreadful that she only whispered it in her very worst, most defiant moments.

White's unpretentious prose reads honestly and quite without concession the adult complexity of early adolescence; *Frost in May* ports with vivid simplicity both the Paradise and the Fall. Antonia White thoroughly deserves her rediscovery.

NOT ALL the forgotten books were written by women. Oblivion has no gender, and plenty of male writers have slipped out of print. You will help your own candidates for revival respectfully propose two quirky novels: *Antigua*, Penny, Puce (193) by Robert Graves and *Cards of Identity* (1955) by Nigel Dennis. Their republication might baptize a whole new generation of loving fanatics.

HARPER'S/APRIL 1981

WANTED: AN IRRESPONSIBLE PRESS

ad or alive

by Alexander Cockburn

FEW AREAS of human discourse become more rapidly sodden with cant than discussions of the purposes of journalism or the ethical standards to be served in pursuit of this profession. A noble expression of high ideals may turn to the editorials written by Robert Lowe for the *London Times* in 1851. He had been indicted by his editor to refute the claims of a government minister that the press hoped to share the innocence of statesmen, it "must also be in the responsibilities of statesmen."

"The first duty of the press," Lowe wrote, "is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and instantly, by disseminating them, to make them the common property of the nation. The journalist collects his information secretly and by secret means; he keeps back even the current intelligence he day with ludicrous precautions,

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until diplomacy is beaten in the race with publicity. The Press lives by disclosures; whatever passes into its keeping becomes a part of the knowledge and the history of our times; it is daily and forever appealing to the enlightened force of public opinion—standing upon the breach between the present and the future, and extending its survey to the horizon of the world....

"For us, with whom publicity and truth are the air and light of existence, there can be no greater disgrace than to recoil from the frank and accurate disclosure of facts as they are. We are bound to tell the truth as we find it, without fear of consequences—to lend no convenient shelter to acts of injustice and oppression, but to consign them at once to the judgment of the world."

From which exalted sentiments we may turn to the views expressed by Sir Melford Stevenson, who was a British high court judge from 1957 to 1979. To a group of journalists discussing ethical procedures he remarked: "I think you're all much

too high-minded. I believe that newsworthiness is a firm realization of the fact that there's nothing so much the average Englishman enjoys on a Sunday morning—particularly on a Sunday morning—as to read a bit of dirt. And that would be my test of newsworthiness.... There is a curious synthetic halo around these people who are called 'investigative' journalists. Now so far as most courts are concerned—and I think most jurors—the concept of a journalist driven by moral fervour to investigate a public scandal is a lot of nonsense. He enjoys the comforting thought that he has a bit of moral fervour which is filling his pocket as well. And there are few more desirable positions in life than that."

It is worth noting that it was a judge who expressed these frank sentiments *à propos* the allure of "a bit of dirt." Few journalists would be rash enough to make so succinct a confession, and it is generally the rule that the more squalid the journalistic enterprise embarked on, the more fervent are the professions of

From "Absolutely Sweet Marie." Copyright © 1966 Dwarf Music.

TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW

YOU MUST BE HONEST.

— Bob DYLAN

high purpose. I would urge anyone who doubts this to study Al Goldstein's editorials in *Screw* magazine.

I DO NOT PROPOSE on this occasion to discuss at length Lowe's pronouncements on the role of the press and of statesmen, as illuminated by recent trends in the United States. Suffice it to say that Lowe did not, perhaps, anticipate a situation in which the interchange of the roles is so rapid that the eye is frequently deceived.

To take just one example, which I hope to return to shortly: From 1973 to 1977 Leslie Gelb was a diplomatic correspondent for *The New York Times*, with a particular interest in defense and national security issues. In a previous incarnation he worked at the Pentagon; indeed, he organized the compilation of the Pentagon Papers, which were disclosed by his subsequent employer. In 1977 Gelb removed to the State Department, where he became director of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs. His beat on *The New York Times* was then assumed by Richard Burt, whose coverage appeared to reveal a more hawkish stance. In due course, with the victory of Ronald Reagan, Burt was recruited by the new administration to abandon, if only temporarily, the profession of journalism and enter government service as... the director of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs in the State Department.

Gelb, Burt's predecessor at *The New York Times* and the State Department, after a brief sojourn with the Carnegie Endowment, has now returned to the *Times*, where he is to reassume his duties as national security correspondent.

Were industrialists or attorneys from a corporation or law firm involved, moves such as these would be arousing considerably more comment in the press than has so far been the case. Gelb, to echo Lowe, may live now "by disclosures." But is this imperative extended uniformly to all phases of his career?

If there is, for the moment, relative silence (perhaps mercifully) on the matter of journalistic ethics and

function this side of the Atlantic, the opposite is true in Europe, particularly in Britain and Italy.

The occasion on which Sir Melford expressed the pithy views recorded above was one of two conferences organized in 1979 by Granada Television of Great Britain to brood on the theme of "The Media and The Law." These conferences were edited into six programs, broadcast under the title "The Bounds of Freedom."

The technique adopted was one originally devised by Fred Friendly for the Ford Foundation, in which journalists and public figures debate hypothetical situations where matters of ethics, professional standards, and so forth are discussed under the guidance of a moderator.

As is usual in such proceedings, the air vibrated with protestations of high purpose, even as the participants descended toward the art of the practical. The moderator proposed the hypothesis that "Lord Runnymede," a former British foreign secretary and now a prominent banker, may well have been insane during his term as a cabinet minister. All journalists present agreed that they would have attempted to extract confirmation from Lord Runnymede's psychiatrist. The following dialogue then ensued:

Moderator: Suppose the psychiatrist says, "Well, this might do damage to my profession in this community if my patients read that I have breached the relationship. I think I need a few thousand pounds to relocate myself after I tell you this."

Paul Callan (feature writer, *Daily Mirror*): Give it to him.

Moderator: You'd give it to him?

Callan: Newspapers pay for information.

Moderator: You'd buy the medical record?

Callan: I'd buy the information that the psychiatrist is giving me.

Moderator: Mr. Mangold, would you pay for it?

Tom Mangold (reporter for the BBC): Yes.

Derek Jameson (editor, *Daily Express*): Certainly.

Harold Evans (editor, *Sunday Times*): Yes.

Moderator (to all present, who include numerous other editors and correspondents): *Everybody would pay for it.* (Silence of general agreement.)

Callan: *Well, the price would certainly go up if we were a bidding.* (Prolonged laughter.)

Later in the series the journalists were confronted with another hypothesis. A television producer receives an invitation. It is from a man who has escaped from police custody. It is thought to be a terrorist leader responsible for bombings and assassinations. He asks the producer to interview him in a neighboring country and not to tell the police.

Moderator: *Mr. Jameson, would you give them [the police] the note [of invitation]?*

Jameson (editor of the *Daily Express*): *No.*

Moderator: *No—why not?*

Jameson: *He can read about it in my newspaper.*

Moderator: *But the copy of the note that appears in your newspaper won't have fingerprints on it.*

Jameson: *I'll tell you why not. Because never ever must journalists play the role of coppers' narks. It's totally wrong, it is improper.*

All these sentiments passed in the ether without much comment. One bothered to point out that from time to time lunatics have been in the national helm, without undue piousness being expressed by the press. It was known to a fairly large number of people that Sir Anthony Eden was "under great strain," as they say, when, as prime minister, he barked on the Suez invasion in 1956. A parallel episode in the United States, also not discussed, was the mental collapse of Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, which led to his eventual suicide. By reason of attacks on Forrestal in his column, Drew Pearson was much blamed for the time for the circumstances of the secretary's demise.

But hypotheses are not always true to reality. By 1980, when colloquies quoted above were published, "real life" was bustling in the discussion. The BBC had interviewed people in Ireland who claimed

nsibility for the murder in West-
ter of Airey Neave, a Conserva-
M.P. For this it was severely
ured. And at the end of last year
was much discussion anent the
uma of Italian editors requested
he kidnappers of Judge d'Urso
int their manifestos, on pain of
udge's death.

FINALLY, at the end of last
year, Conor Cruise O'Brien,
then editor of the *Observer*
(in the latest twist in a career
se switches between public and
ate employment would make even
ie Gelb dizzy), leaped into the
ite. First he addressed himself to
matter of the terrorist's request
in interview on condition that he
be not be informed. (I should
that Mr. Jameson was not the
one to advertise his willingness
proceed under such conditions.
er editors present said the same
of thing and one that he would
any employee who *did* take the
to the police without first in-
ing him.)

O'Brien: "Let me plainly say
at I reject the version of jour-
nalistic ethics expounded by
[these] people. . . . I think it is de-
umanising and decivilising to
all journalists that they are never
ver to help the police to catch
murderers who are at large. In
a democratic society, under the
rule of law, journalists have the
same civic duties in that matter
as everybody else, and are not
dispensed from these by some
ort of caste ethic. Whether they
o their duty is up to them as
individuals—as it is in the case
f all other citizens—but no em-
ployer has the right to fire them,
r threaten to fire them, for help-
ing the police catch murderers.
f their information was acquired
n the course of their professional
duties, they should tell their edi-
or first—unless the delay so
aised might help the murderer
escape. In that case, they should
ell the police first, and their edi-
or afterwards."

A couple of weeks later O'Brien
dressed himself to the question of
orning Lord Runnymede's psy-
chiatrist: "I'm all in favour of amus-

ing readers, and occasionally attempt
that difficult feat, but I wouldn't quite
regard the attainment of that end as,
in itself, justifying bribery and the
instigation of professional miscon-
duct and per-sonal treachery." He
concluded with the general reflection
that "where the ethics of a given
profession appear to be diverging
sharply from general ethical stan-
dards, it might be well to try to bring
these professional ethics back into
the main stream." He left no doubt
that it was the divergent ethics of
the press that he had in mind.

Of course, Dr. O'Brien has strong
feelings on the matter of terrorism
and "murderers." As editor of the
Observer, he fired his Belfast corres-
pondent for insufficient "objectivity."
As minister for posts and telegraphs
in a recent Irish government, he
espoused censorship laws against
Irish Republicans fierce enough to
make even Chief Justice Warren
Burger, let alone the shade of Wil-
liam Douglas, leap up and lament.

But he touched a raw nerve. With
none of the constitutional guarantees
and few of the legal accoutrements
enjoyed by their American confrères,
British journalists sustain themselves
from time to time with the high rhe-
toric of men such as Lowe. They are
simultaneously aware, nevertheless,
that aside from this rhetoric there is
no safety net and that in some infrac-
tion of taste or legality an "aroused"
public, however much it may enjoy
its "bit of dirt," will applaud their
discomfiture in the courts.

Thus in British discussions of jour-
nalistic ethics there is, in the end,
something of a "Take me, dead or
alive" attitude, the swaggering credo
of outlaws, of members of a profes-
sion whose social standing—as Au-
beron Waugh recently remarked—is
"rated somewhat lower than badger
gassers."

THE LONDON *Times* columnist
Bernard Levin hoisted this
Jolly Roger at the end of last
year in an article entitled
"The precious freedom to be irre-
sponsible." Levin was challenging the
view of Lord Denning that "a free
press must be a responsible press"

and that if it should "act irrespon-
sibly, then it forfeits its claim to pro-
tect its sources of information."

"It cannot be emphasized too
strongly," Levin wrote, "nor indeed
put too extravagantly, that the press
has no duty to be responsible at all,
[his italics] and it will be an ill day
for freedom if it should ever acquire
one. The press is *not* the Fourth Es-
tate; it is *not* part of the constitutional
structure of the country; it is *not*, and
must never be, governed by any ex-
ternally imposed rules other than the
law of the land. The law may demand
that a newspaper's sources shall be
revealed. The law is perfectly just-
ified (though of course it may be
wrong in any particular instance) in
deciding as much; if an editor or other
journalist then refuses to reveal his
sources, he is a lawbreaker, and
may quite justly be punished. The
press occasionally claims a legal right
to keep such confidences, likening it-
self in doing so to doctors or even
priests; my own view is, and always
has been, that the claim is not only
untenable but abominable, precisely
because it would . . . make the press
part of the Establishment, which it
must not be . . . we are, and must re-
main, vagabonds and outlaws, for
only by so remaining shall we be able
to keep the faith by which we live,
which is the pursuit of knowledge
that others would like unpursued,
and the making of comment that others
would prefer unmade."

Less eloquently, Derek Jameson,
the rugged editor of the *Daily Ex-
press* (since removed from that po-
sition), remarked to Dr. O'Brien
in the course of a television encounter,
"I'm not defending what I'm doing.
Sometimes it's right. Sometimes it's
wrong. I don't hold with high falutin'
talk. I don't claim to be pure. . . . I'm
a newspaperman. I tell stories."

So much for British empiricism.
On this side of the Atlantic it would be
an untoward event if the protestations
of a Levin or a Jameson were to be
voiced at, let us say, the American
Society of Newspaper Editors. "Vag-
abonds" and "outlaws" do not shuttle
comfortably between the State De-
partment and *The New York Times*.
"Statesmen," *pace* Lowe, do. □

HARPER'S/APRIL 1981

ROOM SERVICE

The gall of some people

by John G. Clancy

SCANLAN'S MONTHLY flashed across the sky of journalism on the cusp of the Sixties until it flamed out in 1971, when its last issue was seized at the American border by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and one of its executives was killed in the struggle. The brainchild of San Francisco's Warren Hinckle, who had catapulted *Ramparts* to national prominence, and of Sidney Zion of *The New York Times*, *Scanlan's* was funded with a public stock offering and dedicated to muckraking journalism. It accepted neither advertising nor prisoners. The final issue found its way to a Canadian printer because its coverage of guerrilla warfare, complete with diagrams and instructions for the making of bombs, was ostensibly too seditious for a country whose printers had produced the First Amendment.

There is reason to suspect that there were large, if not sinister, forces arrayed against the publication—forces such as the CIA and the White House. Indeed, in one of the opening scenes in John Dean's book, *Blind Ambition*, President Nixon unleashes the Internal Revenue Service on *Scanlan's* and its principals because of an article critical of Vice President Agnew. *Ramparts* and

Hinckle had earlier incurred the wrath of the CIA by exposing its involvement with private foundations and student organizations. Then, too, there was the general displeasure of the Pentagon and the FBI.

This, though, is better left to Warren Hinckle to tell, when and if he updates his 1974 autobiography, *If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade*, which *The New York Times* selected as one of the ten best books of that year. Written when Hinckle was thirty-five, the book omits his early thirties, the *Scanlan's* period, presumably because his life had al-

ready been too full.

Hinckle, a portly chap who wore a black eye patch, is a P.T. Barr of controversy who began his career in the print world by turning a monthly college newspaper into a daily after igniting a guard shed on campus so he could headline a fire. As beat reporter on the *San Francisco Chronicle*, then editor of *Ramparts*, then vice president and editor of *Scanlan's*, Hinckle blazed a trail of headlines, scoops, and exposés designed to arouse the slumbering citizenry. In his last magazine venture he turned Francis Ford Coppola's *City of San Francisco* magazine from a monthly into a weekly and when it folded in 1976, he had plans to make it a daily. Walk with me one day in the area of San Francisco where all three of his failed publications had been quartered, waved his arm and said, "Lo Clanski"—a name he insisted on calling me after I won a Supreme Court case for the American Jewish Congress—"if you drew a line between each of the places we operated magazine it would be almost a perfect triangle, perhaps the Bermuda Triangle of journalism."

He was fond of quoting someone to the effect that "money was throwing off the back of trains." His office at *City* magazine hung a poster inscribed with the words of one Gully Jimson: "I want the b-



John G. Clancy, a Columbia Law School graduate, is a writer who lives in the mountains of Utah. He practiced law in San Francisco in the Sixties and Seventies.

everything for everyone, but it millions." Often accused of extravagance, in his autobiography he countered a rumor that he taken a plane from Chicago to in order to get to New York an airline strike. That was ostentatious, he claimed. "I flew from San Francisco to Paris to get to New York. If I had been in Chicago, I would have just taken a cab."

HINCKLE WAS my editor in literary matters and my client in legal matters. During *Scanlan's* lifetime my offices, it seemed, were general counsel to the Age of Aquarius. There were the shock troops of "higher consciousness," the forerunners of the new age such as the Esalen Institute, Alan Watts, Ida Rolf, and assorted Tai Chiists, communards, and vedic thinkers. Apart from these humanists there were people like Hunter Thompson, the Prince of Darkness, and other attack journalists, blues rock and roll bands, and a whole lot of Oakland Raiders who made a name for themselves by committing mayhem. On the one hand, I was identified with enlightenment, and peace; on the other, with violence, madness, and cocaine. This seemed prudent, but in fact I was involved in the making of a new form of life, it was not to have an antidote on hand, it would prove dangerous.

As the *Scanlan's* money wound down, Hinckle often summoned me to the local Cookies Star Café, where, along with policemen and politicians, we mulled battle plans. The details would serve no purpose here; suffice it to say, as Hinckle and I used to say, that the forces of the West were about to spend the remaining funds covering the lost continent of Atlantis while their opponents in New York held to the view that since Atlantis had a known location it was suddenly more feasible to put the magazine there. One day he advised me that a decisive board meeting was scheduled a few evenings hence and asked me to accompany him to the terrible Gotham." Over the objections of my wife, the Lady Pamela, I had come to know that adven-

tures with Hinckle always took longer than planned and invariably cost money. I went.

WE LANDED in New York half an hour late and found the meeting in progress when we arrived at *Scanlan's* central offices. The lawyer for the opposition, who was said to have represented Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, bade that the "minutes" of the proceedings be read for our benefit. A middle-aged woman stood and began reading in a tremulous voice from a stenographic pad



while casting quick glances in our direction. The reason was soon apparent.

Bluntly and quite unexpectedly we were informed that pursuant to proper motions and procedures Warren Hinckle was convicted of fiscal irresponsibility and stripped of all his offices at *Scanlan's*, including that of co-editor. Finally, he was ordered to turn in all of his credit cards, including the air travel card that had gotten us to the meeting. In the expectant silence that followed, Hinckle threw his hands up to the ceiling and roared, "This is like burning down the barn after the horse is dead." Advancing on the lawyer, he wagged a finger in his face and shouted, "If you think that this corporation is going to be put to death like your clients the Rosenbergs, you are wrong." Into the silence that fol-

lowed I tossed the statement, "This is like the Scopes trial without the monkey," and then while Hinckle yelled I proceeded to expound the slander he had suffered and describe the vast sea of litigation that would engulf all of them.

The room was now full of people talking loudly and gesticulating, and the meeting was recessed. Most were stunned. I laughed. I was from California; I was used to madness. For the balance of the evening we fell to drinking scotch and discussing Atlantis and Uranus. Clearly, though, the status of Hinckle's credit cards was uncertain, and as we went out the door he muttered, "It's a good thing I bought a round-trip ticket."

We hailed a cab and had it deposit us, baggage and all, at Elaine's on the Upper East Side. I had known Elaine since I was in law school, when the place was just a struggling eatery. Hinckle had become a member of her literary round table and a good friend during his salad days with *Ramparts*. We staggered in with our luggage and were met with the warm embrace and raucous laughter of the then very large Elaine who bade us make ourselves at home and spend some money. Feeling like Irishmen who had found drink in the desert, we accepted this offer gladly and settled in happily at an oasis of civilization in a strange and hostile land. Hinckle proceeded to regale the literati with the tale of the board meeting and guffaws filled the room. There was much drink and even some food. It was a very pleasant evening. As dawn was breaking, we cabbed to the Plaza Hotel. I have a vague recollection of traipsing through miles of hotel suites until at last Hinckle found one that was suitable for persons of our prestige and station in life.

WHEN I AWOKE in the morning I thought for a moment I was in Versailles. I was great French windows in my bedroom and grand tapestries and paintings that I could view from my silk-canopied fourposter bed. I stretched deliciously and began to speak French. Ris-

ing, I noted the leafless trees in a drab Central Park, and then it came back to me: *Scanlan's*, Hinckle. I groaned.

I went out into the connecting room. It was a vast living room with a television set at either end, two couches, a desk, a writing table, a conference table, a coffee table in front of the fireplace, and several stuffed easy chairs with adjacent standing lamps. I proceeded aimlessly through what seemed like endless rooms, feeling like I was in *Last Year at Marienbad*, until I came to a blue bedroom in which was propped Hinckle in his fourposter bed, reading *The New York Times* and drinking coffee. "Ah, Clanski," he said, "today we meet at lunch, at two o'clock, of course, with some shareholders who are on our side. We'll see what we can stir up—probably very little."

Just then the doorbell sounded in the living room. I went out and opened the door a crack. A little man in what looked to be a bellhop's uniform or a similar official hotel costume stood there nervously licking his lips. I smiled.

"Are you Mr. Hinckle?" he snarled, baring ferretlike teeth that were amply stained. For a moment he looked like a bellrat.

"No," I replied, "what is it that you want?"

"*This*," he hissed, pulling his hand out from behind his back and waving a piece of paper at me. I had thoughts of a summons and made to close the door instinctively.

"What's this?" came Hinckle's voice over my back, and before I could stop him, he threw open the door and bade the creature enter. Standing there, with just a towel around his waist, he resembled nothing so much as Winston Churchill at Badgastein.

"You are Mr. Hinckle," the bellrat snapped, his eyes darting in reptilian fashion. Hinckle nodded. "Then what about *this*," he screeched, as he unrolled what looked like a scroll of paper. Holding it in front of him like an indictment, he began to read in a staccato voice that bordered on the hysterical: "Warren Hinckle. 1965. Sherry-Netherland Hotel. \$2,400. Un-

paid. Warren Hinckle. 1965. Carlyle Hotel. \$1,400. Never Paid. Warren Hinckle. 1966. Commodore Hotel. \$3,400. Never Paid. Warren Hinckle. 1967. Roosevelt Hotel. \$1,400. Never Paid." Hinckle and I exchanged glances as the crier continued in this fashion, reading from the list like the Martin Luther of credit. Then he finished, sighed from his effort, looked up, and said: "Well, what about *that*, Mr. Hinckle," brandishing his list of sins in such a manner that it was clear he would have liked to nail it to Hinckle's bare breast.

Hinckle gave a regal wave of his arm and in a conversational tone replied, "Oh, *those* things. They all involved a magazine I was editor of at the time, *Ramparts* magazine. Those were corporate debts, not my debts. The magazine went broke, it's not my fault it wouldn't pay its bills. That's business, it happens every day. This is different here. I'm the co-editor and vice president of *Scanlan's* magazine, a national publication which I note you sell in the lobby. We have our head office here in New York. Look, my man, just call the office, they'll take care of it." And with a flourish he dismissed the man, who, looking puzzled, nonetheless turned and left, after copying down the name, address, and phone number of *Scanlan's*.

"Hold on to your hat, Clanski," said Hinckle as soon as the door had shut. "No doubt those creeps over at the office will disavow me, and there'll be hell to pay."

IN LESS THAN ten minutes, the doorbell rang insistently. This time I found the bellrat, a tall man, and a woman, all of whom pushed past me rudely on being told that I was not Mr. Hinckle. They proceeded first to my bedroom, calling, "Mr. Hinckle, Mr. Hinckle," as one would call a dog. One of them opened my clothes closet and peered inside.

"He's not there," I snapped. "I sent him to the valet to be dry cleaned."

The procession then wound its way through the living room and into the other rooms, voicing its litany: "Mr.

Hinckle, Mr. Hinckle, Mr. Hinckle. I stood in the living room as the procession turned without their prey.

"What's your name?" asked a woman, who appeared to be in charge. "Mr. Clancy," I replied.

"Well, you don't look like a Clancy," rejoined this stranger.

As I was drawing myself up to height to huff out a reply, Hinckle suddenly appeared, resplendent in his bath towel. "What's this, what's this?" he clucked.

"Who are you?" snapped the woman sharply.

"He's Hinckle," screeched the bellrat.

The woman looked at Hinckle suspiciously, saying finally, "But who did you come from?"

Hinckle, putting his hands on his hips, looked her full in the eye and said, "Being a gentleman, I would have brought it up, but since I didn't, I'll tell you. I was in the bedroom on the throne when you were here so unceremoniously thrust your head in the door. I guess he's as well as idiotic, since it appeared didn't see me."

The lady and the tall man looked sharply at the bellrat, who cast his eyes down to the floor, a look of grin on his twisted face.

"Very well, Mr. Hinckle," the woman said, "I am Mrs. Kenney, credit manager of this hotel, and must inform you that in view of your credit record in hotels in New York you cannot charge anything here; you must insist that you pay in full, not for your charges to date, and not you pay each day in advance, including a deposit for room service. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll have to pay for room service in cash." She called *Scanlan's* magazine, and told me that you're no longer employed there. They will not pay your bill."

"Why, madam," said Hinckle evenly, "this is simply preposterous. I am, Mr. Clancy and I, even now on the way to meet with our lawyer to have this matter sorted out. There is a faction at this magazine composed of political radicals, communists, you will, who think they can control a national magazine, that you carry here in your lobby."

they cannot do, this is non-
No doubt you talked to one
se fools. It's Saturday, and no
of importance would be there
y. Surely, Mrs. Kenney, you
suppose we would stay here if
d any doubt as to our position
inlan's. I like New York, but I
no desire to see the inside of
ombs while I am here." He
l. "Look, we'll leave all our
s and possessions here. Don't
orry, I assure you we'll have
hole thing straightened out by
ay, and the magazine will call
Mrs. Kenney, and vouch for the
es."

three of them looked at each
"What do you do?" the tall
asked me. I bridled; enough
nough.

ll thank you to give me *your*
and position right now," I
ed. "I've had enough of this
ss. WHO ARE YOU?"

s. Kenney put her hand on the
arm. He looked down. "I'm
, Mr. Clancy," he sniveled. "I
t mean to annoy you. It's, it's
hat we get such *people* in here
hes. I'm sorry." Mrs. Kenney
d at me and smiled, shaking
ead in assent. I smiled back at
Hinckle beamed. It was agreed
we could stay till Monday if we
ur possessions and didn't charge
ing to room service.

they left, Hinckle sighed, "This
ids me of the Marx Brothers'
e Room Service. All we need
duck flying around the room."

WE MET at lunch with
stockholders who were
friendly, and the gist of
the advice was for us
ick up and go home. No matter
we reworked the votes on the
d, we were beat. We had seen
light at the end of the tunnel,
it was out.

e repaired to Elaine's for suc-
It was Saturday in the fall and
place was jammed with the great
the near-great. Walter Cronkite
there and all manner of beauti-
nd important people. I sat glum-
hile the indefatigable Hinckle,
could turn defeat into good lit-

erature, held forth in full throat at
the round table with a blow-by-blow
account of the battle of the Plaza.
The more he evoked laughter, the
more dour I became. After all, I was
there as a lawyer, and it was unbecom-
ing to be tarred by my clients
and treated like some kind of wino,
particularly now that it appeared
there would be no victory and there-
fore no spoils. At the very least, I
huffed to myself, I should be treated
with dignity and not like a common
thief who would stoop to stealing
lodging. Obsessed with these dark
thoughts, I brooded in the manner
of the Irish. Then, suddenly, unable
to bear the opulence, success, and
good humor all around me, I left the
table in a bitter rage, snarling some
garbled excuse.

I walked several blocks and then
took a cab to the Plaza. After sev-
eral drinks in the Oak Room, which
I charged to our suite, I was feeling
immeasurably better. I had been
treated like a gentleman, and I had
undertaken a civilized conversation
with a chap next to me. I was all
right, by God, and to hell with the
sorry mess that had brought me here.
In this frame of mind, I went up-
stairs to the suite, and once there I
decided it would be amusing to turn
all the furniture in the living room
upside down so that Hinckle might
think himself insane when he came
in later. As I sat there with only one
small, dim light burning, I surveyed
my handiwork with a chuckle. The
paintings were all upside down, and
all of the furniture was such that the
room looked like a forest of legs.
This would give him pause, I thought,
and laughed just as the piercing wail
of fire engines seemed to fill the
room. Looking out the window, I
saw fire engines with flashing lights
all along the front of the hotel. As I
pondered this, the door burst open
suddenly, and there, framed in the
light from the hall, was Hinckle, his
face pale and drawn as if he had seen
a ghost. "Clanski," he squeaked,
"you didn't do it, you didn't do it,
I was sure that you had, I was posi-
tive." His face brightened and he
entered the room. He looked around
slowly and then back to me and posi-
tively beamed. "Marvelous, just

right, excellent work," he said. "Let's
have a drink."

Hinckle handed me a drink. After
we toasted, he put his hand over his
heart and said: "Clanski, you just
gave me the fright of my life. When
you roared out of Elaine's, you said
something about burning down or
blowing up the Plaza and getting
even with the bastards. When I ar-
rived here and saw all the engines
in the street, I was sure in my heart
that you'd done it, and I was heart-
sick and furious that you would get
the credit for burning down the place.
Thank God it wasn't true." He gulped
his drink.

I looked at Hinckle as if for the
first time. "But so what." I said soft-
ly. "You could always go out tomor-
row and burn down the Empire State
Building or the Waldorf. I mean,
why should my burning down the
Plaza bother you? You could eclipse
that in no time flat."

He fixed me with a glare. "Be-
cause," he roared, pointing his finger
at me as if I were a student in the
first grade. "BECAUSE," he shouted,
moving closer, his eye sending out
a beam of light, "they only remem-
ber the *first* one."

ON MONDAY, Mrs. Kenney
came early to tell us that
she had checked with *Scan-*
lan's and that they would
not pay the bill. Over the weekend,
we had taken our possessions out, a
piece at a time, a suit here, a bag
there, and with the help of friends
we were down essentially to a suit
in each closet. We were able to per-
suade her that all would be con-
cluded in our favor before lunch, and
that a final treaty was to be signed
forthwith by our lawyers at Hawkins
and Bernstein. With the suits as se-
curity, she let us attend the meeting.
As soon as we entered the confer-
ence room there, Hinckle picked up
the phone and told Mrs. Kenney that
we would never return, and that even
as he spoke our attorneys were pre-
paring a lawsuit against the Plaza
and her goons. The suits in the room,
he informed her, were a tip for the
maids. □

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PUZZLE

APRIL FOOL II

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Two years ago, this occasion was marked by a puzzle in which a trick was played on the solver in the clueing. Just to be contrary, we've done it again.

As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 27.

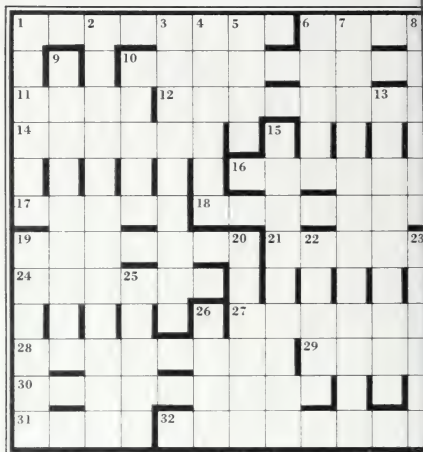
CLUES

ACROSS

1. Swell while in order (8)
6. Manhandle bishop during recess (4)
10. Intimate one spread of food is unsavory (9)
11. Tolerate believer in the market (4)
12. Mean characters are found in our genes (8)
14. More seriously cultured pearls, but only the inside layer (6)
16. One end is smashed on the exterior ... (6)
17. ... front end is inflexible (5)
18. Let out horns inadvertently (7)
19. One of the 400, to the Jews, doesn't have meat or milk, and so what (7)
21. Finds no match for plaster of Paris (5)
24. Head of monastery joins a bachelor and Elizabeth (6)
27. OK native after some time (6)
28. Clumsy ex-Tudors (8)
29. Edges of windshield broken in (4)
30. Obvious ruse in arrangement for finales (9)
31. Somewhat monosyllabic and indifferent (4)
32. Came after engineer departed (8)

DOWN

1. Sounds like places to buy De Beers! And permits (6)
2. Clams disturbed sex act. Bother (12)
3. Sees anger turning into apathy (9)



4. The French intruding into literature, dance, etc., doesn't raise alarm (6)
5. Cuckoo partially builds a nest (4)
6. Hides from wild animals, I hear (5)
7. Slaver messily—I bit nails, too (12)
8. Enemy's shot those who always disagree (6)
9. Discover it a blessing at heart, and untrue (9)
10. Clergyman's succeeding (5)
13. Charge a premium to hear where the prisoner tunnels
15. Con is candid about work (9)
19. Keep in jail Mafia leader (he's under average) (6)
20. Certain kind of boat with nurse at sea (6)
22. Denies rum was V.O. (5)
23. Virtuous son or daughter I had briefly (6)
25. Upper class but leaderless—way out (5)
26. The widow's portion is spoken for in good spirits (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to April Fool II, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to

Harper's. The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winner names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Vicious Circles," are Mr. & Mrs. Harry W. Hazard, Rochester, New York; Rudy Simons, Oak Park, Michigan; and Patricia Hubbard, Lancaster, Wisconsin.



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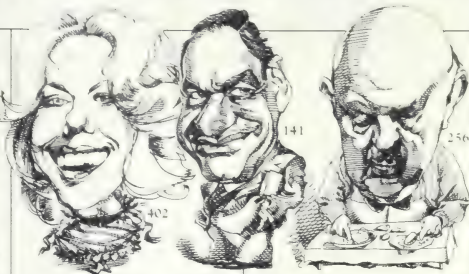
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Social Security in Trouble

The Social Security system and its faltering finances were the topic of discussion on a recent call-in talk show on a Washington, D.C. radio station. An anonymous caller came on the line. He described himself as a "triple dipper" — retired and the recipient of a military pension, a Civil Service pension, and Social Security payments. In addition, he said, his wife receives a government pension.

Two persons; four government pensions.

The total benefits, the caller said, were ample to meet all the couple's needs. In fact, part of their income was being siphoned off to help two daughters, both working, who couldn't make ends meet because of high income and Social Security taxes.

Such a paradox — *retired* parents helping to support *working* children — isn't quite what economists and sociologists have in mind when they speak of "inter-generational transfers." What they mean is income transferred from people currently working to those who were once workers and to the dependents or survivors of onetime workers. The income is transferred through taxes that are going up and up and growing increasingly burdensome. The taxes are paid both by employees and employers.

To be sure, the talk show caller's case is in no way typical. Yet it does point up what can happen when as a nation we patch together, over a period of 50 years, income security programs that the President's Commission on Pension Policy has called "riddled with inefficiencies and inequities."

"Numerous income security time bombs are now ticking away throughout this vast and complex sector of our society," the commission warned. The General Accounting Office, in a recent report, questioned the nation's "continuing ability to meet income security needs and

stay within acceptable spending levels."

The Social Security tax rate this year jumped from 6.13% to 6.65%. Additional increases are scheduled in 1982, 1985, and 1986. And the income base on which the tax is paid went up this year from \$25,900 to \$29,700. It will rise to \$50,000 in 1988.

Even with the new infusions of revenue, the Social Security fund faces trouble. It's expected to run in the red in the next year or two.

A key cause of the trouble is the annual increases in benefits pegged to the Consumer Price Index. Last year's increases totaled upwards of \$16 billion. While they're warmly welcomed by the recipients, they are helping to push the fund toward insolvency.

Proposals to stave off the fund's bankruptcy include raising the minimum age at which benefits are paid, revamping the method for calculating cost of living increases that drive up benefits year after year, phasing out spouses' benefits, and bringing government employees under the system.

Any of these revisions is sure to elicit outcries from the people and interest groups affected. Political sensitivities notwithstanding, the impending crisis simply must be confronted by the new Administration and the Congress.

"We must muster the will and the courage to look at the system as a whole and make the adjustments that are required," the President's Commission on Pension Policy said. "We have the capacity to construct a system that is more responsive to human needs and more equitable to all concerned."

The Secretary of Health and Human Services, Richard S. Schweiker, has vowed that untangling Social Security financing will be his top priority during the early months of the Reagan Administration. And none too soon.



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LIBRARY

- Steven Lagerfeld 16 **TO BREAK A UNION**
Goons give way to management consultants.
- Tom Bethell 22 **THE BUDGET CAN'T BE CUT**
Congress has a way of looking after its own.
- Matthew Stevenson 25 **THE CAPITAL OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT**
A good word for Mexico City.
- William Tucker 31 **MARKETING POLLUTION**
The buying and selling of clean air.
- L. J. Davis 39 **SILVER THURSDAY**
The day the Hunts shook the world.
- Joel Agee 57 **WAKING UP**
A memoir of a childhood in East Germany.

ARTS AND LETTERS

- George Dennison 79 **POETRY**
The Animals in Winter
- Martha Bayles 66 **DEFORMATION OF CHARACTER**
Elephant men on stage and screen.
- John P. Sisk 69 **UNTESTED INNOVATIONS**
The dangers of the technically sweet.
- Diane McWhorter 75 **BOOKS**
Bartlett's Hall of Fame.
- Jeffrey Burke 80 **IN PRINT**
Two writers in search of an audience.

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **LETTERS**
- 5 **MACNELLY**
- Lewis H. Lapham 8 **THE EASY CHAIR**
- Tom Wolfe 56 **IN OUR TIME**
- David Suter 61 **THE MIND'S EYE**
- 62 **GEOGRAPHY 105**
- 64 **THE PUBLIC RECORD**
- Floyd C. Stuart 82 **AMERICAN MISCELLANY**
- E. R. Galli and 88 **PUZZLE**
- Richard Maltby, Jr. Devil's Dictionary

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LETTERS

Good for America

Big lies die hard. Jonathan Kwitny's "The Great Transportation Conspiracy" [*Harper's*, February] represents just one more variation on an already discredited theme. The author claims that General Motors was the moving force in a far-reaching conspiracy to destroy thriving street railways and to substitute buses, which were then deliberately made unattractive so that people would buy automobiles instead. The claim makes no more sense now than it did the first few times around.

The simple, well-documented truth is that street-railway systems were done in by social change, not by a conspiracy. They thrived in the early years of this century, when they made a technological and economic contribution to transportation. But their routes were too inflexible to meet the needs of an expanding urban population, and they declined rapidly as their passengers turned elsewhere. By the end of World War I a third of the systems were actually bankrupt. The "suburban Los Angeles rail transit system," of which your author speaks so glowingly, lost money consistently for decades and began to convert from rail to bus service long before General Motors was even in the bus business. The story was the same across the country.

Moreover, the conversions from rail to bus were not accomplished in the dead of night, as your author would have us believe. These transit companies were regulated by utility commissions: their troubles were detailed in public records that are available today; and their actions were subject to government approval.

These government decisions may or may not appear wise, viewed with the benefit of hindsight, but they make sense and were widely supported at the time. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, for example, described the conversion from trolleys to buses as "boon to the citizenry of New York" and declared that "no one is mourning the passing of the streetcar." General Motors actually gave public transportation a badly needed boost by producing the most efficient and successful bus on the market—an activity that is hardly consistent with some hypothetical conspiracy to destroy transit systems in order to sell cars.

Your author attempts to avoid these facts with cryptic quotation selected out of context, from the record in a 1949 antitrust case. That case, however, involved the legality of contracts to purchase buses from General Motors rather than buses from some other company; it had nothing at all to do with the decision to replace streetcars with buses in the first place. In fact, the published opinion in the case states plainly that it concerned bus operations in "cities where streetcars were no longer practicable." Contrary to your article, no one was accused of aiding "the demise of mass transit."

Lastly, your author can't even get his leadoff quotation right. What Charles Wilson actually said at his confirmation hearing in 1953 before the Committee on Armed Services and published in the *Federal Register*, was:

...for years I thought that what was good for our country was good for General Motors, and vice versa.

Makes quite a difference and, like

other facts set forth above, you n look it up.

DAVID S. POTTER
Vice President
General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

I couldn't agree more with Jonathan Kwitny's article, "The Great Transportation Conspiracy." As president of the Los Angeles Car Riders Association in the immediate post-war years, I can testify to the power the conspirators, as well as to that the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Division of Highways.

However, I don't think that Kwitny made it totally clear that there are two transportation systems in Los Angeles, the "Big Red Cars," which served the suburbs within six miles, and the "Yellow Cars," which provided inner-city service. It was the yellow-car system that was taken over by National City Lines and destroyed. The red-car lines were operated by a subsidiary of South-

ern Pacific from 1910 until 1953, nearly ten years after the yellow cars fell into the hands of the conspirators.

Those of us who battled to retain the streetcars were no match for those preaching the virtues of modern buses, modern cars, modern roads. Yet now there are few who wouldn't applaud putting the old streetcars back in service. The red cars to the suburbs could save billions of gallons of gas wasted by motorists in traffic jams, and the yellow cars would allow inner-city residents access to other parts of the city. We'll never get back what we had; estimates for a complete southern California system stand at over \$10 billion. Officials probably could have bought what existed in 1944 for about one percent of that figure.

Now we can see those big red and yellow cars only at the Orange Empire Railway Museum in Perris, seventy miles from L.A.

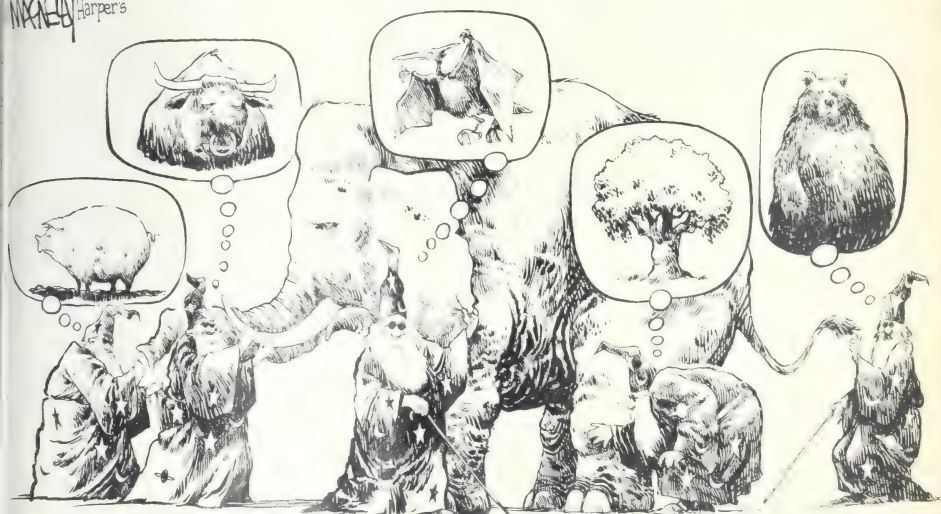
ROBERT T. MC VAY
King City, Calif.

Jonathan Kwitny's article initially creates a great feeling of anger. To think that a consortium of corporations and their self-serving affiliates, "for no greater cause than their own profit" and in knowing violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act, should willfully destroy a developed mass transportation system grates against those of us who are led to believe in fair play . . . doesn't it?

Or should their guilt be absolved by the fact that Messrs. Fitzgerald, Beamsley, et al., were satisfying a consumer need, the dimensions of which had an impact on sustained economic growth and prosperity up to the present day?

I can hardly share Mr. Kwitny's obvious need to blame (or worse, lament) these gentlemen for our present needs for mass transit. The reality of the past situation is that people wanted automobiles. To use bus services (at trolleys' expense) to "pave the way" for these automobiles was not wrong, it was anticipatory. It's the stuff that shows that entrepre-

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The ECONOMISTS

LETTERS

neurship can be a progressive and prosperous force.

PHIL BRODEUR
Greenfield, Mass.

JONATHAN KWITNY REPLIES:

Obviously I should have checked Charles Wilson's quote with the record instead of relying on folklore. I apologize for the imprecision and thank all those who wrote in to correct it. Nevertheless, I don't see any difference in meaning; I merely spelled out his "vice versa."

The other quotes, and the rest of the article, came directly from the record and were in context. I stand behind what I wrote and urge anyone in doubt to consult the transcript. My article noted repeatedly that other factors contributed to the demise of mass transit. But the case against GM and its co-conspirators constituted the bulk of what went on at the trial; the judge admitted it and the jury believed it.

As for Mr. Brodeur, I caution him that those who he says looked forward innocently were convicted in court of having looked forward guiltily. The antitrust laws were passed precisely to encourage the introduction of innovation into the marketplace to stand or fall on its merits, and to prevent innovation's being forced onto the marketplace by subversion of the competition. Nevertheless, the point of my article was that the people's elected representatives bear responsibility, in setting the rules of the free-enterprise game, to promote the general welfare, and that if they abdicate this role in setting energy policy—as they did in setting transit policy—the principal blame will fall on them, and not on companies merely seeking to maximize profits in a law-abiding way.

Dubious intervention

Kudos to T. D. Allman for his masterful reporting on El Salvador. "Rising to Rebellion" [*Harper's*, March], should head the required-reading list for those who want to know how the U.S. became entangled in the web of violence engulfing Central America.

At certain moments in history, the hourglass must be turned on end when the last grain of sand has fallen. The demise of the Somoza regime marked the point at which the United States lost control over Central American dictators. Oh, yes, we still support repressive governments, but we have become powerless to prohibit their use of arms against huge numbers of innocent civilians.

One reason our policy has failed to stem violence is our inability to admit that the peasantry's traditional acceptance of serfdom has been transformed into a willingness to risk life and limb in the fight against the oppressor. It is a mistake to believe that an embargo on all outside arms from "communists and leftists" would quell the rebellion. It would not.

Allman suggests a way out of the dilemma. The United States should suspend arms shipments indefinitely and concentrate on ways to ensure that these small, economically vulnerable nations receive just prices for their exports. Such a plan would cost less than sending arms. Then he poses a question: "Could it possibly be that there were nations on earth that were actually better off with governments we did not arm, with soldiers we did not train, with policies we did not support—ruled by governments of which we, as Americans, did not approve?"

Perhaps a second question to the American people is in order: What is more in keeping with our American tradition in the struggle for liberty and justice—paying a higher price for coffee, bananas, and sugar in the supermarket and staying friendly with our southern neighbors—or paying taxes that support and arm tyrants who kill, maim, and torture their people, turning these same neighbors into enemies?

THOMAS E. McMAHON
Vienna, Va.

Congratulations on the best magazine article on El Salvador and Central America I have seen in years.

I speak as the official who has probably spent more time than any other working on U.S.-Salvadoran relations (desk officer 1946-47, DCM in Salvador 1947-49, and Am-

bassador to San Salvador 1961-64).

My only regret is that Allman's article does not take account of President Kennedy's serious effort to change our policy. In his day I really rejected the influence of the Fourteen Families. (Their newspaper ads called me a communist and Kennedy a Bolshevik.)

I hope Mr. Allman will write me.
MURAT W. WILLIAMSON
U.S. Ambassador
San Salvador, 1961-
Madison Mills, Va.

T. D. Allman is a classic example of one who is sympathetic to this world revolution only in the abstract. He fears that those in the United States view any change in Central America as a challenge to our way of life. I fear that Allman and many others have held up our political ideals (not to be confused with human rights) as the standard by which to judge all others. When others fail to measure up, they yell "Foul!" Yes, as a newly liberated country the United States was able to hold elections; and no, Nicaragua will not hold national elections in the next year or two. But what do elections represent? Allman himself brings up the example of Honduras, where 90 percent of the eligible starving, illiterate masses vote. He ignores the fact that even without national elections the people of Nicaragua, through various unions and community organizations that they themselves run, are a part of the State Council and have a say in government decisions.

Allman also gives a false impression of the leaders of Nicaragua. They are not doctrinaire but very pragmatic and realistic. Rather than following any line or dwelling on theoretical abstraction, they have come up with creative solutions in an attempt to meet the country's needs.

Since, as Allman points out, the price of coffee will not be raised to \$10 a pound, Nicaragua is forced to make some hard decisions. Not all of these may meet with our approval, but there is no denying that the people are much better off now than before the Sandinistas came to power.

NORA MYLES
Chicago, Ill.

We have a president who thinks etnam was a noble endeavor, a ce president who thinks nuclear r is survivable, a secretary of state io thinks we have an obsession th peace, and a United Nations amssador who believes American forgn policy can tolerate "moderately pressive" regimes.

And we have journalists like T. D. lman, whose insight and compas- ion cut through this jingoistic non- se to the truth. Please convey my icere appreciation to Mr. Allman r one of the finest articles ever to ace the pages of *Harper's*.

TOM M. LISTON
Kansas City, Mo.

I have read many one-sided pieces various publications, but none to atch T.D. Allman's "Rising to bellion" in your March issue. Send this man to any nation, or en to West Virginia, hand him a pewriter, and he would report that e United States is the devil's own workshop—the cause of all ills in the rld.

MAJ.-GEN. BRUCE E. KENDALL
U.S. Army (Ret.)
Fayetteville, Ark.

Congratulations on publishing D. Allman's "Rising to Rebellion." lman's reporting rings with truth d passion—rare qualities, especial- to be found together.

EARL HEUER
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I have just finished reading T. D. lman's article, and there is but one ord to describe it: *excellent*. An ar- cle of this acumen forces one to onder just when the American peo- ple will awaken and recognize their mplicity in the atrocities that are eing committed against the people f El Salvador.

We as a nation are rapidly return- g to the cold-war mentality of the 950s and early 1960s. The sabers ave begun to rattle, symbolic rhet- ric abounds, and the perception at there is a communist behind ev- ry destabilized region of the globe ontinues to proliferate. Now the eagan administration has begun in- creasing the level of military assis-

tance being sent to El Salvador, with a promise that if there is a need we will increase the number of military "advisers" we have already sent to that country (shades of Vietnam).

Is it too late to turn our nation away from this precarious path? Perhaps the only hope for stemming the tide may be high-quality journal- ism, such as Allman's article, which will produce in this country a public cry for a condemnation, both of the oppressive government of El Salva- dor and of the myopic hawks of the Reagan administration. If this does not work, perhaps a call by the peo- ple of El Salvador for an interna- tional tribunal, to try the American people for "crimes against human- ity," will.

TOM GOODHART
San Antonio, Tex.

Rethinking Plato

Congratulations on a great idea. I refer to the new department, "Re- visions," so brilliantly begun with I. F. Stone's "Plato's Ideal Bedlam" [*Harper's*, January]. It felt like a gust of fresh air through the musty corridors of accepted and seldom- challenged platitudes.

RAYMOND VIANU
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Platonic spirit may need no defenders, but I. F. Stone's essay on Plato's *Republic* falls short of Mr. Stone's usually high standards of precision, insight, and love of the truth. His views are at least partly based on a misreading—not only his own—of the nature and intent of Plato's writing. Plato's *imaginary construction* of the state is an admit- ted device—not to be taken too liter- ally—for examining the question: "What is the nature of justice and injustice?" (*Republic*, Book II, 368–9). Plato himself did not think that the state he has Socrates dis- cuss could ever really exist, because it would require human beings to have more wisdom than any human beings Plato knew of (see *Republic*, Book VII, 546 *et seq.*). That raises a question, of course, as to what the *Republic* is about. In the spirit of

serious Socratic inquiry, anyone in- terested in possible answers to that question should probably read the *Republic* and not the kind of editor- ial cartoon Mr. Stone has provided.

The worst thing about Mr. Stone's cartooning is its fundamental slight- ing of the fact that the *Republic*, like most of Plato's writings, is a celebra- tion of an inquiry into the virtues of justice, courage, temperance, prac- tical wisdom, and love of truth— ideas which haven't had very good press lately. I would have thought Mr. Stone would champion that leg- acy, not merely parody it.

HARRISON J. SHEPPARD
San Francisco, Calif.

I would like to applaud Mr. Stone's revision of Plato's philosopher-king ideal. However, the illustrations pointing out specific perversions of his philosophy stretch ecumenical- ism somewhat—in particular, the de- piction of Israeli armed forces pro- jecting autocracy onto Arab civilians is objectionable.

There certainly are elements in Is- rael and in the Jewish faith that display the defects Mr. Stone is de- scribing. However, the complex prob- lems of Israel and its neighbors can- not be reduced to such simple forms, and an injustice is done by including this conflict in a series of illustra- tions depicting Nazi and Soviet au- tocracy.

ESMOND BRAUN, M.D.
Portland, Ore.

A note of thanks

First, know that this is the first letter I've written to any editor, pe- riod. What compels me to write now is your publication of Marilynne Robinson's marvelously crafted story, "Orphans" [*Harper's*, February]. It is the sort of undramatic, quiet, lyrical piece I'd assumed had been banished reluctantly from the few major literary markets yet surviving —magazines that must rely on stories of a more sensational import to move copies off the newsstands.

EDWARD TERRIEN
Washington, D.C.
HARPER'S/MAY 1981

THE GLASS BEAD GAME

A shrinking future

by Lewis H. Lapham

THE OTHER DAY I heard a man say that the future had become so small he could stuff it into a sack. He was discussing the subtractions in President Reagan's budget message, but he could as easily have been talking about the hope of intellectual revival in the Democratic party, about the savagery of New York real-estate speculation, about the life expectancy of a love affair or a literary name. Until a few years ago, he said, he had thought of the future as a conventional study in perspective, two lines converging toward an optimistic point on a spacious horizon. Now he thought of the future as a wall in the foreground. A view resembling a landscape painting in the Hudson River school had been transformed into the unyielding abstraction of Joseph Albers.

Other people who remark on the same effect speak of ruinous interest rates, of overcrowding in jails, of a prospect that once had depth and promise suddenly becoming flat. Maybe it is a trick of the light, or the result of watching too many puppets slide across the surface of the television news. But I wonder if the loss of dimension reflects a loss of belief that the future (defined generally as belonging to all mankind) was synonymous with a specifically American future. Up to a very few years ago most Americans assumed that the American idea would triumph in the world, that it was merely a question of time before the lesser nations of the earth adapted themselves not only to American technology but also to what was thought to be the necessary corollary of American democracy. People couldn't help but become American. They had no other

destiny. How could one build cars or promote fried-chicken franchises without first subscribing to the Declaration of Independence and pledging allegiance to the Fourth of July?

But now the images recede backward in time, and President Reagan appears somewhere in the mise-en-scène of the 1940s, smiling over the heads of a crowd at Ebbets Field, prophesying the advent of a future that already has come and gone. In the realm of the sciences the physicists and biologists ceaselessly open doors into the future, extending the horizons of human capacity (both for destruction and creation) into an infinite distance. But in the realms of art, of economics and politics, nobody can see further than the reflection in a mirror. The late Alistair Buchan, formerly director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, once remarked on the time shift between politics and the sciences by observing that in the autumn of 1939 his regimental commander announced the outbreak of World War II with the order, "Officers will sharpen swords." Less than six years later the war ended in the fire of Hiroshima.

President Reagan's appointment of General Alexander Haig as secretary of state bears comparison to the sharpening of swords. Although I admire Mr. Reagan's talent for inspiring people with a sense of romantic derring-do, I wonder what his gestures might cost. Who will pay the price, in blood as well as treasure, for Mr. Reagan's victorious movie? The Soviet army does not, unfortunately, belong to the Screen Actors Guild, and I'm not sure that it can be counted on to follow a plan of battle written by Cecil B. DeMille.

GIVEN MY DOUBTS about Mr. Reagan's grasp of production costs, lately I have taken to asking people to describe their conceptions of the future. What do they expect of the next ten years? How do they see the place of the United States in the world? What do they think will become of their own hopes and aspirations? No matter how I put the question, whether in the context of a public issue or a private concern, I notice that most people regard the future as so unfathomable that it could be said not to exist. Tomorrow, they say, will be just like today, only more so. So many things could go wrong—with the weather, with Poland, with chemicals in the water or bank loans in Zaire—that none of it bears thinking about.

Nor do the professional augurs offer much help. On any given day it is safe to assume that somewhere in the United States at least fifteen hundred conferences take place at which oracles of various denominations discuss what the advance billing invariably describes as "alternative futures." As often as I have attended such conclaves, and as often as I have come away with a feeling of having looked into a dark closet, I still find myself going to listen to the divinations. In the second week of January, a few days before Ronald Reagan's inauguration, Syracuse University sponsored a symposium in New York addressed to the triple crisis of the 1980s, and I thought that if I learned nothing else, at least I could update the list of catastrophes likely to engulf Western civilization before the next day's dawn. The omens that month had been particularly grim. David Stockman, President

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of *Harper's*

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THE EASY CHAIR

dent Reagan's newly appointed director of the budget, was comparing the disastrous state of the American economy to the defeat of the British army on the beaches of Dunkirk. General Haig was already describing the communist offensive in El Salvador as the harbinger of revolution in El Paso and points north. On the local (i.e., micropolitical) levels of meaning, the New York newspapers were talking about an imminent drought (the reservoirs standing at 38 percent capacity and draining away toward calamity by the middle of the summer), about the seasonal breakdown of the transit systems (apparent both in the subways and on the commuter railroads), and about restlessness in the criminal community.

Obviously the time had come to attend another conference. The subjects under discussion had the requisite weight and density ("Energy"; "Relative Industrial Advantage"; "Productivity"), and the invited seers possessed credentials appropriate to a task of high significance.*

* Space does not permit publication of a complete list of the participants, but even a partial listing should convey a sense of the occasion. Thus, in alphabetical order:

Mr. Richard Armstrong, Editorial Executive, *Fortune*; Mr. Robert A. Beck, Chairman, The Prudential Insurance Company of America; Mr. Fletcher L. Byrom, Chairman, Koppers Company, Inc.; Dr. Alan K. Campbell, Executive Vice President for Management and Public Affairs, ARA Services, Inc., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mr. James J. Crenner, Chairman, Dun and Bradstreet; Dr. Amitai Etzioni, Director, Center for Policy Research, Washington, D.C.; Dr. Nicholas Georgescu-Roegen, Distinguished Professor of Economics Emeritus, Vanderbilt University; Dr. Jacob E. Goldman, Vice President for Research, The Xerox Corporation; Mr. Victor Gotbaum, Executive Director, District Council No. 37, American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees; Mr. Robert A. Gough, Jr., Vice President, Data Resources, Inc.; Mr. Richard F. Janssen, Banking Editor, *The Wall Street Journal*; Dr. Alvin J. Karchere, Director of Economics, IBM Corporation; Robert J. Lifton, M.D., Department of Psychiatry, Yale University; Mr. Donald S. MacNaughton, Chairman, Hospital Corporation of America; Mr. Morris Miller, Deputy Secretary General, United Nations Conference on New and Renewable Sources of Energy; Mr. Roger W. Sant, Director, Energy Productivity Center, Mellon Institute; Prof. Lester C. Thurow, Department of Economics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

On the first morning of deliberations Dr. Melvin A. Eggers, chancellor of the university, set forth the principal symptoms of national decay. Like everybody else in the room

he had a passion for making lists, and so, together with the diagnosis, he supplied a list of the procedures customarily offered as correctives. As follows:

SYMPTOM	REMEDY
1. Excessive government spending and government regulation.	1. Unleash the private sector: reduce the level of taxes and government spending, change the tax structure, and ease regulations to increase incentives.
2. Adversarial and contentious industrial relations.	2. Restructure industry and change industrial policy to increase productivity.
3. Deterioration of capital stock.	3. Reindustrialize.
4. Life has been dehumanized and made hazardous.	4. Decentralize organizational structure and change product mix and working conditions.
5. Inflation.	5. Fiscal/monetary measures.
6. Depletion of resources.	6. Conservation/new technology.
7. General inability to make, impose, and defend equity decisions.	7. Agree on specifications of economic equity and establish a guaranteed job program and an income maintenance program.
8. Social inequities.	8. Distributive justice.
9. Burden of defending the free world.	9. By collective or unilateral action, reduce expenditures on armaments.

Who could quarrel with the good chancellor's summary? Most of the scholars present had written books or memoranda on one or more of the topics mentioned, and for the next two days they ran through a sequence of academic variations on the theme of growing up. They had discovered that on closer inspection the world got bigger instead of smaller, that things were more complicated than they had thought, and that crisis never sleeps.

Listening to them talk I was reminded of Hermann Hesse's novel *The Glass Bead Game*, in which the sum of human knowledge accumulated over the last 4,000 years (expressed as mathematical formulae, musical phrases, astronomical observations, historical events, Shakespearean metaphor, etc.) had been reduced to ideographs that could be joined together in an aesthetic of pure intellect. Hesse conceived of an academy or institute at which adepts of this bead game competed for the honor of composing the most beautiful combination. Like Hesse's play-

ers, the participants in the Syracuse symposium deployed the concepts of political economy as if they were moves in chess or figures in a dance. All were intelligent; all were people of good will; most had achieved the success by explaining that things were easier and less expensive than subsequently proved to be the case. They probably traveled to several conferences in the course of a year, nodding to one another across a table in Bogotá or Geneva or Islamabad, arranging and rearranging their graphs and definitions in the hope that two years from now, on a peak in the Atlas Mountains, or twenty years from now, in a seminar on the Serengeti plain, one of the company might hit upon the perfect harmony.

ALTHOUGH the symposium has been convened to examine aspects of the present crisis, none of the participants wished to ally himself with so date a term. The word "crisis" was di-

teful—too strident, too simple-
ded, too much the property of
spaper headlines. The word
n't really adequate to the am-
uity of a condition that nobody
knew how to describe. Every-
y wished that it might be pos-
to discover a better word—
ial," perhaps, or "dilemma," or
spase," or "malaise"—but none
these was entirely satisfactory,
the conference drifted off into
consensus of dissatisfaction with
clumsiness of language. Various
ple could describe various facets
what might be called a crisis, but
ody, despite the repeated refer-
es to "the interconnectedness of
ngs," could follow the chains of
nomic causation into the cultural
scientific orders of experience.
eir crisis was a beast glimpsed on
dark night, seen in the glare of
ermittent lightning, sometimes hid-
is in appearance, at other times
dly benign.

As a description of events, or even
a plausible prophecy of what fate
glt befell the United States within
next three or four weeks, the
posium was of little use. But to
lge it in so literal a way would be
fair to the spirit of the enterprise.
e concepts handed around among
participants constituted doctrine
embryo, and to the extent that
symposium could be understood
the formation of received opinion,
also it could be said to project,
not the substance, then at least
e shadow of the next decade.

Like any other product subject to
e laws of commerce, a religious or
nomic truth (items interchange-
le with one another, in the Amer-
in market) passes through phases
manufacture. The notion first ap-
ars in the laboratory (i.e., at sym-
sia attended by wandering schol-
s); if it succeeds in the test markets
the trade or scholarly journals,
en, after an interval of several
ars and a number of suitable
odifications, the new truth can be
anslated into the vernacular and
ublished in the journals of limited
at general circulation (e.g., the *New
ork Review of Books*; *Harper's*;
oreign Affairs). If it can be further
vised in a way that will make it

acceptable to the buyers of expensive
advertising space, the larger media
distribute it in volume. By the time
the truth reaches the television net-
works, anywhere from ten to twenty-
five years after the first experiments
at some long-forgotten conference,
it has been cast in the bronze of
revelation.

Bearing in mind this interpreta-
tion of the conference, I followed
the example of the chancellor and
made a list of the opinions likely to
take the shape of platitudes:

1. *Japan.* The colossus of the East.
All the authorities agreed that by
the end of the 1980s Japan will
have become the next imperium.
Various participants recently re-
turned from Tokyo amazed the au-
dience with travelers' tales about
the wonders of Japanese production
quotas, about the contentment of
the labor unions, and the state of
domestic bliss that allows govern-
ment and industry to join together
in the happiness of trading cartels.

Nobody had the bad manners to

suggest that a few well-placed sub-
marines could put an end to the
Japanese ascendancy, or that a num-
ber of other countries might decide
it worth the bother to make a cheap
camera. The spirit of Marxist deter-
minism has penetrated the thought
of American intellectuals (no doubt
at subconscious levels), and every-
body agreed that it was no use ar-
guing with the little fellows, that the
tide of industrialism was shifting
westward across the Pacific.

2. *The American Economy.* An ob-
ject of pity and derision. A doomed
animal. Very early in the proceed-
ings somebody asked Lester Thurow,
professor of economics and manage-
ment at MIT, what he thought of
the chances for a renaissance of
classical American prosperity. Dr.
Thurow serves on *Time* magazine's
board of economists; partly as a
result of the success of his book,
The Zero-Sum Society, and partly
by virtue of his engaging wit, he
commands the respect owed to ce-
lebrity. In the more innocent year

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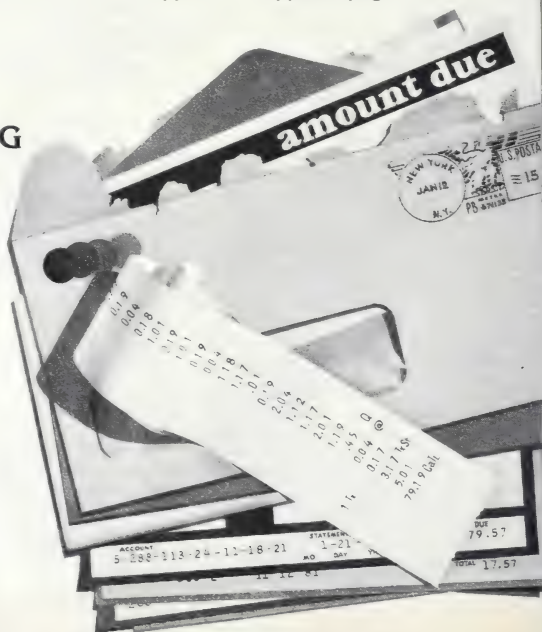
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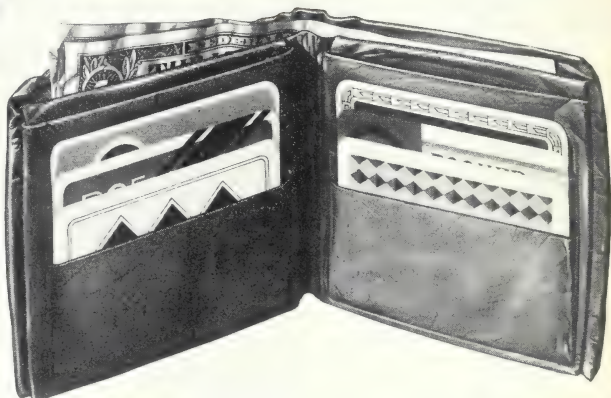




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THE EASY CHAIR

of 1972, before the big media had learned to appreciate the loveliness of neo-conservatism, Dr. Thurow served as chief economic adviser to the presidential candidacy of George McGovern. Unfortunately for the republic, he could see little hope for recovery. He foresaw nothing but "the usual slow economic rot," deteriorating eventually to the point of war or depression. As a scholar accustomed to a philosophical view of such events, Dr. Thurow didn't think the prospect unduly alarming. If the war was small enough, or the depression not too debilitating, nothing much would be lost, and something might be gained. It was always difficult to catch and hold the attention of politicians. Usually they needed something loud or unpleasant to remind them of the presence of their constituents.

By and large this also was the opinion of Dr. Thurow's fellow scholars. Someone observed that the per capita income of Britain had fallen below that of East Germany, and he took the statistic as a text for a brief digression on the rising and falling of empires.

As further testimony to the wretchedness of the American condition, Dr. Thurow observed that none of the engineers graduating from MIT could be persuaded to work for General Motors. Not because the pay

was too niggardly or Detroit too distant from the glittering fleshpots of New York and Los Angeles, but because GM had been doing nothing of interest in the way of technological innovation. Even a sophomore could be bored out of his mind at a salary of \$40,000 per annum.

Dr. Jacob Goldman remembered an equivalent torpor at the Ford Motor Co. when, in 1956, he had tried to interest the corporation in the development of new fuels. Nobody wanted to listen; the executives wanted to talk instead about advertising campaigns. It was the failure of imagination that wrecked the automobile business, not the cost of labor, the interference of the federal government, or the arrival of Japanese imports.

A majority of those present regretted the absence of state mechanisms by which the miscellaneous forces of a free society might be brought into some kind of rational order. The minority objected to this on the ground that it had a dangerously totalitarian sound to it. They hoped for precisely the opposite result—small, decentralized mechanisms; individual solutions; the breaking up of monopolies and tiny communities following the precepts of E. P. Schumacher and Amory Lovins. In the absence of agreement on the political arrangement of society everybody endorsed a resolution calling upon the government (in whatever form it took) to appropriate more money for more scholarly research in the universities. Empires may come and go, but the river of words flows endlessly to the sea.

3. *Oil.* Not worth the trouble or expense of World War III. One of the principal subjects under discussion was the continued dependence of the United States on foreign oil, particularly oil imported from the Persian Gulf, but on sober examination nobody thought the situation deserving of the term "crisis." Worrisome, perhaps; alarming, even; certainly not urgent. Everybody reminded everybody else that the United States imported relatively little oil from the Persian Gulf, which from a military point of view

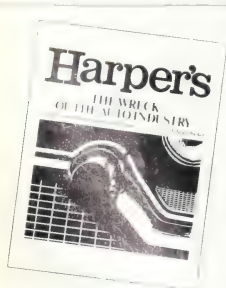
was indefensible. Although the loss of the oil fields might mean severe hardship for Japan and western Europe, who could seriously expect Americans to be killed in the desert on behalf of the Germans and the Japs?

4. *What's To Be Done.* Not much of anything. In the absence of obvious catastrophe or the overthrow of the government, the United States might as well wait for events. Probably the United States would complete the process of exporting its automobile industry to Japan and its steel industry to South Korea, at this might cause "some pain of adjustment" in Detroit and Pittsburgh. But the history of the United States was one of technological change, and who could argue with historical imperative?

A few of the participants mentioned the chance of revolution, but they muffled their remarks in academic euphemism, and nobody could imagine Frank Sinatra being dragged from the Sands Hotel by a mob of *sans culottes*. A professor observed that the lack of economic growth made compromise difficult. The American working classes had been led to expect a steady improvement in their lives. If people become desperate to hold on to what they've got, how can they be persuaded to accept wage and price controls or the sale of their livelihoods to a foreign consortium? Maybe they won't agree to the sacrifices required of them by a government no longer benevolent? This was as close as anybody got to a definition of crisis, but the conversation took place on the last morning of the conference, and most people were already dividing into smaller working groups to confer about Latin American airline schedules and the best hotels in which to stay during the spring meetings in Caracas.

"We sit here in the Hotel Pierre somebody said, 'and to us the crisis doesn't seem real or terrible. But suppose we were living in the South Bronx? What then?'"

Nobody knew, because nobody could imagine such a life.



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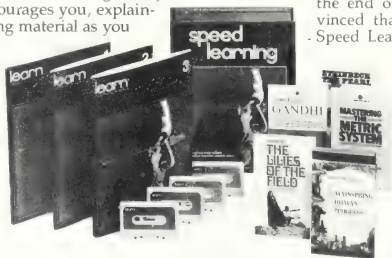
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TO BREAK A UNION

Goons give way to consultants

by Steven Lagerfeld

AS RECENTLY as a generation ago, busting a union was a relatively simple matter. A small platoon of club-wielding thugs was often enough to do the job. Now, however, the best way to bust a union is to summon a man with a briefcase, a three-piece suit, and a graduate degree—a “labor-management consultant.” Typically, the consultant organizes a top-to-bottom anti-union campaign, which can include rigging employee opinion polls, waging psychological warfare in the work place, and representing the employer before the National Labor Relations Board. Many consultants are lawyers, but sophisticated consulting firms employ graduates specializing in industrial psychology, organizational behavior, and personnel management. Busting unions has become a matter of applying knowledge rather than goons. And it works. There may be as many as a thousand consulting firms in the field, involved in up to two thirds of

all organizing drives. The industry leader, Modern Management, Inc. (better known in its previous incarnation as Modern Management Methods, or 3M) breaks nine out of every ten unions it faces.

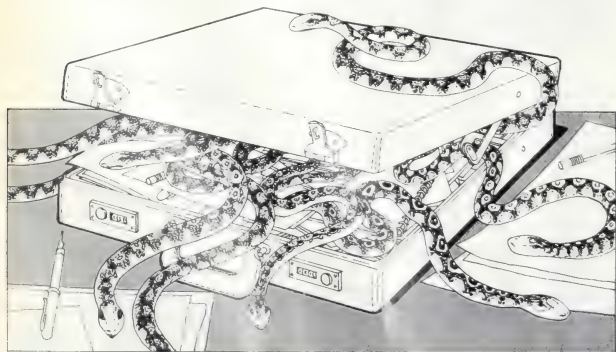
But there is more than just method to the consultants’ actions. The new reliance on knowledge (and “knowledge workers”) has brought with it a rhetoric of union busting and a doctrine of “work-place relations.” Gone are the chamber-of-commerce invocations to competition, individualism, and freedom. The tone now is one of humane, benevolent, almost disinterested concern for the common good. “A great deal has been written about the evils of unions; as much has been written about the decadence of management,” writes Charles Hughes, a consultant, in *Making Unions Unnecessary*. “It is futile to try to assign guilt to either party.”

To hear the consultants tell it, they are in business as much to help

employees as to help employer. Thus, according to another consultant, Fred Long, head of the West Coast Industrial Relations Association (WCIRA): “Government, business, and labor alike must understand the role of labor-relations consultant is not to block union representation but rather to help employers willing provide a safe and financially secure work place for their employees. When employers make a conscientious effort toward that goal, there simply is no need for unionization and employer, employees, and productivity all benefit.” Herbert Menick, a founder of Modern Management, puts it this way: “From the point of view of an individual worker, it is essentially irrelevant whether his or her needs are met and questions answered either by a labor union or by management.” Of course it is not “essentially irrelevant” to the consultants—they get as much as \$800 a day for organizing anti-union drives, or \$450 per person for weekend seminars on the subject.

There is a point to all the consultants’ talk of “irrelevant” or “unnecessary” unions; in addition to their services, they are selling a new vision of the work place. In the new era of “enlightened management,” as it is often called, the purpose of unions has been taken up by a paternal, omniscient, and disinterested management. Unions are harmful to both workers and management. They cause divisions among workers that would not otherwise exist; they cost workers their dues payments; they interfere with productivity and profits.

Steven Lagerfeld is a writer living in Washington, D.C.



Paul Richer



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Indeed, the consultants seem to view the presence of what they call "outside representation" as an alien, almost unnatural phenomenon. As they see it, unions, no matter how well established, are disruptive and destructive of good work-place relations.

SEEN FROM this angle, management is performing a noble service when it attacks a union. A promotional leaflet for a union-busting seminar sponsored by the University of Baltimore School of Business explains to management: "You risk being branded ... 'an enemy of the worker.' So it takes a person with particular strength of character—one who realizes that there can be honest and equitable reasons for the championing of what ... may appear to be an inequitable cause—reasons beneficial to the employee as well as the employer."

In the view of the consultants, employees turn to unions only as a last resort, when management has failed to hear their grievances. The consultants say that up to 90 percent of all organizing drives they encounter are begun by employees, not by union organizers. They portray the success of unions as the fault of old-fashioned, unenlightened management that has failed to fulfill what almost amounts to a public trust. As two Modern Management consultants wrote in the November 1979 issue of *Inc* magazine, "Approximately 50 percent of the union drives occur when the employees have lost confidence in management's ability to manage."

Is what is wanted, then, a happy, tranquil, and productive work place? Not by the consultants. They offer advice on how to proceed in breaking the union by polarizing the work force.

This is to be accomplished through what consultants call "communication"—a key theme in the doctrine of enlightened management. According to a WCIRA manual, *The Non-Union Company*, "Poor communication is perhaps the major single cause for employee unrest. Employees, particularly the younger

generation, want a piece of the action; they require a feeling of involvement, to be "in" on things. . . ." The same manual advises management that wages and benefits and other bread-and-butter matters are seldom the main issues that lead workers to organize. As the consultants see it, problems arise mainly when workers realize that management is not listening to them. The remedy is to convince them to identify with the employer through "communication." In *Making Unions Unnecessary* this is described as "dealing with people as effectively as possible so that the dichotomy between management and labor does not arise."

Essentially, this means convincing workers that their interests and the interests of management are fundamentally the same. Charles Hughes, a great devotee of pop psychology, has gone so far as to develop a full-blown theory of values in the work place. Hughes believes that "human beings exist at difficult [sic] levels of psychological development, and these levels are expressed in their beliefs about work, pay, supervision, and all other conditions of employment." He has described seven "value systems"—such as "tribalistic," "reactive," "sociocentric," and "existential"—into which all people fit. His idea is to make the people in each group happy by "meeting their needs" through specially designed management techniques. Few of the other consultants have gone this far, but most at least pay lip service to the idea that workers' "needs" must be satisfied.

THE PRACTICE, however, falls short of the ideal. In using opinion polls, the WCIRA manual counsels, "If management is clever about the thing, it can also make the employees feel they are involved in some of the decisions made affecting them even though the company had planned to do it all along."

In general, the consultants are quite cynical about the measures they prescribe to keep unions out. Both Modern Management and Hughes

call these techniques "preventive maintenance." Hughes writes that using the techniques he recommends "doesn't require giving away to company store." Other preventive maintenance tactics hew to the same theme—they foster "communication" but cost little. Some consultants recommend establishing a communication committee or printing an employee handbook spelling out benefits, rights, duties, etc. (which the consultants will gladly prepare).

One consultant advises management to screen out prospective employees who may be more favorably inclined toward unionization, using a set of criteria drawn from behavioral studies. Thus, employers should avoid hiring blacks and Hispanics (except Cubans), those active in civic organizations, the youngest offspring of a family, anyone with marital problems, or more generally, an "applicant who has too much horsepower" (there goes the dichotomy between management and labor). Women are considered ideal candidates because they are easily intimidated by threats by management of union violence and are much less likely than men to join unions.

Once a worker is hired, the WCIRA manual cautions management on the necessity of proper "indoctrinating" him. It is important to "shape their attitudes in healthy and productive ways during the first several months of employment and quickly discharge those who don't come around." During this period, the worker is more "impressionable" and thus more amenable to "communication."

AT THE FIRST sign of a union organizing drive, the consultants recommend a strategy that concentrates all resources on the defeat of the union. The top firms, like Modern Management, turn down cases where the less than a "total commitment" to fight from the very highest level of management. In many cases, total commitment even means handing over control of the personnel department and all personnel policies to the consultant, including the pov-

hire and fire. In one case where a consultant was involved, a corporate president with eighteen years of service was fired on less than an hour's notice, reportedly because he objected to the consultant's tactics. Another aspect of total commitment making employees available for union meetings on company time. The meetings, which can be numerous and long, are held at the expense of taking employees away from their jobs, whether they work in a factory or a hospital (the latter in a field where Modern Management is very active).

The key to the consultants' communication strategy is the first-line supervisor. Modern Management stresses the importance of including supervisors in management decisions:

This enables supervisors to convey these decisions in a rational and understandable manner.... The result of this is the feeling on the part of all employees, both management and nonmanagement, that they all... have a commonality of goals and objectives. At the same time, we teach line supervisors how to better understand and work with employees to the point that the supervisor becomes their representative to middle and top management....

These contradictions in this dual role become immediately apparent when the consultants face an organizing drive. At this point the supervisor becomes chief spokesman and operative for management alone.

He has little choice. Supervisors are not protected by labor law—at the consultants make clear to them in no uncertain terms. Supervisors can be fired for failing to cooperate. Whether out of inclination or because they are intimidated, they usually go along. Their participation is crucial because they are the best communicators—their ability to intimidate employees is greater than that of anyone else. Outside consultants of remote, upper-level managers do not have the day-to-day contact and authority that make threats credible. As one consultant says, upper-level managers are “mythical beings.”

A typical campaign proceeds like



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this: the supervisors are first schooled in the NLRB rules governing management conduct during an election and told how to stay within the letter of the law. Then they are sent out to deliver anti-union literature by hand to the employees under their supervision, and to get them to talk about the issue. The object is to persuade—supervisors may have many conversations with each employee—but also to gather intelligence. Through these informal contacts, supervisors are able to determine the leanings of individual employees, and what they are being told by the union. The supervisors constantly report to the consultants and are accountable to them: the consultants tell them which workers to talk to and what to say to each one. It is not uncommon for them to get reports on individual workers every day.

In one case involving a Florida firm, management directed the supervisors to approach employees one-to-one (the usual method). First they were to ask them if they were not "man enough to speak for themselves"; why they needed "some outside third party to come in and do their talking for them." They were instructed to point out the cost of union dues and the fact that union members could be assessed in support of strikes held elsewhere by the union. Other consultants tell supervisors to play up the cost of strikes and the possibility of violence. The most sophisticated firms, like Modern Management, will provide supervisors with copies of union constitutions and instruct them to highlight seemingly suspect provisions. In addition, the consultants often dig into a union's history, ferreting out any evidence of past corruption or violent strikes, no matter how dated, to anger or frighten workers. To paraphrase Charles Hughes, the idea is to create a dichotomy between labor and unions.

THE EFFECT of this kind of campaign on the climate of the work place has been best described by a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, Beth Nissen, who went undercover at a Texas Instru-

ments plant (Charles Hughes has worked for this company). According to Nissen, during her first hour as an employee she was informed directly of the company's opposition to unions—a position, the company said, shared by its employees. Once on the job, Nissen casually floated some inquiries about unions. She was told by her friendly group leader, "Don't you mess with unions, girl. . . . That's the one thing that'll put you out the door faster'n what you come in." Nissen persisted: co-workers began to avoid her. One asked her not to talk during breaks: "If the company finds out I'm listening, I'll get fired," she explained. Within three weeks Nissen herself was fired, but not, according to the company, for anything connected with union activity.

Nissen concluded, "Employee fear seems to be a major part of TI's anti-union defense system. TIers have heard how the company feels about unions, and they have also heard that TI swiftly terminates offenders." She reports that the company has a well-designed system of "upward communication"—and possibly of paid informants—to find out who those offenders are.

Texas Instruments was practicing simple "preventive maintenance"; no union was even attempting to organize at the plant where Nissen was employed. In a widely reported case at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Boston, the consultants were called in after organizing had already begun, so they were forced to make their point more directly. Three union activists were fired, two were suspended, and others were isolated from their co-workers. Although the consultants know full well that these are illegal acts, they also know that NLRB procedures take so long that no judgment will be handed down until after the election. By then they will have reaped the psychological advantage they sought.

The physical isolation of union activists by assigning them to work in out-of-the-way places is a similar but less risky tactic. The consultants operate under the assumption that "peer pressure" is one of the primary tools of organizers. By isolating the

activists from their co-workers, the consultants can neutralize the peer group effect and also make an example of the "deviants."

The driving idea behind the consultants' strategy is to send this kind of signal to workers and to set up a system of subtle rewards and punishments in the work place. Through it, a kind of routinized anxiety—the kind Beth Nissen described at Texas Instruments—is promoted, to convince the worker that union involvement will mean insecurity, anxiety, and possibly the loss of his job. Cooperative workers, on the other hand, find their supervisors solicitous and interested in "meeting the needs." One consultant has gone so far as to design a system of graduated rewards for supervisors to dispense to workers.

HOW ARE the consultants able to get away with all these things? The first part of the answer is that much of what they do is entirely legal. And even where consultants have been linked to clear violations of law, they have managed to insulate themselves from responsibility. By avoiding direct contact with nonmanagerial personnel they have gotten around the Labor Department's reporting requirements, and by sticking to verbal communication with management they avoid leaving incriminating evidence in their tracks.

WCIRA's Fred Long was caught offering this kind of advice in 1971 at a seminar attended by a union official masquerading as a manager (Long claims that the transcript of the tape made at the seminar, which was submitted as evidence by a Congressional subcommittee investigating union busting, was doctored. Long advises his listeners:

If you got a clear-cut victory you play it clean. If it is close, you may be playing the peripheries of the law. . . . What happens if you violate the law? The probability is you will never get caught. If you do get caught, the worst thing that can happen to you is you get a second election, and the employer wins 96 percent of those second elections. So the

odds are with you.

The archetypal abuse of the law firing a union activist. The consultants know this can be risky and expensive—one reason why one seldom sees mass firings where consultants are involved—but they also know that firing a few activists can bring great rewards. It is a fairly unsubtle element of the work-place system of punishments and rewards. The possible cost to the employer: reinstatement with back pay (usually after the election) and a second election, which, as Long points out, is nearly always won by the employer.

There are many other vulnerable areas in the laws governing elections. In the disputed transcript, Long addresses the audience that it is possible to give an unscheduled pay increase directly before an election—an unfair labor practice—by producing backdated memos “scheduling” the increase. Long points out that a union, not wanting to be responsible for rescinding a wage increase, would never protest such a step. Moreover, there is no criminal sanction in an NLRB proceeding, even if a charge is lodged: “Fortunately for all of us—especially the union movement, because they are probably the biggest violators of this—there is no such thing as perjury in a Labor Board proceeding, whether you go to trial or not,” Long points out. “The NLRB only renders findings of ‘credibility’ in the case of disputed facts; there is no penalty for non-credibility.”

Overall, the sanctions available to the NLRB are not much of a deterrent to a determined consultant or its client. At worst, the employer will be forced to pay back wages to discharged employees, to post a notice promising not to repeat the violation, and to face a new election. But in many cases unfair labor practices simply go unreported or unproved because of the privacy of the consultant-client relationship.

At bottom, though, the issue is not unfair labor practices—the more sophisticated consultants become, the less they will rely on them. Rather, the question is whether their doctrines will come to be widely accepted and adopted. So far, the consul-

ants themselves have found success mainly in peripheral sectors of the economy, in parts of the South, and in a few white-collar and service industries. Doubtless many smaller firms, particularly in the South, will continue to use their services. The spread—and possible institutionalization—of these ideas to other sectors, or to the many larger companies throughout the nation with records of relatively peaceful relations with labor, would be a serious and disturbing development.

The new techniques represent an attempt to redefine reality to fit a set of false ideas. Where the old anti-union ideology preached simply that unions were bad for the economy (i.e., employers), the new rises above self-interest to proclaim that they are “unnecessary”—that the basic division between management and labor that gave rise to them has disappeared, or perhaps never existed at all. The worker, according to the new doctrine, needs no “outside representation” because he has no fundamental interests that are not also his employer’s interests, and vice versa. In theory, the consultants paper over this division by construing it as a problem to be solved by proper management of human relations (“enlightened management”), an idea that is bound to appeal to professional managers, who have been educated to respect the role of such factors in the production process. In reality, of course, the consultants make a mockery even of their own rhetoric.

No one would deny the right of employers to resist unionization through rational persuasion and argument and other means. But to do so using methods that are patently unethical and ideas that are manifestly false and pernicious is a tragic step backward. At least the old anti-union rhetoric spoke plainly. Truly enlightened management recognizes that there is nothing humane about the cynical manipulation of workers and nothing enlightened about pretending that complex human relations in the work place, or anywhere else, can, or ought to be, “managed” by anyone. ☐

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THE BUDGET CAN'T BE CUT

Congress likes to spend money

by Tom Bethell

I HAVE lost count of the axes slicing down viciously onto budgetary graph paper. *Time* had such an ax on a recent cover, while *Newsweek* simultaneously used the same motif inside the magazine. *U.S. News and World Report* also had a descending ax on its cover. David Stockman cartoons have become quite repetitive: the axeman cometh; the guillotinish; the hangman; the priest on the gallows—the budgetary executioner.

All these symbols and images are supposed to tell us that the U.S. government is finally adopting “draconian” measures to cut back on federal spending. Draco, an Athenian tyrant, has been putting in predictable headline appearances, encouraging us to believe yet again that budgetary radicalism is abroad in the land.

But how draconian have the proposed spending cuts really been? I have a growing suspicion that the numbers in budget stories—with good reason—are rarely attended to these days. But I'll risk a few numbers at the outset because their very inconsistency can show how misleading all budget totals have become.

First of all, when the government publishes its budget for the coming fiscal year (which begins on October 1), it simultaneously publishes figures for the following five years. This imprudent practice seems to be unconsciously modeled on the Soviet Union's five-year “targets,” and amounts to a disguised form of economic planning. The Office of Man-

agement and Budget recently published not merely fiscal 1982 budget figures but estimates going all the way up to 1986.

Let us, therefore, observe what the estimates of the 1982 budget were two years ago, and compare them with the cartoonists' allegedly dismembered versions. In January 1979—the middle of Jimmy Carter's term—the OMB, then presided over by James McIntyre, estimated that 1982 spending would be \$615 billion. A year later a new set of numbers was published for the 1982 budget, incorporating the higher inflation rate that was expected to persist. In January 1980, then, fiscal '82 spending stood at \$686 billion.

When President Reagan spoke to the Congress this February, delivering to the assembled legislators the draconian message of the axeman,

1982 spending was \$695 billion: a billion higher than had been predicted a year earlier (when inflation had fallen slightly in the interim). How can this be called a cut? Comparing it with Jimmy Carter's last-minute, lame-duck, big-spender wish list, published shortly before he left office. That figure was \$7 billion.

If your wife were to come home with assorted packages under her arm, claiming that she had just saved you money by forgoing even more expensive purchases, you would probably think that this was an odd way of getting richer. Similarly, it is an odd budget “cut” that is billion higher than was planned a year earlier. The truth is that the 1982 budget has not been cut at all; in fact it has been enlarged. Of course, the administration is attempting genuine cuts in certain programs. But Congress has still not gone to work on them. If Carter's wish list isn't restored intact, I shall be surprised. The cultural spending cuts surviving the hurriedly formed Congressional Arts Caucus's plan to salvage art spending, then we are indeed in a “new era,” as *Time* magazine puts it.

A brief look at recent history shows that U.S. government spending reductions are rare. The complete list of cuts for the past five years is a short one. In 1938, total federal spending had somehow been reduced from \$3.4 billion to \$6.8 billion. The New Dealers are often accused of being big spenders, but they were tightfisted fiscal conservatives compared with today's profit gates on Capitol Hill.



Next, there were big spending reactions after World War II. It is possible to look at the postwar budget figures without a tinge of admiration for the federal establishment as it was then constituted. Government, one feels, must have been a more honorable enterprise in those days; today a hundred excuses could be put forward to maintain spending at the former, wartime level. Here are the nostalgic numbers: 1945—\$93 billion; 1946—\$55 billion; 1947—\$34 billion; 1948—\$30 billion. In the same years the country moved from a \$47-billion deficit to \$12-billion budget surplus.

Since then there have been two wars in which spending was reduced: 1954 and 1955 (again, as a result of post-Korean war military reductions). And that's it. No post-Vietnam reductions. We've had a bad case of Galloping Consumption ever since.

WHY IS IT so difficult to cut spending? The main reason is fairly simple, although, perhaps out of politeness, it is rarely mentioned in the news weeklies. We, the taxpayers, earn the money. They, the congressmen, spend it. It's fun to end other people's money. To help on this point, state-of-the-art political rhetoric dubs this process "compassion." "Compulsion" might be nearer the truth. On the other hand, those who want to reduce or eliminate at least some of this forcible redistribution are called "advocates of the rich" or "ultra-conservatives." People who want to get government spending under control and they are admittedly numerous) will first have to get political rhetoric under control; no small task, as we all see.

As David Stockman pointed out several years ago in an article he wrote while he was a staff assistant to Representative John Anderson, legislators can win votes and friends by taking away a penny from everyone and handing out a dollar to a select few. Stockman called this the social pork barrel. The few will be duly grateful and will remember

their representative on election day. The rest won't miss the penny. To realize how inexorably ratchet-like this process becomes, imagine trying to reverse it, taking back the dollar and restoring the pennies. Multiply this mechanism across the hundreds of special-interest groups that have built up over fifty years—all trying to qualify for their own share of handouts—and you can appreciate the current momentum of federal spending.

A legislator arriving in Washington who wants to resist this will have to be singularly vigilant, thick-skinned, and willing to put the nation's good ahead of the interested parties who will surely come by his office with a high-class begging act. These groups will be quick to point out that many of their members live in his district. It's so much easier to say "yes" than "no" under these circumstances.

What about all these new conservatives who have been elected? you may reply. Isn't the country "moving to the right," after all? Can't the rightists stop the spendthrift drift? Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, for example, now chairman of the Labor and Human Resources Committee, with the Republicans in control of the Senate, has jurisdiction over education, health, and some human-services spending. Since the bills that are submitted to the Senate are written in committee, and since the chairman of the committee hires and fires the majority staff who actually write the bills, here at last, it would seem, is a chance to cut spending. Hatch is a conservative, after all; even an "archconservative." So spending on his committee will be cut, right?

Wrong. To begin with, legislators such as Hatch, who arrive in Washington totally set against the existing order and determined to vote against it at every opportunity, are immediately subjected to a barrage of subtle opprobrium from just about every organ of the local press (with the exception of *Human Events*): a relentless succession of nicks and cuts, tiny sarcasms, disdainful asides: "Simplistic... thinks he can turn the clock back.... lacks compassion... if only he had a sense of hu-

mor...." After a while—that is, within two years in most cases, occasionally four—this begins to take its toll. Fatigue, and a desire to be loved, undermine all but the staunchest resolve. (Conservatives are often said to be "staunch," for some reason.)

But a simple remedy is always at hand. The legislator who mends his ways and begins to vote for everyone's favorite spending programs suddenly finds that he has a hundred friends. Hitherto undetected virtues will be publicly discussed. Reporters from the dailies will pay homage with feature stories about the new convert to the reigning order of progressivism. A distinct genre of Washington journalism takes over here, and the following lines, suitably amended, usually occur in mid-story: "You know," the old Washington hand said, "when Jason first came to this town he was, frankly, a hick. But he has grown. He has become open, and sensitive to new ideas. I look at him with a strange new respect."

After that there's no limit to the social horizons: the convert is invited in from the suburbs, given a key to the city, perhaps invited to dinner with the Harrimans, even touch football on Hickory Hill... it's hard to resist. This is especially so because the conservative who starts to vote for the big income-transfer programs will find that he meets with no opposition in his home state: the grass-roots organizations will get after him if he votes for transferring the Panama Canal, but not if he votes for the big welfare package or the education bill.

In short, there are no political costs for voting with the liberals on most issues (admittedly, some are dangerous: abortion funding, for instance); but there are great social costs for "staunchly" voting conservative. So almost no one does. It is rarely pointed out that the large income-transfer programs pass by huge margins and are not even used as "key votes" by liberal or conservative organizations (such as ADA or ACA) to determine the legislator's position in the political spectrum. If they were, the overwhelm-

ingly liberal nature of both House and Senate would become clear.

VERY FEW conservatives have resisted the combination of social shepherding and political pressure in recent years. One who did was Senator James Buckley of New York, now undersecretary of state for security assistance. Buckley, however, arrived in Washington already equipped with the requisite "social acceptance." That's exactly what many conservatives don't have. Most of them are small-town boys, secretly awed by the chandeliers of Georgetown. Among the current crop of conservatives, the senator most likely to ignore the various pressures is Jesse Helms of North Carolina. With about thirty more like him in the Senate, spending really could be cut. But such forces seem to be wilting. Though Orrin Hatch is not exactly a bleeding-heart liberal, Hatch-watchers believe that he is showing signs of succumbing to the pressures.

A staff assistant who used to work for Hatch points out another form of pressure that keeps spending levels high. In his new capacity as a committee chairman, this is precisely what Hatch will be subjected to. "The leadership issue will be pressed on him," the former aide points out. "Anyone with a stake in existing programs, including other senators, will come to Hatch and tell him that they look to him to reconcile the various spending factions by providing the necessary degree of leadership."

Then members of interested recipient groups who live in Utah will come to see Hatch and remind him of the number of jobs that will be threatened in his home state if spending is cut. At the same time, Hatch, and of course all other committee chairmen, will meet the leaders and spokesmen of the various recipient groups face to face. These latter will always tend to be adept charmers, experts at playing on the desire to be loved that burns so strongly in the politician's breast. One of Hatch's subcommittees has jurisdiction over the handicapped. Visitors will trundle into his office in wheelchairs. If there

is so much as a whisper of a cut they will say, in heartbroken tones: "Why are you doing this to us?"

How many legislators can cut spending in the face of pleas such as this? To resist all these pressures, you need chairmen who really are uncompassionate; either that or totally inaccessible. And politicians hate to hide.

The Deceptive Staff Director who acts "undercover" on behalf of a particular spending constituency can make cuts even more difficult. This hypothetical fellow, unbeknownst to his boss, has already had a chat with representatives of a special interest group, and he understands that there's a high-paying job awaiting him if he manages to exempt this group from a threatened cut. So the staff aide goes to the chairman and says: "Senator, I agree we've got to cut spending. But let's show we're not too hard-bitten by exempting one or two groups—say this one here. . . ." So that cut is eliminated, and a few months later the staff man becomes a lobbyist.

It is extremely important for staff people and committee chairmen not to allow small, comparatively defenseless spending programs to be scheduled for separate, isolated votes on the floor. In these circumstances the Ozarks Regional Commission may prove vulnerable to budget cuts, because a majority of legislators who were not individually lobbied by its adherents might be willing to vote it down in order, just for once, to show their tough-mindedness. So, when it comes to a floor vote, such isolated programs are consolidated with large ones, and all sail clustered in protective convoy past the hazards of the gavel and the vagaries of conscience.

Yet another obstacle to the budget cutter's ax was recently brought up in an interesting newspaper report on the Appalachian Regional Commission and the Economic Development Administration. "Richard M. Nixon tried to get rid of both programs almost a decade ago and failed miserably," Bill Peterson reported in the *Washington Post*. "He found that despite the low profiles of the two agencies and their all-but-forgotten mandates, both have very powerful

friends. The reason: both dispense a great deal of pork—not just to the poor but to states, local governments and businesses."

Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, the author of the 1965 legislation that created both agencies, was then quoted as saying: "I can believe President Reagan will take the advice of this 'sock 'em' fellow. This is a meat-ax approach. It ignores everything we've accomplished. I will support reasonable cuts. But this is unrealistic and unreasonable. In fact, it is tragic."

Pride of authorship shows up here. After living in Washington for a while, legislators often find that the names are followed with the word "the powerful. . ." and after a while they find it very hard to entertain the idea that the country could, in fact, get along perfectly well without them. They are therefore eager to say the least, to prevent the idea from being put to the test. Hence Senator Randolph's annoyance. Sock 'em the Axeman.

PEOPLE WHO have spent a good portion of their lives voting to take money away from some people and hand it over to others are obviously eager to believe that the funds, and therefore their lives, have been well spent. A genuine spending reduction would carry with it the risk of showing up and them, that the country was actually better off without so much compulsory compassion.

The techniques discussed in these pages act in concert to suppress any such unwelcome discoveries. For all these reasons, I do not believe it is possible to cut federal spending at present. The people themselves may want spending cuts. I am sure they do. But a sizable majority of Congressmen do not. The system as presently constituted works to their advantage, even if it is slowly running the United States into the ground. So they won't change it. Or the members of the House of Representatives who sought reelection last November, over 90 percent without their races.

THE CAPITAL OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT

good word for Mexico City

by Matthew Stevenson

IT IS THE oldest city in the Americas, founded by the Aztecs in 1325 and originally named Tenochtitlán. The elevation is 7,350 feet above sea level, and the city spreads out in the bowl of a large plateau, surrounded by mountain peaks and volcanoes that resemble a string of unpolished pearls. The Spanish, led by Cortes, arrived in 1519, and the chronicler with the mission of conquest described their first glimpse of the city built on a lake as "like the enchantments they tell us of in the story of Amadis." Some of the other soldiers asked if they were looking at a dream, so ethereal were the temples and towers that rose from the water.

One vestige of the Spanish presence, Chapultepec Castle, still rises over Mexico City today, the capstone of the largest park. The headquarters of the regents and the home of Emperor Maximilian and his sad wife, Carlotta, it sits in the downtown section like some baroque wedding cake of mortar and iron that has refused to melt in the warm tropic sun. It could be the Hofburg in Vienna or the New World Versailles. The top floor is a marble courtyard, where footsteps echo with the pomposity of an emperor's strut. But beyond the railing, almost like that on a cruise ship, are the dirt huts and skyscrap-

ers of a society that cannot decide whether it wants to live in the sixteenth or the twentieth century.

Late one afternoon, when the sun had settled on the ridges of the mountains, I stood at the railing and looked down on the labyrinth. The barrios, the slums of the poor, flew flags of drying laundry. The glass-sided office buildings, badges of bureaucratic progress, reflected the pale shimmer of dusk and smog. Cars raced around the narrow streets and the imperial boulevards like so many rats searching the maze. And in the distance I saw rows of houses, like the surf ap-

propriating a dune, washing up the sides of the hills. At its better moments it was Athens seen from the Parthenon, the push of democracy; at its worst, it was Los Angeles in a dish, the tyranny of the car.

NOTHING better symbolizes the city today than its problems with traffic. At all hours the flow of the cars has a Gulf Stream quality, accompanied by a distant volcanic rumbling. Snarled intersections are legendary and dreaded, almost like the monsters that so fascinated the Aztecs. And getting from one place to another became, for me anyway, a serious preoccupation; I spent many hours hunched over a map, plotting my course.

Many of the city's traffic problems stem from the narrow canals that the Aztecs used to get around in their floating city. As the city grew and the canals began to be filled in, they logically became the paths the streets took. Today they are a honeycomb, jutting out at all angles, like the tunnels in an ant farm. Because there are 2.5 million cars in the city, and because the same people shown clinging to the sides of overstuffed buses in photos of the Fifties are now behind the wheels of small foreign imports, pedestrians are an endangered species. Even from the heights of



Chuck O'Neal/WideWorld

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LETTER FROM ABROAD

Chapultepec they can be seen scurrying to safety.

By the end of the century, Mexico City will be the biggest city on earth, surpassing even New York and Tokyo. Population estimates for the year 2000 fluctuate between a low of 23 million and a high of 32 million. The present count is somewhere around 17 million, a figure that includes the federal district and the surrounding valley. But as in the United States, census figures are imperfect, and even an army of pollsters would be hard put to tally up all the thousands upon thousands of people filling up the city at unprecedented rates. For contrast, the population was put at just under 8.5 million in 1970. But I have little faith in any of these numbers. The city is simply big, and getting bigger all the time.

It is little wonder, then, that the visitors and scholars of the city have chosen to interpret these elements as the ingredients of doom. Before going to Mexico City I talked with many people about its problems, and all seemed to agree that someday the combustible demographics of 32 million people, unemployment, and neighborhoods of mud hovels would spontaneously ignite to fill the air with the sparks of revolution. I found no reason to disagree, even after I arrived. During the course of my stay I was handed pamphlets published by the United Nations, books by sociologists, reprints of articles; all pointed to dissolution. To borrow from Freud, the city had only a death wish and little impulse to survive.

Now that I have left the city, however, I am not sure whether these conclusions are correct. They have powerful and persuasive advocates, not to mention the backing of the dictates of common sense. The city gives every indication of decline. Merely guessing at how 32 million people could be fed, let alone given the chance for a satisfying life, makes one scoff at the vanity of civil administration. Many people with whom I spoke expressed this pessimism, but none more eloquently than Fernando Benítez, a historian of Mexico's Indians and the editor of *Sábado*, the literary magazine. The city will die not from a paucity of

life but a surfeit, like some unwieldy cancer whose cells are the growth of population and the stream of cars.

But there is another view, one of hope, which was expressed to me by Octavio Paz, the poet and essayist. It seems almost foolhardy even to consider such a position. And even Paz despaired of the exponential rise in population and the ghostly pollution that hovers over the cars. Nevertheless, out of all the discontent he was somehow able to salvage aspects of progress. Using another Freudian metaphor, it was the will to live. For Paz it was not an exercise in sophistry. He was quick to admit the loneliness of his position and the dearth of supporting evidence. But his faith was in the reason of ideas, and in the belief that the alternative to slow progress—in this case revolution—would be worse.

THE VISIT WITH Paz came at the end of my stay. My talk with Benítez was earlier. Arranging the meeting over the phone, he suggested I take a taxi to his house in the south of the city. But being in something of a hurry, I decided instead to use the metro to get within striking range of Coyoacán, where Benítez lived, before paying a fortune to yet another mad cabdriver to idle his engine in traffic.

On this occasion I rode the metro south to Tasqueña, a maelstrom where buses and cabs hover like bandits, but was no closer to Benítez than I had been in town. The directions I gave the cabdriver meant nothing; north seemed to mean south; west was any direction but west; and three blocks always worked out at about a mile. Whatever the cause, we spent the better part of an hour roaming Coyoacán, confirming the driver's random-walk theory of orientation.

Benítez wore slippers and dressed like a professor—which he is, part-time, in journalism; somewhere among the layers of his shirts and sweaters I spotted a necktie, although it did not seem rooted to any particular collar. He was about to celebrate his seventieth birthday, but a vitality, born of an absence of small talk, made him seem younger. An acquaint-

ance who has known him a long time said he has looked the same for forty years.

Almost as soon as the introductions were over, Benítez began a harangue me, in the most enjoyable way, on the subject of foreign ownership—as far as he was concerned the root of the city's destruction.

It is estimated, although I doubt anyone knows for sure, that 2,000 people migrate to the capital each day. According to Benítez, the reason so many leave the small towns and farms is that foreign ownership of concerns, especially in agriculture, has driven the small farmer out of business. One could write an entire history of Mexico that dwelled on its bad crops. But now the small destitute farmers, instead of enduring their poverty, are moving to the barrios, "the belts of misery," which encircle the city like a poorly knotted noose.

To buttress his argument that emigration to Mexico City—or, for that matter, the flight across the border into Texas—is a function of profit registered in New York, Benítez disappeared into another room and returned with a clipping that listed the degree to which Mexican industries are controlled by foreigners and thus, presumably, siphon money away from the local population:

<i>children's food</i>	90
<i>canned and prepared foods</i>	90
<i>insecticides</i>	95
<i>tractors</i>	93
<i>fertilizers</i>	90
<i>vegetable oil</i>	75
<i>chocolates</i>	60
<i>soft drinks</i>	70

By concentrating on large cash crops for export and by importing cheaper crops grown abroad—Mexico even imports grain—the multinationals, he argued, are driving small- and medium-sized farms out of business. As well they should, at least according to classical trade theories; but these eighteenth-century notions of prosperity succeed only when the workers are dislodged by cheaper imports are put to work at something else, preferably producing goods that can be traded in their turn. In Mexico, however, they are not. Benítez estimated

the city's numbers of unemployed or seasonal workers at about three million, which the sidewalks confirm. Everywhere you walk, blankets display trinkets for sale. And in pockets of the city, especially on the outer edges, small children and pariah dogs seethe the heaps of rubble as a playground.

What would relieve the growing population's siege of the city is an agricultural renaissance—the answer never proposed in arm-waving speeches at election time or during revolutions—but, as Benítez explained, a cruel paradox is at once the cause of the problem and the obstacle to its solution: lack of water.

CIL is frequently touted as the savior of Mexico. It may indeed be so. Even Benítez called it "our last chance." But it cannot do away with the water shortage. The city is landlocked, joining neither a major body of water nor a river. The location of the city is only suitable as a defense against invaders; little else seems to commend it. The lakes on which it was founded are now bogs, and the water under the city is full of volcanic ash and therefore undrinkable. In the introduction to his stories about the city, Carlos Fuentes has written:

Burnt water, alt tlachinolli: the paradox of the creation is also the paradox of the destruction. The Mexican character never separates life from death, and this too is the sign of the city's destiny in the birth and rebirth.

All the drinking water must come from springs and wells, some of it from over the mountains via an elaborate system of aqueducts, similar to the waterworks evolved by the Aztecs.

In the last few years the city has grown by 15 or 16 percent, and it now consumes about 56 cubic meters of water per second. The only place to get this water is from the surrounding states and villages. Wells are tapped; there is talk now of diverting major rivers. Thus, in an ironic chain of shortage, the large numbers of people fleeing the small

towns and moving to the city are denying those same towns the water needed for an agricultural revolution.

Yet however dry the city's grave, it will also be watery: Mexico City is sinking. Built on a lakebed, it often wakes up to find its foundations oozing into the mud. Only a Ruben Goldberg assortment of pumps, drainage canals, and pipelines keeps the black water, as Benítez called it, from filling up the city's collective basement and the rest of the valley from becoming a sky-high Venice.

The Aztecs, faced with the problem of flooding, constructed an extensive series of dikes, still visible today, to keep the waters of Lake Texcoco from inundating Tenochtitlán. And in the seventeenth century the Spanish engaged German engineers to dig drainage canals. Today there are new drainage canals, deep in the earth, which carry the water to passers in the mountains and then to the valleys beyond. But they too seem a temporary solution, not unlike the dikes of the Aztecs or the hydroelectricity schemes of the 1920s.

At 11 P.M. Benítez offered to drive me to a spot from where it would be easy to get a taxi or a bus to the city. Despite his age and the hour, he remained full of enthusiasm. He kept pulling books from the shelves and reading crucial paragraphs out loud. On the ride to the Insurgentes—the city streets, if only in name, are alive with revolution—such was his excitement about explaining the importance of Mexican oil that his Ford LTD, a big car by Mexican standards, drifted across the road at high speeds, as did his hand from the steering wheel while he punctuated his speech. We said goodbye. I watched the bulky car do an incredible U-turn to head him toward home and then waited in the crisp night air for a bus that never came.

THE MORNING routine began with an exercise I later heard denounced as an aspect of "cultural imperialism." Nevertheless, I was devoted to a segment of the local version of the "Today" show which reviewed professional football. Much more than bullfight-

ing, although not rivaling soccer, American football is a Mexican national sport. The Tuesday press gave prominent coverage in the news sections to Monday-night games, and I was frequently told that in the poorest neighborhoods a television antenna comes before more basic necessities, so great is enthusiasm for football. Even the obscure college bowl games were broadcast; were I the NFL commissioner I would not hesitate to give the city a franchise. The morning program was a highlight show, intended to explain the game to the uninitiated. One morning, for example, the announcers compared the quarterbacking styles of Danny White (Dallas *Vaqueros*, a local favorite) and Ron Jaworski (Philadelphia *Aguilas*). Many replays, plus commentary.

Part of bullfighting's diminished status may be attributed to labor unrest. During my stay the matadors were on strike, although, like golf pros, they can make \$20,000 for an afternoon's work. The dispute involved the matadors' assistants, who hold the capes and occasionally step forward to distract the bull during tense moments. The matadors took the position that no matter how much bravery was required for the job, no one went to the fights to see their assistants perform—who knows the name of Arnold Palmer's caddy?—so the strike was on.

Only outside the city, in an obviously nonunion ring, was bullfighting in season. Minor-league matadors fought in front of a crowd of relatives, tourists, and a few professional scouts. And the amateur flavor remained strong throughout the afternoon. One of the bulls chased a matador right out of the ring. Another bull refused to die—the numerous plunges with the sword had missed the mark—and grunted painfully while a perplexed gang of matadors, all wielding knives, tried to figure out how to get close enough to make the final stab. During the last fight of the afternoon, as even the sympathetic fans fled away in dismay, the matador lost both his shoes, and shod only in his colorful stockings, dodged the bull like a pajama-clad child frolicking before bedtime.

THE POWER of the bullfight, even in a diminished setting, is its sense of tragedy. Unlike American sport, with its winners and losers, and its eternal hope for another tomorrow, bullfighting is the ordered killing of an animal by a man. The outcome is never in doubt. The variables are such things as the courage of the matador or, for that matter, the courage of the bull. Despite the flair, the music, the pomp, and the association with men such as Ernest Hemingway (at least in the United States), the ritual is delicate, almost balletic; the twists of the matador not unlike the pirouettes of the dancer. But the last scene is always tragic, and especially fitting in a place like Mexico City.

Since the Civil War, tragedy on a large scale has seldom visited American cities. Atomic bombs have not destroyed Chicago; plagues have not wasted Boston. In commenting on the differences between the United States and the rest of the world, Fuentes has noted that "for the West the notion of progress has replaced the notion of tragedy." Yet even in the wealthier quarters of Mexico City I sensed that prosperity was a precarious condition. The rich live behind high walls, as though readying for revolution. Some of the nicest suburbs look like the warehouse districts in Baltimore or Philadelphia. Many seem to feel that tragedy lurks at the front door.

Witness my friend Helen Escobedo, one of the country's leading sculptors. Her pieces, displayed on the university campus or in front of office buildings, have something of the puckish whimsy of Claes Oldenburg. Even her house, itself a witty collage of lava flows and doors that resemble keyholes, is an expression of her confidence and sense of well-being. She is one of the few people I know who can talk effortlessly about her work.

Even so, when we met for the first time—walking from the large gate on the street to her house, while she told me about the plants we were passing—she gestured around her yard and said: "If things became bad, I could sell off the front and live here"—pointing to the house

and her studio. It was a casual remark during a rambling conversation that ranged from the Mexican reaction to the shooting of John Lennon ("Where were his henchmen?") to one of those earnest conferences on the improvement of Mexican-American relations, with Norman Podhoretz and Lillian Hellman on the U.S. squad. But the remark came back to me later when she happened to mention that she had once owned property several hours' drive from Mexico City, "in case things really got bad." This was an allusion to the possibility of revolution—nothing to be sneered at in a city of such poverty and multitudes; but the tone of her speech was not the New Yorker's panic about the tyranny of real estate prices. Nor was it the whine of David Stockman, President Reagan's budget director, for whom cities like this one are abstractions on a ledger. It was matter-of-fact. And it was a recognition that everyday tragedies—the hovels creeping up the hill-sides; the parched fields outside the city; the children using garbage as a sandbox—can lead to larger ones.

ON MY LAST evening in the city I went to see Octavio Paz, the author of, among other books, *The Labyrinth of Solitude*. My first impression of Paz was as a political man, in the way Henry Adams was a political man. Unlike almost the entire intellectual class, which lives in the fortress neighborhoods south of the city, Paz's home was downtown, five minutes from the United States embassy. It was a small point, perhaps, and I am sure there are others who have forsaken the comfortable suburbs for large apartment buildings, but just as Paz has deserted the enclaves of the affluent elite, so has he deserted their thinking.

There is little overlap between the thought of Paz and of a man like Benítez. They stand at odds, although, in the 1930s, living in Paris and sympathetic to the left in the Spanish Civil War. Paz was attracted to Marxism. As late as 1972 he tried to form a political party to promote a Mexican brand of socialism. But today,

whatever his reservations about capitalism and the West, he has broken with the left, with the social democrats, as he calls them. He condemns the Russian invasion of Afghanistan as strongly as he does the interference of the United States in the affairs of others. In short, he is a friend of democracy when few are.

For Paz there are two cities, two Mexicos. One is that of the upper classes, economically and politically. It produces oil, owns houses, and goes on vacation. "Were this all the way to Mexico," he said, "it would be a country like Spain or Yugoslavia." The city might be Miami. Indeed, he noted a greater affinity between the rich in Mexico City and the rich in New York than between rich and poor in either city. All the frontiers are now economic. The other Mexico is that of the ruined little country towns, the barrios of the city, the quarter of the population that goes from year to year without eating meat. Its counterparts are in India and the poorer African countries. Thus, one of the great questions for Paz, and for this country, is whether the trickle-down theories of international capitalism are valid. In a country where, as Benítez said, some 70 percent of the population receives 30 percent of the income, will the gap between rich and poor ever narrow? Paz is not such a booster of Western capitalism that he could hang around comfortably with the Reagan cabinet, but he finds the alternative, social democracy, worse. He said: "What choice do we have? Some can go forward together and others can stay behind; or all can go forward together, very slowly, and accompanied by political repression." He observed that progress, unlike fiery rhetoric, advances at a often imperceptible rate.

P AZ IS ONE of the few Mexican intellectuals I met who did not regret, politically speaking, that the United States is Mexico's northern neighbor. Yet Mexico may have more than its share of American influence—television, the automobile culture, Monday

ght football—and this has by no means all been good. But he noted that since World War II its proximity to the United States has spared Mexico international obligations. It is not Poland, Hungary, or Pakistan, says caught between feuding powers. "And," he said, "unlike Cuba or Czechoslovakia, Mexico has political freedom."

According to Paz, the threat to freedom, in Mexico and elsewhere, is the patrimonial state, the Visigoths of the bureaucracy. He has written a book called *The Philanthropic Ogre*, and while we talked he described Mexico City, like Washington or Moscow, as a bureaucratic city. It is not only the seat of government but also the center of the reigning political party, and there being only one in Mexico—at least one that matters is the patronage system of the party's become the patrimonial concern of the state. The party has even, to large extent, eclipsed the church. In Chicago ward politics, to get ahead, to do just about anything, it is helpful to be a party member. Had Adolph's Julien Sorel been Mexican, he would have joined the local machine and fallen in love with the mayor's wife, so dominant is the party's position in all political and economic dealings.

Nevertheless, Paz remained optimistic. He noted that except for such places as Mexico and the United States, most nations and people today are cut adrift from their aspirations and are without a sense of hope or progress. "Maybe," he said, "in parts of Africa or China, people think that tomorrow will be better than today, but that is so in only a few places in the world." He gave as evidence of a brighter future the advances in the arts, literature, and the sciences (both in Mexico and the United States), in contrast to the inertia of so many intellectual and political classes around the world. Marxism, for him, has become the morose despair rather than of progress.

When I said good-bye and left, it was dark. I rode the elevator down the lobby and walked along the promenade, the city's main boulevard. The cars, as always, bounced around

like chrome enlargements of an atom. As a metaphor for the end of civilization, the city is amazingly vibrant.

What had impressed me most about Paz was his courage. He had spoken clearly about the threats to the individual, whether from poverty, corrupt bureaucracies, or Russian tanks. Before our meeting, I had read accounts that compare him philosophically and politically to Solzhenitsyn, but found none of them

accurate. Paz struck me as more optimistic, more understanding of human failings and weaknesses—in a word, compassionate; Jefferson, not Tolstoy. He was not a long-bearded giant, deluded into thinking that he alone could roll up the Iron Curtain, but a man with ideas and the freedom to express them, who somehow symbolized the best of the city's chaos and emotion. □

HARPER'S/MAY 1981

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MARKETING POLLUTION

buying and selling clean air

by William Tucker

THE TIME HAS COME to reform environmentalism. No one can seriously deny this. Perhaps nothing has been more symbolic of the era of Great Expectations than the notion that by writing draconian regulations about air and water pollution, and forcing them with penalties just short of hanging, we could restore America to the Eden of 1620, before we had arrived to foul the land. If nothing else, the last decade has taught that even turning back the clock has its penses.

Other societies have learned this before us. In the thirteenth century the English crown opted a law forbidding the burning of coal in the realm on pain of death. There is a record of at least one hanging as a result of this. Instead of coal, Britain turned to its woodland resources and proceeded to strip the islands of forests, creating some of the famous English moors in the process. But by the sixteenth century these resources seemed to be threatened, and England was forced into an eventual return to coal, creating the famous London smog

(now, however, almost eliminated, due to strict clean-air laws). Today we are in a similar position. The natural limits to our resources and energy supplies are forcing us to reevaluate even our most well-intentioned efforts.

Oddly enough, the best diagnosis of the problem is still one that originally emerged from the fledgling environmental movement. In a classic essay published in *Science* in 1968, biologist Garrett Hardin defined air and water pollution as the "tragedy of the commons." The reason the environment becomes polluted, Hardin argued, is that it belongs to everyone and therefore to no one. Using the example of the common grazing pastures of the Middle Ages, Hardin noted that when a resource is made available to all at no cost, everyone tends to take all he wants, without worrying about how it is going to be replenished. In fact, people are inclined to accelerate their use slightly because they are always afraid someone else may take it first.

"The tragedy of the commons . . . is

William Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's. His book The Age of Environmentalism will be published by Doubleday in 1982.

William Tucker
MARKETING
POLLUTION

averted," wrote Hardin, "by private property, or something formally like it." Only when people have a personal sense of ownership, or pay the price for the use of a resource, do they pay attention to how much they take. The Marxist dictum, "To each according to his need," does not work in practice, Hardin argued, because when things are free, everyone tends to imagine he needs as much as he can get. (What is needed eventually, then, is a strong centralized government telling everyone exactly how much he *does* need.)

Thus pollution is the inevitable result of treating the environment as a commons. Hardin wrote:

The air and water surrounding us cannot readily be fenced, and so the tragedy of the commons as a cesspool must be prevented by different means, by coercive laws or taxing devices that make it cheaper for the polluter to treat his pollutants than to discharge them untreated.

Unfortunately, Congress voted for "coercive laws" rather than tax devices or, even more imaginatively, economic incentives. Yet the germ of an environmental program built on the conservation of scarce resources was there.

AN EVEN MORE astute definition of environmental difficulties has been to classify them as "market externalities." The concept of externalities was first developed in the 1920s by the English economist A. C. Pigou in *The Economics of Welfare* and explored much more thoroughly in the early 1950s by Harvard economist Paul Samuelson (winning him the Nobel prize). The basic idea is that the market, although it achieves optimal levels of production with the resources at hand, leaves certain other things untended. Pigou and Samuelson cited wide disparities in wealth as an example and called for a partial redistribution of income.

Pollution, then, is another market externality. We can all go about our daily business, with the market determining the optimal production of goods, and still end up with dirty air and polluted waters—even though almost everyone might recognize that this is not what he would have intended personally. The reason is that the market has not put a price on polluting. The best things in life are free, and that includes air and water. Swimming and breathing usually don't cost anything, but neither does throwing away garbage. Since dumping pollution into the environment costs nothing, everybody does it, even though he may wish

that he and everyone else would stop doing it. Clean air and water have not been recognized by the market as limited resources that can only absorb so much junk before they start spitting it back—exactly what had started happening by the early 1960s. The solution is to put a price on the use of these limited resources and stop classifying them as "free." Protection of air and water have to be brought into the market system. Very early on, the problem was properly diagnosed.

All this might have been successful were not for a countervailing tendency in the environmental movement, which eventually proved superior. This was the impulse to portray environmental concerns as sacred. In their desire to make an impact on the American consciousness, environmentalists spurned the notion that they were merely another constituency trying to bring sense and order to the way society functioned. On the contrary, in their view the concerns transcended all others. Human survival itself, not simply a commonly perceived public good, was the issue. Mankind was overrunning the ecosystem and turning it into a hotdog stand. By the year 2100, the world would be wall-to-wall people. The new science of ecology showed that every human activity tipped the world closer to doomsday. Computer printouts at MIT proved we had but a few more years to go. Adopting as their motto the lines from the old missionary hymn "Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," environmentalists set out to scrub the universe clean of every last trace of human habitation. A "degraded environment," according to the Sierra Club, was an environment in which human activity had made a mark. "Zero pollution" became the objective, in statute as well as rhetoric. With a question that symbolized the sanctity of their concerns, far above the rough-and-tumble of ordinary politics, environmentalists asked: "How can you put a price on clean air?"

The cost of clean air

BUT THAT WAS exactly the problem. The dilemma we faced was just that: how do you put a price on clean air—or at least on the act of fouling it while disposing of society's wastes? Yet in their reluctance to perceive their concern as one of mere economics, environmentalists rejected this approach. It failed to match the religiosity of their cause. Instead, they supported a highly centralized, bureaucratic system based on difficult goals, detailed regulatory prescriptions and awe-inspiring penalties for noncompliance.

policy would be set in the environmental bureaucracies in Washington and orders sent out to the populace. Market controls, offering the same results through a highly decentralized decision-making system, were not deemed worthy of the task.

The decision to create a bureaucratic system is not automatic. Few people today recall how close we came to a system of environmental laws *not* based on the "command-and-control" module of a centralized bureaucracy.

As early as 1969, Senator William Proxmire is proposing legislation that would have put a set of "effluent charges" on sources of water pollution. The aim was to make it cheaper for people to clean up than to go on polluting indiscriminately. The system had been tried in Cincinnati in the 1950s and worked quite well. As late as 1972 a bill for a national tax on airborne sulfur emissions passed the House but was defeated in the Senate.

In the end, the bureaucratic model prevailed. There were several reasons for this. First, Congress still felt more comfortable with the old New Deal model of setting up a powerful federal agency to dictate policy from Washington. Second, market mechanisms had not been widely used up till then, and there was no genuine confidence that they would work. And third, environmental groups themselves felt far

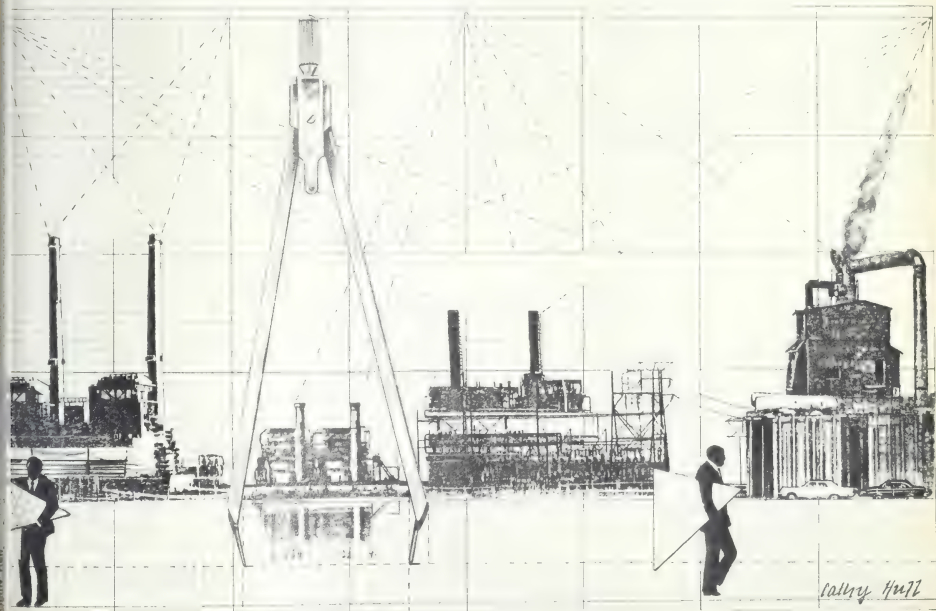
more comfortable with the bureaucratic model. The virtue of centralized decision-making, as far as lobbying groups are concerned, is that it exaggerates their powers. Most environmental groups now have elaborate headquarters in Washington, and many run their entire operations within sight of the Capitol. Whereas market-oriented systems would spread decision-making across the country, bureaucratic systems concentrate it in Washington, where the decisions can be easily influenced. Small groups of federal officials or Congressional staff members can be identified, isolated, and influenced by a mere phone call.

The general consensus was that decisions would be made in the halls of the bureaucracy and filter down to the local level. The result is the mess we have today.

THE WAY THE Clean Air Act of 1970 affected industry has more or less passed into legend. It is not that it did not produce results. Air pollution has declined in many areas, and has increased in only a few. The real question is the costs that were incurred in the process.

Bureaucratic systems, after all, are not by definition incompetent when specific things have to be done. They are often very efficient.

"How can you put a price on clean air?"



William Tucker
MARKETING
POLLUTION

German National Socialism built magnificent roads and designed a "people's car," the Volkswagen, to run on them. Egypt built the pyramids, and the Soviet Union has accumulated armaments with ruthless efficiency. The question is the sacrifices that have to be made in other sectors of the economy in order to achieve these ends; they are often great. This is important to remember as Congress considers the renewal of the Clean Air Act this year. It is not the goal of making clean air a valued good that should be questioned, but the means of getting there.

The Clean Air Act set up 247 regional air-pollution districts around the country. These airshed districts were put under the jurisdiction of the state governments, or interstate agencies where they crossed state lines. The act established federal standards for six pollutants: free hydrocarbons; sulfur dioxide; nitrogen oxides; particulate matter; carbon monoxide; and ozone (nitrogen oxides and ozone are the principal elements of smog). The standards were determined at the federal level, with 1977 set as the target date for compliance. The means of meeting these standards were to be decided by the state governments, subject to federal approval, through the so-called state implementation plans. Pollution sources were divided into two categories, stationary and mobile. The stationary sources were factories, utility plants, municipal incinerators, apartment-house heating units, and so forth. Mobile sources were cars and other vehicles. Since cars are sold everywhere, the federal government tackled the job of getting the manufacturers to reduce their emissions. The state governments were given the task of dealing with stationary sources.

Right from the beginning a clear pattern of state activities emerged. It usually went something like this. The state environmental agency surveyed a pollution district and identified the major stationary sources. They were, say, an oil-burning utility plant, two steel plants using coal for their energy, and a large stone quarry that kicked up significant amounts of dust. The utility company had probably been burning coal ten years before, but had been forced to switch to low-sulfur foreign oil by an earlier state initiative during the 1960s. (On the Atlantic coast, for example, the use of coal fell from 70 percent of all utility fuels—11 million tons—in 1964 to only 15 percent—5.9 million tons—in 1973, solely as the result of state initiatives. It was during this period that much of our dependence on foreign oil was created.)

So the problem the state faced was one of devising a plan that would meet federal stan-

dards while being perceived as fair and equitable by all who would have to spend money to cut down on their pollution.

The first thing the state had to do was to set out and hire a lot of new environmental experts, whom the makeshift programs that had been set up in the colleges and universities were rapidly churning out. Environmental studies was a growth field during the 1960s. The recruits would go to work studying the pollution levels, the wind patterns, the technologies, the economics of each industry, and the general chances of getting them to cooperate. Then they would draw up a plan that would identify what *each and every industry in the district would have to do to control emissions at each and every smokestack*. Say, for example, it was decided that in order to meet the federal standards, pollution would have to be lowered by one quarter. To be fair, the state would decide, let us say, that every industry would have to reduce its emissions by one quarter. This would be announced as the "state implementation plan." It would go to Washington, where the EPA, after reviewing all the data, would accept or reject it. Once it was accepted, the state would announce the plan to the industries. Then the fun would begin.

Inevitably, the plan would be perceived as unfair by all the participants. The utility would argue, for example, that it had already cut most of its important emissions in half by switching from coal to oil. Asking for another 25 percent reduction would be unfair. Steel company No. 1 would point out that it operated two small plants that together produced about as much pollution as steel company No. 2's one big plant. But the state implementation plan would require it to put pollution control equipment on both its smokestacks. It would therefore be paying twice as much as steel company No. 2, which was unfair. Steel company No. 2, meanwhile, was announcing that it was the largest employer in the district and any talk about making it spend more than minimal amounts on pollution control might cause it to think seriously about closing the plant.

At the same time, all three steam generators would argue that it was really the quarry that was generating most of the dust affecting visibility in the region. If the state would only concentrate on that source, there would be no need to bother with the boilers. The quarry, on the other hand, had already hired its own expert, a recent graduate with a B.A. in environmental sciences, who pointed out that it was the potentially harmful sulfates and nitrous oxides from the fuel-burning plants that were the re-

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health hazard. Before long, all the industries were busy hiring the second generation of environmental experts that were now being turned out of the graduate schools even faster. In addition, each firm now had a Special Counsel on Environmental Quality (part of its new Division of Environmental Improvement), and soon all were arguing their cases in court.

Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan has remarked that organizations that fight each other usually end up resembling each other. So it has been with the environmental clean-up effort. Every side now has its own experts ready to testify that all the other experts are wrong. There are so many people in California writing environmental impact statements that they have formed their own professional association, with a membership of 600. Yet the effects on the environment have not always been commensurate with the effort. Some people seriously question whether *any* of the improvements in air quality over the past ten years can be directly attributed to the Clean Air Act, or whether it represents merely a combination of the 1960s' switch from coal to oil and a generally declining economy. In many of the country's air-pollution districts, air quality steadily deteriorated for several years after the Clean Air Act, while industry and regulators spent their time fighting out the details in court.

Nor can industry be regarded as simply recalcitrant. The major problem with the Clean Air Act is that it lays the burden of costs *only on the people who make the effort to clean up*. (The large fines were intended mainly as a threat, and are rarely imposed.) *No one has yet put a price on using clean air as a dumping ground*. The only standards for deciding who cleans up and who doesn't are the necessarily arbitrary decisions arrived at by the state environmental agencies. Each industry, therefore, has every incentive to spend years in litigation trying to prove that it is someone else's pollution that is at fault.

The market in pollution

ANOTHER PROBLEM has been the haphazard, almost fatuous, record that the EPA has built up in another extremely important area, the so-called new-source performance standards. At the very start of pollution legislation, Congress made a fateful distinction between existing sources of pollution and new sources that might be built in the future. Existing sources were to be handled through the state implementation programs. But new sources would be regulated by

the EPA, which was instructed to require the "best available technology" be employed on new pollution sources.

This policy has had an extraordinary effect. It has actively discouraged the construction of new capacity, due to the expense of installing new plant and equipment. In the end, it is probably cheaper for a company to limp along with its old equipment, fending off the EPA in court and pleading poverty, rather than undertake the enormous expenditure of installing the "best available technology." Old plants may be patched up or granted temporary exemptions (there have been a lot of those). But the high cost of a new plant is unavoidable.

What is worse, in areas that are not in compliance with federal standards, many state agencies will allow *no* new construction. This in Van Nuys, California, for example, a General Motors auto plant being turned over from large to small cars has been stalled for over a year, because it will constitute a "new source of pollution."

The effort has been particularly soured by the way the EPA eventually decided to exercise its authority. In a forthcoming book, Yale law professor and public-policy critic Bruce A. Ackerman describes at length the extraordinarily irresponsible fashion in which the EPA arrived at its 1978 decision, which said that all new coal-burning utility plants will have to be outfitted with expensive sulfur scrubbing equipment *whether or not it is needed to comply with the federal pollution standards*. Ackerman notes that tens of billions of dollars will be spent on the effort *even though the resulting emissions may not be as clean as they would otherwise have been*.

This extraordinarily wasteful policy is the result of an improbable temporary alliance between the leading environmental groups (the Sierra Club and the Natural Resources Defense Council) and the eastern coal-mining companies (represented in Washington by the United Mine Workers). Together, in 1976, they pressured an obscure Congressional committee to write sulfur-emission standards that could not be met by burning even low-sulfur coal. The coal miners were afraid that without the strict standards, utilities in the Midwest and Ohio Valley would turn away from eastern coal, which is higher in sulfur, and start importing more coal from the West. The environmentalists, of course, were happy to seize any opportunity to make tougher standards law, regardless of the consequences. They were when the EPA was facing its 1978 decision on

* Bruce A. Ackerman and William T. Hassler, *Clean Coal/Dirty Air*, Yale University Press, 1980.

that was the best available technology for enforcing this strict standard, the environmentalists and coal miners once again teamed up to pressure the EPA into choosing mandatory scrubbing.

The results are going to be rather absurd. Millions of dollars will be spent in the western part of the country on sulfur-scrubbers that will have little to clean from low-sulfur coal. At the same time, sulfur-scrubbing is a technology with its own serious consequences. It requires large amounts of water and produces enormous quantities of a hazardous, sulfurous sludge that is itself a serious disposal problem. An entire valley in western Pennsylvania is now being filled with the sulfurous wastes that have accumulated from running one sulfur-scrubbing utility plant for only three years. When the EPA was faced with this problem, included in its mandate a technology called "dry-scrubbing," which has never been tried anywhere on a large scale, and which only came to the agency's attention a few weeks before its final decision.

As a final irony, sulfur-scrubbers actually require the presence of fair amounts of sulfur in the coal in order to work properly. Many utilities that already have access to low-sulfur coal are going to have to add sulfur to their coal supplies in order to keep the scrubbers operating. This is the "best available technology" we have been able to produce.

WHAT CAN CONGRESS do this year to make the Clean Air Act more workable, without throwing away all the legitimate desires for a better environment that it represents? For many years, economists have been designing what are called "market mechanisms" that can achieve the same results or better through optimally efficient methods. Allan Kneese, of Resources for the Future, one of the oldest and wisest of the environmental groups, has been the principal architect of many of these ideas. Perhaps the most commonly suggested method—and one that I hope Congress does not decide to adopt—is the pollution tax. The idea is that the EPA or state agencies would place a tax on each ton of sulfur oxides or other pollutants emitted into the atmosphere. This would make it profitable for polluters to clean up some of their emissions, until the point came where it would be cheaper to pay the tax. No one has ever thought that air-pollution emissions could be reduced to zero—though the Federal Clean Water Act of 1972 has mandated zero emissions of sewage into the nation's water by 1985, and the EPA is

still laboring to meet the deadline.

The emissions tax would do several things that are not done by the present system. First, it would reward partial and incremental improvements. At present, cleaning is an all-or-nothing game. There are no rewards for accomplishing anything besides compliance with the standards, and no incentives for going beyond them. The system would impose immediate penalties for noncompliance, but would reward any and all efforts at improvement. There would be no advantages in court delays. Theoretically, if the agency set the tax at the proper level, the desired clean-up could be achieved in the most efficient way possible.

Unfortunately, a pollution tax would create almost as many problems as it would solve. The difficulty is in deciding where to set the tax. In the end, this would probably involve just as much exhaustive analysis and preplanning by government agencies as does the present system. If the tax were set too high, the clean-up would proceed beyond what was practical or economical. If it were too low, industries wouldn't clean up enough. Resolving this problem would involve the usual bevy of environmental experts, computer printouts, and possibly court challenges as well.

A far more straightforward plan, and one I personally think would be the best, is the "marketable-rights" system originally proposed by Senator Proxmire in the 1960s. In this system, the state agency would determine beforehand how much of each pollutant it was willing to allow in a given airshed. Then it would simply sell the rights to generate this pollution on an open market. Industries would have to compete against each other for the right to create this pollution. Inevitably they would bid up these rights-to-pollute to their marginal level—that is, the price at which it is cheaper for every individual to clean up his remaining emissions rather than pay more for the right to pollute. The task of cleaning up the total pollution for the entire airshed would be automatically distributed among the polluters in the most economical way.

The beauty of this system is that all the bureaucrats in the federal and state agencies who are spending countless thousands of hours deciding who should clean up what, when, and where could simply pack their bags and go home. All the decisions would be made where they belong—by the people who are going to bear the costs of deciding how to clean up. Each industry would have a maximum incentive for finding the most efficient way to reduce its pollution. Innovation would be at a premium because it would make the task easier, whereas under the current system, industries

"The state agency . . . would simply sell the rights to generate this pollution on the open market."

William Tucker
MARKETING
POLLUTION

are actively *discouraged* from finding ways to clean up. Once they find them, they will probably have to apply them, no matter what the cost. The EPA can always lower the standards to match the new technology. Nor, under Proxmire's system, would there be any point in going to court. Since the decisions are made by the market, there is nothing to argue.

There is one other extremely attractive aspect of the marketable-rights system. It is that the public could be involved in the process, through a method by which people understand the price of the improvements they are requesting. Currently, when people want cleaner air, the standard practice is to lobby the legislators, start a mailing campaign, or organize a mass movement. Politicians and bureaucrats are pressured into tightening up the emissions standards, and everyone goes home happy. No one takes the least thought as to what it is all going to cost, even though he will eventually pay the bill in higher consumer prices.

But with the marketable-rights system, the possibility exists that the public, either through municipal bodies or environmental groups, can organize itself to *buy back* some of the rights to pollute and "retire" them, thus eliminating more pollution from the atmosphere. This way, the public will be able to improve the air but will understand exactly how much it is costing. People can select it as a clear consumer choice rather than as a hidden tax extracted through higher manufacturing prices, as is done now. Such a system would also adapt itself readily to technological improvement. As better ways are found to clean up pollution, the marginal price of pollution rights will decline. This will make it easier for people to buy them back, which will in turn encourage more technological improvement, since the public's demand for still cleaner air will keep the marginal price up. The EPA would not have to worry about continually changing standards, and industry would not be harassed by unpredictability. The market would assure orderly progress.

The bubble concept

ODDLY ENOUGH, one of the major constituents for this kind of reform has become the EPA itself. Around 1978, a general perception set in around the agency that it had "too many lawyers and not enough economists" (even the lawyers seem to have agreed with this assessment). Over the past few years, the EPA has made giant strides in developing the marketable-rights system on an experimental scale.

In 1979, for example, the EPA introduced the "bubble" concept, which is essentially marketable-rights system applied to a single plant. The EPA places an imaginary bubble over a factory and considers that all the emissions are coming out of one smokestack. The industry is then left with the decision of how to bring the total emissions within certain prescribed limits. The day the plan was announced, the Du Pont chemical company said it would enable the company to reduce its clean-up costs from \$136 million to \$55 million.

Since then, the bubble concept has been gaining an enthusiastic following among industry and regulators alike. The Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company was able to make production-line changes at a Pennsylvania plant that produced fewer emissions of free hydrocarbons than the EPA had required at \$3 million less than originally estimated. The Armco Steel Company in Middletown, Ohio, has planted grass and trees and started a plantwide bus system in order to cut down on dust and nitrogen oxides. The plan is regarded as successful.

Bubble concepts have even gone statewide. A plan is now being developed where a hundred New Jersey chemical companies will be able to combine their hydrocarbon emissions in order to bring them within standards in the cheapest possible way. The EPA is also setting up experimental brokerage houses in Louisville, San Francisco, and Seattle where companies can buy and sell their pollution rights on a citywide basis. Surprisingly, the major problem has been that, like novice Monopoly players, businesses have been reluctant to sell their rights under *any* circumstances, even when they are polluting under their limits. The reason is that they are still afraid the EPA will arbitrarily tighten up standards at some future date, at which point they will have to buy their rights back at exorbitant prices. A nationwide plan guaranteeing that governments could not tighten up existing regulations, except by buying back pollution rights on the open market, would solve this problem and stimulate a brisk trade on the pollution exchanges.

So, strangely enough, the reforms that Congress may be seeking are already operating in the experimental stage at the EPA. So far the agency has been reluctant to go to Capitol Hill with a request for still another change in its approach. Yet the time may have come to broach the subject. The almost perfect coalescence of the EPA's perceptions of the need for decentralized decisions, and the market philosophy of the new administration, offers a reform opportunity that may not come again.

SILVER THURSDAY

the Hunts break the market

by L. J. Davis

ON JULY 27, 1979, unaware of the mountain that was about to fall on them, the executives of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC)—watchdogs of the public weal, with the vast resources of the federal government at their command—met to discuss the silver position of William Herbert and Nelson Bunker Hunt. It was enormous. Nevertheless, this fact did not suggest anything to the commissioners.

"It just seems to me," said Commissioner F. B. "Bud" Johnson, "that there are people with a hell of a lot of money and not a lot to do with their money, fiddling around like you and I might lay a game of checkers."

"General feeling of the trade is that these are often actions for tax losses," said Commissioner Dunn.

"Could be, I don't know," said Commissioner Meilke.



"I don't know," agreed Commissioner Dunn.

Exactly eight months later, on Silver Thursday, March 27, 1980, the Hunts' game of checkers came to an end. A lion was in the streets. Unable to meet their margin calls, the Hunt brothers had triggered the first great market panic since October 1929, and nobody knew what to do. The price of silver dropped \$5 an ounce, to \$10.80. (In January, it had briefly exceeded \$50.)

There were rumors that

the brothers' principal broker, Bache Halsey Stuart Shields, was going under. The Dow plunged 25.43 points in wild selling. Bache and Merrill Lynch urged that the market be closed. The CFTC, the Treasury, the Federal Reserve—all that costly and supposedly invincible regulatory structure that had been erected for just such a moment—reacted as though dazed, and there existed no latter-day J. P. Morgan to step confidently forth to set matters

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straight. To those who knew or suspected just how frail the Western economic system had grown through twenty years of inventive piracy and flagrant mismanagement, it seemed that the bills were falling due at last. The Hunts had gambled on silver. They lost, and for a brief, horrifying moment it seemed as though they were about to drag everybody down with them.

A store of value

IN THE BEGINNING, back in 1974, it had seemed the obvious thing to do. Equipped with the bulk of the fortune amassed by their father, H. L. Hunt, and sharing his peculiar political views, Bunker and Herbert felt a compelling need to put their money in a safe—indeed, an invincible—place. To the brothers' way of thinking, this involved something more complicated than finding a good bank and stashing some currency in it. Bunker and Herbert didn't believe that money was worth anything anymore: "Any damn fool can run a printing press," Bunker said. Paper money, severed from its relationship with gold, was a snare and a delusion. The Hunts needed a store of value, some physical object they could buy with their worthless paper money, something they could control and whose value would not depreciate. Given the extent of the fortune—somewhere between \$6 and \$14 billion, by the most reliable estimates—combined with their obsession for secrecy and the family's long history in oil, it was a congenial and perhaps inevitable aspiration. Oil itself was just such a store of value, and they owned a lot of it. But with U.S. reserves depleted in the last quarter of the twentieth century, the great new strikes were bound to occur abroad, their disposition at the mercy of unreliable foreigners. Bunker's bonanza in Libya, the Sarir field, had just been expropriated by Colonel Qaddafi for reasons that made no objective sense, and the future elsewhere did not look bright. Oil is a mobile substance, but only after it emerges from the ground, and Bunker and Herbert could no longer rely on being able to control their sources of supply. They needed something that was not only mobile but that they could amass in a secure location. To protect themselves further, they needed to be capable of dictating its price. Their father had begun his career as a cardsharp, and he had founded the fortune by conning another east Texas con man in the trough of the Great Depression. The old man had never known much about business and neither did his sons, but they knew all about how to gamble. So

they decided to take control of the world silver.

On the face of it, it seems crazy, but there were reasons for thinking it could be done. Herbert says he got the idea out of *Silver Profits in the Seventies* by Jerome A. Smith. Perhaps he did; the Hunts have made major moves with less preparation. True, nobody had cornered the market since the Bank of England pulled off the trick in 1717 on the advice of Isaac Newton. In 1910, Chuni Lal Saraya of the Indian Specie Bank began a major cornering operation that netted him 26 million ounces by 1913, when the bank went broke and he shot himself. Nobody had even come close since then. Nevertheless, the attractions were many. Bunker convinced himself that there were biblical and historical reasons why silver ought to be pegged at one fifth the value of gold, and in 1973, averaging \$2.55 an ounce, silver was nowhere near that. Unlike gold, it was not held in massive quantities by foreign governments, who could disrupt the market with unpredictable sales. It was also pleasingly finite and dwindling; unlike gold, it had major industrial uses, particularly in photography and electronics. In 1973, non-communist mine production—principally from the U.S., Canada, Mexico, Peru, and Australia—totaled 254 million ounces. Secondary supplies from scrap, government sales, coin melts, and exports from the great silver hoard in India—where, thanks to the laws of inheritance, much of the world silver is tied up in the form of jewelry—added another 175 million ounces, for a total of 422 million ounces. Industrial and government consumption stood at 493 million ounces, for a net shortfall of 64 million ounces, which had to be made up from the stockpiles of private investors. With mine production stable and with no major sales from the U.S. government stockpile since 1970, the price could only go up. Furthermore, if Bunker and Herbert played their cards right, it could be made to go up. Unless they blundered, ran out of money, or found themselves trapped by some unforeseen development, Herbert and Bunker could invent a money machine, and the money would all be in silver.

The silver corner

BASICALLY, the bulk of the world's silver is traded in two ways in four places. There are large cash markets and small futures markets in London and Zürich, and there are relatively small cash markets and much larger futures markets in New York and Chicago. The cash markets would have

air uses, but for the Hunts' purposes, the ace to strike was in futures, at the Commodities Exchange, Inc. in New York (COMEX), and the Board of Trade of the City of Chicago (CBOT). Here again, one sees the peculiar autonomy of silver. The daily price of gold is determined by a handful of men in the Rothschild offices in London—the "London fix." The price of silver is determined in the trading pits of COMEX and CBOT, fluctuating between open prices—market limit up, the price beyond which silver cannot rise, and market limit down, the price below which it cannot fall—at rates established daily by the exchanges' boards of directors. It is a more flexible system than the one for gold, it was more vulnerable to a raid, and it was so incredibly complicated that there existed a strong likelihood that the press and the Congress would never figure out just what the Hunts were doing to do. So it has proved.

Futures markets, as price-fixing mechanisms, have been around since the twelfth century, performing a once invaluable service that has recently come to resemble a cross between a checkbook and a crap game. Their historic mission was to see to it that farmers stayed in business, and that the world was thereby fed. Farmers have a problem: unlike cabinet makers, the fruit of their labor comes onto the market all at once, in a seasonal lump, and they have to spend the rest of the year growing it. For much of the year, therefore, the farmer is at the mercy of the moneylenders, with only his crop as collateral. Unfortunately, at the same crop is entirely worthless as collateral—unless some way exists to figure out approximately what it's going to be worth in the future, at harvest time. Hence, we have futures markets.

In a futures market, the farmer can contract (in spring or whenever) to sell his autumn harvest. This is called going short. It is a promise to deliver the crop, at the price agreed upon, in the fall. The contract is purchased by a futures commission merchant (FCM) for either his personal account or the account of one of his clients. This is called going long. It is a promise to buy the fall crop. The system is a closed one: for every sale, there must be a purchase. Since the farmer now has a firm sale, he can go to a moneylender and put up the contract, which has fixed the price of his harvest, as collateral for a loan to tide him over through the months when he has nothing to sell. The banks are similarly made happy, because the risk of a disastrous price fluctuation is transferred to the speculator represented by the FCM, the collateral remains secure throughout the life of the loan, and they get paid

off at the end. I am simplifying, of course; many creative refinements are possible if the farmer is alert, and the possibility of agricultural disaster is by no means diminished. In its purest form, the futures market is a price-fixing and hedging mechanism, and no more.

But what of those charitable fellows, the futures brokers and their speculative clients, who have assumed the burden of risk? Needless to say, they're in it for the money, although they almost never see a grain of wheat or ingot of silver or crate of orange juice or any of the other commodities they putatively buy and sell—between 90 percent and 95 percent of the commodities traded on COMEX and CBOT are never delivered to their speculative buyers. Farmers go short in wheat as a hedge; speculators who may never have worn a pair of gumboots in their lives go short in the same commodity as a bet. A speculator with a short position is wagering that the market will go down in the interval between the contract purchase date and the contract settlement date; a speculator with a long position is betting that the price will rise. The winner gets the money. And the one who guesses correctly also receives a modest income. To understand how that can be, it is necessary to understand margins and the various ways they can be played.

IN THE FUTURES markets, there are two kinds of margins: initial and variation. Initial margin is a good faith deposit whose amount is set by the relevant exchange—most brokerage houses require an additional sum and further security. If the market becomes volatile, an additional deposit may have to be made, but in the normal course of business, initial margin is no great sum. In America, a silver contract usually consists of 5,000 ounces. Initial margin, like a down payment, gives the buyer control of the contract, and unlike securities margin, it is not mingled with the broker's own accounts. In 1973, when the Hunts made their first buys, control of 5,000 ounces of silver could be purchased for about \$500.

In addition to initial margin, there is also something called variation margin. Each day at end of business, the closing price of a commodity is marked to market. The losers in that day's speculation must post variation margin equal to the difference between the face value of their contracts and the marked-to-market price. This money then passes through the books of the exchange clearing house and ends up in the accounts of the winning speculators. If the market is undergoing a sustained

"Herbert and Bunker could invent a money machine, and the money would all be in silver."

shift, it thereby becomes a money machine for the speculators who have guessed correctly: if the market is moving up, the longs batten on the shorts, and if the market is moving down, the reverse occurs. This happens every day, of course, but during sustained upward shifts, the longs have the opportunity, which the Hunts seized, of gambling on a pyramid: they can apply their winnings to new long contracts and use the warehouse receipts as collateral on banks loans, which can then be applied to purchase yet more new long contracts. Under normal circumstances a pyramid is a mug's game, a foolhardy risk, since the market is bound to break sooner or later, and that way lies destruction. It can only work if you control the market, or if you know who does and know what his strategy is. The Hunts proposed to control the market.

Theoretically, that isn't as difficult as it might seem. It is estimated that there are between 600 and 800 million ounces of silver in the world. 139 million ounces are tied up in the U.S. silver stockpile. Consumption outruns production. According to Dr. Henry Jarecki, the sometime Hunt associate and former Yale psychologist who heads the Mocatta Metals Corporation, a determined speculator would need to corner only about 15 percent or 20 percent of the supply—about 140 million ounces—to control the price. At 1973 prices, 140 million ounces would cost about \$350 million. As it happens, there are, at any given time, about 140 million ounces of silver in the depositories of COMEX and CBOT. It looked possible.

It looked more than possible. The government regulatory agency, the Commodity Exchange Authority, was expiring. It was replaced in 1974 by the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC), but the new agency's powers were weak, its staff was inexperienced, and its commissioners were soon at odds with each other. COMEX and CBOT were also relatively inexperienced in silver—it had been traded on COMEX only since 1963 and on CBOT since 1968—and neither exchange had ever experienced a cornering attempt in the metal. Furthermore, COMEX, the younger, smaller exchange, had gone heavily into silver trading, and it seemed likely that it would welcome major new speculation, at least to begin with. As for the Treasury and the Federal Reserve, "they considered silver as just another commodity," wrote CFTC commissioner Read P. Dunn in an April 9, 1980, memorandum. "They showed no particular interest in silver." The conditions seemed right. The Hunts didn't know it, but they had a lot of learning to do.

"The worst traders I ever saw

A SUCCESSFUL cornering operation requires a sophisticated knowledge of the market mechanism and the patience of the serpent, but the Hunts, a notoriously impatient clan, had steered clear of major commodities investments ever since the old man lost his shirt in cotton in the 1920s. The market is dependent on speculation to keep the price curve relatively flat unless extraordinary circumstances intervene. The more speculators there are in the marketplace, the more orderly the market, and flattening the price curve is the market's only excuse for existence. In order to corner the market the Hunts had to effect a squeeze—they had to establish a long position of such strength that other speculators would be driven away and the surviving shorts would be forced to finance a portion of the Hunt activity through the variation margin. (To say that the market suffered from excessive speculation when it went haywire in late 1979 and early 1980 is therefore nonsense; there wasn't enough speculation.) Once a dominant position was thus seized, the Hunts would have to maintain it by buying a proportion of all the new silver that came up for sale, or their own position would be weakened. But while accumulating their hoard, they had to allow the market to continue to function in a reasonably orderly fashion, or they were likely to attract the attention of the dreaded federal government. And they also had to avoid driving the price up so fast that new silver—silver from India, silver from bank vaults, silver from citizens' sideboards and jewelry boxes—was not attracted in sudden and unmanageable quantities. Lastly, they had to monitor world events carefully, since money flees to precious metals in times of crisis no matter what the price is. They made every mistake in the book.

The Hunts immediately attracted attention by entering the market with a 20-million-ounce purchase in the December 1973 contract, and attention is something that a manipulator planning to corner a market should avoid in the early phases of his operation. The market immediately shot upward on rumors that a corner was exactly what the Hunts were trying, until it peaked at a record high of \$6.70 an ounce in February 1974. The Hunts bought and bought, accumulating roughly 50 million ounces—a third of their probable objective—but more silver suddenly began coming onto the market, silver that had to be bought to prevent a downward price break that would foil the projected squeeze; and there was sim-

ly too much of it. The source of this new liver is not hard to find. It was coming from the Banco de Mexico, which unloaded its entire supply—on the advice, it is said, of the Hunts' sometime colleague Dr. Henry Jarecki. The Hunts were forced to pause.*

THE OFFICIAL VERSION of what happened next says that the Hunts, having established their position, proceeded to roll it forward (hold on to it) for the next five years, but it didn't happen quite that way. Some of their subsequent trading during the quiet interval before the blowup of 1979-80 resembles a traditional tax straddle rather than a roll forward—going long and short in alternating contracts in order to achieve certain tax advantages. Bunker shorted substantial quantities in London in 1975, and he shorted an estimated 8 million ounces in early 1976. He and Herbert had other ventures. Until they had a lot of silver, and it soon occurred to them that they might do something else with it.

First, though, they bought some sugar, and now they did so offers a rare and telling glimpse into the way the family does business—if that is quite the word for what they do. In October 3, 1974, they received a phone call from an institutional broker named C. Eck Hayne, who said he had a hot prospect. It was Great Western United, a troubled company that refined 25 percent of the beet sugar in the United States, and which was then profiting mightily from a huge jump in the price of sugar. The next day, Hayne met with

Bunker, Herbert, and Kreiling in the family office. As Hayne expanded on the bright possibilities, Kreiling took five pages of notes, and the meeting ended with Bunker, Herbert, and Kreiling agreeing to go into the deal for a million dollars each.

In late October, they finally decided to see what their \$3 million had bought, and they dispatched a young attorney named G. Michael Boswell to New York to have a look around. Boswell discovered that the company's management was in disarray. The Hunts and Kreiling were presented with a choice: either risk taking a \$3 million bath, or take over the company. They decided to protect the investment by taking over the company. It took them one month, it cost them \$30 million—\$15 million of it borrowed from Hassie's trust and secured with silver—and when it was over, the Hunts and Kreiling owned 65.7 percent of their first public company. Boswell was dispatched to Great Western in Denver as the new executive vice president and chief operating officer.

So now they owned a lot of silver and a sugar company. Anybody who holds huge stocks of a commodity, no matter how valuable it happens to be, is confronted with a dilemma: if he has called attention to himself, as the Hunts had, it is difficult to sell the stuff. Large sales drive down prices. Word gets around. Other longs begin to unload. The price goes down further, and you can take a beating. In fact, you can lose your shirt. The large commodities' holder needs to do some highly creative thinking if the danger is to be avoided.

In mid-1976, Great Western entered into a five-year contract to buy between 350,000 and 600,000 tons of sugar a year from the Philippine Exchange Company, a deal valued at between \$800 million and \$1.2 billion. Payment would be in precious metals, particularly silver. A similar, 410,000-ton deal was negotiated with Azucarera la Victoria de Panama, and yet another deal was projected in Nicaragua. The trick was to prevent the Philippines, Panama, and Nicaragua from turning right around and selling off the silver as soon as they got it, which would again drive down the price. The solution was Saudi oil. The Filipinos and the others would take their silver and buy some petroleum. The Saudis would, presumably, keep the silver. The silver would not reenter the market, its price would not fall, and as more sugar was purchased with more silver, the price would actually rise and keep on rising, making the Hunts' stockpile more valuable and generating the important variation payments from the shorts. The initial installment for the Philippines came to 20 million ounces, and the long-term deal could

"They made every mistake in the book."

*During this time, the Hunts also apparently took actual physical delivery of another quantity of silver and stashed it in a warehouse in Zürich. According to a colorful story that has appeared in testimony and in the press, they sponsored a shooting match among the cowboys at half brother-in-law Andy Kreiling's Circle K Ranch, with the winners dining shotgun on a secret night flight of three chartered 707s that flew 40 million ounces from La Guardia Airport to Switzerland. Certainly something happened around the middle of 1973. Figures from BOT are unavailable, but somebody drew down OMEX's warehouse supplies from the January figure of 74,918,645 ounces until there were only 7,497,901 ounces on hand in September—a highly unusual state of affairs. Maybe the Hunts really did in a cowboy flight to Zürich—it smacks of the impulsivity and innocence that mark some of their ventures—but if they did, they apparently never did again. It was entirely unnecessary. Such transfers are easily and routinely effected by what is called an FFP—exchange of futures for physical—by which means warehouse receipts in this country are simply exchanged for physical silver already on deposit in a foreign warehouse, and not an ingot of silver needs to move an inch. In future, when the Hunts transferred silver abroad, they did it with EFPs.

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embody RSV's features, a 40-mph,
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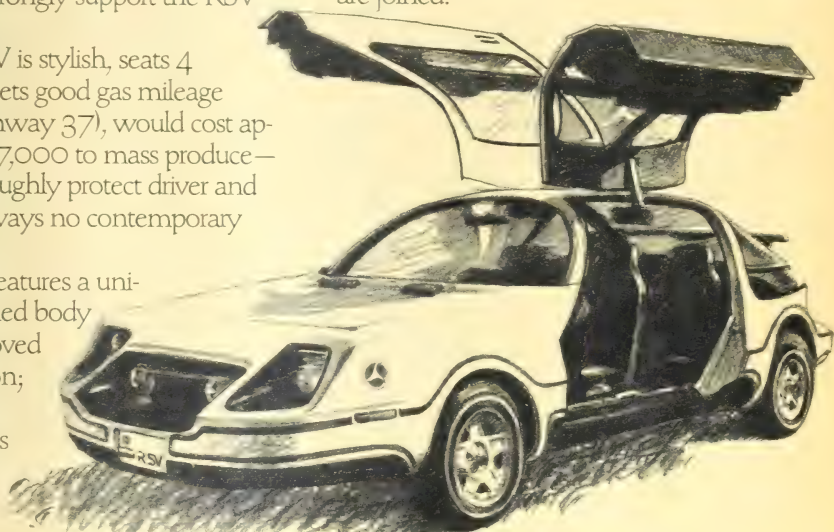
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ments in auto safety will be standard in
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RSV are positive efforts. They show that
tomorrow's cars—the ones being de-
signed right now by the world's auto
manufacturers—could be much, much
safer than those on the road today.

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we receive and the lower the cost of medi-
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fit—both from improvements in auto
safety, and from positive effects auto safety
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have called for as much as 200 million ounces—more than enough to drive the market through the roof, making the cornering operation all that much simpler. Best of all, the Hunts would get the sugar.

Great Western stood for delivery of 20 million ounces of silver late in the year, and prospects for the sugar play looked bright. They quickly dimmed and went out when the International Monetary Fund, which had loaned the Philippines quite a lot of money, declared that the silver could not be counted among the country's natural resources for the purpose of raising money, and the whole deal collapsed.

Great Western—renamed HIRCO, for Hunt International Resources Corporation—managed to make a profit by reselling the 20 million ounces of silver, but sugar prices did not recover and the corporation continued to operate at a loss. "As major traders go, the Hunts were the worst I ever saw," says a source close to the market. "Their ineptitude was mind-boggling. Commodities are traded by a small club of merchants; it's all very close, and when newcomers like the Hunts came barreling into the market, bidding up limit for sugar [that is, bidding the ceiling price established for the day's trading], naturally they were going to get hit with sugar from all directions. They had to be losing money. They must have been hemorrhaging money. Nobody bids the limit." It may have been inept and costly, but it was also instructive. It showed that if you bid the limit on a commodity, you could get all of that commodity you could buy.

Bunker Hunt's Boswell

BUT HIRCO WAS STILL a public company; it had to do its business in the open, and the Hunts weren't used to that. It was an altogether unsatisfactory situation; it wasn't getting better, and something would have to be done about it. Before that happened, though, it seemed possible to put HIRCO to another use. They decided to use it to buy the Sunshine Mining Company.

Sunshine owns 57 percent of the nation's largest silver mine, located near Kellogg, Idaho. From a corporate standpoint, it wasn't exactly the most exciting proposition around; even though average silver prices had risen from \$2.57 an ounce in 1973 to \$4.35 in 1976, Sunshine was only netting about a \$1 million a year from its mining operations and from its fence-making and electronics subsidiaries. On the other hand, it was also sitting on top of an estimated 31,380,000 ounces in

reserves. Owning a mine would make the Hunts commercial users and free them from many of the limits the exchanges impose on speculators. It would also give them a major say in the supply side of the industry, and the behavior of the supply side was vital if they were planning more than a market coup. If they played their cards right, control of Sunshine would help them print their own money.

Unfortunately, Sunshine didn't want to be taken over. The battle raged all through the spring of 1977, but when it was over, HIRCO had 28 percent of the stock, with an option to buy the rest at \$15 a share, at a cost of an additional \$60 million. The trusty G. Michael Boswell was installed as president, and matters seemed nicely settled. There are two interpretations of what happened next. The simplest and most obvious says that Boswell turned on his benefactors. The more devious version, privately circulated by a New York broker named Andrew G. Racz, claims that there was, in fact, no split, that Boswell only appeared to turn his coat, and that he secretly continued to collude in the Hunts' titanic scheme.* Michael Boswell's actions are not in question. Shortly after taking office, he advised the remaining stockholders that \$15 was too low a price. He also implied that HIRCO was mismanaging the company. This unprecedented display of independence had the effect of stiffening the stockholders' resolve and rallying them behind their new president. Boswell bought out the Hunt interest with money lent by the company and sold the shares to a group of Arab investors. He traded more shares to another Arab investor, Roger Tamraz, in exchange for Tamraz's London brokerage firm, giving Boswell control of a bullion dealer. With slight modifications, these were exactly the moves the Hunts would make on a far grander scale. In February 1980, anticipating the Hunts by a month and a half, he tested the international market for a novel new bond offering. The bonds were indexed to the price of silver; in effect, they were backed by silver. On a modest scale, they amounted to a private monetization of the metal. According to sources at Drexel Burnham Lambert, the brokerage handling the deal, the idea had originated with Nelson Bunker Hunt.

Whether maverick or mole, it would seem that Boswell was implementing a carefully thought out plan that depended on three elements: control of a bullion dealer, Arab money, and silver bonds.

* Mr. Racz continued to circulate his theory until October 1980, when the Hunts employed his firm to divest themselves of their final 317,130 shares in Bache Halsey Stuart Shields. Mr. Racz got a tidy sum from this, and thereafter fell silent.

AROUND THIS TIME, the Hunts discovered a new problem. It was a novel one. They didn't have enough money.

The Banco de Mexico sale of silver in 1974 had revealed a fatal flaw in their calculations; as they drove the price up, they would be taken from the flank by a major influx of fresh supplies. In order to prevent their plans from being canceled out—remember, they weren't merely trying to buy silver, they were trying to buy enough to control the world market—they needed some insurance in the form of a massive infusion of fresh capital. Since the market got rolling in a desirably upward direction, much of this money would be provided by a pyramid financed by the proceeds on the shorts, but until then they were going to need more cash, a lot more cash. That meant that either they were going to have to make some loans or they were going to have to find some partners. Loans for the requisite amount were dangerous. The requisite amount was huge; in the mid- and late 1970s, silver cost around \$4 an ounce. If another 50 million ounces appeared out of nowhere, it would be at least \$200 million to buy it. It would probably take more, and yet more—much more—would be required to move the market. Bank loans might be useful at some point, but bank loans cost money. By far the best way was to recruit some allies. There could not be many of them, they would have to be wealthy, they would have to be fabulously wealthy, and they would have to have access to large sums of ready cash. In mid-March 1975, Bunker Hunt flew to Teheran.

The shah was unavailable, but the finance minister lent his ear. Bunker outlined his plan. It was very simple. The Iranians would take a month's petroleum revenues and buy some silver—not Hunt silver, but COMEX silver or LBOT silver or London silver—and store it in Zurich as a hedge against inflation. Pondering his proposal as he eyed Mr. Hunt's clothing, the finance minister asked him how much he had made last year. Bunker's suggestion did not bear fruit.

With his aide (since defected), Bill Bledsoe, Bunker flew to Europe, dropped Bledsoe off in Zurich, and continued to Paris to have a look at his racehorses. Acting on instructions from Herbert, Bledsoe arranged for additional warehouse space for the family silver. He also called on the Union Bank, Cr  dit Suisse, the Swiss Bank Corporation, and the Banque Populaire. Bunker and Herbert were planning to buy an additional 25 or 30 million ounces of silver, and they wanted to know if the banks would put up between 75 percent and 80 percent of the money, with the loans secured by

the warehouse receipts on the more than 20 million ounces they physically held in the United States. The banks showed a willingness to oblige.

Bunker next planned to fly to Jidda and lay his proposal before King Faisal, but the monarch was assassinated before the trip could take place. The Arab play was put on hold, but it was still a good idea. The money was there. Arabs traditionally favor investments that offer a high yield, maximum liquidity of assets, and absolute security. Silver would be an attractive proposition. Moreover, Arabs do business in a highly personal way, through family alliances and friendship, and they are loyal—until they come to feel betrayed.

Succeeding in soybeans

ONCE AGAIN, however, the Hunts were distracted. They finally managed to corner something. In August 1976, it was noticed that the price of soybeans had been undergoing a rather peculiar parallel with the price of silver for the preceding four months. No one seemed to know what, if anything, this meant. However, if someone had a massive position in silver, and if that same person had a massive position in soybeans, and if he were moving his positions forward in tandem, identical price curves were to be expected. Soybeans are traded in Chicago. The CBOT is a secretive market, which is one of the reasons the Hunts moved the bulk of their silver positions there in 1975. Nothing useful can be discovered about their trading pattern until April 1977, when it was revealed that Bunker, Herbert, five of their children, and a family holding company owned 22.7 million bushels out of a national supply of 65 million bushels, and they controlled the market. Houston Hunt, Bunker's eighteen-year-old son, later testified that he made \$7.5 million over the pay phone in his fraternity house. The Chicago limit for individual trading is 3 million bushels. The Hunts denied that they were trading in concert; their mutual presence in soybeans was, it seemed, just a big coincidence.

The brazenness of it all was too much even for the CFTC, and for once it reacted. It hauled the boys into court and made them spend money to defend themselves. The result was curious. After much toing and froing, the federal court handed down a preliminary injunction ordering the Hunts to obey the trading limits—in other words, they were instructed to obey the law. A year has passed since the decision, and the preliminary injunction

"Pondering this proposal as he eyed Mr. Hunt's clothing, the finance minister asked him how much he made last year."

has still not been made permanent. Meanwhile, the CFTC administrative judge carefully reviewed all possible sanctions and, one by one, found them inapplicable. The CFTC then asked the judge to reconsider. This matter, too, has been pending for a year, with no decision in sight. In other words, they got away with it.

It was another instructive venture. It demonstrated that you could rob a house and escape with the loot, as long as you claimed you were just passing through. The lesson was not lost.

They were almost ready to try silver again. Their bungling in sugar had shown them the possibilities of up-limit bidding. The Swiss stood ready with lines of credit. Soybeans had shown the proof of the theory: trading was possible. They had also shown that the CFTC probably couldn't stop them, position limits or no position limits. But the Hunts still needed partners. Their various speculations were causing recurring cash shortages at various points within the family empire.

Now it was John Connally's turn to take a hand. Connally had a good friend named Sheik Khaled ben Mafouz. Mafouz, an immensely wealthy man, is the chief operating officer of the National Commercial Bank of Jidda, which his family controls. In February 1978, Mafouz took over an entire floor of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington and installed himself there with his forty bodyguards. Among his visitors were John Connally and Nelson Bunker Hunt. Mafouz, like the shah, made no move, but Bunker was getting himself widely known around the Gulf as a man who saw great possibilities in the silver market.

He was also active on his own behalf. Bunker kept a number of his thoroughbreds at a French stable in Chantilly managed by Maurice Zilber, an Egyptian-born Jew. By a happy chance, another of Zilber's customers was a naturalized Saudi of Lebanese origin named Mahmoud Fustock. Fustock's sister, Aida, was once married to Prince Abdullah, the commander of the Saudi National Guard and third in line for the throne, and Fustock himself enjoyed the Prince's confidence. He was, in fact, a wakeel—roughly the equivalent of a nineteenth-century British nobleman's man of business. Fronting for his prince, the wakeel makes investments, channels the profit into the treasury and privy purse, and assumes any losses in his own name. There exists no reliable estimate of Fustock's personal wealth, in part because it is difficult to tell when he is investing in his own right and when he is acting on behalf of Abdullah and, it is said, Abdullah's son, Prince Faisal. He is very discreet.

AROUND THE BEGINNING of 1979, Fustock began to be seen in the company of Naji Robert Nahas, an entrepreneur of Egyptian extraction with Lebanese citizenship and a residence in São Paulo, Brazil. Nahas, whose name means "copper" in Arabic, also raced horses and knew Zilber and he had likewise made Bunker's acquaintance; on July 25, in Kentucky, advised Zilber, he bought eleven of Bunker's yearlings for \$1.1 million. He was receptive to the idea of a commodities play, having already made fortune in coffee futures, and he was in contact with Norton Waltuch, a trader and vice president of Continental Grain's trading subsidiary, ContiCommodities. Shortly after Waltuch successfully cornered the orange-juice market following the Florida freeze of 1977, he was contacted by Nahas, who expressed an interest in joining the play. It was too late, and Waltuch suggested silver instead. Nahas proved agreeable. On at least one occasion when Waltuch met Bunker in Paris to discuss silver, Nahas was present. In May, Waltuch also met with Fustock. Nahas was there. Bunker, Nahas, and Fustock formed a syndicate.

To avoid damaging leaks, the number of principals had to be kept small, and to forestall possible countermoves by rivals, the exchanges and government agencies, the operation had to be made as confusing as possible. Nahas established a silver trading account with Waltuch at Conti. The syndicate brought in the Geneva investment firm of Advicorp, headed by Jean-Jacques Bally and Pierre-Alain Hirshey, who established personal accounts at Conti and another commodities broker, ACLI International. Robert Ramsey, Nahas's associate, established an account at Conti. Fustock established an account at Merrill Lynch, where Herbert did much of his trading. Other monies were handled anonymously by Banque Populaire, which established accounts at ACLI and Conti, and by Gillian Financial of Geneva, which traded at Conti. Conti took other money and subdivided it, for bookkeeping purposes, between ContiCapital Management and ContiCapital Ltd. of Nassau in the Bahamas. The syndicate set up a shell corporation in Panama—Litardex—with Nahas as president and a vice president from Advicorp; Advicorp controlled its account. Advicorp also controlled the Banque Populaire, Fustock, and Gillian accounts. Nahas controlled others. Between them, Nahas and Advicorp held trading authority for ten foreign silver accounts at ACLI alone. Bunker and Herbert set up a Bermuda venture, International Metals Investment Company, Ltd. (IMIC), in partnership with Sheik Mohammad Aboud al-Amoudi and Sheik Ali bin

Jerusalem, relatively small fry by Saudi standards but associated with Abdullah's son Faisal. They were almost ready to go. "Forget Nahas, forget Bally, forget Abdullah," says a source close to the market, gesturing with exasperation. "It was the Hunts. There was nobody there but the Hunts. It was their show." There was one other thing to do. The U.S. government silver stockpile had to be immobilized.

Silver linings in Congress

THE 139-MILLION-OUNCE stockpile is under the control of the General Services Administration, and the GSA is none too happy about it. The government no longer mints silver coins, and the stuff just sits there. The government had sold

silver regularly until 1970. Now it was trying to sell some of it again. If it did, the Hunts and their syndicate were going to have to buy it; it could be the Banco de Mexico all over again. The initial sale, proposed in 1978, was to be of 62.5 million ounces, a figure later reduced to 15 million ounces when fears were voiced that such a large amount of silver would disrupt the market. 15 million ounces was better, but it still wasn't good. It would have to be bought up, it would put the government back into the market, and one sale has a way of leading to another.

Over the objections of those reliable Hunt allies Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond, the sale was approved by the Senate in October 1978, but the House failed to act until June 28, 1979, when Congressman Larry McDonald introduced a bill that would require the government to buy—not sell—\$513 million worth of silver. The co-sponsors were Steve Symms

"It was the Hunts. There was nobody there but the Hunts. It was all their show."

THE SENATOR FROM BUNKER HUNT

Senator Steve Symms of Idaho first met Bunker Hunt in 1976, when the Hunts were trying to buy the Sunshine mine in the northern part of his district. It was a fortunate encounter. Symms then sat on the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee's subcommittee on mines, and he was soon involved in a number of Hunt-related legislative initiatives; indeed, there was occasionally some question of just what he was representing, Idaho's second district or the Hunt family fortune. Symms was a busy man in 1978. In addition to the "bail out the Hunts in the future" amendment, he opposed new funding to renew the CFTC's regulatory mandate, weak though it was, and he opposed an amendment that would have allowed the states to regulate commodities trading. He also introduced a bill, written by a Great Western lawyer, that would have allotted the company a fixed share of the U.S. sugar market.

Later, he became very interested in pushing geothermal development, just as the Hunts began to buy geothermal leases. He likewise became a great fan of strip mining—the Hunts own a lot of coal—and a great foe of alternate sources of power, such as solar energy. The Hunts have no investment in solar energy.

Hunt joined Symms's campaign finance committee during the congressman's successful run against Frank Church last year, and there was a minor dustup in the press when it was found that Symms had invested in silver futures. It is true that he did, but the investment was a minor one and hardly any cause

for alarm; almost nobody's loyalty comes that cheap. One would be forced to conclude that Symms offers his services out of ideological compatibility, which is doubtless true, but ideological fellowship does not preclude the occasional hot tip. Quite the contrary.

On January 27, 1978, Symms's account at Merrill Lynch shows an unrealized profit of \$179,595 on three contracts of May orange juice—a flabbergasting sum that immediately disappears from his trading balance (which seems to indicate that he took the money and put it somewhere else), and which he did not report in his income disclosure statement. Symms has insisted that he had an overall trading loss of \$2,005.50; if the orange juice were added in, he would instead show a profit of \$177,589.50. It has been suggested that here we are witnessing no more than a computer error—although the record gives no indication of one—and the coincidence is fascinating. As it happens, Norton Waltuch of Conti International was making quite a lot of money in orange juice in 1977, when Symms would have bought, and a \$179,595 profit in the commodity is strongly suggestive of fabulous luck or inside information. Although almost no one on the exchange believes him, Waltuch claims that he didn't meet Hunt until 1979, but in this age of electronic communication, one doesn't have to lay eyes on a man to make his acquaintance, or to know his employees. Waltuch was also extremely active in sugar. Symms has since moved his trading account to ContiCommodities.

L. J. Davis
SILVER
THURSDAY

of Idaho and Richard Kelly of Florida.* It was, by most standards, a frivolous piece of legislation, but it stopped the projected sale cold. The Hunts had nothing to fear from that corner.

Between the end of 1978 and March 1979, the Hunts increased the number of their silver contracts from 5,393 to 8,354, and the price of silver began to move up. Exchange officials later made much of the fact that the movement was spontaneous, a result of the reliable old law of supply and demand rather than the machinations of the Hunts, but the exchange executives have a vested interest in proving that the Hunts never did anything. Their trading floors are among the last strongholds of unfettered free enterprise on the surface of the planet, and their nightmare is government regulation. They therefore choose to ignore that the price-escalating silver shortage was in some part caused by the enormous amount of silver the Hunts had already withdrawn from trading—the Zürich horde, the silver they owned in the vaults of CBOT and COMEX—and the 41,770,000 ounces they had tied up in contracts. In all, they controlled perhaps 120 million ounces, and if they did not yet control the market, they could make it move. Silver reached close to \$9 an ounce in July 1979. This time, there was to be no sudden rush into the market. This time, the Hunts weren't going to come down like the wolf on the fold. This time, they were going to do it right.

By the end of August, with the threat of a market overhang from the government stockpile eliminated by McDonald, Symms, and Kelly, the syndicate was ready.

AT THE END of August, as the price reached \$10.15 an ounce, the CFTC made an astonishing and puzzling discovery. Five accounts, handled by Waltuch and traded on COMEX, had established net long positions aggregating 8,560

contracts, or 42,800,000 ounces. These accounts were owned by Nahas, Banque Populaire, Gillian, ContiCapital Management, ContiCapital Ltd, and Waltuch himself, and they were concentrated in the December contract. Furthermore, IMIC had established CBOT and COMEX position of another million ounces. The CFTC had no idea what IMIC represented. It appears to have been unaware of the Fustock, Ramsey, and Litare accounts, and it paid little attention to other positions at Bache, ACLI, and Merrill Lynch, possibly because Waltuch seemed to go out his way to call attention to himself. It became his practice to stride conspicuously across the floor in his silver Conti jacket, the world's greatest silver long. As he approached the everybody but the commercials got out. He hit the up limit.

Everyone knew a squeeze was on, but nobody could prove it. Everyone knew the Norton Waltuch commanded the vanguard, but nobody could prove that, either. That there was a guiding intelligence was clear, and identity was suspected, but it, too, was impervious to proof. The CFTC dithered.

Another odd thing happened. Norton Waltuch bought no more silver for his own account after August. Later, in December, trading against his own clients and the Hunts, he began to liquidate his position. In the process he made between \$10 and \$20 million while everyone else was losing his shirt.

With the CFTC seemingly transfixed by the hooded figure in the middle distance, the exchanges took steps. The daily market limits were widened and initial margin was increased—from \$1,000 to \$1,750 per contract at CBOT and from \$1,500 to \$5,000 at COMEX. It was too late. With the bulk of the speculation driven out of the market and the price of silver escalating, the Hunts had the first stage of their pyramid: they were cleaning up on variation margin. It was time to drive the price higher still by removing some more silver from circulation.

In September, IMIC took delivery of 5,920,000 ounces, Banque Populaire took 4,575,000 ounces, and Nahas took 2,750,000 ounces. In October, IMIC took out an additional 6,720,000 ounces, and Banque Populaire took another 3,960,000 ounces. Silver hit \$11 an ounce. IMIC further strengthened its reserves by arranging EFPs totaling 27 million ounces with Mocatta in New York and Sharp Pixley in London. Whether, as the Hunts later claimed, the deal saved Mocatta and Dr. Jarecki from serious financial embarrassment cannot be determined. Since they involve bullion, coins, and forward contracts, the two

* Larry McDonald, like Kelly and Symms, has been the recipient of various small campaign contributions from the Hunts, and he and Bunker are fellow members of the Birch Society's governing body. Symms and Kelly had previously rendered the Hunts a service, and their cosponsorship of the silver purchase bill came as no surprise. Back in July 1978, when the CFTC was pushing administrative punishment for the Hunts as a result of the soybean corner after the court case had failed, Kelly in committee and Symms on the floor advanced a proposal that would have prevented any CFTC action after a commodities case was filed in the courts. It was known as the "bail out the Hunts in the future" amendment, and it got nowhere. It was an embarrassing piece of legislation, and its sponsorship is a little hard to figure out.

"Ps had no effect on the market, but they either reduced the world's available supply. In late September, COMEX increased margin to \$50,000 per contract in the spot month, and CBOT increased initial margin to \$4,000. On October 3, CBOT further increased margin to \$30,000 per contract on all existing and future positions of 300 or more contracts. The CFTC finally found out who owned IMIC and asked Bunker to stop by the office for a chat, with a brazenness that is almost admirable, and told the commissioners that he knew no one other than his two partners and he didn't even meet al-Amoudi. He also announced that he was exchanging silver in American vaults for silver in London and Zürich. He said he was doing so because he was afraid the government might try to take it away from him, the way it had taken away gold in 1932. The CFTC placed a report of the conversation in its files and did nothing.

The Peruvian gamble

MEANWHILE, SOMETHING had gone wrong, although nobody noticed it at the time. Minpeco, the Peruvian government's silver marketing agent, went short 13.5 million ounces in October. That position is a gamble that the market will decline, and the gamble looked reasonable. The CFTC, still officially unaware of what was happening, learned that COMEX had managed to negotiate a confidential agreement whereby Nahas, Banque Populaire, and Walch would reduce their position in the December contract, thus reducing the pressure on the shorts. On October 19, the COMEX price stood at \$17.46 an ounce. On October 26, the supposedly secret agreement took effect, the price had dropped to \$16.35. However, on the day before, October 25, David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger finally prevailed over the strenuous objections of the State Department, and the Shah of Iran was permitted to the country for medical treatment. The Shah, as it turned out, was suffering from gallstone. Mr. Rockefeller and Dr. Kissinger were facing an embarrassing situation on the books of their bank and gave every indication of attempting to solve it by fomenting an international incident that might result in the freezing of Iranian funds in U.S. banks in the money market. On November 4, the embassy was seized and hostages taken. In times of crisis, money runs to precious metals. The price of silver began to go up again. By November 30, it was back at \$18.76 an ounce, and the Peruvians were faced with a dilemma. Either

they were going to have to come up with 13.5 million ounces of silver, which they didn't have, or they were going to have to assume an offsetting long position, take an \$80-million loss, and run the price up further. The decision had to be made soon.

Unaware of the Peruvians' mounting problem, Bunker and Herbert were sitting pretty. At the end of October, the Hunts and IMIC owned 26 percent of the silver in the COMEX vaults and 62 percent of CBOT's. As a result of the Mocatta and Sharps Pixley transactions, IMIC owned an additional 27-28 million ounces that were outside the market altogether, and the transfer of ownership to London and Zürich was proceeding nicely. If they were following the same plan that Boswell was pursuing, it was now time to achieve a position of influence in a brokerage house, and that is exactly what they did. Capitalizing on the takeover fears of Harry A. Jacobs, Jr., the chairman of Bache, the brothers bought 6.5 percent of the firm's stock, each taking a half participation to evade the SEC's disclosure rules. It was an ideal transaction. Bache, one of the country's largest brokerages, wasn't "exactly a bucket shop," says a source close to the market, "but, well, you know what I mean." The Hunts were already doing a gigantic business with the firm, which gave them the considerable advantages enjoyed by very favored customers. Now they were major stockholders and objects of the chairman's gratitude. Unusual access to the firm's assets was ensured.

Things were looking good. Until the Iranian crisis drove scared money into metal, Walch's antics and the new high margins kept speculation at a minimum—a desirable thing. It was time to complete their pyramid.

WITH THE EXCEPTION of the contracts purchased at the beginning of the year and a few other contracts adjusted for tax purposes, the bulk of the Hunts' position consisted of \$4 silver. With the warehouse receipts from this silver as collateral, they had raised \$267,836,600 in loans from brokerage houses and Swiss and American banks by August 1, 1979. With silver now trading at more than four times four dollars, it was possible to take the very same warehouse receipts and go to the well again, obtaining the money that would enable them to squeeze the shorts out of existence, scoop up all but a small remnant of the exchange silver (leaving enough in other hands to keep the market functioning), and move on to the final phase of the operation—the issuance of the silver-indexed negotiable

"In times of crisis, money runs to precious metals."

L. J. Davis
SILVER
THURSDAY

bonds that would give them their own hard currency and allow them to have their cake and eat it too. They borrowed an additional \$136,290,800—\$66,290,800 from ACLI, \$37 million from Bache, \$15 million from Crédit Lyonnais, \$8 million from the J. Henry Schroder Bank & Trust Co., and \$10 million from the First National Bank of Chicago. IMIC, moving into debt for the first time, borrowed \$50 million from Merrill Lynch, \$10 million from the Schroder Bank of Zürich, \$25 million from Citibank, \$150 million from the Swiss Bank Corporation, \$25,482,060 from Mocatta, and \$12,003,000 from various U.S. banks on Bunker's coin options. By the end of the year, the brothers and IMIC had \$408,775,860 in new funds. It is not known how much the other members of the syndicate raised. But it should have been enough. It wasn't.

November was quiet; CBOT reduced its margins. Silver reached \$18.81 on November 30. On December 14 it hit \$21.65 and it stood at \$29.35 on December 28. The Hunts didn't seem to realize it, but they had just lost control of the market. The Peruvians took their medicine and went long 13.5 million ounces. While Islam was distracted by Mr. Rockefeller's crisis, the Russians invaded Afghanistan, and more money began to pour in. CBOT raised its margins again, but it did no good. Silver was off on a ride that wouldn't end until March 28, and the Hunts were as good as dead.

At first it didn't look too bad. The syndicate had plenty of money. On December 27, it controlled 53 percent of the COMEX stocks, 69 percent of CBOT's. The jump in prices looked good, too; more money flowed in from the shorts. Unfortunately, the syndicate also held 57 percent of the open interest in the March contract, and by March the market was completely out of whack.

"Silver Thursday"

ON JANUARY 4, silver reached \$36.10, and the exchanges again tried to strike back. COMEX established position limits of 500 contracts in January and February and 2,000 contracts in all other months. Bunker and Herbert were later to make much of this and other restrictive actions, pointing to the large number of shorts among the membership of the CBOT and COMEX boards of directors and claiming that they unfairly changed the rules in the middle of the game. Here is more irony. The exchanges are near perfect examples of the sort of free-enterprise capitalism Bunker has long extolled, and he should have been aware that

they had a perfect right to change the rules anytime they felt like it; the Hunts themselves are notorious hardball players, and beating up on business opponents is their favorite recreation. Meanwhile, the CFTC, the impotent agent of that creeping socialism Bunker so deplores, did absolutely nothing if it had possessed the power or the will to do it might actually have helped him out. Furthermore, although the rule changes made the game more costly and difficult, they were the Hunts' main problem. It was the Banco Mexico all over again, it was the sugar price all over again. The price was skyrocketing and the syndicate was getting hit with new silver from all directions. People melted down their flatware and teasetts, perhaps as much as a million ounces of them. Coin hoards suddenly appeared, and volumes of Indian silver flowed through the smugglers' market in Dubai. Formerly unprofitable mine shafts were reopened and the refiners increased their output. The CFTC estimates that as much as 90 million new ounces appeared in this matter, and the figure was probably higher; COMEX and CBOT silver stocks began to rise again. If the syndicate was to regain its edge, it was going to have to buy up that silver, too, and the new rules made it hard. To evade the position limits, Bunker established new accounts, one in each of them in the name of his horse trainer, and Nahas followed suit, but there was too much silver for them to handle and it was coming in too fast. The market was reacting on its own again.

The Hunts almost immediately made matters worse for themselves. Still moving the silver out of the country in mid-January, they engaged in a number of EFPs that threw the London price out of line with New York and Chicago, creating a backwardation and driving the price up further. On January 18, it briefly reached \$50.35 an ounce and closed at \$46.8 in New York and \$47.25 in Chicago. On January 21, COMEX limited trading to liquidation only and CBOT followed suit the next day. On February 4, with silver finally stable at around \$35, COMEX increased margins again, to \$60,000 on positions of 251 or more contracts, and made them retroactive, cutting further into the syndicate's capital.

Capital was once more beginning to be a problem. The Hunts took large deliveries in early February and rolled the bulk of their contracts forward to months unaffected by the emergency rules, but they had some problems. They still owned a lot of \$4 silver, but it wasn't \$4 silver anymore. In the language of the market, it was priced to spot on the day they rolled it, and the vault silver was mortgaged at the rate prevailing when the loan was taken. Feb-

ary silver was drifting between \$32 and \$37, and they were getting some margin and collateral calls. The 90 million or more ounces of new silver had taken the pressure off the shorts, the rise in price had reduced its value as an inflationary hedge, and there were signs that crisis buying was slackening off in all precious metals. The syndicate was in danger of finding itself alone on the long side of the market, with a lot of gleeful shorts on the other side. Unless they could come up with some more money and come up with it soon, they could not only fail in their great goal but they would be in serious danger of a downward price break—and a downward break could be disastrous.

In early March, Bunker went out to the Gulf again. Exactly what he did there is a little vague, but he seems to have tried to raise additional money from the Gulf Investment Company, a consortium of Kuwaitis and Bahrainis who had previously traded very successfully through Bank BAIL, netting around \$22 million when they bailed out of the market in January. They had been eager to try their luck again, and they joined with the Hunts in a new company called Gulf Precious Metals, capitalized at \$500 million, of which the Hunts were to put up between 10 and 20 percent. Whether because they sensed the weakness of the market or for some other reason, the Arabs failed to produce their share, and Bunker had come to persuade them. He failed. It is possible that he also visited Faisal and Abdullah. So, he got nowhere with them, either. There wasn't going to be any more money unless the Hunts raised it themselves.

On March 14, the market hit \$21 an ounce in New York. To call it a market anymore was a misnomer: it was a shearing operation, and the Hunts and their syndicate were the sheep. They were trapped. They couldn't have gone short even if it had been practical. In the pure, untrammelled capitalistic system the Hunts and their friends had gotten mixed up in, there had to be a buyer for every seller, a seller for every buyer, and they were virtually alone on the long side of the market with a handful of minor camp followers. It was a ridiculous situation. They owned most of the available silver in the world, and they needed some paper money. Collateral calls were eating into their stockpile and margin calls were eating into their cash. The Hunts began mortgaging their oil leases. They took loans from Placid. They took loans from ACLI and Bache and Merrill Lynch and E. F. Hutton. They drew down new lines of bank credit. Nahas put up his ships. The free enterprise system ground on and on. The shearing continued. The Hunts' margin calls

were running in the vicinity of \$10 million a day.

Making the market crash

MAYBE THEIR SISTER Margaret put her foot down, maybe they just decided that their string had run out, but the Hunts made a decision. They decided to place the world financial system in jeopardy rather than lose any more money. On March 25, Herbert informed Bache that they couldn't make a \$135-million margin call. It was another gamble. Either the market would rescue itself or it wouldn't, but at some point the government was going to have to intervene, either to save the situation or to forestall a second crash when the syndicate's enormous silver supply threatened to go into liquidation. It might work or it might not—many things could go wrong—but the government was their best hope now. That was the reality of the situation. Whether the Hunts quite grasped it is an open question, and not even Bunker's subsequent peculiar behavior quite answers it.

He and his brother no longer controlled the market—the shorts did—but he could still make it crash, and that was what he did. Their debt was enormous. They owed ACLI \$134,258,000, Bache \$233,430,300, E. F. Hutton \$100 million, and Merrill Lynch \$102,501,200. Their bank debt had grown to \$359 million. They owed Placid \$105 million. Herbert owed Bunker \$40,500,000. IMIC owed Merrill Lynch \$287,750,000, Mocatta \$17,677,000, and the banks \$161 million. There was an upcoming forward contract with Engelhard Minerals of \$665 million—19 million ounces at the old \$35-an-ounce price—and they were locked into it. The brokerages had begun to sell off the Hunt warehouse receipts they held as collateral. The banks held more warehouse receipts. The brothers were in danger of losing it all—not their fortune, although the catastrophe would have taken a healthy bite out of it, but the silver itself. There was only one ray of hope. The CFTC had finally begun to meet with the Treasury and the Federal Reserve, and Chairman Volker himself was involved. The government was still doing nothing, but its attention had been attracted at last. Something might be done.

It is impossible to know the state of Bunker's mind on March 26, but it is clear what he did. At 8 P.M. Paris time (2 P.M. in New York), he announced that he, Fustock, Nahas, al-Amoudi, and Prince Faisal were prepared to issue silver-backed bonds. Maybe it was nothing

"It was a shearing operation, and the Hunts and their syndicate were the sheep."

ing but a last-ditch play to raise some money, a premature implementation of a long-maturing plan, a last desperate plunge. On the other hand, maybe it was a calculated risk of an entirely different sort. The Hunts may not know much about business, but they've always known how to gamble.

Bunker's announcement broke the back of the market, such as it was. If the traders had needed a signal that the Hunts were finally, completely out of money, they could not have received a clearer one. The price of silver dropped \$5, to \$10.80 an ounce. It didn't seem as though Bache could hold out. The Dow fell 25.43 points. Bache and Merrill Lynch asked that the market be closed. Wild rumors were everywhere. To men who knew or suspected just how frail the Western economic system had become in the last twenty years, Silver Thursday, March 27, bore a disquieting resemblance to a certain Thursday in October, just over fifty years before.

The best-laid plans

WHETHER BUNKER INTENDED it that way or not, the gamble paid off. The exchanges, fearing that they would never reopen, refused to close. On Friday, March 28, Bache and the other brokerages continued to unload Hunt silver, and it seemed inevitable that the price would continue to break downward. But it didn't. Instead, somebody—a syndicate put together in secret by Dr. Jarecki, it is said—bought a billion dollars' worth of silver at bargain-basement rates, and by the end of the day the price had stabilized at \$12 an ounce. It would remain stable. More, it would rise modestly, rewarding the Jarecki syndicate (or whoever) with a handsome profit. Thanks to the Hunt collateral, Bache did not, in fact, go under; it reported the most profitable year in its history. The Hunts didn't have to pay Engelhard \$665 million, nor did they have to part with the silver they had left after the margin calls were satisfied—the bullion in Zürich is safe for the moment, its precise or even approximate quantity unknown, and during the subsequent Congressional testimony, neither Bunker nor Herbert mentioned Zürich at all. With the Fed standing as a keenly interested spectator in the wings, they were able to form themselves into a general partnership with Placid (which is more than a little like forming a general partnership with yourself), put up their coal, their gold, their racehorses, and their oil leases in the Beaufort Sea, and obtain a billion and a tenth dollars to pay their

debts and retain their diminished but enormous hoard. It is roughly the same amount as that which Chrysler was able to obtain with considerably more hullabaloo—Congressman Kelly, who was fierce in his opposition to the Chrysler bailout, was strangely silent on the subject despite the Fed's involvement—although the interest payments are staggering. The world has been spared the spectacle of Hunt brothers walking the streets without a pair of silver dimes to rub together. True, perhaps Nahas lost his ships and between \$2 and \$3 million in cash, and his trading losses on Conti around \$10 million after the tax written off, but Norton Waltuch made at least that much and probably more. True, too, the Saudis were not best pleased by their adventure and are unlikely either to trust the Hunts or dabble in silver in the foreseeable future—Abdullah may have lost in the vicinity of a billion dollars, and this may actually be a good thing. (Abdullah Amoudi was apparently compensated for his personal losses with new construction contracts in his native land, where the pie is large.) A few silverware manufacturers had some rock-bottom months, the price of photographic paper, X-ray film, and hearing-aid batteries rose, and a few small investors followed the Hunts and lost their shirts. All in all, the whole caper appeared to be another romance of capitalism, where the unwise have been punished (but not too severely) and the invisible hand has again worked its magic and saved the day with minimal loss. As a colleague of mine remarked recently, who cares?

Well, for one, Lee Iacocca of Chrysler probably does. As it happens, the Banque Bruxelles Lambert of Belgium owned 40 percent of NRT Metals, Inc., a COMEX broker that went out of business in part because of the run on silver. Banque Bruxelles Lambert therefore found itself in a liquidity squeeze and was obliged to sue the Chrysler Corporation for \$10 million in overdue debt, adding to the corporation's many woes. In addition, there is the small matter of the Hunts' \$1.1-billion loan, given with the Fed's blessing to pay debts incurred in defiance of the Fed's own strictures about speculative borrowing. They are wheels within wheels here, but the important things to remember are: that the original debt had to come from somewhere; that the banks made the loans in the first place to fund a takeover of the world's silver supply for purposes that can only be guessed at (Robert Abboud, of First National of Chicago, appears to be out of a job in banking as a result); and that by applying its influence to the making of the consolidated loan, the Fed has again betrayed a disquieting tendency to ra-

...a danger rather than abolish it. Last, there is the matter of money itself.

BUNKER WAS perfectly right about money, of course. Since it severed its currency from gold a decade ago, the government has indeed been in the paper business, just as Bunker insists, with folding money backed by little more than faith and magic. There is even a futures market in the various forms of specie now, although it were a crop whose value has to be determined by speculation.

Here one sees the peculiar beauty of the others' hard-currency scheme, the sort of thing that's probably obvious to a conservative ultrabillionaire. Simply put, silver-backed currency (had it been printed) would have solved the big problem of modern business. Assume you are a large company. Assume you need to buy some generators. Generators are enormous and costly objects, and they are made to order. This takes time. Time, in a world where money fluctuates, is no longer the businessman's friend. In agreeing on the price for the generators, both the buyer and the seller must make a gambler's guess concerning the due of money at the time of delivery. The one who guesses wrong takes a bath—unless, of course, he has constructed a prudent and effective hedge in the international money market, a gamble in itself. Bunker bucks, as they might have been known, would have been indexed to the price of silver (which the brothers, with their 140 million ounces, would have controlled), and are therefore a tidy and elegant solution to the dilemma. Their value would not have fluctuated. As the world's only stable currency, they would have been much in demand.

No one knows what would have happened if the Hunts had succeeded in their ambition, whether to use silver as a bartering medium or to print their own hard currency or whatever else might have occurred to their fertile, erratic, imaginations. Certainly they would have become a power in the West, a power of incalculable magnitude, entirely private, politically strange, and curiously ignorant or contemptuous of the problems of mortals less rich. As it is, they didn't cause a worldwide financial collapse, but they might have, and their punishment was all but nonexistent: the banks and the Fed saw to that. The Hunts have presented us with an old problem, but in a new way. It concerns malefactors of great wealth, or the first time since the days of the robber barons, we are witnessing vast new concentrations of wealth in relatively few hands—specifi-

cally those of the Saudis and the banks and the handful of corporations they deal with. It is an unknown factor, this concentration of the world's treasure, and its implications are various, unpleasant, and vague, but the Hunts demonstrated at least one application to which it might be put. They couldn't corner silver on their own, so they went out and got some money. They failed, and they are unlikely to find the Saudi purses open to them again. But they have established a precedent, and other men have fertile imaginations, too. Presently, within a decade or less, the Saudi development plan will come to an end, and their cash accumulation is likely to advance from the remarkable to the fabulous. Doubtless they will want to do something with it. Indeed, they will have to do something with it or run the risk of standing in the same relation to the United States that the United States stood to India in the 1960s: they will end up owning a big piece of the currency, and the currency is based on faith and magic. It is a situation rich with possibilities. The Hunts suggested one. Doubtless other men, equally inventive and plausible, will suggest others. Only one thing is certain: most of the elements of the capitalist system, like the futures market, can be employed in ways for which they are not designed and against which they have few or no defenses, and another Bunker Hunt is inevitable. Perhaps next time he will succeed.

Meanwhile, the Hunts still have their silver—60 million ounces, 100 million ounces, however much it is—and there are indications that the play is about to begin again. Although the price of the metal has failed to reach the \$25-per-ounce level that would enable them to refinance the loan and thus escape its prohibition on speculation, they have found ways to make a few other moves. In January, they announced their intention to buy a major stake in some Canadian deposits that, when mined, will allow them to reenter the market as legitimate hedgers, in addition to giving them the reliable source of supply that was denied them when—perhaps—they lost control of Sunshine. In February large withdrawals were made from the silver stocks in CBOT's vaults. It was reported that the Hunts transferred over 30 million ounces to Delaware. Just why they did, the reports do not say, nor do they say who was moving the rest of the silver and where it was going. Meanwhile, another familiar pattern has reasserted itself. In June 1980, the Goldfield Corporation sold 4 percent of a New Mexican silver-prospecting venture to Ellen Hunt Flowers, with an option on another 16 percent. Ellen Hunt Flowers is the daughter of Nelson Bunker Hunt.

"Bunker was perfectly right about money, of course."

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

MODERN MARTYRS

No. 1: The Fiction Editor Confronting the Best-selling Author's Latest Manuscript



Paul Latham pushed a thatch of tousled light brown hair back from his forehead. The brilliance of the McLean, Virginia, afternoon sky bathed his office in a soothing—and wholly incongruous—glow. At

thirty-two, he had been with the Agency just three years, but he fully comprehended the significance of the cassette before him on his desk. “Forty-eight hours,” he thought. “Forty-eight hours, and the entire

Persian Gulf... gone... just like that.”

Involuntarily, he snapped his fingers.

But could he rely on the authenticity of this thin, innocuous-looking tape cartridge Kamenev had brought him? Kamenev had proven his loyalty to the Agency many times over, and in extremely hazardous circumstances. Nevertheless, a gut feeling—a psychic shooting pain that he did not dare mention to his superiors—had brought the same half-formed fear to the surface more than once.

Double a—

Suddenly, like the leap of a sparrow between two Leyden jars, his thoughts turned to Elaine. Last night, in her tiny apartment in Georgetown, they had done that thing with the cup one more time. Afterward, as always, the very notion of it had repelled him, but—as always—in the moment itself a compulsion from deep within the recesses of his iliopsoas self had taken over his entire being, and this compulsion had no conscience.

The memory of it set off a surge of adrenaline, and now Latham recalled last night with a thorough professional alertness. The interior of Elaine's creamy silken bedroom ran through his mind, as if on a videotape in the Sigma Chamber, and he surveyed every square inch of it for a likely point of installation for the sort of miniaturized equipment the other side liked to use in these situations—

(What am I supposed to edit this stuff with, flea powder?)

WAKING UP

the day they took down Stalin's picture

by Joel Agee

MODERATELY UNRULY though we were in school, my friend Peter and I always defended the political status quo against "reactionaries" among our peers. Peter usually argued as a good Marxist should, with philosophic patience and an impressive arsenal of scientific information he had definitely earned that gold Medal for God Knowledge). I, on the other hand, made use of a sort of Ulbrichtian sledgehammer rhetoric combined with a style of argumentation in which my mother sometimes adopted to good effect: it consisted of simply blowing dry things away with a strong gust of emotion. I had developed a dogmatic contempt for facts anyway, in the course of four years of distance to school.) So what if the Soviet Union appropriates X percent of the DDR's gross national product: didn't Germany rankle the Soviet Union and take in human lives more than could ever be paid back in copper and soft coal? What? Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, too? Well, I just can't believe that. Why would one socialist country exploit another? That's precisely what capitalist countries *don't* do!

This earnest "progressiveness" of ours had developed in response and in direct proportion to the perceptible faltering of our parents' faith ever since the Twentieth Party Congress in Moscow, earlier that year. We were at a boarding school in Thuringia at the time, and we could only guess how it might be affecting our parents. That something extremely unusual had happened was immediately obvious when we saw the front page of *Neues Deutschland*, the official party newspaper, being read with avidity all over the school; and then there were the rectangular discolorations on the serious walls where Stalin's portrait had hung until recently.

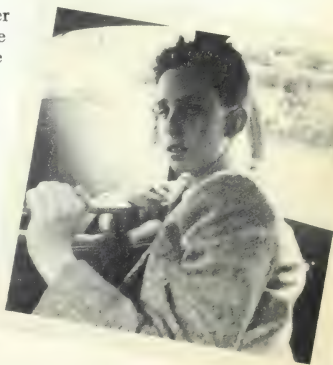
The spectacular nature of the news itself took a little longer to sink in: Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, "the immortal glorious son of the working class," a mass murderer... con-

centration camps in the Soviet Union, the motherland of social justice... It was shocking and a little frightening. Just three years ago everyone had been weeping over the death of "the Father of Nations"; five, six weeks of mourning, enough private and official sorrow to make you think no greater tragedy had ever befallen the human race—and now this sordid mess of numbers: numbers of prisoners, numbers of corpses.

The Politbureau must have sent identical directives to teachers and newspaper editors. The discussion of Khrushchev's revelations in classrooms and editorials took the form of self-congratulation: what capitalist government could boast of such candid, courageous self-criticism? Mistakes had been made, grievous, terrible mistakes, but now, thanks to Comrade Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the cult of personality belonged to a bygone era. Most of us, teachers and students alike, were perfectly content to be lulled into security. I don't remember anyone voicing any questions once the official answers had been handed down and repeated with emphatic frequency.

BUT WHEN Peter and I came home to Berlin, we found that, for our parents and their friends, Stalin's crimes weren't a settled matter at all. Bodo told me of a good friend, Otto Katz—I had known him, too, in Mexico, when I was little—who was executed in Czechoslovakia, a self-accused imperialist agent. Bodo

Joel Agee is a contributing editor of Harper's. This article is excerpted from his forthcoming book, Twelve Years: An American Boyhood in East Germany, to be published this month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Copyright © 1975, 1980, 1981 by Joel Agee.



had never been quite able to believe Otto's confession, though he recognized his friend's personal style in the words reprinted in *Neues Deutschland*; and he was disturbed, too, by the number of Jews among Otto's alleged co-conspirators. But he had silenced his misgivings. Who was he to criticize the party? Now he was certain Otto had done nothing wrong. I remember Bodo groaning one evening, over his eighth or tenth beer, bent double with contrition, that his life was in ruins, that he had wasted his talent, that he had given over his soul to that bastard, Stalin. Of course he was drunk, and got sober again, but I was shaken; and my response was to grasp hold of what Bodo and Alma had taught me were the essential and incorruptible values of communism—that man is basically good, and his deformations perfectible; that all human beings have an equal birthright to a good life; that it is better to cooperate than to compete, more ennobling to serve others than to enrich oneself; that no one should own what others need for their existence and happiness—and to fashion all these ideas into a poem. Bodo was moved to tears, by its sentiment more than its beauty, I think, because he advised me a little later to stay away from agitprop, it just wasn't the right genre for me.

Friends of our family suffered crises similar to Bodo's. A neighbor who had written one of the most famous of the many heroic odes to Stalin declared in a fit of self-loathing that what he wished to be more than anything else now was a lumberjack in some remote country like Norway. Very shortly after that, he was introduced to a Norwegian lumberjack who wanted nothing more than to leave his backwoods existence and be a poet engaged in the battles of the day. It must have been a relief, at least for the moment, to see one's despair reflected in the distorting mirror of a comical coincidence.

Bodo had always been of delicate and somewhat morbid temperament, easily unsettled; but this time he seemed to have lost all assurance of there being any solid ground beneath his feet. He listened more than he talked when his friends were over, often with a pessimistic look on his face. From time to time he'd sink into a morose depression, the corners of his mouth pulled down, a strand of hair falling over his eyes, nursing a beer and a tall glass of vodka. Gradually, though, as all the others made their adjustments, he made his. I heard of a new kind of hero—from Bodo's lips more than from anyone else's: a victim of Stalinism, a communist, unjustly imprisoned for years, is reprieved, returns to society, and humbly, without bitterness or recrimina-

tion, devotes himself to the party work he is forced to abandon long ago. These were not just inspirational tales (though they did serve that purpose); there really were such saints and not just in the Soviet Union but in my neighborhood. I regarded them with a respect approaching awe. How contemptible, in comparison, seemed Alfred Kantorowicz, our old-time neighbor in Gross-Glienicke, who was now hurling diatribes against us from West Germany, in books, articles, and on the radio. What had *he* suffered? Just disgust and frustration; no jail, no exile. What a venomous small-minded man—how could he forget, beneath the merely human errors of well-meaning bureaucrats, politicians, judges, and journalists, the noble foundations of a new and more humane society? How could he, a Jew, join forces with former Nazis, unpunished and still in power in West Germany? Why did he keep his mouth shut, or at least say what he had to say in Switzerland or somewhere like that? These were the judgments generally made of him by people I knew, and I saw no reason to contradict them. Especially not after the revolution (or counterrevolution, as the case may be) broke out in Hungary.

ON NOVEMBER 4, 1956, the handwriting in my journal grew jagged and agitated: "For days now I've been making notes on almost exclusively trivial and personal happenings—at a time when bombs are falling on Cairo, when statesmen forged terrible plans in deliberate disregard of the danger of a new world war, just for the sake of profit. Yesterday fascist terror was still raging in Hungary. Twenty-one men who were keeping watch before the CP building in Budapest were hanged from lampposts. Communists are being beaten to death, drenched with gasoline and set on fire. *It could happen here!* Everything seemed about to tipple in Hungary, everything new... the state that wanted to build socialism, that strove toward this noble and glorious goal, the government that had made so many mistakes along the way, and had made so many enemies through the return of the aristocrats and great landowners seemed imminent. This evening the Soviet Union made an armed attack on Budapest, after Kadar formed a counter-government contesting the government of Imre Nagy. How sad Chancellor Adenauer was about the whole crocodile tears he wept for the poor Hungarian people. He didn't waste a word about the Egyptian people, who experienced a trial at least as heavy in recent days. But at least in the West, the news about Cairo came prompt

Our own radio stations attempted, idiotical-ly to pretend all was well and peacefully processing as usual in the socialist camp, till the eastern radio forced them out of their silence. And they're still keeping their reports five years late, presumably because the truth has first pass muster with the Central Committee or the Politbureau. Meanwhile, the West broadcasts dramatic and, I suspect, invented peals from alleged rebel radio stations in Hungary. Who to believe in? One side lies, the other keeps silent. *Is our silence not deception as well?* This evening at 10:00 P.M. the UN General Assembly will convene to vote on the appeal of Imre Nagy for an armed defense of his government. Bodo and Ludwig Mann don't believe there will be a UN intervention, but I'm not so sure. I'm afraid the West might see its chance here to deliver a decisive blow against the suddenly vulnerable Soviet Union. But that would mean a world war. God protect us!"

Rummaging through Bodo's desk one of

those troubled days (I was looking for an eraser), I discovered a large bottle of chloroform and a plastic bag full of cotton. I knew Bodo was unhappy, that was plain to see, but I'd never heard of chloroform being used against this kind of pain. I poured some on a wad of cotton and sniffed it. It made me feel sick. Was it for Stefan? But why would they give him chloroform if he had trouble breathing? And why was the bottle so hidden away? I asked Alma about it. She was as surprised as I was. No doubt she questioned Bodo about it that same day, but she didn't tell me his answer until a few years later. He had bought the chloroform with the idea of painlessly killing us and himself in case of a fascist takeover: he was afraid we would be tortured. Alma's immediate reaction was horrified disbelief, followed by contempt: "Can you really be such a coward? You'd kill your own children—out of fear?" Bodo hung his head low and said nothing. Then Alma proposed the much more sensible plan that we all leave the

"Who to believe in? One side lies, the other keeps silent."



country and live in the United States, at least until peace was assured in the DDR. But Bodo wouldn't dream of asking a capitalist country for refuge—not from an uprising against the socialist Germany that had been the passion of his life, however marred and frustrated the dream had become in reality. He would go down with the ship if it sank; but he begged Alma's forgiveness for having been so selfish as to want to take us down with him, and to mistake that for protectiveness. Alma chose to stay then, out of loyalty to Bodo more than for any other reason. He said he needed her. He was afraid. If there was to be a civil war, she would ship Stefan and me off to the West, but she'd stay with Bodo and face whatever came.

AS IS WELL KNOWN, the Soviet Union suppressed the Hungarian revolt, and the UN chose not to intervene, thus obviating any need for drastic decisions on the part of my parents. Radio DDR caught up with its five-hour lag and gave prompt reports on the restoration of order in Budapest. American journalism, more than communist propaganda, convinced me that the Soviet invasion was justified. East German dailies published double-page spreads (in the manner of Western tabloids) of *Life* magazine's horrible photographs of burned, hanged, and shot human beings, and of their murderers dancing around them with expressions of fiendish gaiety and hatred. The question of whether this was revolution or counter-revolution, communist or fascist, dissolved in the face of such inhumanity: let it be stopped by all means and as soon as possible. Thank God for the Soviet tanks.

Bodo, who was floundering in the most anguished irresolution, told his friends—I learned about this decades later—that I had helped him see the light, that he felt so proud of my calm strength and political maturity. That was wishful thinking. No one was showing much political or any other sort of maturity those days. Not much calm strength, either. Who could be calm on the brink of Armageddon? At the end of that hastily scribbled diary entry of November 4, with its measured sentences leaning against the vertiginous pull of hysteria, I copied out the last words of an article by Stefan Hermlin, a poet who was a close friend of Bodo's:

*Hungary and Egypt must be saved so that we will not be struck tomorrow by plagues beside which all the biblical plagues will seem harmless.
Stop them!*

Stand together!

Murderers, murderers, murderers above you!

This was followed by a plaintive and simple statement of my own: "I'm afraid I don't believe in anything anymore."

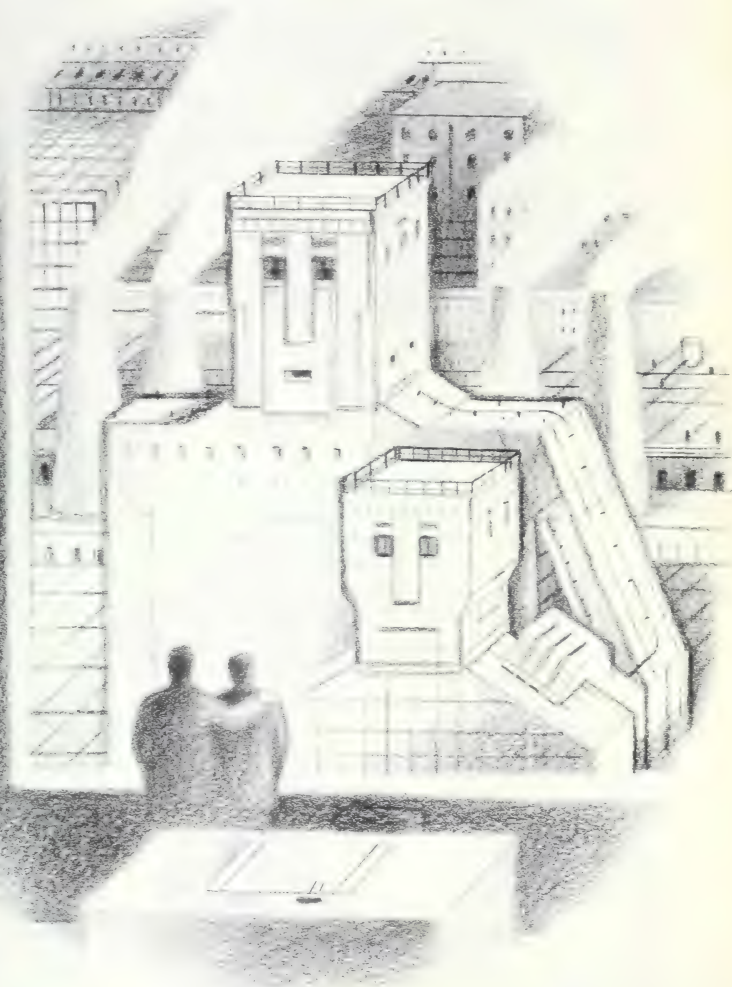
On November 6, we attended a performance of *Mother Courage* by the Berliner Ensemble in memory of Bertolt Brecht. "At the end of the last act," I wrote, "waves of shudders went up my back, watching Helene Weigel as Mother Courage, skeletal, burned out, dragging her wagon across the desolate land, almost touching the ground with her face, directionless, everything valuable destroyed by war. But still she believes in war, follows it like a lodestar. Then, after the show, as we stepped into the foyer, we saw a woman wandering about among the crowds before the buffet area by the cloakroom, weeping and embracing all kinds of people, including Bodo, including doddering old Arnold Zweig; no one seemed to know who she was. From a loudspeaker mounted on a car that was slowly passing on the street, a man's voice shouted: 'Citizens of the DDR! Egyptian cities are being carpet bombed at this moment! Help the Egyptians any way you can! Prevent a third world war! This message was repeated over and over. After that we went to the Presseklub with the L's and a fat, long-haired man whom I don't know and who was accompanied by an extremely stupid and conceited woman. The fat man said he wouldn't believe any news from the East, including the report of the carpet bombing in Cairo, until he heard it confirmed by the West, and vice versa. Nothing interesting was said after that. When we got home, I turned on Radio Freies Berlin—it's true they've been bombing Cairo. But the West isn't worried about a world war, they're paying much more attention to Budapest. Sometimes I get the terrifying feeling everywhere East and West, is being led around by the nose—but by people who themselves don't know where they're going. Like Brueghel's blind men, heading for the ditch."

I prayed a lot during those days, and I believe I was answered in the language of music. Or was it the other way around, that music revealed itself as a language of prayer? The imp of coincidence had arranged, in the planning of the curriculum for eleventh-graders that we should begin practicing the canon "Dona Nobis Pacem" at the same time that war would break out over Cairo and Budapest. Never had the harmonious unison of human voices seemed such a miracle, nor, listening to my records at home, had I ever heard music sound so urgently beautiful.

THE MIND'S EYE

by David Suter

ROBOTICS



"Someday, son, all this will be yours . . ."

Nuclear weapons delivery systems present and planned early 1980

hundreds tens ones

CBMs (solid-based) Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles

RBMs Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles

SLBMs Submarine-Launched Ballistic Missiles

Long-range cruise missiles with air launch capability

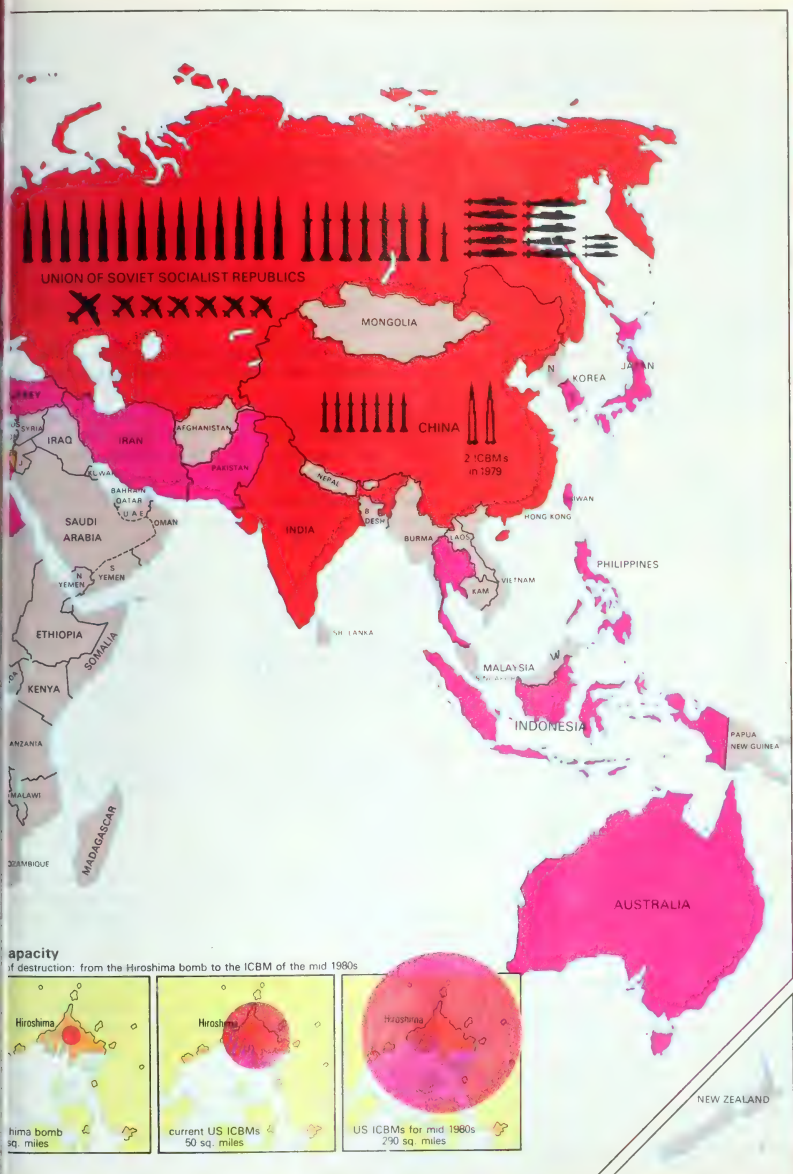
Long-range cruise missiles (ground-launched)

Fishing missiles (U.S.)

Full

62

THE NUCLEAR CLUB



XENOPHOBIA

The United States continues to be the only country where you can graduate from college without having had one year of a foreign language prior to and during the university years.*

* Rep. Paul Simon (Dem.-Ill.), *The Tongue Tied American*, Continuum, N.Y., 1980.

Most area specialist officers in the Executive Branch, including the intelligence services, do not, and usually cannot, read the materials of greatest concern to them in the original, and cannot converse in their foreign counterparts' native language beyond mere pleasantries.*

* *Ibid.*

When President Carter was in Poland in December 1977, his wish to "learn your opinions and understand your desires for the future" came out in translation as "I desire the Poles carnally."*

* *Ibid.*

If Deng Xiaoping, China's senior deputy prime minister, had not brought with him an interpreter skilled in English, his discourse with President Carter in January 1979 might have gone uncomprehended. The United States government, it turns out, does not employ anyone fully qualified to simultaneously interpret from Chinese to English.*

* James Barron, "Teaching Foreign Tongues Continues to Decline," *The New York Times*, June 17, 1979.

The State Department no longer requires any background in another language as a condition of entry into the Foreign Service.*

* Rep. Paul Simon, *op. cit.*

In Teheran in 1978 only nine of sixty foreign-service officers could speak *minimal* Farsi. In Pakistan only five of thirty-two of America's diplomatic officials are required to be proficient in Urdu. In Kenya, only one officer in twenty-two at the American embassy is required to speak Swahili.*

* J. William Fulbright, "Our linguistic and cultural myopia is losing us friends," *The Bridge*, Summer 1980. (Reprinted with permission from *Newsweek*.)

No one in the U.S. embassy in India speaks Hindi.*

* Rep. Paul Simon, *op. cit.*

When a Russian sought political asylum in the U.S. embassy in Kabul, he was unable to find anyone who spoke Russian.*

* Interview with Rose Hayden, former staff director of U.S. government exchange policy, USICA, January 1981.

Only three positions in the State Department require proficiency in the Persian language spoken in Afghanistan.*

* Barbara Burn and James Perkins, *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, May 1980.

Fewer than ten people in this country know any of the languages of Soviet Central Asia. Only two or three of them have sufficient experience and scholarly background to serve our government.*

* Allen Kassof, executive director, National Council on Foreign Language and International Studies. From a taped lecture to the Council of Graduate Schools, November 1980.

The office of the secretary of defense has about 1,500 employees, yet only one job was specifically reserved for someone with foreign-language skills, and that was for a Russian-speaking SALT treaty coordinator—a post filled by someone who does not speak Russian.*

* *Ibid.*

The European division of the office of the secretary of defense has seventy to eighty employees, who deal mainly with base site negotiations. None of the staff speaks German or French.*

* *Ibid.*

About 25 percent of army and navy jobs for which foreign-language skills are deemed essential remain unfilled. About 20 percent of such positions in the army and 35 percent in the Marines remain unfilled.*

* *The New York Times*, January 4, 1981.

In the Soviet Union there are almost ten million students of English, but there are only 28,000 students of Russian in the United States.*

* Shirley M. Hufstедler, former secretary of education, *The New York Times Magazine*, January 11, 1981.

Only one Western reporter could speak Farsi at the height of the Iran crisis, and he represented the BBC.

* Rep. Paul Simon, *op. cit.*

While the Voice of America broadcasts some 800 hours per week in thirty-eight languages on few frequencies, often with weak signals, the Soviets broadcast 2,000 hours in eighty-five languages on many more frequencies, with more powerful signals.*

* The *Washington Star*, August 9, 1980.

Only one out of twenty public high-school students studies French, German, or Russian beyond the second year.*

* The President's Commission on Foreign Language and International Studies, November 1979.

Of the eleven million U.S. students seeking graduate and undergraduate degrees, fewer than 1 percent are studying the languages used by three fourths of the world's population.*

* Rep. Paul Simon, *op. cit.*

President Reagan's nomination of William P. Clark or deputy secretary of state met with ridicule in the foreign press. *De Volkskrant*, an Amsterdam daily, called him a "nitwit," the *Daily Express* of London ran the headline, "Ask Me Another," and the Soviet press agency Tass stated, "for all practical purposes he knows nothing about foreign policy." Mr. Clark had admitted to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that he didn't know the names of the prime ministers of Zimbabwe and South Africa.*

* From an Associated Press report, *The New York Times*, February 5, 1981.

A recent study of American schoolchildren's knowledge and perception of other nations showed that 40 percent of twelfth graders could not locate Egypt and that 20 percent could not locate France or China. Only 5 percent of prospective teachers study international affairs or foreign peoples.*

* Presidential Commission Report on Languages and International Relations.

In a recent UNESCO education study of 30,000 ten- and fourteen-year-olds in nine countries, American students ranked next to last in their comprehension of foreign cultures.*

* Fred Hechinger, *The New York Times*, March 13, 1979.

A national assessment of the world knowledge of high-school seniors showed that 40 percent thought Israel an Arab nation, and only somewhat fewer that Golda Meir was president of Egypt.*

* *Change* magazine, October 1978.

A 1977 Gallup poll showed that 50 percent of all Americans did not know that the United States must import petroleum. Less than 10 percent knew we were importing one half of our energy requirements.*

* Gallup poll of 1977.

Federal funds for international education have declined in real dollars by 50 percent. Private corporate funding in this field represents less than 2 percent of all gifts and grants given.*

* Rose Hayden, "The World and You," pamphlet, 1977.

Despite repeated attempts to increase its external research funding, the Bureau of Intelligence and Research received a 1978 budget allocation of only \$1 million, giving the State Department one of the smallest research and development budgets of any federal agency.*

* Rose Hayden to the House Subcommittee on International Security and Scientific Affairs, March 22, 1978.

A 1980 Roper poll revealed that 49 percent of Americans surveyed believed that foreign trade was either irrelevant or harmful to the United States economy, despite the fact that one of three U.S. acres produces for export and one of six manufacturing jobs is directly dependent on foreign trade.*

* Interview with Rose Hayden, January 1981.

"Body by Fisher," describing a General Motors product, translated as "Corpse by Fisher" in Flemish, which did not help sales. Schweppes Tonic Water was advertised in Italy as "bathroom water." Cue toothpaste, a Colgate-Palmolive product, was advertised in France without translation errors, but Cue happens to be the name of a widely circulated book on oral sex. A laundry soap ad in Quebec promised users "clean genitals." "Come Alive with Pepsi" almost appeared in the Chinese version of *Reader's Digest* as "Pepsi Brings Your Ancestors Back from the Grave."*

* Rep. Paul Simon, *op. cit.*

When General Motors put out its Chevrolet Nova, apparently no one thought of foreign sales. Nova, when spoken as two words in Spanish, means "It doesn't go." Not surprisingly, sales in Puerto Rico and Latin America were few. With the name hastily changed to Caribe, the car sold well.*

* *Ibid.*

A 1977 survey of business-school graduates showed that 75 percent of recent Ph.D.'s and D.B.A.'s hadn't taken any international courses and that another 10 percent had taken only one international course.*

* Barbara Burn, *Expanding the International Dimensions of Higher Education*, Jossey-Bass, San Francisco, 1980.

Pan Am had to interview 16,000 applicants in 1977 to fill forty flight-attendant positions. Almost 70 percent of the applicants were rejected because of insufficient language skills.*

* *Ibid.*

DEFORMATION OF CHARACTER

Broadway's avant-garde old hat

by Martha Bayles

THE PLAY and the film *The Elephant Man* are based on the same true story, that of John Merrick, a horribly deformed Victorian Englishman who spent much of his life being exhibited in carnivals, until his case came to the attention of Frederick Treves, a famous surgeon who was responsible for bringing Merrick to London Hospital, Whitechapel, where he spent his last few years. The play has been widely acclaimed for bringing great artistic and moral complexity to bear upon this sad and sensational subject, and in the course of its four-year run it has won every conceivable award. Because of this success, and the fact that the film has only recently appeared, many people assume that the film is either an adaptation or an imitation of the play. Those who have seen both know otherwise, for the gritty realism of the film contrasts strikingly with the sophisticated theatricality of the play. Perhaps for this reason a few critics have accused the film of cheapening and exploiting material that was elevated and comprehended by the playwright, Bernard Pomerance. Others have simply described the contrast and awarded kudos to each for using its genre well.

If these critical pronouncements were true, it would be pointless to discuss the matter further. But there is more going on here than two genres working their disparate magic on the same subject. A serious comparison of the two will reveal that not only is the play inferior to the film, but the phenomenon of its success indicates a sensibility in the

Martha Bayles is a novelist living in Boston.

current theater that places meretricious cleverness above feeling and moral sense.

SINCE THE ADVENT of film, the theater has had to face the fact that compared with the freedom and mobility of the camera, the stage has almost no way of convincing its audience that what they are watching is real. Even the extreme naturalism of the late nineteenth century relied upon clumsy

artifice to achieve its semblance of illusion. And once achieved, it was almost immediately challenged by the innovations of the great modern playwrights, notably Brecht.

Borrowing and adapting techniques from everywhere except naturalism, Brecht restored to the theater its traditional reliance on the one thing that makes it more real than film: the fact that it is live, able to interact with the audience. His goal was to reach through the "screen" of illusion and remind the audience that what they are watching is not real life but a play. On the level of stagecraft, this meant the undoing of standard theatrical tricks—by deliberately revealing set machinery, lighting apparatus, and other elements of stagecraft hitherto concealed. The change, rather jarring at the time, has become virtually unnoticeable today, except as a mild intimation that the production using it is not minding its brow.

More important for our discussion is a second Brechtian device, that of doing away with props, elaborate makeup, and stage business in order to make the actors appear more like actors. This is still noticeable when it's taken to an extreme, as in *The Elephant Man*. No aspect of the play has been so lauded, in fact, as the treatment of John Merrick's appearance. People vulgar enough to go to the theater expecting to be entertained by gawking will be disappointed, because all we get are some slices of the real John Merrick, followed by a handsome young actor walking with a limp and talking with a chip in his voice. At first we feel obliged to try to remember the details from the slices, then we give up, because no im-



Frances Jetter

ation in the world can endow that under figure with the requisite number of bony protuberances and cauliflower tumors. At that point, if we're sophisticated, we realize that this is how *The Elephant Man* accomplishes the important task of reminding us that we are watching a play. Yet why is this important? The extraordinary thing about the critical action to *The Elephant Man* is the way it makes over the use of this and that couple of other techniques that, frankly, show their age. To Brecht, such things had a definite purpose, which was to create a more intellectually receptive atmosphere. Rattled by the changes, and not knowing what to expect next, the audience could watch a Brecht play with wide-awake brains—occasionally, perhaps, even soak up its socialist message. Nowadays we admire Brecht's plays for their passion and wit, not cause they shake up our expectations of the theater, which they don't. And neither does this imaginary-in-lid routine. On the contrary, it fulfills them. Everyone nods about how wonderfully theatrical it all is, how sensitively done. And it gets the applause of every critic brought up on such illusion-breaking techniques, in spite of the fact that they have long since passed into the stock of common theatrical devices, joining the tricks they were meant to undo.

This is not to say that this trick is no purpose, or merely the one of satisfying a critical preference for anti-garde old hat. Like the original, it sets up a live interaction with the audience, but in a direction just the opposite of Brecht's. Instead of telling us, it soothes us, lulls us in a sense of moral superiority. Robert Brustein has pointed out that by moving Merrick's monstrosity, the playwright has effectively removed from his own show all taint of the carnival. For it was in the carnival freak show that Merrick suffered the vilest possible treatment, in that people attended only to his deformity, not to his mind or spirit. By tinging rid of the deformity, Pomeroy saves us from being gawkers and himself from being a hawker. We are elevated above the characters onstage, who scream and faint

at the sight of Merrick. We don't see anything wrong with the guy. He's a little crooked, but so what, he's had a rough life.

Thus elevated, we are ready for the next bit of Brecht-derived business, which is to have an actor step out of character and address the audience directly. The original purpose of this was to get the audience to see a connection between their own world and that of the play. In *The Elephant Man* this takes the form of having Dr. Treves fall asleep and dream of a straightened, cured Merrick lecturing the audience on the nature of true deformity—which is not his body at all, but the soul of Dr. Treves: English surgeon, Victorian man of science, citizen of the British Empire. The true deformity, ladies and gentlemen, is society!

Once again this is the sort of thing contemporary audiences have come to expect. Indeed, a serious play would hardly be a serious play without some underdog getting up at some point to give everyone a good tongue-lashing on the utter depravity of society. We don't let this faze us, even when the society being denounced is our own. But *The Elephant Man* plays it a whole lot safer than that. It doesn't denounce us; it denounces Victorian England for having, among other problems, a hangup about sex. Now surely this is a case of beating a horse that is not only dead but fossilized. Yet like the first trick, it does not really serve to perturb us but to elevate us above the people onstage—we assume that our own sexual attitudes are so much healthier.

We are paid the same compliment during another, thoroughly meretricious, scene in which Mrs. Kendal, an actress who befriends Merrick, is persuaded by him to undress. He is in the midst of extolling her bare bosom when Dr. Treves walks in, and, very upset, orders Mrs. Kendal never to darken Merrick's door again. This is followed by a couple of wisecracks on the part of Merrick, which, added to his coy flirtatiousness at the beginning of the scene, create the impression that compared with the repressed Victorians around him, he's a pretty hip dude.

THE TROUBLE is, neither of these crowd-pleasing numbers would be possible if Merrick were made to appear as he truly was. Or as he appears in the film, which gives us the image of his affliction, right down to the last appalling lump. We are thrust into the same predicament as his contemporaries—unable to look, unable to close our eyes.

By giving us a physical fact instead of a mental construct, the film renders moot the majority of the play's preoccupations. Denunciations of society, for example, don't seem very important when it is obvious society didn't cause his main problem.

Dr. Treves may be sexually inhibited, but that doesn't seem relevant to his treatment of Merrick. We see mainly his kindness, trying to get Merrick to speak for the first time. We also see his intense curiosity at the beginning, which drives him to pay the hawker for a "private showing." There are no speeches about the turpitude of such curiosity. We, the audience, are permitted to experience it, along with Dr. Treves.

And when Merrick is revealed to him, he weeps. This is something else the film permits us to feel: pity. Fear, too: in the approach of an unsuspecting nurse to Merrick's secluded room in the hospital (also our first sight of him). In a classic horror sequence she stumbles upon him, and screams. In the play this is treated as reprehensible behavior—with an extra bit thrown in about the nurse being a typical British-colonial racist who thinks she's seen it all in darkest Africa, and so on. The film skips the anti-imperialist comment and gets on with the scene, the shock that anyone would feel. And the pity, as she apologizes in tears.

There is a lot of apologizing in this film, especially by Merrick. For curiosity, pity, and fear are not the only emotions it conveys. There is another, old-fashioned emotion, felt especially by Merrick, that doesn't show its face in the play: shame. The film is pervaded by a sense of Merrick's shame, brought to a climax in

one scene where he has just received a set of expensive men's toiletries. Alone in his private room and overjoyed at having just been told that he can stay at the hospital permanently, he celebrates by dabbing on cologne and smoothing his wretched head with a pearl-handled brush. It is a foolish, tender little venture into vanity, and it doesn't last long. One of the hospital orderlies has been selling tickets to his cronies in the taverns and chooses this moment to burst in with a crowd and make sport of the monster—with the final joke of forcing Merrick to look in a mirror.

It's an old trick, but it's mighty effective here. When Merrick screams, we apprehend his shame. We realize that he is not a denizen of a planet where everyone happens to look like that. Nor is he a sophisticated social-sexual iconoclast, passing judgment on his era. This is how the play presents him, without bothering to explain how someone who is first a Victorian, and second a physically repulsive Victorian, might have reached such an unfettered state. The play is so caught up in the desire to rouse its audience to the popular and self-righteous emotions of the rebel that it denies Merrick's true passion: the shame and misery of the outcast.

WHEN MERRICK was moved from the freak show to the hospital, he found superstition replaced with scientific explanation, horror with sympathy. This is the transformation of his life, this step from being treated like a monster to being treated like a man. For he was, in spite of his loathsome appearance, a gentle and intelligent soul. The film sets up this transformation as a sort of melodrama, which essentially it was—a struggle between good and evil, without much coloration in between. And when Merrick is kidnapped for one last tour of the carnival circuit, his rescue and return to the kind Dr. Treves are guaranteed to bring out every handkerchief in the house, except perhaps John Simon's.

The play, on the other hand, is not content with such simplicity. It would convince all parties that although the hospital may have seemed like an improvement, it really wasn't. It would claim for itself, and us, a higher morality. Just as Dr. Treves stood aghast at the freak show hawk, so shall we, the audience, stand aghast at Dr. Treves. In order to accomplish this, the play borrows another stale theatrical routine, this time from Pirandello.

Unlike Brecht, who knew perfectly well what his message was, Pirandello and his followers wrote plays that set up elaborate collisions between the beliefs of various characters, each of whom searches for reality but cannot find it, so their various mistaken beliefs add up to nothing in the end except despair. Again, this is fairly familiar stuff, and we are not surprised when the characters around Merrick see not Merrick but reflections of their own preoccupations. The minister sees faith, the actress sees art, the scientist sees nature in need of correction. All these views are presented as purely subjective, none more valid than another; and Treves is just another thrill hawk, serving a classier clientele.

In Pirandello, ideas are made to look relative by colliding with their opposites and being sucked into a vacuum at the center of the play. But the vacuum is moral and philosophical, based on contradictions and paradoxes that are carefully developed beforehand. There are no ideas in *The Elephant Man* that develop beyond facetious summary, and the vacuum that sucks them in is not intellectual. It is theatrical, based on the fact that the object of all these reactions, Merrick's affliction, isn't there. It's an easy way to make the others look deluded: six gawkers in search of a freak.

These tricks depend on each other. Without having Merrick look normal, it would be a lot harder to set up this razzmatazz of relativism. And without the razzmatazz, it would be harder to slip the audience its dose of moral flattery, the idea that we are better than Treves. In the film Merrick asks Treves, "Can you cure

me?" And Treves replies, "No. I can care for you, but we can't cure you." Hearing this, we do feel a kind of superiority, because today we could conceivably say, "Yes. We can cure you. Or at least control your illness through surgery." Such a sense of superiority may be justified in this limited respect. But it is a moral superiority.

This is the other way the play goes away with its lie. It takes our psychological sense of material progress and builds a mountain of moralization upon it. For how, in any other respect, could we do better by John Merrick? It is true that nowadays more of us would look upon his problem as a disease, not a curse or a mark of a devil. And because we might be able to eliminate its ravages, there would simply be less to behold. But these do not make us better than Frederick Treves, English surgeon. Not at all. They make us exactly like him.

IF ARTISTIC innovation is a yardstick, then neither this film nor this play measures up. Both use stock devices to tell a pre-existing story, the poignant tale of an outcast who finds a home. The only reasonable way to compare such works is to ask which set of stock devices tells it better. In the case of *The Elephant Man*, critics have praised the play for helping us comprehend a horrendous affliction by the clever tactic of eliminating it. But elimination is not comprehension. Unless self-conscious theatricality like Brecht's and Pirandello's is used to challenge the audience with an idea or message already implicit in the story, it is worthless. When it is used to butter us up with a lot of trendy interpretations that the story will not bear, it is not only worthless but dishonest. Much of today's theater seems to have no clear comprehension of anything, except that society is some kind of problem and sex some kind of solution—a vague and banal formula that in this instance deforms the story of poor John Merrick almost beyond recognition.

UNTESTED INNOVATIONS

one step forward, two steps back

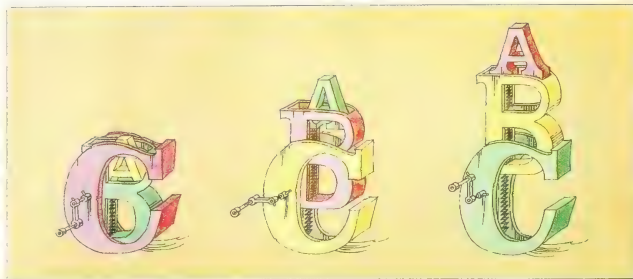
by John P. Sisk

DR. JOYCE BROTHERS'S recent book, *How to Get Whatever You Want Out of Life*, there is good news: "Love, power, riches, success, a good marriage, exciting sex, fulfillment are not impossible dreams. They can be yours if you want them." And if, it should be added at once, you are willing to apply Dr. Brothers's surefire and scientific techniques. While she was writing her book a British psychologist was perfecting a battery-powered machine about the size of a shoebox that could make it possible to dream hitherto impossible dreams—that is, dreams of one's own choice. This is marvelous, even though the dreams do not translate into reality except insofar as they may improve the morale of one's waking life; indeed, it is almost as marvelous as Dr. Robert K. Graham's project to improve the breed by collecting and making available to women the sperm of Nobel-prizewinning scientists. Fortunately, the ultimate impossible dream, to shed weight not by pill, diet, or exercise but by sleeping in slimsuits, is now offered as a reality by several manufacturers, whose

magical garments cost between \$7.95 and \$14.95. If you keep in mind that the dream machine will probably cost \$100, this is a remarkable bargain. But even more remarkable is that, according to advertisements in *The Star*, you may get everything that Dr. Brothers's book (\$8.95, \$2.50 paper) offers by wearing a golden horseshoe pendant (\$7.00, \$18.00 for three) or carrying Madame Zarina's Talisman (\$2.00 aluminum, \$4.00 bronze, \$8.95 gold). What Dr. Graham will charge for his magical sperm has not been revealed.

Dr. Graham is reported to be a conservative and a churchgoing Protestant. Dr. Brothers suggests a mixture of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Norman

Vincent Peale, and Dale Carnegie, but would probably prefer to be called a realist. Whatever else the British psychologist is, he is young and bearded. The purveyor of the golden horseshoes claims to be interested only in making money, which is probably true of the manufacturers of slimsuits. About Madame Zarina we know only that she is unavailable for comment, "though reporters have been dogging her footsteps for months." All of them, however, are optimistic and—if we remember that utopia can be defined as a state of affairs in which improvements come without tradeoffs—they are all oriented to utopia. Swift's Lemuel Gulliver would have seen in them the



Bill Crutchfield

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same spirit he observes in the Grand Academy of Lagado, in Book Three of the *Travels*.

In the Grand Academy Gulliver finds "projectors" at work on schemes to extract sunshine from cucumbers; to translate human excrement into its original food; to turn ice into gunpowder; to weave cloth from spiderwebs; to improve speculative knowledge by an elaborate sorting wheel; to improve language either by reducing it to monosyllabic nouns or by substituting for nouns bags of material objects; and to bring about political harmony by cutting off and interchanging the occiputs of contending pairs of politicians so that both might "debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull."

Gulliver observes all these projects with interest and with some sympathy; he had been something of a projector himself in his younger days. But even he seems to know that they are a waste of time and money, for he has some of Swift's conviction that a projector is one given to visionary schemes and activities—a fanatic specialist whose intense deformation of consciousness prevents him from imagining that the improvements he aims at might have undesirable tradeoffs. It is obvious that if any of these absurd innovations were turned loose in society they would have disastrous consequences: they would not have been tested adequately outside the laboratory.

IN THESE matters, as we know, Swift was a conservative literary intellectual satirizing the projects of the British Royal Society, some of which, given subsequent developments in science and technology, we are inclined to regard with more sympathy than he did. Nevertheless, it is hard today to read Book Three without transposing it into our own project-dominated world, in which the quick transition from golden promise to disconcerting side effects is the staple of the day's news. To go back to the 1939 New York World's Fair, with its utopian picture of the effortless World of Tomorrow (a projector's holiday if ever there

was one), is like returning to one's childhood. Much more acceptable to current mood is Kirkpatrick Sale's conviction that "technofix," the expression of the belief "that all our current crises can be solved, or at least significantly eased, by the application of modern high technology," is more likely to compound our problems than to solve them.

Sale's list of solutions that have not been tested adequately for long-range effects is familiar enough: synfuels that pollute the environment; a chemical-based green revolution that encourages monoculture, rather than a necessary crop diversity, in poor countries; tranquilizers that prove addictive; leaking nuclear power plants that threaten their human neighbors; miracle drugs that immunize the agencies they attack. Anyone can extend the list. Thalidomide, prescribed as a sedative for pregnant women, produces deformed babies. The risks involved in the use of contraceptives like the Pill and the IUD help drive up condom sales. While some researchers report a possible link between vasectomy and atherosclerosis, others discover that tampons may be dangerous to women and that saccharin may figure in bladder cancer. A team of Rutgers researchers led by Lionel Tiger experiments with macaque monkeys and finds evidence that contraceptive drugs may cause females to lose their sex appeal.

According to Paul Copperman in his book *The Literacy Hoax*, much of the decline of learning in public schools, particularly in the basics of writing, reading, and computing, is the consequence of such untested innovations as the new math, open-space schools, and formal systems of individualized instruction. In some areas busing, designed to facilitate racial integration, only increases racial tension. A federally mandated minimum wage designed to make sure that the young and the unskilled are not exploited keeps great numbers of them, especially blacks, from being hired at all. People who attempt to avoid the perils of smoking by taking up nicotine-flavored chewing gum may have to put up with hiccups, nausea, and dizziness, and

if they switch to snuff to avoid the form of cancer they may only be courting another. Dr. C. Peter Skine, professor of continuing medical education at the University of Wisconsin, maintains that even physical fitness has its tradeoffs. So joggers, he says, "are like narcotic addicts. When they can't jog they develop classic withdrawal symptoms: irritability and nervousness. The jobs, families, and friends suffer."

Given all this, it is understandable that so many of us are prepared for bad news as we contemplate present and planned efforts to technofix our world. What will be the tradeoffs to harm to the environment as we attempt to develop solar energy? Will an effort to solve poverty by redistribution rather than growth eventually make us all poor? What monstrosities will be visited on us now that the Supreme Court has ruled that a live laboratory-made microorganism is patentable? The computer-science industry, honoring its marvelous microchip like a communion wafer, is as certain as a Lagado projector that the smart-machine revolution will enrich our lives and solve our most intractable problems, but who or what will solve the problems that the computer-science industry will cause but can't anticipate? Will the British psychologist's dream machine making waking life so intolerably jejune that it will become as addictive as cocaine? Will technological innovation in human conception make marriage obsolete and separate sex from procreation to such a degree that sex will cease to be fun? And what about that other electronic marvel, the vibrator, the do-it-yourself sexual microchip that is now the subject of a thirteen-million-dollar-a-year industry? Will the cohabitation of woman and machine, the "meditation of self-love," as Betty Dodson puts it in *Liberating Masturbation*, result in a hybrid form of syphilis immune to any known wonder drug?

It is of course just as normal for us to have mixed feelings about recombinant DNA and the vibrator as it was for Robert Oppenheimer to have mixed feelings about what he and his fellow projectors were doing at Los Alamos with their nuclear

travels, that once impossible dream. The longer he worked on the bomb, seems, the more uneasily aware Oppenheimer became of its likely frightful tradeoff in human terms. Yet, when asked at his security clearance after the war why, in spite of its moral reservations, he had continued his work with the hydrogen bomb, he replied: "When you see something that is technically sweet you go ahead and do it and you argue that to do about it after you have had your technical success." It is this entrancement with the technically sweet that affiliates Oppenheimer's establishment at Los Alamos with wif's Grand Academy of Lagado. And what is technically sweet must finally be tested in that truest of all laboratories, the everyday world.

THE TROUBLE is that since Los Alamos we have become much more systems-conscious, and, ironically, the scientists themselves have played a major role in making us that way, or—in terms more acceptable to environmentalists and other humanists—making us think ecologically or holistically. The whole is the thing. The whole is always mysteriously greater than the sum of its parts, and the parts are interdependent and synergistic in their interactions. In systemic terms, two plus two may very well equal five, and neither "two" by itself deserves much attention, even though within the system (in banks and high school math classes, for instance) it may be necessary to ignore such holistic nonsense. Systems, we have learned to expect, have a certain tyrannical self-sufficiency, so that, as Barry Commoner says in definition of the third law of ecology in *The Closing Circle: Nature, Man and Technology*, "any major man-made change in a natural system is likely to be detrimental to that system."

Here is implied a potentially paralyzing position. If, as Professor Commoner says, nature knows best he says it with more qualification than many who have come after him), we may have a prescription for a laissez-faire attitude that opposes any in-

novation whatever, since the testing of it in the laboratory of society might cause harm. This was not Swift's position, as Irvin Ehrenpreis points out in *The Personality of Jonathan Swift*. Swift's satiric attack on the projectors of the Royal Society comes out of his conviction that in the face of Irish poverty and slavery such technically sweet preoccupations were "frivolous evasions of real duties." In the interests of alleviating that poverty and slavery, he favored innovations that to the British were scandalously untested departures from all the systems by which they lived. Nevertheless, this is not the early eighteenth century, and it is now all too easy to believe that one of the surest ways to make a bad situation worse is by trying to improve it. Perhaps Professor Commoner's third law of ecology is simply a law of life itself, whether the systems in which it operates are seen in a social, political, psychological, economic, moral, aesthetic, or theological perspective.

Newsweek reports the reaction of one investigator to the findings of Lionel Tiger and others that the Pill may adversely affect the sexual impulses of women: "We're messing with things we know very little about." This is the apprehension one feels when one begins to suspect that the system in which one has been working has appeared clear, inte-

grated, and predictable chiefly because so much has been censored out of it or because its relation with a larger system has been oversimplified or ignored. What makes good sense in a microeconomic system may make bad sense in a macroeconomic one. The good thing about Adam Smith, at least as some people read him, is that he keeps one from worrying about a possible lack of agreement between the two; to others, of course, such peace of mind is a sign that Smith ignores a more inclusive system. Moral Majority, Inc., the political action program of the electronic evangelist Jerry Falwell, takes the position that by ignoring traditional moral and religious absolutes, Americans have dangerously restricted the system in which they live. But Falwell's more comprehensive program has the technical sweetness that suggests the intense simplicities of those American millennialists about whom E. L. Tuveson has written in his splendid *Redeemer Nation*.

I find little awareness of mystery in Adam Smith or the Reverend Falwell, which suggests that they are projectors at heart. Nor is there any sense of mystery, in Dr. Brothers's book, about psychological technofix. "I don't believe in luck," she writes. "We make our own good fortune." Obviously, she is not one of those who have been dogging Madame



Zarina's footsteps. In such optimistic systems as Dr. Brothers's, one is protected from mystery by the confidence that whatever at the moment seems uncertain or problematic will sooner or later become part of the clear picture. Such systems are threatened by innovations that assume that this clear picture is to some extent an illusion—inventions, like the golden horseshoe pendant, that generally take luck into account.

The watershed experience for Dr. Brothers was the winning of the "\$64,000 Question," which she was able to do by making herself an authority on boxing. From that point on her life appears to have been an unqualified success, which may be why she is able to ignore one of the great themes in American literature: success as the untested innovation in one's life that is most likely to have unanticipated and undesirable trade-offs. If Theodore Dreiser or Stephen Crane or Sherwood Anderson or Sinclair Lewis or Ernest Hemingway or F. Scott Fitzgerald or Joseph Heller had written her life it would have come out quite differently. Most likely the winning of the "\$64,000 Question" would have been the take-off point for a painful discovery of illusion and her essential kinship with Dreiser's Carrie Meeber, Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby, or the hero of *The Education of Henry Adams*, who was jolted severely by Arthur

Balfour's announcement in 1904: "the human race without exception had lived and died in a world of illusion until the last year of the century."

SUCH A DOLEFUL hypothesis, however, ought not to distract us from the fact that to mess around with things one knows little about is also the way of the heroic adventurer. If luck is on his side, the adventurer helps the rest of us to know more about things and the nature of their systems—or at least to know which projects are in violation of the inadequately known larger systems that contain us. Barry Commoner's understanding of nature is indebted to all those adventuresome projectors whose often untested innovations helped him to understand nature in more holistic terms. In response to those who claim that innovations in nature are inevitable he is now able to say what Jacques Barzun once said in response to the pseudo-naturalism of linguistic innovators: that we cannot "know what is inevitable until we have tried good and hard to stop it." Nevertheless, the ecological interdependency of adversaries, which itself may tell us something about the nature of nature and the nature of systems, suggests that we must manage to be what projectors themselves rarely are—dis-

criminating and patient.

Literary intellectuals, or people who from a distance resemble them, are probably more systems-conscious than the rest of us, compelled by their technicality to regard the technofixing ambition of projectors as Flaubert does *Madame Bovary*. Charles Bovary, messing around with things he does not understand, attempts to correct the clubfoot of the stableboy Hippolyte by an operation that results in gangrene and the amputation of the leg; the clubfoot is eliminated much as the great fire of London supposedly cured the plague by burning up the rats along with everything else.

Flaubert presents this sorry business with the disgust that the poet and critic D. J. Enright has called the secret of modern fiction. Certainly the poems, plays, novels, and movies that literary intellectuals urge upon us amply express this disgust not only with the human condition but with the efforts of projectors to improve it. This is especially the case now that literary intellectuals, picking up where Henry Adams left off, are having trouble believing that there is any significant connection between their verbal constructs and reality. Their morale, unlike that of Dr. Brothers, who has no such trouble, is low. The Marxist dream that once dazzled so many of them has proven, like thalidomide, to be one more untested innovation that, as the historian Eugene Genovese has observed, is dreamable only if you ignore all historical attempts to realize it. If literary intellectuals agree with Barry Commoner that nature knows best, it is less because they have any confidence in nature as a reliable system (what we call nature may be nothing more than a deconstructible verbal fiction) than because they are both disillusioned and disgusted with Commoner's position.

Fifteen years ago, Crane Brinton, in a special "utopia" edition of *Daedalus*, remarked that even in France intellectuals as a class were conspicuous in their despair, not only of progress but of orthodox democ-



ry. Henry Adams himself believed at the machine the Founding Fathers constructed "was never meant to do the work of a twenty-million-horse-power society in the twentieth century, where much work needed to be done quickly and efficiently done." Certainly, American democracy was initially untested innovation—for adversaries about on a level with nothing like Dr. Graham's sperm whale. Certainly, too, its tradeoffs in tradition, conflict, inefficiency, and confusion were often sufficiently great so that in time a choice between communism and fascism (those technically sweet solutions to the problems of democracy) seemed inevitable. The right choice promised a constituted and integrated society which even intellectuals could be optimistic about their various protests as Dr. Graham is about his. As we would have that paradoxical blend of conservatism that envisages innovation so radical and utopian its consequences that no further innovations are necessary or possible. The issue of untested innovations further complicated by the interrelated problems of pace and communications. If we consider these matters on the scale of Carl Sagan's Cosmic Calendar, the first humans appear on December 31 (having been preceded by the first worms two weeks before and the Big Bang twelve months before); since that date, technologically speaking, humans have moved from the wheel to the microchip. Whether the consequences of the latter innovation will prove more momentous than those of the former would appear to the layman at least to be an idle question; without the former the latter couldn't have happened. The late Gregory Bateson might have said that it isn't this simple; that a model of linear, causal progression fails to take into account "chaotic" processes that make it possible for events to evolve by startling leaps and bounds. For Henry Adams the process was startling enough, however it was explained. After [the year] 1500, the speed of progress so rapidly surpassed man's that it was to alarm everyone," he wrote, and society suddenly "felt itself dragged into situations altogether

new and anarchic." In any event, if we set up another cosmic calendar to cover events that have transpired between the end of Sagan's calendar and the present, we would see a vast disproportion between the age of the wheel and the age of electricity, in which the microchip is currently such a dramatic development. Similarly, we would see a vast disproportion in the number of significant innovations to which humans have had to adapt, particularly in this electronic century, as the technological environment heated and speeded up at an exponential rate.

Nevertheless, it can be argued that even during the last few hectic days of the last month of this new calendar, we remain more at home with the wheel, our darling metaphor, perhaps because of what Adams called thought-inertia. The wheels go round in our head; we wheel and deal; our lives are determined in great part by big wheels; the stars wheel in their orbits as the electrons do in theirs; even the microchip, for all its solid appearance, is a matter of orbits wheeling within orbits. We innovate faster than we can integrate, which is to say that we have to live according to vastly disproportionate rates of change. This condition is older than most of us think; indeed, it is at least as old as Swift, for whom the fastest wheels were still carriage wheels. Adams blamed his eighteenth-century education for not teaching him how to exist in a world measured by the disparate paces of the Virgin and the dynamo, the technical sweetness of which, as he contemplated it in the 1904 St. Louis Exposition, symbolized the tradeoff of accelerating historical forces. In him there was none of that Christian faith that sustained Swift, and none of the romantic confidence that faster is better which we find in Whitman's "A Passage to India," a poem that celebrates the "vast rondure" of the earth, accomplished by those stupendous innovations—the Suez Canal, the completion of the Union Pacific transcontinental railroad, and the Atlantic cable.

Most likely, Whitman would have reacted to the St. Louis Exposition as most Americans reacted to the

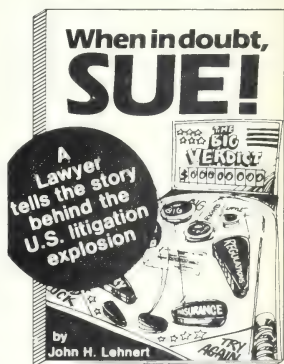
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1939 Exposition of the World of Tomorrow: as an occasion for exaltation rather than education. Most likely, too, he would respond with enthusiasm to the one-world possibilities of recombinant DNA and the microchip. "Hurrah for positive science! long live exact demonstration!" he exclaims in "Song of Myself," a poem in which there is even room for Dr. Graham's sperm bank: "On women fit for conception I start bigger and nimbler babes." Given his belief in phrenology and the comfort he took from the pattern of bumps on his own skull, he might even have been able to fit Madame Zarina into an odd corner of his ample universe. It was, after all, a universe in which a benign spirit was bound to turn innovation's apparently adverse tradeoffs into long-term benefits—one in which Gregory Bateson would have been a more acceptable prophet than Arthur Koestler.

BUT THESE ARE idle speculations. It is not, however, idle to remember that after he had confronted the dynamo in the St. Louis Exposition, Adams returned to Europe and bought an automobile, a dramatic embodiment of a force he abominated, in order to study his "adorable mistress," the Virgin, whose force he never doubted "since he felt it to the last fibre of his being." Adams's auto was not only a transition between the wheel and the microchip—its wheels went around because electricity ignited the gases in its engine—but it was a perfect example of the seductive ambiguity of untested innovations, especially in communications. We expect unsettling tradeoffs in any change within an established system, but it is hard, indeed often impossible, to resist the promise that the innovation is the only true way to a higher integration, in which established systems will be illuminated as never before. Swift obviously learned something about the acceleration of forces and their consequences in his own world from the projectors of the Royal Society, so that his great book might have been subtitled *The Education of Jonathan Swift*. Thanks to

the acceleration of time and force made possible by his automobile, which alone could unite the Virgin's places (Chartres, Rouen, Amiens, and Laon) "in any reasonable sequence," Adams was able to study his mistress in ways not available to her medieval contemporaries, so that he was as dependent on the adversary forces' capacity to revise his education as is Barry Commoner.

But such a dependence might seem to imply a dialectic of progress, in which all education occurs in a system that forces revisions that are ultimately benign. Such a dialectic is a secular version of that millennialism that, as Tuveson indicates, worked its magic on the American mind for over three centuries. Adams was denied such a comforting philosophy. In his Virgin he found a grand vision of unity that, however fictive, was superior to anything that came afterward. Here, however, he may have revealed that he was at least a utopian manqué, with a utopian's attachment to a condition in which apparently beneficent innovations would have no tradeoffs. There is a technical sweetness in his vision of the Virgin as a solution, embodied in time and place, to the problem of the one and the many, and this surely was a factor in his pessimistic "dynamic theory of history." "As nature developed her hidden energies, they tended to become destructive," he writes, but compared with the innovation effected by his adorable mistress, what energies would not have been? In the end, then, she crippled him as much as that other adorable mistress, the Bitch-Goddess of Success, has crippled so many of his fellow Americans.

In any event, to the seventy-year-old utopian manqué, still seeking education in the Paris of 1904, the pace of his culture was dizzying. "Forces grasped his wrists and flung him about as though he had hold of a live wire or a runaway automobile." But if he had been a true millennialist, time could not have passed too swiftly. For the faster the pace, the sooner the God-ordained utopia would arrive, after which, as Tuveson writes, "war and famine will cease; waste places will bloom; universal

commerce will bless the happy time." No true millennialist could imagine progress, even technological progress, as anything but inevitable and beneficent; only the innovations of Satan and his agent, the Catholic Church, were threats, and these were doomed to fail as the WASP triumphant deemed not just America but the world.

But as Professor Tuveson points out, disillusionment set in after the Civil War and continued apace in our century, even though millennialist faith influenced national expectations about the outcome of all subsequent wars. Nevertheless, says Tuveson, "like a recessive gene, in the right situation it could become dominant." His book may give most readers cause to hope that it will keep on being recessive.

At the moment, St. Augustine's 1,600-year-old ironic and innovative distinction between the City of God and the City of Man (which the millennialists rejected categorically) is in favor again, though it has been widely downgraded to the distinction between an impossible dream and nightmare. Throughout the land, survivalists are arming, stocking up, and holding up, in anticipation not of an apocalyptic golden age but of various secular forms of doomsday: nuclear or volcanic fallout, earthquake, runaway inflation, shortages of basic necessities, attacks by foreign or domestic enemies. The remnant utopianism we find in Dr. Brothers, Dr. Graham, or in the Reverend F. Wells and his numerous electro-evangelistic peers, either lacks the logical sinew or has no sinew at all. With the collapse of the millennialist melodrama, the Pope, who can be assumed to be biased for Augustine, is released from the role of Archangel, and Satan, that master of malign innovations and opponent of true progress, is free again to do what he does best: pretend not to be there at all. Madame Zarina could snuff our last hope, but she wisely guards her mystery and eludes reporters, knowing, perhaps, that if they ever caught up with her in these skeptical times they would see her only as the Bitch-Goddess in disguise.

BARTLETT'S HALL OF FAME

little too familiar

by Diane McWhorter

We're more popular than Jesus now.

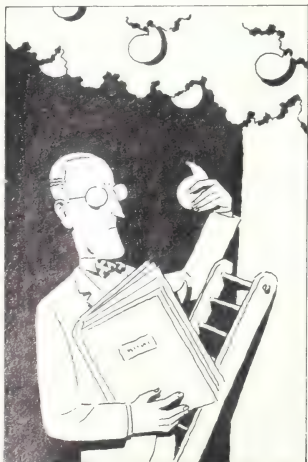
—John Lennon (1940–1980)
in a 1966 interview.

ONLY LATELY portentous, the remark did not make it into the fifteenth edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, dishd last fall by Little, Brown Co. of Boston. No doubt an embrace as gray as this 125-year-old book took little account of such vanity, particularly in connection with a young group that stayed together only a decade. Though it wouldn't even invoke Jesus, *Bartlett's* has become a bible—a four-pound crib sheet for literature students (it's consulted regularly around Harvard these days) and a cultural institution so sacred that when John Bartlett's name was trademarked, thirty years after his death in 1905, Little, Brown received a letter from a panicked horticulturist who feared he was illegally dealing in Bartlett pears. Certainly, *Bartlett's* is more popular than any other American quotation book, although bigger and more useful compendiums exist. Reference librarians ply the more comprehensive *Home Book of Quotations*, compiled by Burton Stevenson. Desperate journalists prefer collections ordered alphabetically by subject to *Bartlett's* chronological arrangement. In a *New York Times* column last September, John Leonard went so far as to declare *Bartlett's* the most popular American book. Diane McWhorter is a journalist based in Boston. She has written for *The New York Times* and various national publications.

"useless" (his own erudition being a tribute to H. L. Mencken's *A New Dictionary of Quotations* and Bergen Evans's *Dictionary of Quotations*). No other quotation book, however, has become a monument worthy of a *New Yorker* cartoon, which pictured Shakespeare composing *Hamlet* while leafing through *Bartlett's*. Nor is any other so self-reverent: *Bartlett's* indexes its own title, directing readers to Churchill's praise of this "admirable work," which he "studied intently."

So hallowed is the book that, like tablets on Sinai, it seems to have become a decree of some almighty authority. But the individuals who revise *Bartlett's* every dozen years or so are mortals; and they are surprising-

ly few and homogeneous. For the fifteenth edition they are two Bostonian women who, though beyond a certain age, cannot fairly be described as "elderly ladies": Emily Morison Beck, a former editor at Alfred A. Knopf and the *Atlantic Monthly Press*, and her collaborator, Mary Rackliffe, for whom *Bartlett's* was the grand finale of a thirty-year editing career at Little, Brown. For six solid years between them, they pored over the 1968 edition, of which Beck had also been in charge, blue-penciling passages that were "no longer relevant or familiar." They renovated authors—Byron, Montaigne, Wharton, the Egyptians—whose work had recently been dignified by a new biography, translation, critical study, or King Tut exhibition. They corrected wrong citations and misquotations spotted by their platoon of staff researchers and by outside readers. (*Bartlett's* attracts its share of groupies, some of whom submit their own unpublished work—"Please consider my limerick for your book.") Finally, working from a list of neglected categories and deserving writers, they assembled the 2,500 new sayings to be inducted into their pantheon of pith.



Steve Guarnaccia

THE MAJOR Modern Movements assured the admission of women (Susan B. Anthony, Abigail Adams, George Sand, Doris Lessing, Simone de Beauvoir, and more than a dozen others); blacks (Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Steve Biko, Malcolm X); Native

Americans (Geronimo, Tecumseh, Sitting Bull); and other endangered species ("The Pangolin" by Marianne Moore and "Whales Weep Not!" by D. H. Lawrence). Historic occasions were duly recorded—Neil Armstrong's "small step" made an early impression on the editors. The sycaritic Seventies left a succinct legacy in "Living well is the best revenge," a proverb first recorded in George Herbert's 1651 *Jacula Prudentum* but excluded from *Bartlett's* till now.

At first glance, the book looks—as its former editor Christopher Morley claimed—like "a social history; a diary of the race... the Now It's Got To Be Told of a good many generations." But under scrutiny it emerges as a one-sided chronicle, conspicuously void of *We Dare Not Speak Its Names*. The expanded coverage of the environment, for example, includes no mention of nuclear power, and the references to nuclear warfare have a certain A-bomb archaism. Cancer doesn't appear even as a metaphor in a volume that purports to represent modern science. And wouldn't the words of Martin Luther King be more convincing in context with, say, George Wallace's uncharacteristically couth promise, delivered on the steps of the University of Alabama administration building, of "segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever"?

One senses that the editors thought George Wallace too vulgar and mean to be taken seriously. For *Bartlett's* is an unblinkingly optimistic and kindly Hubert Humphrey's-eye view of a world with a strong affirmative-action program and almost no oppression. It's the kind of book that quotes extensively Moss Hart on poverty, a book that offered equal time to Begin after Sadat was elected to its pages. Even the phantom pope, John Paul I, is piously memorialized, though the only striking bequest of his pontificate was a new phrase of affirmation: "Is the pope dead?"

But to suggest that Beck and Rackliffe proceeded according to some highly organized world view would be to imply that their methods were less capricious than they were. The charitable, if sometimes naïve, gloss

of noblesse oblige conceals the arbitrariness, squeamish politesse, and insularity of their privileged-class perspective. At times the restrictions on membership of *Bartlett's* seem less appropriate for a hall of fame than for a social club: connections mean more than accomplishments.

Here comes de judge.

—Saying popularized by the 1960s television show "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In," proposed but not selected for *Bartlett's* XV.

FROM THE beginning *Familiar Quotations* reflected the experience and circumstances of an independent operator. John Bartlett, tireless autodidact (he read *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* four times) and proprietor of the University Book Store in Cambridge, Massachusetts, privately published his first, modest collection in 1855, mainly for the benefit of his patrons. He adhered, "almost with pedantry," complained his successor Christopher Morley, "to the touchstone of familiarity," devoting more than sixty of the first edition's sparse 258 pages of quotations to Shakespeare and twenty-five to the Bible, with Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron making the finals. Genius alone was not qualification enough; Shelley and Blake, for instance, were excluded. More amanuensis than arbiter, Bartlett enlarged his solitary project in eight subsequent editions, eventually becoming a partner with his publisher, Little, Brown, before he died in 1905 at the age of eighty-five.

Not until Christopher Morley's editorship, which began with the eleventh edition, published in 1937, was the current method of revision introduced. Running *Bartlett's* as a democracy enchanted him not. While his coeditor, Louella D. Everett, appeased the populace with "what readers want," Morley handled the selection of "what they ought to want." This included more Greeks and Romans and "unfamiliar" authors like Blake, Hawthorne, Melville, Dickinson, Conrad, Dostoevsky, and William and Henry James. (Morley also gave

his own attempted witticisms roughly the same space as that which allotted Rousseau.) And for the first time in *Bartlett's* history, the collection's staler morsels were discarded. Morley gloated in his preface on his dismissal of "a good many shabby huzzas from the patriots of 'allusions to unfamiliar names such as Axel Oxenstiern and Von Müll-Bellinghausen,'" "Wordsworth's blarneyings when he was fecund rather than facund," and assorted other meteoric.

In 1955 the editors of Little, Brown potboiled a centennial edition of *Bartlett's*. Their revision was notably fastidious: the firm's authors were reportedly asked to submit favorite quotations from their work. Emily Beck, who had been hired to collate deletions ordered by two Little, Brown executives, must have made an impression with her memoranda protesting their ill-considered cuts. "They wanted to get rid of 'The blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England' from *Richard II*!" she recalls. "I cut my teeth on their ignorance." The following, fourteen-year edition was hers to revise.

Beck's innovation as editor had been to engage "experts" to select quotations from the specialized areas that *Bartlett's* has annexed in its progress from a primarily literary work to one covering widely the humanities and sciences. James Paradis, writing teacher from MIT who had bawliwick in the literature of science, spent hundreds of hours looking sometimes in vain, for the "Eureka" of scientific discovery in the knowledges of Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, P. B. Medawar's *The Art of the Soluble*, and Frontinus's *Stratagems and Aqueducts*. Robert Feinstein, a Harvard graduate student in B. F. Skinner's, was recruited to fix psychology's greatest quotes. Richard Hanser, a writer from Long Island, proved such an intelligent correspondent—correcting, for example, the attribution of "When I hear the word 'culture'... I reach for my revolver" (Hanns Johst said it, not Goering)—that Beck hired him as "expert," and he began contributing aphorisms from undiscovered Germans such as Karl Kraus and Georg Lichtenberg.

The balance of the savants acknowledged for their service to the fifteenth edition reads like a George Wallace hit list of pointy heads: John Kenneth Galbraith, Marc Friedlander, Arthur Schlesinger, David McCord, Edward Weeks. Like *Bartlett's*, they give the impression of omniscience and might. But there is perhaps less in this than meets the eye.

A small circle of friends

—Phil Ochs (1940–1976) in the song “Outside of a Small Circle of Friends,” proposed but not selected for *Bartlett's* XV.

LITTLE, BROWN executives are dramatically unforthcoming about the revision of *Bartlett's* (“Isn’t that in the cess kit?” is the standard response inquiries); the Pentagonol secrecy the files makes one suspect a literary cover-up. But the only hint of scandal to be found in *Bartlett's* might be called the experts scam: an improbable number of the men and women whom Beck cites in her Preface turn out to be her friends, her relatives, or simply window dressing. Though Beck thanks her pal Galbraith (a client of her late husband, torney Brooks Beck) for helping with the economics selections, he confesses that he was responsible for nothing more than the nineteen familiar quotations of which he was the author. The economics passages are actually picked by one Edward Pingarn, who worked with the International Monetary Fund and is married to Beck’s sister. Two of Beck’s three children, Emily and Gordon, receive acknowledgment for entries on Randall Jarrell and James Dewey. (“Minds are like parachutes. They only function when they are open.”) Edward Weeks, former *Atlantic Monthly* editor and Beck’s colleague at the *Atlantic Monthly Press*, earns credit for contemporary writers, as he recalls having recommended only Peter Ustinov and George F. Kennan, both *Atlantic Monthly Press* authors. Don K. Price, dean emeritus of Harvard’s John F. Kennedy School of Government and *Bartlett's* “po-

litical science expert,” merely helped Beck locate his former boss Louis Brownlow’s remark to the effect that presidential aides should have a “passion for anonymity.” The list goes on.

But by no means all of Beck’s appointments were sinecures. Her friend Julie Armstrong Ludwig, who recruited Cole Porter, Damon Runyon, P. G. Wodehouse, and Muriel Spark, became so obsessed with her task that she began collecting material for *Bartlett's* XVI: a new barb from Mencken, something from Mary McGrory, V. S. Pritchett’s “Inherited wealth is the best preserver of dead cultures.” And perhaps no expert took her role more seriously than the arbiter of contemporary poetry, Doris Eyges, a Wellesley College English lecturer who is the mother of Beck’s daughter’s best friend. Eyges made easy enough adjustments to the modern classics, but her anxiety surfaced when she started to look among contemporary poets—John Berryman, Adrienne Rich, James Merrill, W. S. Merwin—for quotable passages in a discipline no longer cordial to the well-formed couplet that once seemed custom-made for *Bartlett's*. Halfway through the project, the burden of posterity became so great that she tried, in vain, to back out. Systematic though she tried to be, she discovered the truth that Beck had recited all along: “The se-

lection process really boils down to personal taste.”

Good taste is not simply good taste.

—Susan Sontag (1933–) in “Notes on Camp,” proposed but not selected for *Bartlett's* XV.

FOR ALL THE vaunted contributions of the experts, a plurality of the new *Bartlett's* additions come straight from Beck. By now she boasts a “magnetic eye” for *Bartlett's*-class quotations, so that she can identify one almost before she’s grasped its meaning. “The sleep of reason produces monsters” leaped out at her from a bad biography of Goya she read one summer. (She had some trouble finding the original line—on an etching in the *Los Caprichos* series—because the author had misquoted it.) At a 1980 exhibition of the American Luminists in Washington, she appropriated a line from Thomas Cole’s “Essay on American Scenery,” lettered along one wall of the National Gallery. Beck happened to see a television performance of Leoncavallo’s *I Pagliacci*, and presto—the opera’s last line, “The comedy is finished,” became a *Bartlett's* quotation.

Acknowledging the potential for abuse of her power, Beck says she “had to be careful so it wouldn’t look like nepotism” when selecting *Bartlett's* entries from the work of her father, the late historian Samuel Eliot Morison. (She did let him improve on a passage from *Maritime History of Massachusetts* for its incarnation in the fourteenth edition.) Indeed the book bears but a few obvious traces of her bloodline. The not altogether successful pun “Monogony—the state of being married to one person” might not have made *Bartlett's* had its author not been Beck’s husband.

This is probably not the kind of favor Christopher Morley had in mind when he described the “duty of stoical old *Bartlett*”—“to hand on, without fear or favor, what looks to be the most memorable of men’s joy, suspicion, and dismay.” And in fact the most interesting manifesta-



tion of favor here is the editors' prejudice against suspicion, dismay, and any manner of unpleasantness. In certain deletions that Beck and Mary Rackliffe made in the fourteenth edition to clear space for the fifteenth's newcomers, their squeamishness had the effect of censorship. Maxwell Anderson's "Oh, the days dwindle down/To a precious few" nearly perished because Rackliffe found it "so depressing." The most famous line from *Lolita*—"Light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul!"—offended a prim sensibility, one suspects, and was omitted. Saki's matchless "Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death" struck the editors as an unprintable brutality. (As a result of its hands-off policy on sex, *Bartlett's* creates the impression, by quoting exclusively from *The Colossus of Maroussi*, that Henry Miller is a travel writer.)

Even the overdue purge of misogynist statements had some puzzling casualties. It suppressed not only no-bodies, such as Everard Jack Appleton and his ditty "The [nonexistent] Woman Who Understands," but also phrases of somebodies, like Cyril Connolly's "There is no fury like a woman searching for a new lover" and Noel Coward's "Certain women should be struck regularly, like gongs." A figure as important as Alfred Jarry was wiped out because his two fourteenth-edition quotations happen to be sexist. Perhaps it was Mailer's and Roth's adolescent machismo that barred them from *Bartlett's*, while lesser and less familiar verbalists made it—for example, Coco Chanel, with "As long as you know that most men are like children you know everything."

Beck and Rackliffe's efforts to tone down objectionable historical figures amount to revisionism. Hitler and Mussolini, even in this era of Holocaust consciousness, have ceded a few of their more barbaric remarks. Late and also lamented is Ribbentrop's concise definition of Fascism, "The Führer is always right." Beck's temperate touch extended even to Richard Nixon: the Checkers speech was neglected because, says Beck, "the man came out so horribly"—

with "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore," "I want you all to stonewall it," and "I'm not a crook"—"that we thought enough was enough." Nor did she kick around the nattering nabobs, hypochondriacal hysterics, and pusillanimous pussyfooters of Spiro Agnew. Aside from the Watergate boys (Ehrlichman is in with "It'll play in Peoria" and "Let him twist slowly, slowly in the wind"), about the only modern avatar of the banality of evil (the phrase for which Hannah Arendt made her *Bartlett's* debut) is Curtis LeMay: "My solution to the problem would be to tell [the North Vietnamese communists] . . . they've got to draw in their horns and stop their aggression or we're going to bomb them into the Stone Age."

We keep saying old people are square. Then when they suddenly aren't—we don't like it.

—Peter Shaffer (1926–) in the play *Equus*, proposed but not selected for *Bartlett's* XV.

THE EDITORS of *Bartlett's* deliberately created, in the words of Mary Rackliffe, "a very humane book," and so they really shouldn't be criticized for paying scant attention to the ignominious. But the complete lack of perversity, which in most circumstances might be applauded, became a liability when they picked the quotations that speak for a generation whose mascot was Alfred E. Newman. Alfred E.'s motto, "What—me worry?" was bypassed, although it was among the sayings submitted by Ralph Keyes, a Little, Brown author. His pop-culture quotations that did make it are wonderfully correct: "Keep on truckin'"; "You're either on the bus or off the bus"; "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out"; "I cried all the way to the bank" (Liberace); "I'll moider de bum" (Tony "Two-Ton" Galento). But in many of the new-age selections, one senses that, like those college professors who donned dashikis and let their gray hair grow long during the Sixties, the editors lowered their standards in trying to lower their mental age.

What else could explain Mary Rackliffe's admiration for Stevie Wonder's "You are the sunshine of my life,/That's why I'll always be around," which, she claims, "is more than a lot of marriage manuals"? And the affirmative attitude that was fair restitution in the case of Susan B. Anthony and Abigail Adams has not always produced the best candidates in the modern-world category: moony observations from Liv Ullmann, ten phony insights from Anais Nin, and a paragraph from Gail Sheehy's *Passages*, so unoriginal that it required a footnote reference to an earlier entry from Betty Friedan. And only someone decidedly "off the bus" would have mistaken Dory Previn's hippie vagueness for something as familiar enough or good enough to be preserved. That her puling accorded as much space as the work of Nabokov and Beckett straddles literary justice—especially when it can't go on/so/i guess/i'll get up and go on—is derivative of the famous last line of Beckett's *The Unnamable* ("I can't go on, I'll stop"), which *Bartlett's* neglected.

Rather than confront the enormous handicap of having two lone actors launch some 2,500 sputniks of immortality (as Adlai Stevenson called his *Bartlett's* quotation in a thank-you note to Beck), the editors seem to have retreated into the safe, scholarly tasks of their project. And in vain: *Bartlett's* has no rival in the precision of its citations, the exhaustiveness of its index, and the bounty of its very charming footnotes. But the choice of new quotations seems haphazard, ultimately, because too infrequently is a compromise struck between the familiar and the worthy. Are, for instance, insipid song lyrics, with which *Bartlett's* abounds, automatically superior to advertising slogans, which were categorically excluded? What commercial pith—"Look, Ma, no cavities" comes to mind—survives a couple of decades, doesn't it deserve a berth in *Bartlett's*? And if, as is evidently the case, it doesn't, what can be the excuse for perpetuating Helga Reddy's "I Am Woman"?

THE ANIMALS IN WINTER

by George Dennison

The children called at dusk from the porch.
They stood facing the fields and woods
and called to the dogs
who came home after dark, the great Golden first,
striking the window with his paw:
"Children! I am here! Let me in!"
—but with him
came a vixen, red and deep-furred,
and several foxes more, both red and gray,
and a family of partridge
advancing one step, and then one step;
and a porcupine, head down,
full of purpose and embarrassment;
and raccoons, with their humping, probing gait;
a stately skunk, a rabbit
—all passed shyly through the hall
with clatter of claw on the hardwood floor,
then to the living room
where they crouched in the lamplight
on the large blue rug.
They held their heads erect and blinked their eyes.
Now the children heard the chuffing
of the second dog, the black one.
Nose at the crack of the door
he snorted, "Children! It is I! Let me in!"
and bounded toward them,
while in his train came three antlered deer,
a male and female bear, a cow moose
lifting her awesome knees
past the snowshoes and boots
and the coats on pegs . . .

At last the slant-eyed one,
the winsome, fierce Malamute, came home,
with muskrat and otter, squirrel and mink,
with fisher and marten,
and birds of the coming winter:

chickadees and jays, and like a bolt of silence,
banking powerfully in the hall,
the Great Horned Owl.

The children drank pale tea and stared.
What a glistening of tooth and eye!
What a sonorous quiet of breathing!
Never had the children's sleep
been buttressed like this by feather and fur;
never had the house
been so anchored against storm,
so guarded against flame.
At daybreak the children stood by the door
and solemnly the animals went out,
solemnly they returned at night,
and so it went, all winter long.
Snow melted. Ice heaved and gouged.
There was a sound of water pouring,
water bubbling over rocks,

and the parents returned.
They pushed their matted hair through the wet soil,
after the crocuses and before the daffodils.
They turned their heads
and laboriously unfolded their tightly folded eyes,
then shook themselves and stepped forth
and entered the house.

What joyousness of greeting there was then!
What eagerly told accounts!
"We guarded them well," said the dogs.
"We guarded with our lives."
"We made tea!" said the children,
"We built fires! We cleaned the house!"
"Ah, children, children," said the parents.
"How we missed you underground! How we yearned
for the sight of your faces, your small feet!
Come to us, darlings! Come!" they said,
and opened wide their arms.

HERE BE DRAGONS

Two writers in search of an audience

by Jeffrey Burke

A Search for Structure: Selected Essays on Science, Art, and History, by Cyril Stanley Smith. 416 pages; illustrated. MIT Press, \$30.

From Art to Science: Seventy-Two Objects Illustrating the Nature of Discovery, by Cyril Stanley Smith. 118 pages; illustrated. MIT Press, \$25.

Evening Edged in Gold, by Arno Schmidt; translated by John E. Woods. 215 pages; illustrated. A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$74.95.

*ne'ertheless up t this point I wd
'v had t resort t force t bring
myself t read onew his works.*

—Evening Edged in Gold

FOR THE PAST several years I have carefully buried my head in the sand whenever the word *structuralism* flattered within earshot, hoping that my literary fundamentals would withstand any assault. Even the attenuated swan song of Roland Barthes—as newly translated volumes migrate west almost annually—cannot pierce my indifference. Unfortunately, that position is unsound and untenable, particularly since, like many naysayers, I haven't read much of Barthes & Co. Doubtless I'll get around to it someday, but till then there are exotic species of structuralism—what may be no more than an appreciation of parts and patterns in complicity—far enough removed from the literary ranks' francophylum

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that anyone may safely enjoy the pleasures of their texts.

Ironically, the books under discussion do not make for pleasurable reading, in the conventional sense. In one way or another, each is likely to dismay both the general reader, and the eccentric, to whom it might naturally appeal. So let the faint of heart turn back to Trollope or Hemingway: there be dragons here.

BORN IN ENGLAND, Cyril Stanley Smith came to this country in 1924 at the age of twenty-one. Two years later he graduated from MIT with a D.Sc. and began a career in metallurgy. In 1961 he accepted emeritus appointments at MIT in metallurgy and the history of technology and science. All but one of the fourteen essays in *A Search for Structure* were written during that professionally less active period, and they embody Smith's interdisciplinary ambition to use "metals and their structure as a kind of inverted touchstone to assay all things."

No mean ambition, that. Yet Smith's occasional immodesty is mitigated by the range of his curiosity and competence. This is a man who can wax eloquent on soap bubbles (which froth in patterns essential to understanding structure in metals), pause to draw a comparison with the "pattern of craze marks in a ceramic glaze," and from there go on blithely to suggest an explanation for the "prevalence of pentagons in nature." And that is the work of just three

paragraphs in one essay. Admittedly some of this is rough going, accompanied as it is by the language, equations, graphs, and tables of the laboratory, but there are helpful and beautiful illustrations aplenty so that nuggets like the foregoing remain fairly accessible.

In most of these essays Smith tries to stay as far away from the laboratory as possible, the better to reveal in the development of science and technology their historical debt to artists and artisans. He delights in the nodes at which disparate human enterprises meet, tracing the discovery of carbon in steel, for example, from the Oriental craftsman's acid-etched, high-carbon steel, used in finely textured swords of Damascus to a gun-barrel manufacturer in eighteenth-century Sweden, and finally to three men in Revolutionary France whose interest in arms, politics, and science lay behind their new theories of *charbon*. Smith goes on to complete the rich context of discovery

It was fortunate (though not fortuitous, since both were an outgrowth of cultural factors) that the observations of the action of acid on iron happened to coincide with a vast interest in gases, for this was the time of the birth of pneumatic chemistry.

Out of this holistic bent, which winds through the history and philosophy of science, the history of technology, art history, and aesthetics, comes no one overarching argument but rather a rich tribute to structural affinities. It is an apotheosis of broadmindedness, which Smith

arizes in the Apologia that introduces *A Search for Structure*:

The principles of pattern formation, aggregation, and transformation seem to be the same in matter and in the human brain, and if properly formulated they may provide a kind of visual metaphor that will join and mutually illuminate physics on the one hand and geological, biological, and social history on the other—with art in between.

unds a little like *Finnegans Wake*. The essays have not been reedited, and there are numerous repetitions of fact, thought, and tone. Anyone who reads the book straight through, I did, may find it irksome to be reduced to the twelfth-century Roman monk Theophilus for the third or fourth time, or may wince to read on page 327, "what the philosophers could have observed on the stroll down Hephaestus Street," and on page 349, "To read... [Aristotle's] *Meteorologica* is to walk with a stroll down Hephaestus Street observing the various artisans." A petty question, but why shouldn't a book be as well-formed as any other object? A more interesting repetition occurs in the self-consciousness of Smith's references to the "decorative arts": "those arts relegated to the minor category in most museums today"; or "there has not always been the distinction we make today between the fine and minor arts"; or "those objects of the past that are usually cataloged as 'minor' or 'decorative' arts." If Smith felt desirous about the relative value of these objects, he has certainly gotten his licks in with *From Art to Science: Twenty-Two Objects Illustrating the Nature of Discovery*. This handsome book was the catalogue for an exhibit entitled "Aspects of Art and Science," which ran in 1978 at the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of History and Technology at MIT's Compton Gallery. Smith selected the objects and wrote the catalogue, and the result is an eclectic display that includes, among other things, a penny stamp, a lump of mineral copiapite, a nautilus shell, a number of rare books on technological matters, a Wedg-

wood pyrometer, and a remarkable gold rhyton that, by the miracle of modern proofreading, coexists as a "rhyton." Smith's text is a microcosm of *A Search for Structure* in that it encourages the viewer to try to absorb the nexus of historical, scientific, and aesthetic elements that lies behind each work. The lush color plates also lend poignancy to Smith's admission of color blindness in "A Highly Personal View of Science and Its History," one of his selected essays. Though the two books work well in tandem, *From Art to Science* is by far the more navigable route to the ideas of Cyril Stanley Smith.

IN ONE OF his numerous technological leaps, Smith opines that "the greatest influence of the casting process upon civilization has probably been through printer's type." In fact, you are reading words printed from type set on a linotype machine, a medieval-looking contraption that still conjoins man, keyboard, metal character, and molten lead. Most of the print you read nowadays, though conceived by hands on a keyboard, had its brief gestation and slot-spewed birth tended by a computer. We're in the posthaste, post-Gutenberg era, or so I'm told by one of my structuralist friends.

Let us pause, then, and silently contemplate the structurally magnificent anachronism that is *Evening Edged in Gold* by Arno Schmidt, a prolific German novelist who died in 1979.

The book stands about seventeen inches high and almost thirteen inches wide. At a weight of eight pounds, if it were liverwurst it would cost \$23.95 at the local delicatessen. But since it's 215 pages of former tree and effort, it retails for \$74.95. The subtitle is "A FairytaleArse:

55 Scenes from the C^{ou}ntryside for Patrons of Er^{ra}-ta."

Evening Edged in Gold is a thing of beauty and a joy for anyone who likes having his expectations blown right out of the water. In order to compose it, Schmidt fed sheets of

paper as big as the book's final pages into a standard business typewriter, typed each page exactly the way he wanted it to look—wide lines double-spaced, two or three columns single-spaced, boxes of type with rules around them, columns that have to be read from bottom to top, pages with spaces left for photographs, sketches, maps—then had each page photographically reproduced at its original size. The translator, John E. Woods—*mirabile dictu*—did the same. Page for page, line for line, the English edition replicates the German. So much for a whole that represents the next best thing to reading the work-in-progress over the writer's shoulder.

To sample the parts, look back at the epigraph of this article, which may suggest an advertisement for a speedwriting course; it's also one of the easier sentences in the novel. Schmidt taps his typewriter for mechanical and linguistic mischief. He contracts words that recur frequently, like *t* for *to*, *n* for *in* or *and*. Characters respond to queries signaled only by a question mark isolated on the previous line. A literary allusion in the main narrative will evoke two hundred words from the source boxed off to the side, like a thought balloon.

Then there are the puns—Joyce would be grinning with envy. The eleven-word subtitle gives an idea of their frequency and form, especially the peculiar "fractions" of word fragments that allow the whole word to be read two ways.

You can't tame a beast like this and coax it into curling up with you in an armchair for a quiet evening at home. The whole eccentric structure—form nicely married to function—demands to be taken on its own terms, which will madden most but invigorate a few. The right reader, perhaps, is exemplified by Schmidt's most avid German fans, of whom a half to two thirds, according to John Woods, are "chemists, mathematicians—the sort of people who normally just don't pick up heavy literature."

The story? Well if you have to know that at this point, you probably aren't the right reader anyway. □

CYCLICAL TIME

Reinventing the wheel

by Floyd C. Stuart

*I am learning to ride a bicycle. I have so far succeeded that I can get on sometimes and go quite a good many rods. But our wheel has some peculiar pervertities.**

—David S. Kellogg, M.D.

IN MY MIDDLE AGE a boyhood lust has flared up again—bike riding; solitary cruising through miles of northern New England. For years I sped down our Vermont road with eyes glazed on a spot beyond the windshield, which kept throwing me curves. Now I study the character of pothole and crack, and the highway stretches out with the intimacy of a familiar body. I pedal and pedal, tracing the slow revolution of summer in what lies crushed on asphalt: peepers, salamanders, fat August grasshoppers. One afternoon, precisely on schedule, millions of flying ants hatch, plastering me face to foot like an automobile headlamp. Life is still abundant; I am still the inadvertent murderer.

Flat space is scarce here. It kills

me to think a hill has a crest I could be reaching even faster. I haven't bent to my circumscribed world with a consistent will, and each trip out I must be broken again to that discipline of having no goal. Hunched over handlebars, I teach myself to look into the little circle of all there is. I see only the next toe stroking in; think nothing beyond this measured gulp of breath. For a time, I savor the world's sparseness.

I bicycle sometimes between Roxbury and Montpelier, eighteen miles along a lake bottom. For the whole trip it seems that I can reach out my arms and touch the mountains that formed either shore. Roxbury has been here only since 1781; the lake dates from about 12,000 years before that. The old railroad station, a small red box, is now the town clerk's office. If I face the station, all the rain that falls at my right will flow north, and all the rain that falls at my left will flow south. This is the southern threshold of Lake Roxbury, a lake no early settler ever saw.

In front of the station is a slab of polished antique verde the size of a gravestone, a monument to the war

Floyd C. Stuart is a poet and essayist who lives in Vermont.

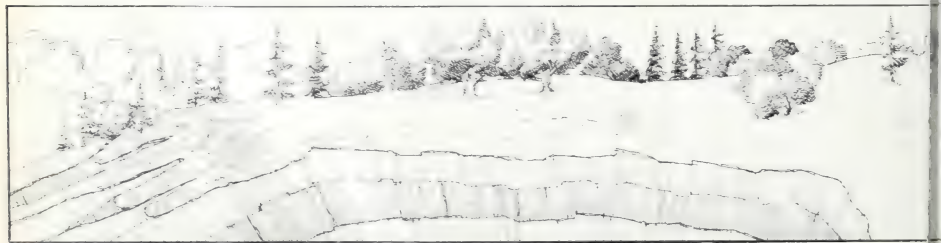
dead. The serpentine, dark gray veined with buff, was quarried at Roxbury earlier this century. Even older than Lake Roxbury, it underlay these mountains when there were flat ocean floor.

Geologists named Lake Roxbury discovering it long after it was gone. I whirl the ratchets and wheel my ten-speed and gaze up through thousand feet of water. Where clouds should be, I see the bellies of icebergs.

The last time cold scraped country clean, these hills (the high 2,400 feet) were under two miles of ice. The land sank under the weight (later it sprang back by about a foot to the mile); lee tops of mountains were plucked sheer; heels of ice slipped in groaning jerks down valleys. Two miles above the frame house and its slant-ceiling rooms, which sleep all the people who make things real for me, white waste and wind and wind.

But when the ice began to go, these hills became nunataks, mountains poking through the glass—here was the landscape of desolation. It's this jagged, lifeless and ice I would keep out when I'm my arms around a daughter.

* From *A Doctor at All Hours*, copyright © 1970 by Allan S. Everest. Published by The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont.



too much the look of one's own
l. When summers began to melt
er than winter snows built up, the
ier grew rotten. Streams bubbled
g its surface, cascaded off the
ut, dumping hills of rubble. Rivers
med ice tunnels inside. Sitting
er a tree, sucking at the tepid
er bottle, I see it all so vividly,
f some part of me had been here
s, an ice crystal with fierce mem-
y. The narrow lake wound north
n the railroad station seven miles
ny house in Northfield. Bare hills
ut on either side, lichens begin-
g to grow on them, and at my
t porch that sheer white wall,
eating more than it rumbled for-
d, calved icebergs.

Lake Roxbury may have drained
t, but other lakes of the era sur-
e, often strung five or six together
a thread of stream, so we call
n "paternoster ponds." Lakes are
icularly fragile phenomena, quiv-
ing with the least vagary of weath-
er and fated for an early death in
geologist's sense of time. Our
hé for a lake is a mirror or a
t; still water is an emblem of
selves, transitory, profound, never
e accurately reflecting the world
nfronts. A lake sparks ebul-
tly, gold plate spun in the sun.
loud passes, and immediately it is
ttracted eye. Peer in: dull green
this, flash of perch—it's like lean-
perilously over the edge of a
am.

LAST SUMMER my friend
Roger and I, with our boys,
glided onto a glacial lake.
We launched his canoe from
mall mud beach, but mostly the
erline lacked such subtlety. Heav-

ily wooded mountains hunkered right
up to the lake, and in places cliffs
without even a toehold struck straight
down into the water. We pulled the
canoe up on a ledge that rounded
out of the lake smooth as a whale's
back. Roger showed how we could
sit on the side of the ledge as if in
a chair and let our legs dangle in
the water up to our knees, our toes
touching nothing. Then he did some-
thing I still don't like. He eased off
the rock, faced us at arm's length,
bit a block of air, and sank. His bald
head in the deepening green water
turned yellow, his skin aging sud-
denly to parchment. He shriveled.
He became a wizened head at a can-
nibal's belt. A gibbering monkey.
Refraction wiggled his shoulders like
a fish.

He never touched bottom. We grew
uneasy about his ever getting back.
The old timers outdo one another
describing the lengths of sounding
line they've unwound here into the
lake. If one of them ever finds bot-
tom, he will never tell.

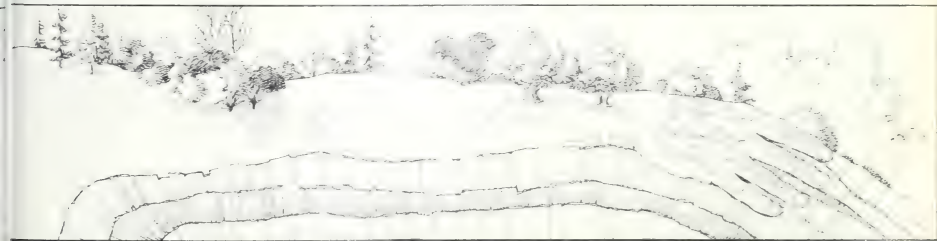
Roger returned to us slowly, his
jiggly form settling into focus like
someone coming back from memory
in an old movie. We swam after that,
and walked about on the scorching
rock. Our feet left queer splotches,
fossil tracks of smaller dinosaurs;
they faded as we watched.

And so I sit beside my bike in the
dust of the shoulder below cumulus
that one can easily mistake for ice-
bergs. Roger takes his sounding
down; I pedal lake bottom, gazing
up. Mystery is our ambience. It is
not simply puzzle but a condition of
being, the nourishing incompleteness
we float in, rich ache and consol-
ation of our living. Sometimes one of
us bursts to the surface, popeyed, full
of a surprise he can hardly tell.

ONE SUNNY morning I whipped
down the Roxbury road, front
spokes melting into a
saw blade and wind shrilling
tunes through the vent holes in my
helmet. I banked off the highway
onto a plank bridge across the Dog
River, which is really a stream, and
pulled into a gravel pit. Roots dangled
through the lip of topsoil overhang-
ing the cut. It has taken a dozen
millennia to accumulate that inch or
two of earth. Below are bands of
clay and sand, and in between a strip
of gravel. The stones are flattish,
smooth, usually oblong. They are im-
bricated, which means they overlap
one another in a tight mosaic. They
tilt up slightly, offering their angles
of least resistance to a current that
lost its impulse eons ago. The evi-
dence of geologists suggests that
these imbricated stones were the bed
of a subglacial stream that flowed
under pressure uphill to the west.
When I looked down by my feet, I
saw the same paving in the dancing
light of the Dog River. Within the
distance of a man's height are stream
beds thousands of years apart. I ex-
cavated a skipping stone from the
cut; it sparked five times and sank
in its ancient waters.

If only it were a matter of a man's
height or a few billion light years:
but I'll never be able to leap that
gap between the sons and daughters
I helped make, and the impersonal
majesty of geologic space and time.
Yet I can cup a 400-million-year-old
brachiopod fossil in one hand, and
in the other the chin of my living
son. What must a man teach his
children? You are irreplaceable. And
you are, like the rest of us, a typical
specimen.

Things die; what is more amazing
is that in a few days they stay. The



various sandpits I bicycle to are often deltas that were constructed by streams entering Lake Roxbury. The bands of clay, sand, or gravel—from a fraction of an inch to several feet thick—mark old lake beds. They tilt toward the depths of the valley. Often a stream increased in force, its current licking off layers of former lake floor, until the stream weakened and deposited new sediments at angles to the old.

Standing thirty feet up a sand cliff, I dig out a narrow shelf to squat on. The sun beats on my back; sweat beads off my forehead onto my bare toes. Here is a perfect cross section of ripple marks, just like those washboard bumps I've felt in the shallows of living Lake Willoughby. After a little practice with my penknife, I can lay a ripple out in three dimensions. Ghost wind shivers ghost water. In a scalloped band of clay, halfway up the abandoned Northfield dump, lies summer 12,000 years ago, the waltz of air with wave, the exact tilt of reflected light.

ICE SPLITS from the glacier snout, flinging up white plumes. No one hears the groaning, like a solid house being crowbarred apart, the rumble of ice dropping like a wall. Night. And in the east—over a treeless, grassless, earthless Turkey Hill—the moon rises, and a herd of placid ice humps duplicate themselves on the mirror of Lake Roxbury. Everything waits.

A glacier tends to slip down its trough in fits and starts, plucking rocks or boulders as it goes. On smooth outcrops of ledge near our town swimming pool, you can see scratches where rocks, held in the fist of the glacier, made for an inch or two their crude marks beside the initials teenagers chip out to immortalize their love. Years ago it was a puzzle how boulders that showed signs of this glacial grinding could be found inside lacustrine deposits. How could rocks that had been frozen in the bottom of the glacier end up between layers of sediment out on the lake floor?

In the old Northfield dump there is a steady dribble of boulders, ham-

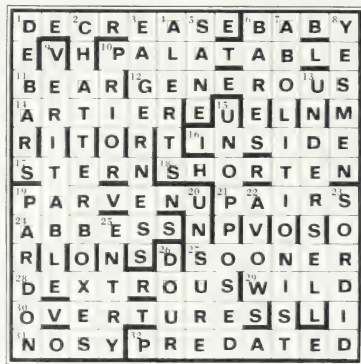
sized chunks of angular schist, from a band ten feet up the sandbank. Often the hard, greenish rocks have glacial striations. Geologists know now that they were rafted there, frozen in icebergs that calved into Lake Roxbury. Bit by bit, the scored schist melted out, and tumbled hundreds of feet to the dark lake bottom, stirring up mud bombs. They were buried in sediment. Sometime an ice hunk was entombed in sediment to melt later: the roof of its hole caved in, and the varves—neat strata of lake bed—collapsed in a roil of multicolored sands and clays that today looks like a fossil bomb burst. These 12,000-year-old dramas without human life are here to see, dry as bone, in the abandoned dump, until the rains come to wash them out.

Late April into November, our usual snowless season, I bicycle through ocean, ice field, steamy swamp—my town has been all of these. What eons give us, we obliterate in a lunge of the bulldozer bucket. But I am awed by what my mind can reconstruct.

Perhaps most of any second irrevocably lost. Pedaling up a steep gulf, I stop beside the brook that I have worn this notch between mountain. The modulations of water over rocks are endless from ice clink to bubble song. As I whip down into the narrow valley, wind strums the metal bits and insects ping off my helmet, or little deaths. But not all is lost, a gouged-out garbage dump, in sand as dry as any desert's, I hear an ancient rhythm of wind and water want to give my children ears to hear it.

The bits of country, the few humans we love best are everything, and just specks of the whirling galaxies. I am trying to balance unresolvable contradictions, scintilla moment and vast white nunatak time. But our wheel has some peculiar perversities.

HARPER'S/MAY 1981



Solution to the April Puzzle

Notes for "April Fool"

Just to be contrary, the definition portion of each clue was an antonym, rather than synonym, of the answer. **Across:** 1. decre(as)e; 6. ba(B)y; 10. pal-a-table; 11. bea two meanings; 12. generous, anagram; 14. (pe)ar(l)s-tier; 16. l-nside (anagram); 18. shorten, two meanings; 19. parve-nu; 21. pairs, anagram; 23. avows, anagram; 25. (g)entry; 26. dour, homonym. **Down:** 1. debars, homonym; 3. eagerness, anagram; 4. a(le)ris; 5. sane, hidden; 6. bare homonym; 7. abolitionist, anagram; 8. yesmen, anagram; 9. veritable, hidden; 10. prior two meanings; 13. undersell, homonym; 15. un(op)posed; 17. par-don; 20. U-nsub (anagram); 22. avows, anagram; 23. s-or-d-I'd; 25. (g)entry; 26. dour, homonym.



A LAMP—NOT A BREADBASKET



fluctuating flow of immigrants into our country never. The trend is up. We don't know what to do about it. We are shackled by the lines below the words of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses."

the poor? The poem by Emma Lazarus makes no mention of numbers. *But numbers matter*. A century ago an open-ended invitation may have been enough. America was a new country then, unfilled. The masses of the wretchedly poor amount to 800 million more than three times the U.S. population. It would be to invite them all in. Even one percent would be too

many in a nation is good. So also is unity. But when (of which we've always had plenty) overwhelms unity, we have to keep a complex society like ours running? Newcomers arrive too fast, they gather into enclaves, learning the national language. Immigrants then are the new isolationists. Tribalism becomes a reality: *ye, unity!*

Tribalism takes over. America will become like the country which the immigrants fled. To give the immigrants the benefits they seek we must restrict the flow of immigrants.

Feeding all the world's poor is beyond us—that's a tragic mistake we must accept. The wretchedly poor are increasing by 25 million per year. Immigration into the U.S. was only 2 million last year, but even that amount strained the resources of our society. Remember Miami? Remember Fort Lauderdale?

What effect does our acceptance of immigrants have on the country that sends them? In the long run, it may actually harm the sending country. When we take in the most competitive people, we leave the sending country worse off. "Skills-drain." Skills-drain. But if we take in the least competitive—what does that do to us?

Immigration is a message. Sometimes several messages. When Cuba sent us 120,000 people all at once. We accepted them. So our first message to Castro was this: "If you have any people you want to get rid of, just send them to us."

Why so many? Enter: the population problem. Every poor country has too many people for the actual carrying capacity of its land. That's why its people are poor. Cuba's 10 million people are increasing by 120,000 per year. Is it pure coincidence that the so-called "Freedom Flotilla" brought us 120,000 Cubans? So our second message to Cuba—and all other poor countries—was this: "If you have a population problem, just ship it to us."

Our third message was addressed to Castro and all other dictators. Castro sent us the people he most wanted to get rid of: independent and unruly people who endangered his dictatorship. In accepting them we said this to all evil rulers: "No need for you to reform. Just send us all your malcontents. That way we will help you dictators stay in power."

Are those the messages we want to send? Is that what the Statue of Liberty really means?

Lazarus's lines are NOT part of the statue on Liberty Island. These lines were not added until almost two decades after the statue was dedicated. The real name of the statue is, and always has been, "*Liberty Enlightening the World*."

Not welcoming all the world. Not even feeding the world. *Enlightening it*.

As a torch sends rays of light out into dark places, so America should send out messages that will, if heeded, eventually improve life in other parts of the world. We must be very careful about the messages we send. What messages are most needed now? These:

For the sake of peace, each sovereign nation must solve its population problem on its own territory. The methods chosen must fit each nation's traditions and culture. Different cultures, different methods, different policies.

Because uncontrolled population growth has no limit, no population problem can ever really be solved by exporting it. We in America do not try to solve our problem by exporting it; nor will we permit you to export your population problem to us.

Such are the messages America should send the world. What the Statue of Liberty holds aloft is not a breadbasket, but a torch or lamp. Liberty cannot feed the world; but it can enlighten it.

Garrett Hardin



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PUZZLE

DEVIL'S DICTIONARY

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Twelve of the diagram entries are not clued in the normal fashion. Rather, a definition is provided for each of them—but the definitions are from *The Devil's Dictionary* by Ambrose Bierce, and are printed in italics.

Clue answers include three proper nouns and one variant spelling (3D). As always, repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 84.

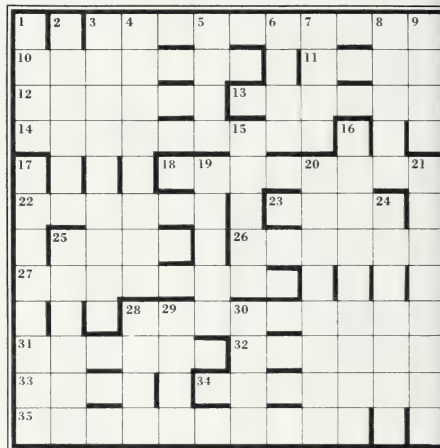
CLUES

ACROSS

3. *Having no favors to bestow. Destitute of fortune. Ad-dicted to utterance of truth and common sense* (10)
10. Checks that, if about \$1000, could provide armrests (7)
11. Singer's somewhat nasal tones (4)
12. Give experience to main heir (6)
13. *An instrument employed in the rectification of national boundaries* (6)
14. *Afflicted with an impediment in one's reach...* (9)
18. Riding Indian-style cab, brake slips (8)
22. Pay back one who is revolutionary and full of amusement (6)
23. The opposite of one full of amusement is pastoral deity (4)
25. Note: I'm running out of time to be senile (4)
26. Counts resorts in SW city (6)
27. In this spot is, in retrospect, the essence of Protestant's contrary opinions (8)
28. Glib hobo is shaken by northern bogeyman (9)
31. Empty container containing smaller container (6)
32. Dessert put in one spot individually (6)
33. He's kind of green, coming from the East (4)
34. *Certain abstentions* (7)
35. *An erroneous appraisalment* (4-6)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Devil's Dictionary, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscrip-



DOWN

1. *Insensible to the value of our advice* (4)
2. Southern style of cooking uses crust of creamy casserole (6)
3. Open for a bit of tea and sausage (9)
4. *Obstinate in a course that we approve* (8)
5. Italian mountain climbing stake (4)
6. Twin of the nobleman is missing \$100 (4)
7. Air route connecting western city with Northeast (4)
8. Reprehensible (sic) to Zeno (5)
9. This trifle just takes the heart out of solving (4)
15. Savage British Indian (5)
16. *The final and funniest folly of the rich* (9)
17. Support American composer's records (8)
19. Laid-off bachelor improvised (2-3)
20. *To speak of a man as you find him when he can't find you* (8)
21. *A brief preface to ten volumes of exaction* (8)
22. Ads in traveling section (7)
25. *To lie about another. To tell the truth about another* (6)
28. Part of the game is what game is to me? Just the opposite! (4)
29. Enough (4)
30. Swinger's pronounced walk (4)

tion to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "Overlappique," are Robert W. Crandall, Briarcliff Manor, New York; J. H. Lakeman, Kensington, Maryland; and Iris Sherman, Oak Park, Illinois.

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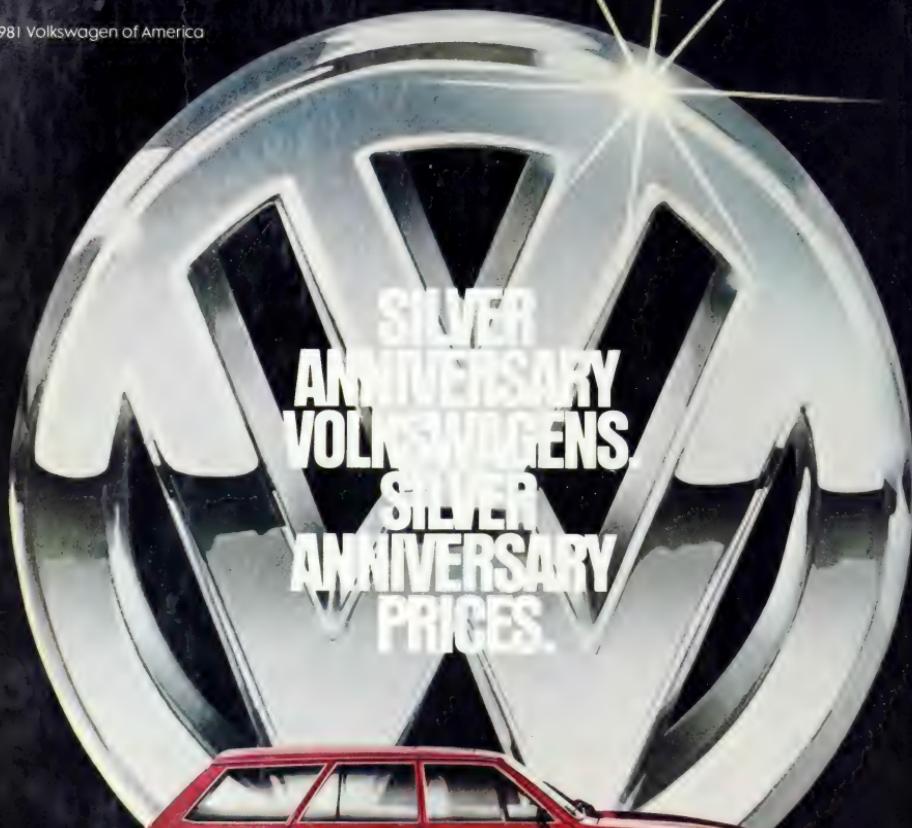


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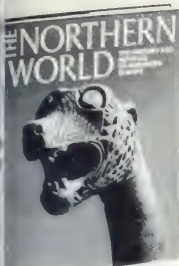
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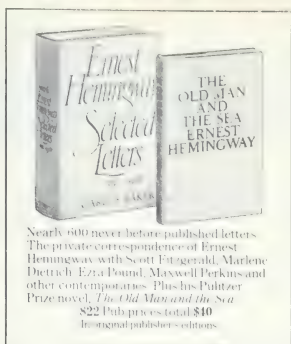
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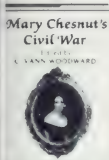
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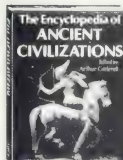
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The cost of government has been barrelling out of control since the mid-1960s. It took us as a nation some 185 years to reach \$100 billion in federal spending in 1962. It took only nine years to raise outlays by the second \$100 billion; only four years to add another \$100 billion; and only two years to pile up still another \$100 billion.

During the last two decades, while the nation's population rose 23%, the federal budget soared by more than 500%.

We're living beyond our means — and paying for it with the cruel, concealed tax of inflation. Long gone is the time when we demanded that government keep its spending in line with its income. Even as tax revenues have risen year after year, spending has gone up even faster. The result: deficit stacked upon deficit, fueling inflation.

In good times and bad, the government has been supplementing its tax revenues by borrowing money. It thus competes with its own citizens for, and drives up

the cost of, available money. It siphons off funds that could be used for private investment in productive activities to create jobs.

Meanwhile, all the borrowing has sent the public debt ballooning upward. Right now it's closing in on *one trillion dollars*.

Among the new folks in power in Washington, there's a heartening resolve to put our fiscal house in order. President Reagan is determined to work toward a balanced budget as part of his efforts to get the economy moving. And there is a sense of receptivity on the people's part. In a major national poll earlier this year, 70% of the public said they'd prefer a balanced budget to a tax cut if it came to a choice.

Matching federal outgo to income will take time. The profligacy of decades can't be undone in a year or two. It will demand steadfastness, political courage, and a toning down by all of our tendency to turn to the government to fund solutions to almost every problem. Nor should budgetary restraint be achieved at the expense of people genuinely in need. They must be protected.

Still, no program or department of the federal government should be immune from scrutiny to determine where money can be saved, projects deferred, payrolls tightened, activities reduced, efficiency improved.

The belt-tightening will pinch. Coming to grips with the size, cost, and complexity of the federal government will require sacrifices by virtually everyone — business included.



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JUNE 1981 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 262, NO. 1573

- Leszek Kolakowski 20 **A BREACH IN THE WALL**
The lesson of Poland's resistance.
- T. D. Allman 26 **THE HAIG DOCTRINE**
Making the world safe for solipsism.
- Tom Wolfe 33 **FROM BAUHAUS TO OUR HOUSE**
Why American architects can't get out of the box.
- Don Asher 60 **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER**
Confessions of a one-man band.

ARTS AND LETTERS

- Lawrence Ferlinghetti 55 **POETRY**
Tall Tale of a Tall Cowboy
- Hugh Kenner 69 **BOOKS**
GOING TO HELL
Dante in translation.
- Leon Botstein 72 **ORPHEUS IN ACADEME**
Music's new dictionary.
- Frances Taliaferro 77 **IN PRINT**
The mapmakers.

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **LETTERS**
- 5 **MACNELLY**
- Lewis H. Lapham 12 **THE EASY CHAIR**
The sacred grove of celebrity.
- 56 **THE PUBLIC RECORD**
Redecorating the White House.
- 58 **GEOGRAPHY 105**
The state by population.
- Alexander Cockburn 80 **THE FOURTH ESTATE**
Assassination ritual.
- Paul Theroux 82 **AMERICAN MISCELLANY**
S. J. Perelman remembered.
- E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr. 88 **PUZZLE**
Head-hunting.

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LETTERS

Advice and dissent

I would like to correct two errors of fact in Whit (John) Stillman's review of *The Hill of Summer* by Allen Drury [Harper's, April]. Mr. Stillman stated in his review that *Advise and Consent* was "heavily edited." This is almost totally wrong. Mr. Drury accepted one editorial suggestion that he would have thought of himself if I hadn't made the suggestion first. His manuscripts do not "pass untouched and sometimes unread to the copy editor." Our executive editor, Ms. Lisa Drew, who works with me in publishing Allen Drury's books, read *The Hill of Summer* on an especially hot, humid weekend last summer. In this case I read the manuscript after she did. What Mr. Stillman thought of the book is entirely his opinion and he has every right to express it. But that right doesn't include errors of fact.

KEN McCORMICK
Doubleday & Co.
New York, N.Y.

Public radio's public

Simon Winchester's article on NPR ["Ersatz BBC," Harper's, March] was, for the most part, an accurate assessment of public radio and the problems it faces. I believe, though, that the author missed the mark on a few counts.

Mr. Winchester asserts that the "public" in National Public Radio means programming designed to satisfy the needs of all who reside in the broadcast area. I disagree. NPR stations are publicly funded. Yet the philosophy of most NPR affiliates (and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting) is to provide programming that fills the gaps in commer-

cial radio in the particular market.

His view that a Washington bias exists in NPR programming is legitimate, but his example of the public affairs program "Communiqué," not well chosen. That particular program is designed to be an insider look at domestic and foreign affairs and it succeeds admirably. Part of the blame for the East Coast bias lies with the affiliated stations, which tend to clear most network programming as a means for filling air time. After all, it is far more expensive for one station to produce an hour of local-interest programming than for many stations to pay the tab collectively for network programs.

NPR should not seek to compete with the major network news operations. It should continue to distribute fine musical programs, such as the Metropolitan Opera series, along with documentaries and public affairs programs of national interest. Yet local stations need to place increased emphasis on non-entertainment programs geared to the local audience. If this is to be accomplished, greater funding is needed at the local level.

STEVE FELDBER
Great Neck, N.Y.

I read with great interest and total agreement Simon Winchester's article on public radio.

WKSU, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio, fits the description of the typical NPR station with its "high class...tasteful kind of Muzak." Commentary comes across like a Music Humanities lecture at Columbia University.

NICHOLAS LURA
Shaker Heights, Ohio

At the risk of being accused of giving "mindless approbation" to National Public Radio and of dotin-

a "middlebrow service for mid-class America," I would like to comment on "Ersatz BBC."

The people in the KAXE area, sorts Winchester, say there should "more regional news," but he disses NPR's suggestion that the local stations [should] construct it programming so that there is good mix of local news, and NPR provide the national backbone it." Why *shouldn't* the local stations meet the needs of their local eners? No one is holding a gun their heads, forcing them to take omunique," if no one in their a is interested in it. And no one ows their local needs better than y do.

GEORGIA GRIGGS
Santa Monica, Calif.

For Simon Winchester in his "Ersatz BBC" to refer to Beethoven, Stravinsky, and Brahms broadcast via public-radio stations as "high-class ionic wallpaper, the finer and more tasteful kind of Muzak," is

pure philistinism that capers idiotically off the pages of a magazine like *Harper's*. Since the rest of the article contains nothing else like it, I wonder if the problem isn't editorial. You should have requested that he either delete or explain such a silly remark.

Beethoven arranged for and played by the 101 Strings is Muzak. Otherwise, Beethoven is Beethoven. Picasso displayed on a corporate-office wall is not wallpaper. And T. S. Eliot recited by Rod McKuen is not Rod McKuen.

Though my examples point up a question of the validity of some persons' use or abuse of art, the same cannot be said of public radio, which is a vital and indispensable vehicle for a type of music (the audience for which, by the way, is growing by leaps and bounds) that cynical programmers cannot justify broadcasting because "nobody out there's got any taste."

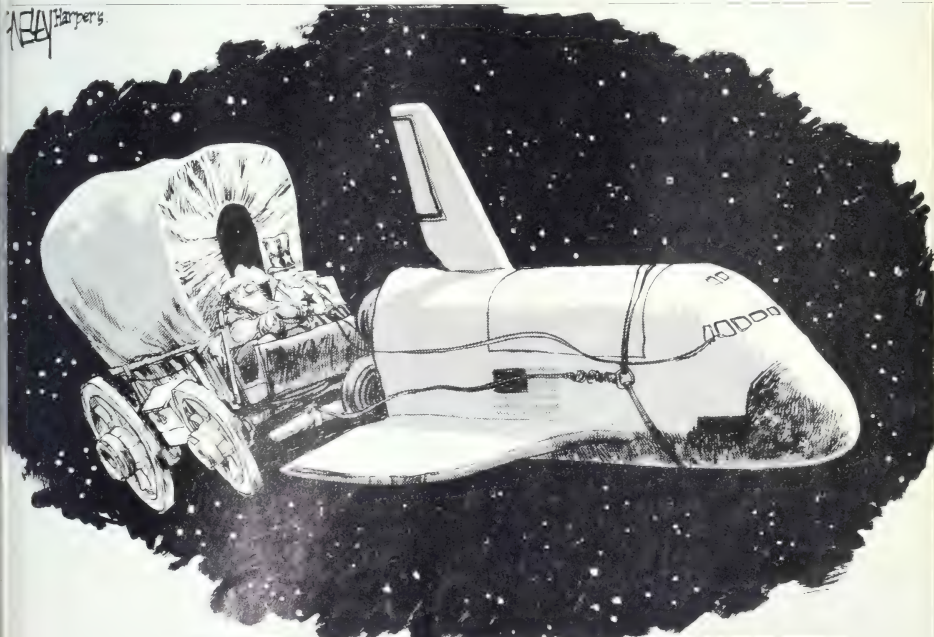
A less glaring error in Winchester's article is the statement that clas-

sical music radio "is not really 'public' at all but . . . appeals only to the tiniest and most privileged of subgroups in the community." It is less glaring because it is a more popular misconception. "Tiny" classical music's audience may be, but privileged it is not. As the orchestra manager for a metropolitan symphony orchestra, I can attest that the taste for classical music knows no social or economic boundaries. Just as many people attending our concerts come in blue jeans as in three-piece suits.

CHRISTOPHER GUERIN
Orchestra Manager
Colorado Springs Symphony
Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Ersatz BBC" represents both the best and worst aspects of stylish journalism. As a regular NPR listener who was devoted to the BBC while a resident in Britain, I feel that Simon Winchester's article hurts the cause of public radio more than its professedly sympathetic author intended. Not only does he leave

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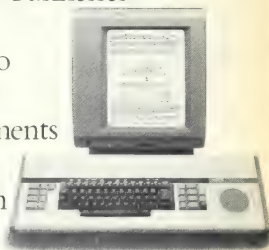
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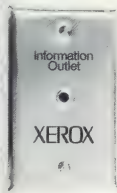


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LETTERS

readers with more questions than he attempts to answer, but he displays an arrogantly superior attitude of which British writers are often—and often justly—accused, and he confirms the stereotype (if one exists) that occasional listeners have of NPR. Yet while he outrages at least one regular aficionado, he raises many profound questions for the network and its public.

Too much space is devoted to detail about one small station, Mr. Winchester's visit to it, and the poor NPR reception he got while traveling there. Why can't we, the general public, have more of the general analysis and discussion with which he baits this article? KAXE is not portrayed as a "typical" station, but no others are described. How many similar shoestring operations exist? How large a public does each serve? Does this network, with its apparent Eastern bias, serve only the East? These and countless other questions are left begging for answers.

Disparaging, though not wholly inappropriate, comparisons with the BBC and CBC are ventured but not made; why is the sympathetic reader not offered at least token descriptions of these superb national networks' respective philosophies and operating structures? Mr. Winchester also avoids discussion of their methods of financing, which in Britain, at least, are singularly different from NPR's. Of course begging for money is distasteful, to the network and its public alike, but what are NPR's alternatives? Money, after all, is at the source of many of its faults. However, if "expansion is the

key" to success, as Mr. Winchester maintains (and I take this to mean expansion of each station's capabilities rather than of the network as such), I agree. But how, in this economic climate and under the restrictions imposed by this administration, does he propose to get enough money to end NPR's woes?

RICHAUD A. BENSEN
Eaglebrook School
Deerfield, Mass.

SIMON WINCHESTER REPLIES:

The polite wrath of some readers has been as nothing compared to that of the National Public Radio high command. The discriminating few listeners who may once have heard my finely modulated tones cascading out over the ether will not, I fear, hear them again. As a result of the *Harper's* article I have been summarily banned from the NPR frequency, courtesy of a ukase issued by Frank Mankiewicz, a man whose political reputation once suggested a liberal outlook. (It comforts me to recall that when, some years ago, I wrote a similarly critical piece about the BBC I was roundly attacked by many of the victims—but never did any program to which I contributed ever decide to ax me.)

Mr. Bensen's points in particular are well taken. It is indeed difficult to write briefly about public radio. The necessary brevity of a magazine article does tend to mean, so far as this peculiar subject is concerned, that more questions are asked than answered. A book would be the ideal vehicle for a useful critique of NPR. But I have no intention of writing a book. Leave that to those who are ready, given Mr. Mankiewicz's mood, to risk defenestration.

Water rites

A modern-day David and Goliath story always seems to make good reading. Obviously, that's what "Water and Power" [*Harper's*, March] author Page Stegner intended in his colorful, if not truthful, account of Los Angeles's involvement in the Owens Valley over the past seventy-five years.

We at the Department of Water and Power wonder why Stegner sought the opinions of a number of DWP critics in his Owens Valley travels, but neglected to check with us for our side of the story. Could it be he didn't want to hear anything that would discredit his shaky premise that "Goliath" Los Angeles necessarily always on the wrong side of every issue?

Had Stegner bothered, in all fairness, to get both sides of the story he would have found:

—Los Angeles is not a water waster. We have one of the lowest per capita water-use rates in California.

—City ownership of Owens Valley lands has helped to protect the scenic beauty of the area and ensured local communities a vital economy based upon recreational, agricultural, and ranching uses of city land.

—The area's recreation industry is supported by special efforts to provide land for campgrounds, state fish hatcheries, wildlife habitat projects, natural fisheries, and marinas nearby city reservoirs.

Indeed, there have been many issues raised surrounding the Los Angeles presence in Owens Valley over the years. In exploring these issues from the perspective of 1981, the writer is challenged to make more than a cursory review of area history and not to succumb to emotional reactions to complex issues from a few vocal critics. At the very least, one would expect to see some attempt to cite the position of Goliath to give spirit and credibility to David.

STEVE HINDERER
Director of Public Affairs
Department of Water and Power
Los Angeles, California

Page Stegner's version of the continuing rape of Owens Valley by Los Angeles contains what I believe to be several errors of fact. Their correction comes from one who is no admirer of that city, which he long ago described as "that pulsating pustule on the posterior of California."

Stegner states that Los Angeles "stole" the land and water rights appurtenant thereto. My own research leads me to believe that the city paid

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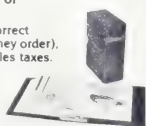
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LETTERS

what then was the fair market value for its acquisitions, both originally and again in the 1920s.

He says that water from Owens Valley goes to "keep the swimming pools in Beverly Hills filled and the driveways in Santa Monica flushed." Disregarding the fact that it also takes Colorado River water and northern California water to do these things, it also must be noted that Owens Valley water helps slake the thirsts of the *barrio* dwellers in East Los Angeles and that of the black community of Watts.

He gives the mileage from Lone Pine to Bishop as 105, while my memory, reinforced by recourse to a handy road map, gives it as 61, an error of some 40 percent.

He says that the syndicate of Harriman, Otis, Earl, et al. bought "barren, waterless" land in the San Fernando Valley; "waterless" it was, save for a few wells, but not "barren," as it was being dry farmed to wheat at the time of its purchase. He implies that the price of \$35 per acre paid was another steal; again, that was a reasonable price then for that type of land. That they bought this land knowing that they could divert Owens Valley water to it was clearly and lengthily disproved in a doctoral dissertation done at the Claremont Graduate School many years ago, and the candidate's committee included Professor John W. Caughey of UCLA, never one to condone shenanigans by non-academicians. The thrust of this dissertation was that the syndicate purchased this land because it was privy to the fact that H. E. Huntington, one of its members, was going to extend the line of his Pacific Electric Railway, the "Big Red Cars" of fragrant if noisome memory, into that section, which would make it attractive to small landholders and residentially-minded fugitives from the Snow Belt.

Stegner's castigation of Theodore Roosevelt for sacrificing the needs of the few to the needs ("greeds") of the many shows an ignorance of TR's basic approach to conservation, which was that it should serve the most people over the longest period of time. And Los Angeles and its environs today furnish the bulk of

the taxes that fuel the state's highway, educational, and social-service systems.

W. H. HUTCHINSON
Chico, Calif.

PAGE STEGNER REPLIES:

Mr. Hinderer (I trust that's not a *nom de plume*) suggests that Los Angeles is not a water waster, to which I can only reply we are *all* water wasters. Sometimes we have it to waste. In the drought of '76-'77 we did not, and we all conserved, though Los Angeles had to be forced to do so by a court order denying it increased ground-water pumping levels from the Owens Valley until it instituted mandatory measures. Those measures were removed once the snow pack and rainfall returned to normal. My contention is that they should be maintained to a degree that represents stability for the Owens Valley and Mono Lake ecology. State Water Resource Board studies have shown that this would be a minimal effort.

As for Mr. Hinderer's contention that the DWP has protected the scenic beauty of the region, I refer him to any U.S. Department of Agriculture map of the area, which will show that except for a corridor three to six miles wide up the center of the Owens Valley, which belongs to the City of Los Angeles, the scenic beauty is owned and maintained by the Forest Service and the BLM (Bureau of Land Management).

He says the DWP has ensured "local communities a vital economy." How? Where is there any evidence of vital economy, except conceivably in Bishop—which has its own water system? And if the DWP is such a benefactor, why has it been in continuous litigation with Inyo County since 1972?

Mr. Hutchinson slightly misquotes me. I didn't say Los Angeles stole the land. The phrase he refers to in his second paragraph reads "once the water had been stolen." It seems to me possible to pay fair market value for something and still "steal" it if you are working for the City of Los Angeles and represent yourself, as Eaton did, as an agent of the federal government. I used the word figura-

tively but perhaps "fraudulently acquired" would have been more precise. Nor did I disregard the fact that Los Angeles also uses Colorado River water and northern California water (see p. 68, first paragraph) though I'm not sure how water usage in East Los Angeles and Watts invalidates my contention that the city is bleeding the Owens Valley dry unnecessarily and is largely indifferent to the consequences. It does not ask for any measure of conservation from its citizens, black, white, or brown; it asks for greater allocation of other regions' resources (witness the current Peripheral Canal battle to divert more water from northern California).

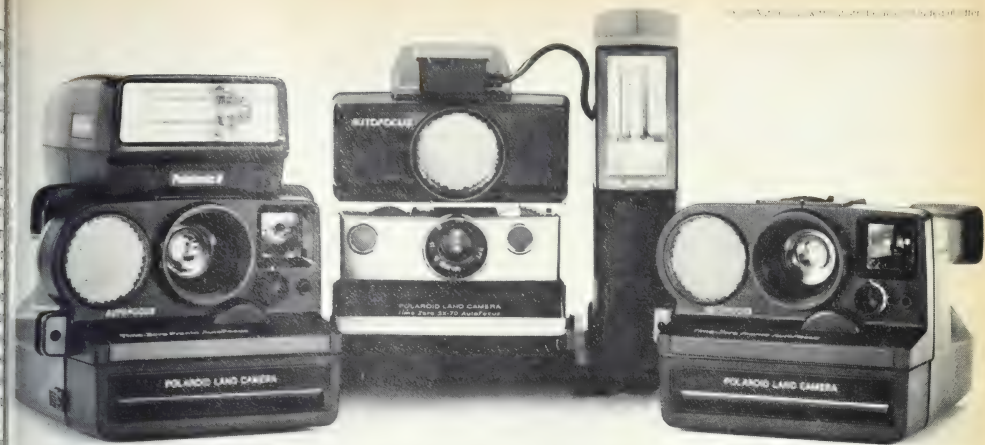
Mr. Hutchinson is correct about the mileage from Lone Pine to Bishop—my error. I must have been thinking of Lone Pine to Lee Vining.

I am unaware of the doctoral dissertation done at Claremont Graduate School that Mr. Hutchinson refers to and cannot reply to the assertion that Harriman, Otis, et al. bought thousands of acres of semi-arid land for development and presumably sold to "small landholders and residentially-minded fugitives from the Snow Belt" without, apparently, any idea as to how they were going to put water on it. It seems implausible.

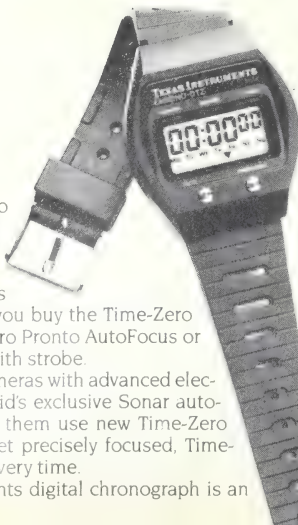
Finally, I am not ignorant of Teddy Roosevelt's basic approach to conservation, which may have been reasonable enough in 1906 but which don't think is unqualifiedly reasonable in 1981. My point, after all, is that in the Owens Valley-Los Angeles dispute the needs of the few and the many could be accommodated if the many would acknowledge that water is a finite resource in the West and adopt some rather simple measures of conservation.

OMISSION

Kenneth J. Arrow's "Two Cheers for Regulation" (*Harper's*, March) was adapted from a speech delivered by Professor Arrow at the inauguration of Tulane University's Charles Haywood Murphy Institute of Political Economy, October 17, 1980.



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SHOOTING STARS

The sacred grove of celebrity

by Lewis H. Lapham

*The trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.*
—Thomas Babington Macaulay.
Quoted by Sir George Frazer as
the epigraph to *The Golden
Bough*.

WHEN HE OPENED fire on President Reagan in a Washington street last March, John W. Hinckley, Jr., posed the question as to how the United States can protect itself against one of its most cherished dreams. The question has been put before, as recently as last Christmas in New York by Mark Chapman when he killed John Lennon; almost certainly the question will be asked again, probably sooner rather than later, by somebody else with the price of a secondhand gun and the yearning to enter, however briefly, the sacred grove of celebrity.

The cherished dream might once have been Jean-Jacques Rousseau's, a romantic panorama of man as noble savage at play in the meadows of paradise, of man set free from the constraints of laws and schools and institutions, free to constitute himself as his own government, free to declare himself a god.*

* Or to define himself by any other name that might come into his head. Edward M. Richardson, the would-be assassin arrested in New York on April 7 while on his way to Washington to complete what he called "Hinckley's reality," styled himself "Interrogator, People's Court."

Although easily corrupted and almost always misconstrued, the dream had a considerable influence on the making of American democracy; transposed into definitions of "individualism" as various as the individuals capable of "doing their own thing," Rousseau's dream came to be accepted as a dogma of the American faith. Thomas Jefferson preached the virtues of a genial anarchy, explaining that "government is either needless or an evil, and that with enough liberty, everything will go well." Things went well enough as long as the individuals elected at birth to the highest offices in heaven and earth could buy or seize the space in which to stake out the boundaries of Eden. Thoreau established a new Jerusalem on the shores of Walden Pond, and Joseph Smith discovered the golden tablets of the Book of Mormon in a field at Palmyra, N.Y.; Melville found Satan swimming in the Great South Sea, and for the apprentice prophets bankrupted in the panic of 1837 the western frontier offered not only an escape from their debts but also the hope of a congregation, a tabernacle, and a choir. Before the century was over the anarchy had become less genial and the savages less noble. The Union victory in the Civil War denied the Confederacy its slaveholding interpretation of Rousseau, and the capitalist incorporators of railroads preyed upon their customers with a systematic ferocity that

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

would have offended the sensibility of a Neolithic hunting band.

To the ideal of a primitive association of gods and heroes, the Americans from the beginning opposed the countervailing ideal of a civil government conducted by mere mortals. This older, Roman idea of a republic recommended itself not only to Jefferson in his more Federalist moments but also to Washington, James Hamilton, Adams, and everybody else in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787 who held the "natural man" in fairly low esteem. The authors of the Constitution put their faith in the virtues rather than the virtues of the fellow citizens. On the assumption that if left to their innocent devices most men would prove themselves as merciless as wolves, the founders designed a mechanism that balanced interest against interest, class against class, faction against faction.

The history of the American dialectic could be written as the ceaseless struggle between these two contrary ideas of government. The Romantic dream of Eden aligns itself with barbarism and the past, the classical hope of the republic with civilization and the future. Since the fire at Hiroshima the argument has shifted in favor of primitivism, magic, and Rousseau. The pagan gods enjoyed a restoration comparable to that of the Republican party in last November's election. More terrible and omnipotent than in the dear, sweet days before the death of Christ, the old idols discover that their powers c

creation and destruction have been much augmented. Not only can they ake life in the labyrinths of genetic engineering, they can also annihilate ties.

Against the pressure of events the publican idea of government raised the resourcefulness, courage, and self-discipline of the free citizen. No man was thought to be indispensable. Given the instruments of law, and the institutions governing the life of those laws, otherwise ordinary men were deemed capable of conducting the business of the state. Joseph Alsop expressed the republican sentiment accurately, if somewhat undecendingly, when he described President Nixon as "a workable plumbing fixture."

SO MUNDANE an approach to politics has gone out of fashion. Once the pressure of events comes to be seen as so immense and so bewildering as to defy the comprehension of men, government becomes confused with religion. People begin to say, as they did prior to the appointment of Alexander Haig as secretary of state, that the whole of the United States is only three men could be relied on to bear the burden of so august an office. The identity of the state comes to be embodied in a small repertory company of magic individuals, all of them dressed by the media in the wardrobe of immortality. Authority vested in institutions succumbs to authority vested in persons, and the publican idea of a magistracy gives way to a star system. On the great stage of the national political theater a succession of miraculous mandarins cites speeches to the moon and the stars.

The effect is much magnified by the ubiquity of the media and by the media's delight in melodrama, a word coined by Rousseau. By granting immortality to names over things, the media sustain the illusion of a hierarchy of greater and lesser celebrity. Barbara Walters struck the appropriate note of subservience when, in the course of interviewing the newly elected Jimmy Carter in the autumn of 1976, she said, in the intimate

whisper of accomplished flattery:

"Be kind to us, Mr. President. Be good to us."

This was not a request addressed by a fellow citizen to a republican magistrate. It was, as is so much else in the media, the adulation of a despot or the propitiation of a god. The politicians, after all, have access to the apocalyptic weapons. The less that people understand of what politicians do, the more urgent their desire to inflate politicians into divine images. So habitual has become the popular adoration of these images that people find it easy enough to imagine celebrities enthroned in a broadcasting studio on Mount Olympus, conversing with one another in an eternal talk show.

A week after President Reagan was shot, Abbie Hoffman, the once-upon-a-time Yippie and media hero of the 1960s, was sentenced to a year in prison for selling three pounds of cocaine. Under the laws governing Mr. Hoffman's arrest and conviction the sentence was mandatory, but to Mr. Hoffman's friends and fellow celebrities the thought of Mr. Hoffman actually going to prison did violence to everything they knew about the orderly arrangement of the universe. It was monstrous, a perversion of nature, a blasphemy so unspeakable as to constitute an offense against the divine right of kings. They wrote letters to the court explaining that Mr. Hoffman was a celebrity and therefore exempt from the niggling constraints of a temporal jurisdiction.*

* The names of the 400 or so people, of various degrees of charismatic intensity, who wrote letters on Mr. Hoffman's behalf, revived the memory of the blessed 1960s. Norman Mailer wrote a letter, and so did William F. Buckley, Jr., and the Rt. Rev. Paul Moore, Jr.; so did Allen Ginsberg, Benjamin Spock, Jon Voight, Bert Schneider, Jerry Rubin, and Bob Rafelson. The Hoffman Defense Committee claimed that it also had received testimonials from, among others: Ramsey Clark, Noam Chomsky, Peter Yarrow, Ed Asner, Studs Terkel, Joseph Papp, Shana Alexander, Ed Doctorow, William Burroughs, Joyce Carol Oates, Joseph Heller, Paul Newman, Carl Nader, Larry Rivers, Ossie Davis, Joan Hackett, Donald Sutherland, Jason Epstein, Jane Fonda, and Woody Allen. Mr. Ginsberg, the poet, took Rousseau's line when he said, "My

Being themselves players in the magical theater, most of Mr. Hoffman's companions understood that their public personae were likely to attract not only the homage of applause but also the compliment of gunfire. Quite a few of them employ bodyguards. Simplicity begets simplicity, and individualism begets counterindividualism.

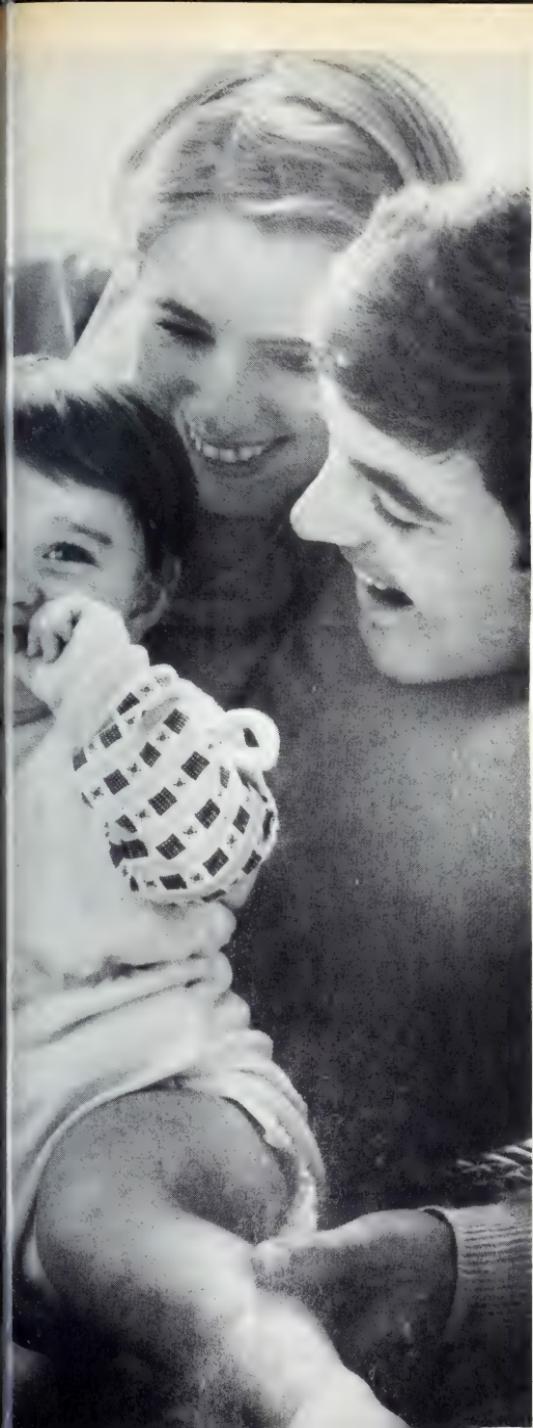
The affinity of interest between William F. Buckley, Jr., and Abbie Hoffman—Mr. Buckley offered to carry Mr. Hoffman's cause to the pages of the *National Review*—suggests a resemblance between the Republican Risorgimento and the old countercultural revolution of the Woodstock generation. The manner of dress has changed, and so has the age of the malcontents, but the mighty spirit of Rousseau still beckons the wagons westward, the apparition these days revealing itself as the avatar of John Wayne instead of Jack Kerouac.

Both the old and the new revolution excited the passions of the radical bourgeois, and both could be described as "revolutions from above," instigated by well-to-do people who thought themselves entitled to even more than they already possessed. Somehow they had been cheated of their expectations, and their angry disappointment followed from the discovery that \$4 million per annum didn't guarantee a life-enhancing experience of paradise. Like the admirers of Ms. Jane Fonda's political attitudes, Mr. Reagan's partisans (many of them successful bond salesmen and dealers in suburban real estate) cast themselves as rebels against "the system." They pose as romantic figures at odds with a world they never made. In the 1960s the world allegedly had been made by "the establishment," by old men who couldn't play guitar and who trem-

bled at the thought of a government must... act and judge and discriminate its Law with good nature." Mr. Rafelson, the movie director, said, "I pride myself on my intuition about people. Abbie is real." Bishop Moore said, "I feel he has undergone enough punishment.... Many outstanding entertainment people have been arrested on charges surrounding cocaine, but as far as I know none has gone to jail."

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THE EASY CHAIR

bled at the sight of long hair. In the 1980s it is said that the world has been made by "the government," by young men indifferent to Bing Crosby songs and accustomed to redistributing the nation's wealth as if it were so much confetti.

What is the promise of the Republican Risorgimento if not that of innocence regained, of capitalism unbound, of freedom to go plundering through a world where the spoils properly belong to the rich, the adventurous, and the strong? The new season's promise is not so different from that of Bob Dylan, except that El Dorado is now to be found on the temporal rather than the spiritual frontier.

Once it was impossible to trust anybody over the age of thirty—unless the poor wretch held tenure at a university and was willing to wear beads and sign petitions on behalf of Consciousness III; now it is impossible to trust anybody under the age of thirty who hasn't already bought and sold a Florida condominium or a computer data base. George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* has replaced Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* as the holy text of "terrible simplification," and one troupe of arcadian Californians supersedes another on the national political stage.

IN CALIFORNIA it is hard to remember that the rest of the world exists except as a projection on the screening-room wall of a primitive fantasy. No matter how the self-proclaimed anarchists costume their dramas, sooner or later they find themselves shouting the manifesto of Peter Pan. They declare time to be circular, and they say nothing ever changes in the land of perpetual summer. Like any other troupe of actors, they find it difficult to agree on any definition of law that might take precedence over the supremacy of individual wish, and so they prefer to base their authority on the rule of love. They offer the godlike substitution of names for principles and the superimposition of well-known faces on the unseen and implacable forces of necessity. But

what happens when they can no longer persuade their audience to make the willing suspension of disbelief? In a community supposedly governed by love, how do the rulers resolve the dilemma presented by the desperate craving for applause and the necessity of condemning men to death?

Machiavelli made the point that if a ruler had a choice in the matter he was better advised to be feared than loved. He had observed the citizens of Florence as closely as the authors of the American Constitution had observed the citizens of New York and Philadelphia, and he had come to much the same conclusion:

One can make this generalization about men: they are ungrateful, fickle, liars, and deceivers, they shun danger and are greedy for profit; while you treat them well, they are yours. They would shed their blood for you, risk their property, their lives, their children, so long . . . as danger is remote. . . . The bond of love is one which men, wretched creatures that they are, break when it is to their advantage to do so; but fear is strengthened by a dread of punishment which is always effective.

The blurring of the distinction between love and power has a diminishing effect on the people excluded from the sacred grove and for whom the fates have neglected to provide even a supporting role. In order to fuel the engines of publicity the media suck so much love and adulation out of the atmosphere that unknown men must gasp for breath. They feel themselves made small, and they question the worth, even the fact, of their existence. If the bloated persona of the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board takes up so much space in the public mind, who can feel respect for the president of the local bank? Once the audience is accustomed to making obeisance to the images of Nobel-prize laureates, how can it honor the advice of the local physician? At any one time the ecology of the media can bear the weight of only so much celebrity, and as the grotesque personae of the divinities made for the mass market re-

quire ever more energy to sustain them, what is left for the weaker species on the dark side of the camera?

Rousseau himself was acutely conscious of the subjugating power of fame. His writings allude constant to his desire to complete other people's lives, to walk into a room and seize the instant and universal approbation of everyone present, to focus on himself all eyes, all praise, all attention, all sexual feeling. No doubt Henry Kissinger would understand what he meant. So would Albie Hoffman. So would the literary critics who take pleasure in murdering one another's books.

Plutarch tells the story of Aristides of Athens, a statesman admired as a lawgiver but nevertheless banished from the city because he had become too popular. When the vote was taken, Aristides helped an illiterate countryman mark his shell for ostracism, and while he was doing so he asked the countryman why he wished to banish Aristides. The countryman, not knowing to whom he was speaking, said he was sick of hearing Aristides praised as "the Just."

A few days before going to Washington with the notion of shooting Mr. Reagan, Mr. Hinckley wrote a letter to an actress he had never met, saying, "If you don't love me I'm going to kill the president." Mr. Hinckley had seen the actress, Jodie Foster, in *Taxi Driver*, in which the deranged protagonist attempts to assassinate a United States senator because one of the senator's legislative aides has disdained to notice, much less requite, his love. Mr. Reagan obviously enjoyed the love of so many more people than even knew of Mr. Hinckley's existence that Mr. Hinckley apparently regarded the president as his principal rival for the affections of one of the girls in the chorus.

It is conceivable that nobody summoned the energy to attempt the killing of President Nixon or President Carter because neither of those gentlemen attracted an aura of devotion. Both Mr. Nixon and Mr. Carter demonstrated an emotional inadequacy so palpable as to quiet the province of the id. But Mr. Reagan seemed to be having such a good time; a smi-

THREE SURVEYS REVEAL AN EMERGING CONSENSUS ON THE NEED FOR AMERICA TO BE MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

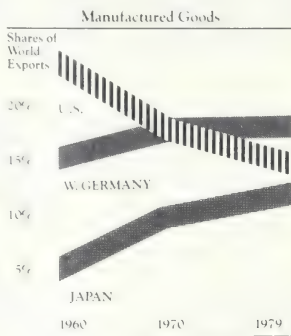
For the past year and a half, Union Carbide has been monitoring American opinion on a wide array of economic issues. In three separate surveys conducted between September 1979 and January 1981, Americans expressed strong concern about the American economy and an awareness that America has to do a better job of competing in the world.

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1979: ECONOMIC GROWTH IS NECESSARY.

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Source: *Interim*, March 9, 1981

1980: BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT MUST COOPERATE AS ALLIES...

In a June 1980 survey (*Adversaries or Allies*), we found that Americans wanted economic growth and also wanted government and business to work more closely together to shape economic policies—as allies instead of adversaries.

Americans, by a margin of 8 to 1, also said that making American business and industry more competitive with foreign business was either important or very important.

1981: ...TO MAKE AMERICA MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

In the third poll (*The Emerging Consensus*), conducted in January 1981, we found that over 80% think that trade is a two-way street and that 73% favor new U.S. government programs that would encourage American business to export more products. This survey also found that strong majorities want American businesses treated fairly in international trade and believe that the U.S. should shape its economic policies so that our problems at home and abroad are both taken into account.

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In his economic address before Congress on February 18, President Reagan said, "It is time to create new jobs, to build and rebuild industry, and give the American people room to do what they do best"—in order, as the President later put it, "...to make America competitive once again in world markets."

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THE EASY CHAIR

ing man, laughing at prerecorded Hollywood jokes, feeding on jelly beans, and all the while cheerfully withdrawing food stamps from the poor and chatting amiably to the press about his arsenal of hideous weapons. Who can bear the sight of a man so comfortable in the role of a grim and vengeful god? Like the other public men attacked by assassins in the last twenty years (John and Robert Kennedy; Malcolm X; Martin Luther King; Gerald Ford; and John Lennon), Mr. Reagan presented himself as a bringer of bad news who wanted to be loved for his trouble.

IF IT is possible to believe that the world can be redeemed by the sudden advent of a god from a machine, then if things don't work out quite the way the audience had hoped, maybe the mistake can be corrected by an equally abrupt departure. If the god cannot be made to listen or to feel the pain of non-celebrities murmuring in the shadows beyond the circle of magical light, perhaps he can be touched by other means. Unlike the rule of law, which derives its force from its impersonality, the rule of love can be overturned as easily as can a Neilsen rating.

Although it is impossible to know what Mr. Hinckley had in mind while he waited for President Reagan to come out of the Washington Hilton Hotel, it is probably safe to assume that he had watched a lot of television and had accepted the symbolism of the political theater as a literal rendering of the world. He owned a television set, a guitar, and a gun. These were his only possessions.

Every important event he'd ever seen, he'd seen on television. Wandering from hotel room to hotel room, unnoticed by the management, he may have come to think of himself, in Justice Holmes' phrase, as "a puny anonym." Maybe he would have been content with an appearance on the Johnny Carson show. Maybe he wished to abrogate his treaty with the United States. Whatever his reasons, they would have

made sense to Rousseau.*

The media, of course, portrayed Mr. Hinckley as a near lunatic who in no way could be said to represent anything fundamental to the homespun steadiness of the American character or the wholesomeness of the American experience. The official denial has become obligatory in the aftermath of all assassinations or attempted assassinations that cannot be ascribed to a political plot. If it sounds less and less convincing, perhaps that is because it has been too often repeated. Once they had pronounced Mr. Hinckley a uniquely alienated young man, the promoters of correct opinion went on to ask the customary questions about what might be wrong with the country. Will the violence never cease? What is the matter with those people out there who keep showing up with cheap guns and third-rate film scripts? Nobody could find convincing answers for these questions. *The New York Times* admitted to a feeling of "raging helplessness." Max Lerner blamed the secret service (apparently for failing to impose martial law throughout the District of Columbia), the laxity of the gun laws, and Mr. Hinckley's parents (for not employing detectives to follow their son on his appointed rounds). Other columnists mentioned the rising levels of crime in the United States (up 13 percent in 1980), the pervasiveness of the presidential symbol, and the

* They also would have made sense to John Wilkes Booth, the actor who assassinated President Abraham Lincoln. On several occasions before Mr. Lincoln's murder Booth talked compulsively about pulling down the Colossus of Rhodes. He was once quoted as saying, "You have read about the Seven Wonders of the World? Well, we'll take the Statue of Rhodes, for example. Suppose that statue was now standing, and I by some means should overthrow it.... My name would descend to posterity and never be forgotten."

On the Thursday before the Monday that he was shot, President Reagan attended a "command performance" at Ford's Theatre in Washington, the same theater in which President Lincoln was shot. The event was televised; Mr. Reagan made a theatrical show of applauding the star turns performed by a succession of singers, comedians, and magicians distinguished principally by their celebrity.

porousness of a political system that allows the head of state to walk around in a shopping center without a sullen escort of lictors.

All these observations having been duly noted on the record, the authorities took pains to warn against the drawing of overwrought generalizations about the illness of American society. They didn't want anybody get the wrong impression. Yes, it was true that the president of the United States had been shot down in broad daylight almost within sight of the White House, and, yes, it was also true that the secretary of state had yielded to a pardonable seizure of megalomania, but American society wasn't sick, and it was irresponsible of anybody to say so. The president recovered bravely from his wound, and within a few days the worried questions had died away; a distant mutter in the periodical. The impresarios of the media circle encouraged everybody to go back to what they were doing before the program had been so tastelessly interrupted by a commercial for the assassin as celebrity.

Even so, assassination remains the leading cause of death among serving American presidents (four out of eight), and the United States seems likely to remain a dangerous place for public figures who inspire in too many people a fever of love and admiration. Unless enough of us can learn to ignore the pandering of the media, or to discount it with appropriate mockery, it is likely that the noble aspects of Rousseau's dream will continue to deteriorate into brutal fantasy. The tyranny of weakness imposed by Mr. Hinckley, Mr. Oswald, Mr. Sirhan, Mr. Bremer, and Mr. Chapman cannot be allowed to result in the remembrance of the names. If, as Andy Warhol foretold, the media will make everybody famous for fifteen minutes, what is to prevent a boy growing up with the ambition not of becoming the president but of killing the president. The latter ambition certainly is easier to achieve; easier, less expensive, and more consistent with the educational requirements set forth in the federal guidelines.

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A BREACH IN THE WALL

The lesson of Poland's resistance

by Leszek Kolakowski

THE EVENTS in Poland of the last few months have been widely and, on the whole, fairly reported in the press. There is no need to tell the story again. Their significance for our understanding of the evolution of totalitarian systems, however, is bound to remain a matter of controversy, and any predictions we can make from them are even less certain. Yet whatever the forthcoming months may bring—and we cannot rule out any possibility, including the most fortunate and the most sinister outcomes—there is little doubt that we are witnessing the most important process in the postwar history of European communist countries, and the most damaging breach ever made in such a regime by internal forces.

Undoubtedly, the last thirty-five years have seen a good deal of violent upheaval and change in eastern Europe. It has ranged from spontaneous outbursts of popular anger, provoked by economic or political and national grievances (or both), to powerful movements aimed at the so-called democratization of a regime—movements involving sections of the ruling party—of which the revolts in Poland in 1956 and in Czechoslovakia in 1968 are examples. Party members who laid emphasis on their actions as the product of their ideological allegiance were active in both these cases, and thus contributed two important characteristics to the movements. First, no sharp division was created between the party and the rest of society: most nonparty members genuinely expected the party itself to produce forces capable of leading the process of democratization; the en-

thusiasm for Gomulka in Poland, and for Dubček in Czechoslovakia, however poorly justified, was real and almost universal. Second, the most visible (though by no means the only) ideological expression of the movement was "revisionism," in which party people naturally played a prominent role; it was based on the notion that the political structure would lose its oppressive character and adopt liberal values and high intellectual and moral standards, without ceasing to be communist.

In 1956, in both Poland and Hungary, there was a great discrepancy between the deepest popular grievances and the focus given the movement by the mass media. The general mood was clearly anticommunist and anti-Soviet, with strong national and, at least in Poland's case, religious overtones; its public expression, however, was in reformist-communist terms. That this discrepancy was far greater in Hungary than in Poland, where revisionist ideology deviated much further from any Marxist or Leninist orthodoxy, might account for the different outcomes of the uprisings. The Polish version of revisionism was closer to popular beliefs, and served as something of a shock absorber, communicating grievances from ruled to rulers, while softening their effects along the way. In Hungary, however, the distance between the two extremes was too great. Popular anger turned into rebellion, the party fell apart within days, and the power machine could be restored only by a bloody Soviet invasion.

This illusion of the revisionists—that communism was capable of reforming itself—could not survive such disasters for long. It became more and more obvious that their hope of a "democratic communism"

was the political equivalent of the alchemists' dream of dry water. Any one can define communism in any way he wants, of course. There are still many people, naturally, who hope for communism as an eventual good lead them to maintain that its oppressive and totalitarian sides do not really belong to its true "nature," and that all positive change can be seen as a restoration of communism's original "essence." This "essence," they claim, has been distorted by many very regrettable but historically explainable mistakes.

Yet if we take communism's conception of itself at face value, "democratic communism" is a self-contradictory notion. This is not a matter of ideological preference. Communism has defined itself not only in historical practice but in theoretical terms as well. Many of the pronouncements of its founder—Lenin and Trotsky above all—leave us in no doubt as to communism's essential nature. It is intended to triumph through violence and coercion, obeying no other law than political expediency, and its ultimate achievement must be unlimited concentration of economic, political, police, and cultural power in the hands of a single party. The fact that any changes, real or possible, that tend to make the communist power machine less totalitarian and less oppressive do not reinforce the system but weaken it; they are agents for corrosion, not purification.

ONCE WE TAKE seriously communism's own definition of itself—in both ideological and historical terms—we cannot escape the conclusion that this is not a system that can be re-

ruined; it can only be destroyed. The question that then arises is whether the system must be felled at one stroke, or whether gradual erosion can accomplish the same end.

Time has shown clearly that the evils of oppression and destruction created by a communist regime can, in practice, vary from country to country and period to period. To claim that there is no real difference between, say, the last years of Stalin's rule in Russia (or communism there the last but one liberation of Cambodia) and life in Hungary today, merely because the principle of totalitarianism, and thus "the system," remains intact in both cases, is absurd for two reasons. To begin with, we are discussing processes that evolve over decades, and the degree of destructiveness of communism—even that it has always been destructive and despotic—is often a matter of a simple distinction between life and death, not merely of individuals but of entire social classes, or even entire nations.

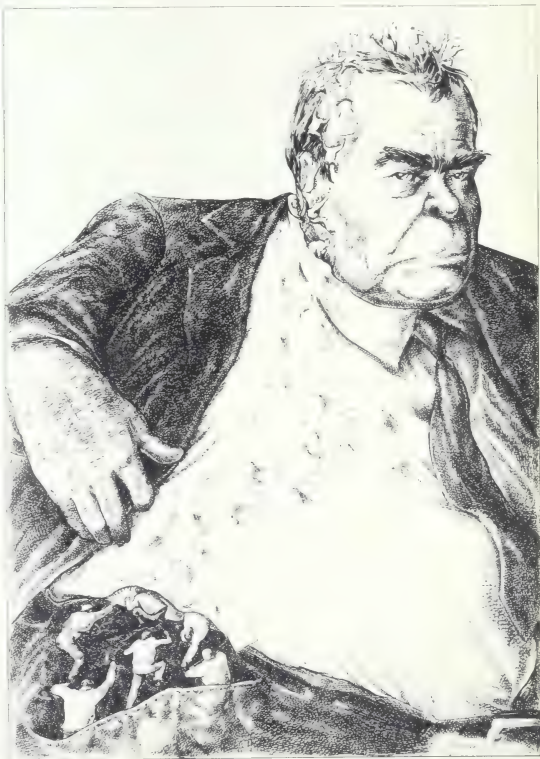
Second, the eventual destiny of a totalitarian regime is enormously dependent on the survival of any cultural continuity, however damaged it may have been by totalitarian rule. Political censorship is always detrimental to the life of culture, but the distinction between very rigid and somewhat relaxed censorship is nevertheless very important. Everyone who lives under a communist dictatorship has learned to value partial change and partial improvement for what they are; though they do not do away with the totalitarian nature of the regime, they make life more tolerable and reduce the omnipotence and omnipresence of the state. The attitude that these differences, being "of degree only," are insignificant, is blinkered and doctrinaire. Only those fortunate outsiders who do not have to live under the conditions imposed by "real socialism" can afford to adopt it; for those who actually spend their lives under the radiant "future that works," this approach is not only unacceptable but insulting. In this sense, then, communism can indeed change, develop, or regress.

The question is whether this dif-

ference in approach ultimately matters. I believe it does. It represents the opposition of two incompatible bodies of vested interests, and, depending on which is adopted, the direction practical action takes will be quite different. If we assume the first approach—i.e., that Soviet-style systems have on the whole functioned in conformity with their ideological principles and in accordance with communism's theoretical definition of itself—each struggle whereby various segments of society gain a measure of cultural, political, or economic independence from the state is a breach in the walls of the ruling institutions. The historical evidence is clear: any achievement, in any communist country, that mitigates totalitarian dictatorship is the result of social pressure, of resistance and struggle, never of the self-correct-

ing mechanisms of the state; and, through a process of inertia, the state and the ruling party tend to cancel such changes as soon as they feel strong enough once more. And although we can observe serious cracks in the state's all-embracing control of life almost everywhere, even in the Soviet Union, this is not a symptom of the "democratization" of communism, but of its decay.

IT is within this conceptual framework that we should attempt to interpret the events that have taken place in Poland in the last year. They represent neither the chaotic revolt of a people driven to despair nor an attempt to improve the situation by making changes in the party leadership. From the outset the political meaning of the strikes



Steve Brodner

A BREACH IN THE WALL

was clear. They were never justified in the language of communist stereotypes; rather they were intended to demonstrate the absolute gulf separating society from the ruling institutions. Nobody expected a savior to emerge from inside the party, to appease the revolt with vague promises of order and justice. Everybody knew from experience the destiny of such promises; they invariably end in the restoration of the old oppressive measures as soon as the party and police feel sure of their ground again. When, in an effort to gain a temporary respite, the party leaders got rid of some of the more odious members of the government and the Central Committee, the workers' response was: "We did not ask for this; this is not our affair; we did not want the removal of a few ministers and secretaries; we want institutional change." As a result, the movement could no longer be manipulated by any of the party cliques.

The strikes in Gdansk were triggered by the firing of a worker for political reasons; soon after, the strikers followed with economic, and then political, demands. Although it would be wrong to suggest that the strikes were organized or initiated by the political opposition groups (notably KOR, the Workers' Defense Committee, more recently renamed the Public Self-Defense Committee), which had been in existence for about four years prior to the strikes, the political articulation of the workers' demands clearly owed a great deal to the dogged and dangerous work of this democratic opposition. The strikers' demands coincided largely with those that the underground press, sponsored by KOR, had been advocating for years: independent trade unions; the abolition or at least drastic reduction of censorship; the open admission of the reality of Poland's catastrophic economic position; and an end to political trials and to the power center's monopoly of the mass media.

The movement was a spectacular demonstration of the ruling party's loss of credibility. Needless to say, this was a cumulative process, not a blinding revelation. From the first day of the founding of the "people's

democracy," the majority of the Polish people had felt strongly not only that they had been forced into a highly oppressive system of government against their will but also that this system had been imposed by a foreign power, resulting in the *de facto* loss of their national sovereignty. For reasons that go back over centuries, this feeling seems to have had greater effect in Poland than in other countries—like Czechoslovakia and Hungary—that found themselves in a similar position after the Yalta conference.

Still, the Poles were incapable of freeing themselves on their own, and were aware of the international bargaining process that had pushed them into the Soviet Union's area of dominance. As a result, they were ready to give qualified credit to those party leaders who—as they believed, rightly or wrongly—might improve the country's lot, lessen its dependence on Big Brother, and initiate rational economic reforms. Only once, in 1956, when Gomulka succeeded to power, was such credit extended out of genuine popular enthusiasm. After the massacre of workers in northern cities in 1971 (the exact numbers are still unknown), the new leadership was again given the benefit of the doubt, although reluctantly, and for a couple of years the Poles saw their expectations of economic improvement fulfilled, though nobody took the system's ideological principles seriously anymore.

After the mid-Seventies, however, the situation became increasingly intolerable, with daily life now a constant torment of endless shortages of virtually everything. This state of affairs was partly the result of international problems beyond the control of Poland's rulers: but to a much larger extent it was the fault of appalling mismanagement, waste, foolish investment, widespread corruption, and enormous and recklessly contracted debts. It finally became clear that the party had lost both its credibility and the wherewithal to communicate with the people.

The democratic opposition groups that emerged after 1975 pointed out time and again that no important economic reform was likely without

a minimum level of confidence in the way the country was ruled, and without some means by which citizens could at least voice their grievances. By confidence they did not, of course, mean a faith in communism—merely some belief that the government might demonstrate a measure of common sense and genuine willingness to get the country out of its mess.

It was too late. The heads of the regime, trapped in a cul-de-sac of their own making, panicked, reacting first with repression, then backing down and alternately making threats and concessions, torn between their fear of the people and their fear of their Muscovite master. But this new collapse of the leadership was different from previous scenarios: the workers were well aware that the party would try to cheat them again as soon as it felt stronger; they realized that any concession would be valid only inasmuch as the workers had the institutional instruments to enforce them.

That the communist power structure in Poland (indeed, in most of the countries that were forced into the Soviet bloc) would quickly fall apart if Soviet support were withdrawn is something almost no one doubts, least of all the Soviet leaders. The Polish people are aware that living as they do within the "socialist circle," they cannot possibly bring about the restoration of their state sovereignty and democratic institutions in the near future. But they have proved that with strong pressure and resistance it is possible to extract important concessions, and this has great practical bearing on the question of the reformability of communism as it has been discussed in Soviet satellite countries for the last quarter-century.

WHATEVER their immediate impact, the recent events in Poland have shown how totalitarian institutions can be worn away by degrees. Traditionally, Polish resistance to foreign domination has taken the form of a patriotic conspiracy aimed ultimately at an armed

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A BREACH IN THE WALL

uprising. In today's situation this approach is quite hopeless and has rightly been recognized as such. In the West in particular, however, there is a widespread view that holds, in effect, that no radical change in the Soviet satellite countries' position is possible as long as none occurs in Moscow; any significant movement in the empire has to begin at its heart.

In my opinion, this attitude is entirely self-defeating and in fact has been refuted by experience. We have no reason to suppose that a miracle will take place in the Kremlin. But the Soviet empire, like any other, can be eroded from its peripheries; indeed, throughout history this has been the commonest road to disintegration. The democratic movement in Poland is neither an armed conspiracy nor an endless wait for those mythical "changes in Moscow"; rather it is an open attempt to restore the various areas of civil society that the state has tried unceasingly to eradicate. Every manifestation of social life that is independent of the state carries an antitotalitarian meaning, even in the absence of any political program and with no pretensions to replacing political parties. In Poland, the emergence of independent trade unions has clearly created the most damaging breach possible in the state's monopoly of power.

From their inception the Polish workers' demands met with a highly skeptical reaction from sections of the Western press, which considered them "unrealistic." The common reaction was that "independent unions obviously contradict all the principles of communism; the system could never swallow it." It is certainly true that free trade unions are absolutely incompatible with the principles of communism. But long before the summer of 1980, many Polish institutions seemed to—in fact, did—run counter to those principles. Sometimes they even flourished. That the church—an enormously powerful institution, Poland's only important source of moral authority—could survive and remain independent of the state is something utterly incompatible with communist rule; so is

the fact that the majority of farmers avoided collectivization, thus keeping Polish agriculture in private hands. The Catholic University in Lublin, the Catholic press (heavily censored, to be sure, but otherwise independent of the party), the political opposition groups, the underground press, the so-called flying university—all of these have been more or less tolerated over the past five years, even if subjected to various kinds of intimidation and persecution from time to time.

The truth is not that "the system" cannot possibly accept trade unions. A communist system's capacity to "swallow" reform is entirely dependent on the distribution of forces among the various strata of society. The limits of the malleability of despotic socialism *cannot* be set merely on the basis of socialism's general definition. Those limits extend with the strength of social pressure; every change must be extorted, and in different situations different pressures may work. Needless to say, resistance is always dangerous; yet it is both empirically false, and self-defeating, to draw in advance a strict line beyond which a communist power structure can never move. Antitotalitarian resistance is possible; it can weaken and limit the ruling party *from within* the system, without attacking the governing principle itself.

THE ROLE played by a national consciousness in the success of events in Poland since last summer cannot be ignored either. To be sure, there was no sign during the strikes of any banners or slogans urging Polish independence; still, it is clear, and understood by all, that an acute sense of national humiliation, a powerful awareness of the loss of national sovereignty, though not of the state, is present in everyone's mind, and uppermost in moments of social crisis. The tradition of resistance to foreign domination has formed a constant backdrop—sometimes more visible, sometimes less—to every mass movement in postwar Poland, no matter what its "ideo-

logical" expression. Actors visited the Gdansk shipyard workers while they were on strike to recite to them the words of Adam Mickiewicz, the great Romantic poet, who for a century and a half has embodied for Poland the vitality of the national spirit of resistance to the Russian oppressor. Without necessarily shouting it aloud, the Polish people have always held national independence to be the highest goal; and it has played a part in most of their political initiatives.

The strength of Polish religious consciousness has been important too—indeed, it is ubiquitous. Workers and their leaders emphatically demonstrated their Catholic loyalty through crucifixes and portraits of the pope, which were to be seen everywhere, in sharp contrast to the portraits of Lenin displayed on the party's order which stayed where they were, since workers preferred not to provide the police with pretexts for repression. Priests celebrated mass in the open, heard confessions, and gave absolution to the workers, who, knowing that at any moment they might be crushed by tanks, faced their few hours like soldiers about to go into battle. Their expectations proved wrong, fortunately, but were nevertheless by no means unfounded.

As has often been remarked, the election of a Polish prelate to supreme office and his subsequent loss of his native country were important factors in the background to events, not because the pope himself had ever called on his countrymen to strike, or because they somehow expected him to influence the international situation. His journey unfolded, in a spectacular manner, the power of the church and the weakness of the party; it enabled the populace, somehow, to look at themselves, to realize their common loyalty, and to see clearly who was their real master of souls.

AND YET perhaps the most important achievement of Poland's democratic movement has been its effect on the moral spirit of the people. A sense of dignity has been regained.

spiritual liberation that in the eyes of any has been the movement's most precious achievement. It is as if the y wastes through which the Polish people have struggled for such a long time have suddenly begun to melt, as if the mountain of lies surrounding them has suddenly crumbled. For so many years communism is tried to accustom the Polish people to their status, as it were, of state property; but the attempt has failed, and the general perception is that it will never succeed.

There is a lesson for the West, too, in the upheavals in Poland. Nobody retains the illusion that the West would offer Poland military help in the event of a Soviet invasion. Nevertheless, once it has been demonstrated that totalitarian institutions can be worn away progressively from within, it would not be impossible for the Western powers to work out a strategy by which they could encourage the gradual internal erosion of Soviet imperialism by peaceful means. They can support liberty and diversity in Soviet satellite countries and give moral support to movements that try, without violence, to weaken the oppressive character of the system.

One may speculate as to why Poland has—at least up to now—proved stronger than other eastern European countries in mobilizing anti-totalitarian resistance. Most important, perhaps, is that in spite of the horrible losses and destruction at the nation sustained during the war, particularly as a result of the Nazi occupation, its cultural continuity has not been broken. Even Stalinism was in some respects less insistent, more halfhearted, as practiced in Poland, than in other countries. And, as I pointed out earlier, the church survived as an independent power.

Poles have always had a reputation as reckless fighters, incapable of cold calculation of their strength before combat. This reputation may be exaggerated, but it is not without foundation.

On the other hand, Polish history bounds not only with hopeless battles and unnecessary victims but also with many extraordinary examples

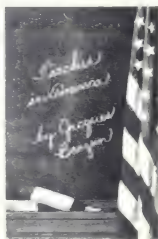
of victories made possible only because the people decided to take an enormous risk, to fight on obstinately against great odds, and to win.

In great conflicts, where many social, military, internal, and international factors must be taken into account, there is no reliable way of calculating one's own strength or that of the forces ranged against

one, apart from a few commonsense rules that have been known for centuries: if you are terrorized by the power of your adversary, you have already lost, however great your "objective" resources; if you are ready to engage in a battle only when you are certain of victory, you have already surrendered. □

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THE HAIG DOCTRINE

Making the world safe for solipsism

by T. D. Allman

ON CAPITOL HILL fascinated spectators called it "The Day the Nuns Attacked the Soldiers." But diplomatic historians may eventually give the episode a title more in keeping with its importance, which was that of a milestone in U.S. foreign policy. In

the meantime, perhaps "The Morning the Haig Doctrine Came Out of the Closet" will do.

Before a House committee, the secretary of state was defending U.S. intervention in El Salvador, and a question arose concerning four American missionaries killed there

last winter. The women—three nuns and one Catholic lay worker—were abducted from their van near El Salvador airport last December 2. Their bodies were eventually recovered from shallow graves twenty miles away. In the waning hours of the Carter administration, a team of officials led by William D. Rogers, a former under secretary of state in the Ford administration, was sent to El Salvador to investigate.

The Rogers mission found evidence that four U.S. citizens, all engaged in humanitarian relief work, had been kidnapped, abused, and then murdered by the very forces the U.S. is arming and supplying in

El Salvador. According to the State Department's own investigation, "four women had been shot in the head." They also appeared to have been molested before they were executed. "The underwear of three was found separately," according to the report, which also added that "one victim had been found nude below the waist."

Who had killed them? According to Robert White, U.S. ambassador to El Salvador at the time, "It is undoubted that the American-supported security forces were implicated in the murders." White's own investigation, in fact, has given him cause to conclude that the murders were ordered by a high-ranking Salvadoran regional commander whose identity Ambassador White knows—although whose identity has been known in Reagan administration officials for months.

The initial State Department report also presented substantial circumstantial "evidence suggesting security force complicity." This evidence included the fact that Salvadoran security forces were seen "stopping cars at the outskirts of the airport moments before the probable arrival of the churchwomen," and that both civilian and military officers of the Salvadoran government were engaged in an elaborate attempt to hide the bodies. Even though vigilantes who saw them referred to the corpses as those of "blonde foreign



Steve Brodner

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ers," the Rogers mission reported. "The Justice of the Peace... certified the bodies as those of 'unknowns.'" "In spite of the fact that the women were obviously foreigners," the State Department investigators discovered, "the burial was arranged immediately under security force supervision; it was done in a remote part of El Salvador where killings are commonplace and fresh graves likely to be ignored." Government forces had also burned the victims' vehicle in "an attempt to deceive or mislead anyone searching for the women."

the murders, and whether any steps were being taken to bring those guilty to justice.

It turned out that the secretary of state had indeed made a discovery that had eluded the Rogers mission, Ambassador White, the international press, and others who had investigated the missionaries' deaths. It was that no crime had occurred at all. Indeed, to hear General Haig tell it, the unarmed women themselves were the guilty parties and their killers had only been acting in self-defense. "I would like to suggest to you that perhaps the vehicles the nuns were driving in may have tried to run a roadblock," Haig told members of Congress, "and there'd been an exchange of gunfire and then perhaps those who inflicted the casualties sought to cover it up." Such a short time after the secretary of state had announced a worldwide campaign against "international terrorism" and "swift retribution" whenever terrorists struck against U.S. citizens, his rationalization of the terrorist murder of four Americans by U.S.-backed forces in El Salvador constituted the most precise official formulation yet of what might be called the Haig Doctrine.

dating the assumptions of the secretary of state is prepared.

Another example: The president is shot, and General Haig strides to the television cameras and announces that "constitutionally" he is "in control here." Clearly the Constitution is wrong, and such figures as the vice president, the speaker of the House, and the president *pro tem* of the Senate also have been misled about their constitutional functions prior to General Haig's clarification of what reality really is. General Haig, in fact, may be remembered as the first secretary of state to make solipsism the foundation of both the foreign policy of the United States and the conduct of his own office.

El Salvador remains the clearest case study of the Haig Doctrine in work. While accusing the Soviets of fomenting terrorism, Haig at the same time supports terrorists in El Salvador himself. Could this possibly suggest some contradiction in terms? Not at all. The magic war of the Haig Doctrine is waged on that little Central American country and—presto!—moral culpability for terrorism is demonstrated to lie with the victims. The U.S.-backed force engage exclusively in legitimate acts of self-defense, and it is those they kill, not the soldiers, who are the assailants—"casualties," as Haig termed them, in a perfectly legitimate military encounter between a roadblock of doughty, anticommunist freedom fighters and a commando squad of machine-gun-wielding Marvknoll subversives.

The utility of the Haig Doctrine is that it cannot be refuted, because its chief axiom is the irrelevance of fact. Had the nuns, as Haig suggested, initiated "an exchange of gunfire," it might be supposed they were carrying guns. And if they had been killed trying to "run a roadblock," one might also imagine they were in their van, and their bodies, had been riddled with indiscriminate gunfire as a result of the "exchange." He tried to explain, in fact, that the church women were unarmed, that the van was not riddled with bullets but was burned, and that according to the Rogers mission investigation, they did not die at the roadblock at



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WASHINGTON

but were killed many hours later in a place twenty miles away, as the result of individual bullets fired, one by one, into the backs of their heads? And what about the peculiar way the four women were clothed? Why should the nuns have chosen to run a roadblock wearing no underwear, in fact with one of them nude from the waist down? Was it some plot to distract the soldiers, General Haig?

Under the Haig Doctrine, such quibbles are of no importance at all. In fact one can change reality as one goes along, day by day. Indeed, the very day after he first pronounced on the incident, when General Haig was asked in the Senate what evidence he had to prove that "the nuns were firing at the people," the secretary of state said: "I haven't met any pistol-packing nuns in my day, Senator. What I meant was that if one fellow starts shooting the next thing you know they all panic." This version, while somewhat different from the first, was still totally contrary to the facts, and yet nonetheless

treated the Salvadoran troops' deed as some harmless little prank—no worse, say, than breaking into an office, or erasing a tape and then trying to cover it up.

The Haig Doctrine has spawned what might be called the Kirkpatrick Corollary, in honor of Haig's colleague and U.N. ambassador, Jeane J. Kirkpatrick. The Kirkpatrick Corollary to the Haig Doctrine is not only that the victims of terrorism are the assailants but that they get what they deserve. Like the secretary of state, Ambassador Kirkpatrick has defended the killing of the four churchwomen on the grounds they "were not just nuns... they were political activists on behalf of the Frente," the opposition alliance, which includes moderates as well as guerrillas. No matter that official State Department documents dismiss "unconfirmed suspicions that Catholic missionaries are assisting leftist groups," and add: "Neither [the Rogers mission] nor we believe the work of Catholic missionaries in

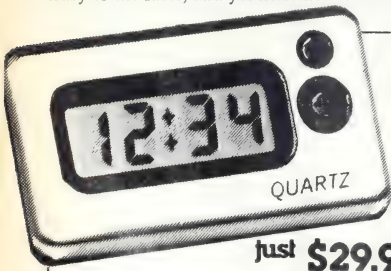
Central America is intended to benefit the radical left." Under Haig Doctrine and Kirkpatrick Corollary the mandate of fact is repealed.

The Haig Doctrine not only has produced some historic television performances and some of the most unusual testimony heard on Capitol Hill since Watergate. It has spawned its own literature—a two-part State Department "Special Report" entitled "Communist Interference in El Salvador." Part I—called a "White Paper"—asserts that the Kremlin has a master plan for the domination of all Central America, or, as General Haig has put it, that Moscow has "a hit list for the ultimate takeover of Central America." Part II—subtitled "Documents Demonstrating Communist Support of the Salvadoran Insurgency"—purports to prove it, with secret documents captured in El Salvador late last year.

BUT WHAT OF the documents themselves? On close inspection, the relationship between the documents and the conclusions General Haig has drawn from them turns out to be the same as the relationship between his testimony on the death of the nuns and the Rogers mission report—or between the secretary's perception of his own powers and the actual provisions of the U.S. Constitution.

The White Paper, for example, asserts that the accompanying documents prove "several Communist states" promised to supply the Salvadorans with "nearly 800 tons of the most modern weapons and equipment," and of actually achieving the "covert delivery to El Salvador of nearly 200 tons of those arms." Yet a careful analysis of the documents for Pacific News Service by John Dinges, a Latin America specialist who works for the *Washington Post*, revealed a completely different story. Dinges found that "the capture documents themselves indicate that only about ten tons ever crossed the border." That is a quantity even State Department officials concede would be of no military consequence whatsoever.

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Paper, however, from asserting that the documents proved "the Soviet Union and other Communist states... are carrying out what is clearly shown to be a well-coordinated, covert effort to bring about the overthrow of El Salvador's established Government and to impose in its place a Communist regime with no popular support." In fact the documents show something else entirely—a single, unhappy Salvadoran official vainly seeking help in communist countries and coming up with almost nothing.

In one document a middle-ranking Soviet bureaucrat offers to pay the Salvadoran's airfare to Hanoi—apparently in an effort to get rid of him. On the basis of that "evidence," the White Paper proclaims that he left Moscow "with assurances that the Soviets agree in principle to transport the Vietnamese arms." In fact the documents, in one of the more striking examples of the Haig Doctrine at work even in the analysis of intelligence files, show exactly the opposite. The Salvadoran leaves Moscow—according to the State Department's own documents—expressing "his unhappiness with the denial of a meeting at the proper level and the non-resolution of the request for help." In the end he discovers the Soviets are not going to transport arms at all, and frets that "the Soviets' indecisiveness could affect not only the help they might give but also [prejudice] the willingness to cooperate of the other parties of the European socialist camp..."

These fears seem to have been borne out. The White Paper, for example, accuses foreign communist governments of supplying the Salvadoran insurgents with "the most modern weapons and equipment" and also of making "a major Communist effort to 'cover' their involvement by providing mostly arms of Western manufacture." Yet the documents brandished by the State Department do not indicate that at all. Instead, they show the Vietnamese and Ethiopians limiting their unfulfilled promises to largely obsolete weapons. The Hanoi document, for example, excludes M-16s—the modern combat rifle U.S. troops used there, and of which the Vietnamese

now have an immense arsenal—and the same document shows the Ethiopians offering outdated M-1s. In countries directly under Moscow's control, the pickings seem to have been even slimmer. The Hungarians offer such subversive devices as "ten megaphones, movie cameras" and the East Germans offer medical supplies—but no weapons. The Bulgarians and Czechs do offer weapons, but of the socialist-bloc manufacture the Salvadoran guerrillas do not want.

In the end, events in El Salvador demonstrated largely what the documents do. None of the weapons promised by the Czechs or Bulgarians was ever found there. The guerrillas appeared to be supplied chiefly through the black-market arms trade, which involves many U.S. citizens operating out of Honduras, Panama, and Miami. And the guerrilla offensive collapsed, in part because of its failure to attract effective support from foreign communist states.

As for the White Paper itself, intelligence sources in Washington found it a vintage example of the Haig Doctrine in full flower. One official called the White Paper's analysis "highly unrealistic." Another called the work "shoddy," but the story may not stop there. Some analysts are convinced that many of the documents were faked.

"Just as they've been covering up on the nuns' murder," one intelligence expert said, "Haig and the CIA have been mounting a major disinformation campaign to obscure the nature of the Salvadoran conflict as a whole." In El Salvador itself, Salvadoran officials have complained that bogus "Nicaraguan invasions" were staged late last year in an attempt to win U.S. public support for arms shipments, and that an isolated cache of combined Soviet and Chinese weapons was planted. Another former CIA official with extensive experience in analyzing intelligence documents, Ralph McGehee, has called the White Paper "yet another CIA forgery operation." It seems a rather crude attempt. "Lists of weapons appear to have been tacked to memoranda that don't have much to do with the subjects discussed at all," McGehee added.

These analysts say that such an effort, which, in effect, deliberately misleads public opinion in order to win domestic support for the Salvadoran intervention, under law would have had to be approved by General Haig, the entire National Security Council, and the president. An equally alarming possibility is that Salvadoran intelligence officials have been deliberately misleading Washington—and that because their misrepresentations so accurately mirror the presumptions of the Haig Doctrine, General Haig and his subordinates must neither know nor care. "Either could be the case," another analyst said. "A 'friendly' regime that murders American nuns could hardly be supposed to find some moral objection in passing false documents to the U.S. government."

The chief argument for the documents' authenticity, of course, is that they fail to prove Haig's assertion about the communist "hit list" in Central America. But, curiously enough, even the secretary of state himself has complained that there is a "disinformation" campaign at work. The culprits? The White Paper—again, not on the basis of any evidence apparent in the documents—accuses the communist "propaganda apparatus" of making its "key aims to discredit the Salvadoran Government" and "to misrepresent U.S. policies and actions." Apparently those working "on behalf of the Frente" include not only Maryknoll nuns but the American press as well. The real problem, suggested by a high State Department official after the release of the White Paper and General Haig's testimony on the nuns, was that the media were giving El Salvador "about five times the attention it deserved."

Certainly there are growing signs that there is an El Salvador conspiracy—one that, if successful, could indeed inflict great harm on the United States. But the Haig Doctrine is still young, and evolving—and it is still far too early to know whether General Haig's objective is to deceive the American people about El Salvador, or if his only real purpose has been to delude himself. □

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FROM BAUHAUS TO OUR HOUSE

Why architects can't get out of the box

by Tom Wolfe



BEAUTIFUL, for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, has there ever been another place on earth where so many people of wealth and power have paid

or and put up with so much architecture they letested as within thy blessed borders today?

I doubt it seriously. Every child goes to school in a building that looks like a duplicating-machine replacement-parts wholesale distribution warehouse. Not even the school commissioners, who commissioned it and approved he plans, can figure out how it happened. The main thing is to try to avoid having to explain t to the parents.

Every new \$900,000 summer house in the north woods of Michigan or on the shore of Long Island has so many pipe railings, ramps, job-tread metal spiral stairways, sheets of industrial plate glass, banks of tungsten-hal-

ogen lamps, and white cylindrical shapes, it looks like an insecticide refinery. I once saw the owners of such a place driven to the edge of sensory deprivation by the whiteness & lightness & leanness & cleanness & bareness & sparseness of it all. They became desperate for an antidote, such as coziness & color. They tried to bury the obligatory white sofas under Thai-silk throw pillows of every rebellious, iridescent shade of magenta, pink, and tropical green imaginable. But the architect returned, as he always does, like the conscience of a Calvinist, and he lectured them and hectored them and chucked the shimmering little sweet things out.

Every great law firm in New York moves without a sputter of protest into a glass-box office building with concrete slab floors and seven-foot-ten-inch-high concrete slab ceilings and plasterboard walls and pygmy corridors

This is the first part of a two-part article.

Tom Wolfe's most recent book, In Our Time, was published in 1980 by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

—and then hires a decorator and gives him a budget of hundreds of thousands of dollars to turn these mean cubes and grids into a horizontal fantasy of a Restoration townhouse. I have seen the carpenters and cabinetmakers and search-and-acquire girls hauling in more cornices, covings, pilasters, carved moldings, and recessed domes, more linenfold paneling, more (fireless) fireplaces with festoons of fruit carved in mahogany on the mantels, more chandeliers, sconces, girandoles, chestnut leather sofas, and chiming clocks than Wren, Inigo Jones, the brothers Adam, Lord Burlington,

and the Dilettanti, working in concert, could have dreamed of.

Without a peep they move in!—even though the glass box appals them all.

These are not merely my impressions, promise you. For detailed evidence one has only to go to the conferences, symposia, and jury panels where the architects gather today to discuss the state of the art. They profess to be appalled themselves. Without a blush they will tell you that modern architecture is exhausted, finished. They themselves joke about *the glass boxes*. They use the term with a snigger. Philip Johnson, who built himself glass-box house in Connecticut in 1949, uttered the phrase with an antiquarian's amusement the way someone else might talk about an old brass bedstead discovered in the attic.

In any event, the problem is on the way to being solved, we are assured. There are now new approaches, new movements, new isms: Post-Modernism, Late Modernism, Rationalism, participatory architecture, New Corbu, and the Los Angeles Silvers. Which add up to what? To such things as building more glass boxes and covering them with mirrored plate glass so as to reflect the glass boxes next door and distort their boring straight lines into curves.

I find the relation of the architect to the client in America today wonderfully eccentric, bordering on the perverse. In the past, those who commissioned and paid for palazzi, cathedrals, opera houses, libraries, universities, museums, ministries, pillared terraces, and



Hans-Georg Rauch

Rue de Regret: The Avenue of the Americas in New York. Row after Mies van der Rohe of glass boxes. Worker housing pitched up fifty stories high.



inged villas didn't hesitate to turn them into
sions of their own glory. Napoleon wanted
turn Paris into Rome under the Caesars,
ly with louder music and more marble. And
was done. His architects gave him the Arc
e Triomphe and the Madeleine. His nephew
napoleon III wanted to turn Paris into Rome
ith Versailles piled on top, and it was done.
is architects gave him the Paris Opéra, the
w Louvre, and the rue de Rivoli. Palmerston
ce threw out the results of a design com-
petition for a new British Foreign Office
ilding and told the leading Gothic Revival
chitect of the day, Gilbert Scott, to do it
the Classical style. And Scott did it, be-
use Palmerston said do it.

In New York, Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt told
George Browne Post to design her a French
ateau at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh
reet, and he copied the Château de Blois
or her down to the chasework on the brass
ck rods on the casement windows. But after
1945 our plutocrats, bureaucrats, board chair-
en, CEO's, commissioners, and college pres-
ents undergo an inexplicable change. They
ecome diffident and reticent. All at once they
re willing to accept that glass of ice water
the face, that bracing slap across the mouth,
at reprimand for the fat on one's bourgeois
oul, known as modern architecture.

And why? They can't tell you. They look
p at the barefaced buildings they have
ought, those great hulking structures they
ate so thoroughly, and they can't figure it
at themselves. It makes their heads hurt.

I. The Silver Prince



OUR STORY BEGINS in Germany
just after the First World War.
Young American architects,
along with artists, writers, and
odd-lot intellectuals, are roam-
ing through Europe. This great boho adven-
ture is called "the Lost Generation." Meaning
what? In *The Liberation of American Litera-
ture*, V. F. Calverton wrote that American
artists and writers had suffered from a "co-
lonial complex" throughout the eighteenth and
nineteenth centuries and had timidly imitated
European models—but that after World War I
they had finally found the self-confidence and
sense of identity to break free of the authority
of Europe in the arts. In fact, he couldn't have
gotten it more hopelessly turned around.

The motto of the Lost Generation was, in
Malcolm Cowley's words, "They do things bet-
ter in Europe." What was in progress was a
postwar discount tour in which practically any
American—not just, as in the old days, a
Henry James, a John Singer Sargent, or a
Richard Morris Hunt—could go abroad and
learn how to be a European artist. "The colo-
nial complex" now took hold like a full nelson.

The European artist! What a dazzling fig-
ure! André Breton, Louis Aragon, Jean Coc-
teau, Tristan Tzara, Picasso, Matisse, Arnold
Schoenberg, Paul Valéry—such creatures stood
out like Brancusi figurines of polished stainless
steel against the smoking rubble of Europe

"One heard the
phrase all the
time: 'starting
from zero.'"



Brent C. Brolin

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

after the Great War. The rubble, the ruins of European civilization, was an essential part of the picture. The charred bone heap in the background was precisely what made an avant-gardist such as Breton or Picasso stand out so brilliantly.

IF OF THE YOUNG American architects who made the pilgrimage, the most dazzling figure of all was Walter Gropius, founder of the Bauhaus School. Gropius opened the Bauhaus in Weimar, the German capital, in 1919. It was more than a school; it was a commune, a spiritual movement, a radical approach to art in all its forms, a philosophical center comparable to Epicurus' Garden. Gropius, the Epicurus of the piece, was thirty-six years old, slender, simply but meticulously groomed, with his thick black hair combed straight back, irresistibly handsome to women, correct and urbane in a classic German manner, a lieutenant of cavalry during the war, decorated for valor, a figure of calm, certitude, and conviction at the center of the maelstrom.

Strictly speaking, he was not an aristocrat, since his father, while well-to-do, was not of the nobility, but people couldn't help thinking of him as one. The painter Paul Klee, who taught at the Bauhaus, called Gropius "the Silver Prince." Silver was perfect. Gold was

too gaudy for so fine and precise a man. Gropius seemed to be an aristocrat without through a miracle of sensitivity had retained every virtue of the breed and cast off all the snobberies and dead weight of the past.

The young architects and artists who came to the Bauhaus to live and study and learn from the Silver Prince talked about "starting from zero." One heard the phrase all the time, "starting from zero." Gropius gave his backing to any experiment they cared to make, as long as it was in the name of a clean and pure future. Even new religions such as *Mazdaznan*. Even health-food regimens. During one stretch at Weimar the Bauhaus diet consisted entirely of a mush of uncooked fresh vegetables. It was so bland and fibrous the had to keep adding garlic in order to create any taste at all. Gropius' wife at the time was Alma Mahler, formerly Mrs. Gustav Mahler, the first and foremost of that marvelous twentieth-century species, the Art Widow. The historians tell us, she remarked years later that the hallmarks of the Bauhaus style were glass corners, flat roofs, honest materials, an expressed structure. But she, Alma Mahler Gropius Werfel—she had since added the poet Franz Werfel to the skein—could assure you that the most unforgettable characteristic of the Bauhaus style was "garlic on the breath. Nevertheless!—how pure, how clean, how glorious it was to be . . . starting from zero!"

Marcel Breuer, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, László Moholy-Nagy, Herbert Bayer, Henry van de Velde—all were teachers at the Bauhaus, one time or another, along with painters like Klee and Josef Albers. Albers taught the famous Bauhaus *Vorkurs*, or introductory course. Albers would walk into the room and deposit a pile of newspapers on the table and tell the students he would return in one hour. They were to turn the pieces of newspaper into works of art in the interim. When he returned, he would find Gothic castles made of newspaper, yachts made of newspaper, airplanes, busts, birds, train terminals, amazing things. But there would always be some student, a photographer or a glassblower, who would simply have taken a piece of newspaper and folded it once and propped it up like a tent and let it go at that. Albers would pick up the cathedral and the airplane and say, "These were meant to be made of stone or metal—not newspaper." Then he would pick up the photographer's absentminded tent and say: "But this!—this makes use of the softness of paper. Paper can fold without breaking. Paper has tensile strength, and a vast area can be supported by these two fine edges. This!—is a work of art in paper." And even

Walter Gropius, the Silver Prince. White God No. 1. Young architects went to study at his feet. Some, like Philip Johnson, didn't get up until decades later.

From Bauhaus and Bauhaus People by Eckhard Neumann.



cortex in the room would spin out. So simple! So beautiful... It was as if light had been let into one's dim brain for the first time. My God!—starting from zero!

And why not... The country of the young Bauhäusler, Germany, had been crushed in the war and humiliated at Versailles; the economy had collapsed in a delirium of inflation; the Kaiser had departed; the Social Democrats had taken power in the name of socialism; nobles of young men ricocheted through the cities drinking beer and awaiting a Soviet-style revolution from the east, or some terrific brawl at the very least. Rubble, smoking ruins—starting from zero! If you were young, it was wonderful stuff. Starting from zero referred to nothing less than recreating the world.

IT IS INSTRUCTIVE—in view of the astonishing effect it was to have on life in the United States—to recall some of the exhortations of that curious moment in Middle Europe sixty years ago:

“Painters, Architects, Sculptors, you whom the bourgeoisie pays with high rewards for your work—out of vanity, snobbery, and boredom—Hear! To this money there clings the sweat and blood and nervous energy of thousands of poor hounded human beings—Hear! It is an unclean profit... we must be true socialists—we must kindle the highest socialist virtue: the brotherhood of man.”

So ran a manifesto of the *Novembergruppe*, which included Moholy-Nagy and other designers, who would later join Gropius at the Bauhaus. Gropius was chairman of the *Novembergruppe's Arbeitsrat für Kunst* (Working Council for Art), which sought to bring all the arts together “under the wing of a great architecture,” which would be “the business of the entire People.” As everyone understood in 1919, the entire people was synonymous with the workers. “The intellectual bourgeois... has proved himself unfit to be the bearer of a German culture,” said Gropius. “New, intellectually undeveloped levels of our people are rising from the depths. They are our chief hope.”

Gropius' interest in “the proletariat” or “socialism” turned out to be no more than aesthetic and fashionable, somewhat like the interest of President Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic or Chairman Mao of the People's Republic of China in republicanism. Nevertheless, as Dostoyevsky said, ideas have consequences; the Bauhaus style proceeded from certain firm assumptions. First, the new

architecture was being created for the workers. The holiest of all goals: perfect worker housing. Second, the new architecture was to reject all things bourgeois. Since just about everyone involved, the architects as well as the Social Democratic bureaucrats, was himself bourgeois in the literal, social sense of the word, “bourgeois” became an epithet that meant whatever you wanted it to mean. It referred to whatever you didn't like in the lives of people above the level of hod carrier. The main thing was not to be caught designing something someone could point to and say of, with a devastating sneer: “How very bourgeois.”

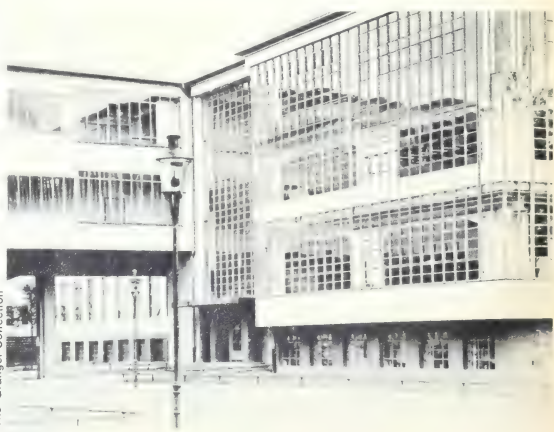
Social Democrats in both Germany and Holland were underwriting worker housing projects and, for their own political reasons, commissioning younger, antibourgeois architects like Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Bruno Taut, and J. J. P. Oud, who at the age of twenty-eight had been made chief architect of the city of Rotterdam. Oud was a member of a Dutch group known as *de Stijl* (The Style). The Bauhaus and *de Stijl*, like the bourgeois-proofed *Novembergruppe*, were not academies or firms; in fact, they were not like any organizations in the history of architecture prior to the formation in 1897 of the group called the Vienna Secession. In the Vienna Secession a group of artists and architects, including Otto Wagner and Josef Olbrich, formally “seceded” from the officially recognized Austrian cultural organization, the *Wiener Künstlerhaus*. Not even the French Impressionists had attempted any such thing; their *Salon des Refusés* had been but a noisy cry to the National Institute: We want in! The Vienna Secession (and those in Munich

“The battle to be the least bourgeois of all became somewhat loony.”



The seer of the Mazdaznan religion at the Bauhaus, Johannes Itten.

The Bauhaus. Gropius' compound itself, built after the Bauhaus moved from Weimar to Dessau in 1926.



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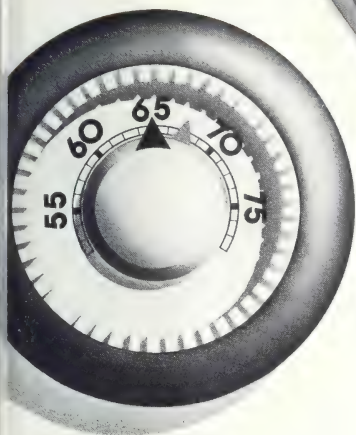
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INFLATION. TOGETHER, WE CAN SELF-CONTROL IT.

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
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and Berlin) originated an entirely novel form of association, the art compound.

In an art compound you announced, in one way or another, usually through a manifesto: "We have just removed the divinity of art and architecture from the hands of the official art establishment [the Academy, the National Institute, the *Künstlergenossenschaft*, whatever], and it now resides with us, inside our compound. Henceforth, anyone who wishes to bathe in that divine glow must come here, inside our compound, and accept the forms we have created. No alterations, special orders, or loud talk from the client permitted. We know best. We are in touch with the godhead, Creativity, daily. We have exclusive possession of the true vision of the future of architecture." The members of a compound formed an artistic community, met regularly, agreed on certain aesthetic and moral principles, and broadcast them to the world. The Vienna Secession—like the Bauhaus twenty-five years later—built an actual, physical compound in the form of an exemplary building; they called it "a temple of art."

The manifesto was a specific product of the art compounds, starting with the Italian Futurists' first manifesto in 1910. A manifesto was nothing less than a compound's Ten Commandments: "We have been to the top of the mountain and have brought back The Word, and we now declare that—"

Amazingly, thanks to an accident of Aus-

trian history, the government actually stepped in (inside the compound) and honored the Secession's outrageous claims. There was a period of about five years when Wagner and the others received important commissions. That was all it took. The notion of the uncompromisable architect became highly contagious. Before the First World War the privately financed *Deutsche Werkbund* had set about designing the perfect forms of architecture and applied arts for all of Germany (The client, naturally, was supposed to clamor to come inside and get some.) Gropius had been one of the *Werkbund*'s leading figures.

After the war, various compounds—Bauhaus, *Wendingen*, *de Stijl*, Constructivist Neoplasticists, Elementarists, Futurists—began to compete with one another to establish what had the purest vision. And what determined purity? Why, the business of what was bourgeois (sordid) and what was nonbourgeois (pure).

The battle to be the least bourgeois of all became somewhat loony. For example, early in the game, in 1919, Gropius had been in favor of bringing simple craftsmen into the Bauhaus, yeomen, honest toilers, people with knit brows and broad fingernails who would make things by hand for architectural interiors, simple wooden furniture, simple pots and glassware, simple this and simple that. This seemed very working class, very nonbourgeois. He was also interested in the curvilinear designs of the Expressionist architect Erich Mendelsohn and Hugo Häring. Their dramatic curved shapes exploded all bourgeois conceptions of order, balance, symmetry, and rigid masonry construction. Yes—but a bit naïve of you all the same, Walter! In 1920, at the First International Congress of Progressive Art was held in Düsseldorf. This was the first meeting of compound architects from all over Europe. Right away they got down on the mat over this business of *nonbourgeois*. The van Doesburg, the fiercest of the Dutch manifesto writers, took one look at Gropius' Honest Toilers and Expressionist curves and sneered and said: *How very bourgeois*. Only the rich could afford handmade objects, as the experience of the Arts and Crafts movement in England had demonstrated. To be nonbourgeois art must be machine-made. As for Expressionism, its curvilinear shapes defied the machine, not the bourgeoisie. They were not only expensive to fabricate, they were "voluptuous" and "luxurious." Van Doesburg, with his monocle and his long nose and his amazing sneer, could make such qualities sound *haut bourgeois* to the point of queasiness. Gropius was a sincerely spiritual force, but he



Erich Mendelsohn's Einstein Tower observatory, the ultimate example of Expressionist architecture.

The Granger Collection

as also quick enough and competitive enough to see that van Doesburg was backing him to a dreadful corner.



VERNIGHT GROPIUS dreamed up a new motto, a new heraldic device for the Bauhaus compound: "Art and Technology—a New Unity!" Complete with

clamation point! There; that ought to hold in Doesburg and the whole Dutch bunch.onest toilers, broad fingernails, and curves appeared from the Bauhaus forever.

But that was only the start. The definitions and claims and accusations and counteraccusations and counterclaims and counterdefinitions of what was or was not bourgeois became so refined, so rarefied, so arcane, so alchemical, so scholastic . . . that finally building design itself was directed at only one thing: illustrating this month's Theory of the century concerning what was ultimately, in itself, and absolutely nonbourgeois. The buildings became theories constructed in the realm of concrete, steel, wood, glass, and ucco. (Honest materials: nonbourgeois, theory of.) Inside and out, they were white or beige with the occasional contrasting detail in black or gray. Bruno Taut, who was a member of Mies van der Rohe's new group, the Ring, had designed his part of the Hufeland worker housing project in Berlin with red façades. "Red front!" he would yell, just in case there was someone too dense to get the point. Bruno was a likable sort. And God knew he was profoundly nonbourgeois . . . on the emotional and intellectual level . . . After all, he was a Marxist to the point of popped veins on the forehead. He was the kind of man they had naturally assigned to do a worker housing project called Uncle Tom's Cabin (*Onkel Toms Hütte*) in Zehlendorf. Not a red façade? A color? Well, I mean, my God—how very bourgeois! Why didn't he go the way and put nasturtiums all over the front, the way Otto Wagner did with his Tajik House in Vienna in 1910! Oh, how they sniggered at poor Bruno over his beloved red front. Henceforth, white, beige, gray, and black became the patriotic colors, the geometric flag, of all the compound architects.

So goodbye, color. On spun that holy torado, Theory, until buildings by compound architects were aimed at very little else. They became supremely, divinely nonfunctional, even though everything was done in the name of "functionalism," functional being one of several euphemisms for nonbourgeois.

For example, there was the now-inviolable

theory of the flat roof and the sheer façade. It had been decided, in the battle of the theories, that pitched roofs and cornices represented the "crowns" of the old nobility, which the bourgeoisie spent most of its time imitating. Therefore, henceforth, there would be only flat roofs; flat roofs making clean right angles with the building façades. No cornices. No overhanging eaves. These young architects were working and building in cities like Berlin, Weimar, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, at about the Fifty-second Parallel, which also runs through Canada, the Aleutian Islands, Moscow, and Siberia. At this swathe of the globe, with enough snow and rain to stop an army, as history had shown more than once, there was no such thing as a functional flat roof and a functional façade with no overhang. In fact, it is difficult to imagine where such a building might be considered functional, outside of the Painted Desert. Nevertheless, there was no turning back from the flat roof and the sheer façade. It had become the very symbol of nonbourgeois architecture. No eaves; so that very quickly one of the hallmarks of compound work, never referred to in the manifestos, became the permanently streaked and stained white or beige stucco exterior wall.

Then there was the principle of "expressed structure." The bourgeoisie had always been great ones for false fronts (it hardly needed saying), thick walls of masonry and other grand materials, overlaid with every manner of quoin and groin and pediment and lintel and rock-faced arch, cozy anthropomorphic elements such as entablatures and capitals, pilasters and columns, plinths and rusticated bases, to create the impression of head, midsection, and foot; and every manner of gran-

"There came into being another unique phenomenon: the famous architect who built no buildings."



Theo van Doesburg, Dr. Ism. Holland's great compound keeper.

Corbu's Villa Savoye, kept remote from the earth and the earthlings below by "pillings" (pilotis). ("Columnn" was a bourgeois word.)



The Granger Collection

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

diose and pointless gesture—spires, Spanish tile roofs, bays, corbels—to create a dishonest picture of what went on inside, architecturally and socially. All this had to go. All masonry, all that gross and “luxurious” granite, marble, limestone, and red brick was suspect, unless used in obviously non-load-bearing ways. Henceforth walls would be thin skins of glass or stucco. (Small glazed beige ceramic bricks were okay in a pinch.) Since walls were no longer used to support a building—steel and concrete or wooden skeletons now did that—it was dishonest to make walls look as chunky as a castle’s. The inner structure, the machine-made parts, the mechanical rectangles, the modern *soul* of the building must be expressed on the outside of the building, completely free of applied decoration. The ultimate expression of this principle was the de Stijl architect Gerrit Rietveld’s Schroeder House. Rietveld covered the exterior in projections whose only function was to indicate the grid, the diagram, the paradigm, the geometric progression on which the plans were based. Astonishing! What virtuosity! How very nonbourgeois.



SO IN THE WORLD of the architectural compounds, competition now took place on two levels. There was not merely the age-old competition to obtain commissions and get the chance to show the world what you could do by designing buildings and seeing them go up. There was also the sheerly intellectual competition of the

Gerrit Rietveld's Schroeder House. The Dutch really knew how to bourgeois-proof a building.

tain commissions and get the chance to show the world what you could do by designing buildings and seeing them go up. There was also the sheerly intellectual competition of the

theories. Since the divinity of art now resided inside the compounds and nowhere else, there was nothing to keep a man of inspiration a genius, a priest, a hierophant, a Duns Scotus from making a name for himself without ever leaving the priestly walls. Thus there came into being another unique phenomenon: the famous architect who built no buildings.

The first of these had been the Futurist Sant'Elia, with his visionary buildings for the Milan of the future, which he rendered in great detail in the years before the war. Then Sant'Elia, who died in the war, was nothing compared to the Swiss-born Frenchman Le Corbusier. Le Corbusier was the sort of relentlessly rational intellectual that only France can produce, the logician who flies higher and higher in ever-decreasing concentric circles until, with one last, utterly inevitable inductive leap, he disappears up his own fundamental aperture and emerges in the fourth dimension as a needle-thin amber bird.

Le Corbusier's instincts for the compound era were flawless. Early on he seemed to comprehend what became an axiom of artistic competition in the twentieth century. Name that the ambitious young artist *must* join: “movement,” a “school,” an ism—which is to say, a compound. One rummages in vain through the history of art and architecture since 1900 for the figure of great prestige who, in the Thoreau manner, marches to a different drummer, the solitary genius whose work can only be described as *sui generis*. (We shall observe the special case of Frank Lloyd Wright in a moment.) No, the much-acclaimed solitary figure one finds instead is the artist or architect who, like Kasimir Malevich, is smart enough to cover himself in the trappings of a movement, an ism, and become a one-man compound. Or, if he can find a partner, a two-man compound. Whereupon he shouts: “I am a Suprematist! [or a Purist! or an Orphist!] Don't think I'm out here by myself. The rest of my boys will be here any minute.” Le Corbusier hooked up with his pal Amédée Ozenfant—and became Purism.

Le Corbusier was a thin, sallow, nearsighted man who went about on a white bicycle, wearing a close-fitting black suit, a white shirt, a black tie, round black owl-eye glasses, and a black bowler hat. To startled onlookers, he said he dressed in this fashion so as to look as neat and precise and anonymous as possible, to be the perfect mass-producible work figure for the Machine Age. He called his houses he designed “machines for living.” Le Corbusier traveled to Germany and Holland and was well known in all the compounds and at all the congresses, conferences, symposia.



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and panel discussions, wherever the insistent ead of the manifesto, the song of the compounds was heard: *We declare—! We declare—! We declare—! We declare—!* He was tense, he was riveting, he was brilliant, he as Aquinas, the Jesuits, Doctor Subtilis and the Scholastics, Marx, Hegel, Engels, and rince Kropotkin all rolled into one. His *Vers ne architecture* was a scripture. By 1924 he as one of the reigning geniuses of the new architecture. In his world he was . . . *Corbu!* the ay Greta Garbo was *Garbo!* in hers; all on e strength of his manifesto, his zealotry, and handful of little houses: for his brother, for zenfant, for kinfolk and bohofolk. Next came ne for Mom and Dad. The retirement house r Mother, which she paid for and put up ith, became the very insignia of the compound architect.

IT WAS Le Corbusier's particularly sad fate to live and work in France. Who in France was going to meet the terms of an architectural compound? Which were: "Henceforth, anyone who wishes to bathe in that divine glow must come here, inside the compound, and accept the forms we have created. No alterations or special orders and no loud talk from the client permitted." Who, indeed! Practically no one, unless possessed with a Corbu mother's lover fascinated with *Le Moderne*, such as the developer Frugès, who commissioned Le Corbusier to do some low-rent apartments in the Bordeaux town of Pessac in 1925. Most mortals who were in a position to commission buildings wanted the Beaux Arts style, the latter-day synthesis of the Classical revivals that had begun in the Renaissance. The compounds had no public, no *cliente*, in the ordinary sense. The brutal fact of life was that it was difficult for compound architects to get work unless there was a government—usually socialist—that had decided, in effect: We need a new look around here, and you fellows have one. Here's the budget; go to it; do what you will.

As it turned out, it was the German Social Democratic government in Stuttgart that gave Le Corbusier one of the first major commissions of his career. This was in 1927, and he had Mies van der Rohe to thank. The Stuttgart government put Mies in charge of a new worker housing project, the *Weissenhof Siedung*. Despite an extremely tight budget, Mies managed to turn the project into a world's fair of worker housing. He brought in Le Corbusier from France, Oud and Mart Stam from Hol-

land, and Victor Bourgeois from Belgium to join him and eleven other Germans, including Gropius, Bruno Taut, the latter's brother, Max Taut, and Peter Behrens. Outsiders were amazed at the harmony or sameness (according to whether they liked the style or didn't) of the work of these architects from four different countries. It was as if a new *international style* were in the wind. The truth was that the internal mechanism of the compound competition, the everlasting reductionism—*nonbourgeois!*—had forced them all within the same tiny cubicle, which kept shrinking, like the room in Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum." Short of giving up the divine game altogether, they couldn't possibly have differed from one another in any way visible to another living soul on this earth save another compound architect outfitted, like a cryptographer, with Theory glasses.

And how did worker housing look? It looked nonbourgeois within an inch of its life: the flat roofs, with no cornices, sheer walls, with no window architraves or raised lintels, no capitals or pediments, no colors, just the compound shades, white, beige, gray, and black. The interiors had no crowns or coronets, either. They had pure white rooms, stripped, purged, liberated, freed of all casings, cornices, covings, crown moldings (to say the least), pilasters, and even the ogee edges on tabletops and the beading on drawers. There was no wallpaper, no "drapes," no Wilton rugs with flowers on them, no lamps with fringed shades and bases that look like vases or Greek columns, no doilies, knickknacks, mantelpieces, headboards, or radiator covers. Radiator coils were left bare as honest, ab-

"Alas, the poor devil was only just now rising up out of the ooze."



Le Corbusier. Mr. Purism. He showed everybody how to become a famous architect without building buildings. He built a Radiant City inside his skull.

This is one of our home states: California

Californian



make it golden.



In Maine, the sound of the sea is bred in the bone; in New Hampshire, the silence of the mountains. Kansans live intimately with sun and rain, and Arizonans with the desert.

The Californian feels the elemental tug of all these—the vast Pacific, High Sierra, sun-drenched valleys and sun-baked deserts—and it makes him different. From the fishermen off the Pacific coast to the backpacking family in Yosemite to the bridge painters high over the Golden Gate, Californians live, work and play in ways as diverse as their state.

But they are all alike in one way: they are all innovators. They had to be, from the beginning. California has a magnificent coast but not enough harbors—so they built the largest man-made harbor in the world. It's a land of rich soil but without enough water—so Californians constructed one of the world's most extensive irrigation systems.

Californians innovate in nearly everything from fads and fashions to new lifestyles—and often the rest of us follow their lead. They were, among other things, the first to make our famous Marlboro brand the Number One selling cigarette, two years before the rest of the world.

But what delights Californians most is finding better ways to live with nature. The lemon groves of our Ventura Coastal Corporation, for instance—which supply the refreshing flavor of our 7UP—grow on hillsides so steep that they were, to all but Californians, “unplantable.” Similarly under-used hillsides now provide golf courses and homesites for our prize-winning community at Mission Viejo. At San Francisco, our Milprint plant creates innovative packaging to protect California's food products. And at our spanking new brewery at Irwindale, our Miller Brewing Company recycles tons of valuable aluminum cans—at a social and economic profit to all Californians.

California's natural riches may well have made it the “Golden State” even before the first Indians arrived. But today, California is golden because Californians make it golden.

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Good people make good things.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Cambridge; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer;



7 UP and Diet 7 UP.

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

stract, sculptural objects. And no upholstered furniture with "pretty" fabrics. Furniture was made of Honest Materials in natural tones: leather, tubular steel, bentwood, cane, canvas; the lighter—and harder—the better. And no more "luxurious" rugs and carpets. Gray or black linoleum was the ticket.

And how did the workers like worker housing? Oh, they complained, which was their nature at this stage of history. At Pessac the poor creatures were frantically turning Corbu's cool cubes inside out trying to make them cozy and colorful. But it was understandable. As Corbu himself said, they had to be "re-educated" to comprehend the beauty of "the Radiant City" of the future. In matters of taste, the architects acted as the workers' cultural benefactors. There was no use consulting them directly, since, as Gropius had pointed out, they were as yet "intellectually undeveloped." In fact, here was the great appeal of socialism to architects in the 1920s. Socialism was the political answer, the great yea-saying, to the seemingly outrageous and impossible claims of the compound architect, who insisted that the client keep his mouth shut. Under socialism, the client was the worker. Alas, the poor devil was only just now rising up out of the ooze. In the meantime, the architect, the artist, and the intellectual would arrange his life for him. To use Stalin's phrase, they would be the engineers of his soul. In 1927, in Stuttgart, the soul engineer Le Corbusier decided that the workers should be spared high ceilings and wide hallways, too, along with all of the various outmoded objects and decorations. High ceilings and wide hallways and "spaciousness" in all forms were merely more bourgeois grandiosity, expressed in voids rather than solids. Seven-foot-six-inch ceilings and thirty-six-inch-wide hallways were about right for . . . recreating the world.



TARTING FROM ZERO! Well, my God! The American pilgrims, the young American architects who were making the discount tour of Europe—Louis Kahn,

Edward Durrell Stone, Louis Skidmore, and many others—had only to compare the position of these young men to their own. What was the best a young architect could hope for in America? If he were extremely fortunate, he might be commissioned to design a weekend home on the north shore of Long Island for some Wall Street hardgrabber. Louis Kahn's friend George Howe liked to say: "We used to give them Norman country manors with everything but the pile of manure

in the yard." Terrific. The height of excitement in American architectural circles was those brave new styles, North Shore Norman and Westchester Tudor, also known as Half-timber Stockbroker. What a goal to aspire to . . . as compared to . . . *recreating the world*.

Heretofore the American architect had been a man whose job was to lend coherence to detail to the gotrocks romantic fantasies of capitalists. But now, in Europe, you saw groups of architects working with the godly autonomy of the greatest artists.

No, the approach of the European corporations, of Gropius and the Bauhaus, of Mies Corbu, and de Stijl, was utterly irresistible. There were several problems to be overcome, however. To begin with, the notion of starting from zero made no sense at all in the United States. The sad truth was that the United States had not been reduced to a smoking rubble by the First World War. She had emerged from the war on top of the world. She was the only one of the combatants who had not been demolished, decimated, exhausted, or catapulted into revolution. She was now one of the Great Powers, young, on the rise, bursting with vigor and rude animal health. Not only that, she had no monarch or nobility to be toppled, discredited, blamed, vilified, or otherwise reacted against. She didn't even have a bourgeoisie. In the absence of a nobility or any tradition of one, the European concept of the bourgeoisie didn't apply. (American writers, dazzled by the European stance, imported it anyway, like a pair of Lobb shoes or a jar of Beluga caviar, and began talking about "the booboisie," "Babbitt," "boosterism," and the rest of it.) There was very little interest in socialism. There was not even any interest in worker housing. Nobody even talked about it.

Nevertheless . . . it had to be! How could anyone turn back after having seen the Radiant City? The great new European architectural vision of Worker Housing would have to be brought to America by any means necessary, in any form necessary. *Any* form.

O young silver princes set against the rubble

II. Utopia Limited



SO IT WAS that one of the most dotty and influential documents in the entire history of the colonial complex came to be written. This was a piece called "The International Style," by Henry-Russell Hitchcock and a twenty-seven-year-old curator at the Museum of Modern Art, Philip Johnson.

ey wrote it for the catalogue of the museum's 1932 show of photographs and models med at introducing the work of Gropius *alii* to New York. The term "International yle" was taken from the title of a book ropius had published seven years before, *International Architecture*.

Museum catalogue copy, which is a species forced labor or gun-at-the-temple scholarship, is notorious for its sophistry, when it n't patent nonsense. But "The International yle" was literature of a higher order. It *one*... with the hallucinatory clarity of a hurch of the Galilee Walker handbill. The omen were baying at a silvery, princely oon.

In utter seriousness they set up a distinction between *architecture* and *building*, after e manner of Vitruvius some two thousand ears before. The italics, presumably, were eant to indicate that these were objective, ientific categories. In Europe, Gropius, Mies n der Rohe, Le Corbusier, and Oud—the ur great "European functionalists," as Hitchcock and Johnson called them—were creating *architecture*. In America, even the architects ho thought they were being modern and unctional were only engaged in *building*. Oh, ere was always Frank Lloyd Wright, of ourse... and with a certain weariness Hitchcock and Johnson paid him homage for his ork... in the distant past... and then concluded that he was merely "half-modern." Which was to say, he was finished and could e forgotten about.

As for the pride of twentieth-century American architecture, the skyscraper, it was all hey could do to contain their amusement. The skyscrapers were empty compositions arted up with "zigzag trimmings" and God ew what else. American architects, and kyscraper architects most especially, were lways willing to "deface" their buildings with ad design, if the client demanded it. The Europeans, they implied, would walk away rom a commission before submitting to any uch stupidity.

In his preface to the book version of *The ernational Style*, the Museum of Modern rt's director, Alfred Barr, took a look at he finials, the *crowns*, of New York's most amous skyscrapers. He was appalled. "The tainless steel gargoyles of the Chrysler Building," "the fantastic mooring mast atop the Empire State"—how could such vulgarities ome into being? Simple: American architects ood still and listened to the client. He had ven heard architects argue, albeit cynically, hat their hideous little ornaments and hollow grandiosities were "functional," since one

function of a building was to please the client. "We are asked," said Barr, "to take seriously the architectural taste of real-estate speculators, renting agents, and mortgage brokers!"

Hitchcock and Johnson spent many pages analyzing the designs of the great "functionalists"—and none analyzing such inconvenient matters as the workers, worker housing, and socialism, much less the slightly mad battles of the compounds. There was only the occasional cryptic remark about how American architects could not "claim for their skyscrapers and apartment houses the broad sociological justification that exists for the workers' housing, the schools and hospitals of Europe."

In fact, they gave no indication that the International Style—and their label caught on immediately—had originated in any social setting, any *terra firma*, whatsoever. They presented it as an inexorable trend, meteorological in nature, like a change in the weather or a tidal wave. The International was nothing less than the first great universal style since the Medieval and Classical revivals, and the first truly modern style since the Renaissance. And if American architects wanted to ride the wave, rather than be wiped out by it, they had first to comprehend one thing: the client no longer counted for anything except the funding. If he were cooperative, not too much of a boor, it was acceptable to let him benefit from your new vision. How this was to work out in practice, they didn't say. How much explaining does a tidal wave have to do?

The show and the catalogue created a terrific stir in the American architectural community, chiefly because of the status of the museum itself. The Museum of Modern Art was the colonial complex inflated to prodigious di-

"All at once... the Silver Prince himself was here, in America."



The Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building. O, how they sniggered at the little Christmas-tree ornaments on top!

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

mensions. In Europe, avant-garde movements, whether the Fauvists, the Cubists, the Neoplasticists, or the Bauhaus, were initiated and developed by artists and architects. In Europe that went without saying. At a later stage, as in Vienna after the turn of the century and in Paris and London in the early 1920s, the more adventurous businessmen and other members of the poor bourgeoisie might give them their support, for reasons of politics or cultural piety or simply to appear chic, "modern," and not bourgeois at all. Only in America did it happen exactly the other way around. Only in America did businessmen and their wives introduce avant-garde art and architecture and carry the brave banner forward and urge the practitioners to follow, if they could possibly find the wit to catch on.

The Museum of Modern Art, after all, was not exactly the brainchild of socialists or visionary bohemians. It was founded in John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s living room, to be exact, with A. Conger Goodyear, Mrs. Cornelius Newton Bliss, and Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan in attendance. They had seen their counterparts in London enjoying the chic and excitement of Picasso, Matisse, Dérain, and the rest of *Le Moderne* and were determined to import it to New York for themselves. In 1929 the museum opened, and European modernism in painting and sculpture was established, *institutionalized*, overnight, in the most overwhelming way, as the new standard for the arts in America. The International Style exhibition was designed to do the same thing for European modernism in architecture.

Our visionary avant-gardists! Rockefeller, Goodyears, Sullivans, and Blisses! O oil men, rubber-tire men, dry-goods jobbers, and wives!

IT WAS MARVELOUS. It was like the plot of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera *Utopia Limited*. King Paramount, ruler of a tropical paradise, having heard that the English were the last word in all matters of dress, speech, manners, and cultivation, converts his court to the English style. He and his retainers step straight out of their muumuus, palm fronds, and orchid blossoms into britches, frock coats, wigs, corsets, hollyhock skirts, and pointed shoes. He orders his subjects to follow suit. Baffled but impressed, they do so.

In the opera, as one might well predict, the king and his countrymen discover, by and by, that the native ways were best after all; and the last laugh is on the Europeans. There Gilbert and Sullivan and the New York art world

part company. Not for a moment did the oil men and the tire men or their subjects—the artists—have the slightest doubt that the European way was best. Throughout the 1930s the local artists, notably Arshile Gorky, groused and grumbled and protested that the museum devoted all its resources to European work and never gave them a chance. But they didn't have their hearts in it. The colonial complex had become so intense that the standard response to the reputation of the Europeans was not to compete with them but to imitate them, often with total frankness.

Gorky's model was Picasso, and he didn't care who knew it. A friend told Gorky that in his opinion, Picasso's recent work was lazy and sloppy. In many canvases his edges were blurred. There were even drips of paint.

"If Picasso blurs," said Gorky, "then I blur. If he drips, I drip."

In the next moment, however, his whoop of defiance would seem hopeless. He would fall into depressions. One day he called a meeting of all the artists he knew in his studio.

"Let's face it," he told them. "We're bankrupt."

Such was the mental atmosphere into which Hitchcock and Johnson introduced the International Style. Little did they know that they were but the messengers Elijahs, the Mahaviras, the Baptist heralds for an event more miraculous than any they would have dared pray for the coming.

III. The White God

ALL AT ONCE, in 1937, the Silver Prince himself was here, in America. Walter Gropius; a person; in the flesh; and here to stay. In the wake of the Nazis' rise to power, Gropius had fled Germany, going first to England and coming now to the United States. Other stars of the fabled Bauhaus arrived at about the same time: Breuer, Albers, Moholy-Nagy, Bayer, and Mies van der Rohe, who had become head of the Bauhaus in 1930, two years after Gropius, already under pressure because of the left-wing aura of the compound, had resigned. Here they came uprooted, exhausted, men without a country, battered by fate—

Their reception can be compared only to a certain stock scene from the jungle movies of that period. Bruce Cabot and Myrna Loy make a crash landing in the jungle and crawl out of the wreckage in their Abercrombie & Fitch white safari blouses and tan gabardine jodhpurs and stagger into a clearing. The

surrounded by savages with bones through
their noses—who immediately bow down and
prostrate themselves and commence a strange
singing chant.

The White Gods!

Come from the skies at last!

Gropius was made head of the school of architecture at Harvard, and Breuer joined him there. Moholy-Nagy opened the New Bauhaus, which evolved into the Chicago Institute of Design. Albers opened a rural Bauhaus in the hills of North Carolina, at Black Mountain College. Mies was installed as dean of architecture at the Armour Institute in Chicago. And not just dean; master builder also. He was given a campus to create, twenty-one buildings in all, as the Armour Institute was converted into the Illinois Institute of Technology. Twenty-one large buildings, in the middle of the Depression, at a time when building had come almost to a halt in the United States for an architect who, after twenty-five years, had completed only seventeen buildings in his career—

O white gods.

Such prostrations! Such acts of homage! The Museum of Modern Art honored Gropius with a show called "Bauhaus: 1919-1928," whose opening was the years when Gropius headed it. Philip Johnson, now thirty-five years old and the museum's curator for architecture, departed after the show, to go to Harvard and study to become an architect at Gropius' feet, starting from zero! (If the truth be known, he would have preferred to be at Mies' feet, at a supremely urbane young man like Johnson, we may be sure, the thought of moving to Chicago, Illinois, for three years as a bit more zero than he had in mind.)

I have always wondered what Walter Gropius thought of all this, personally, deep down. He had the healthy self-esteem of any ambitious man, but he was a gentleman above all else, a gentleman of the old school, a man who was always concerned about a sense of proportion, in life as well as in design. I feel sure that as a refugee from a blighted land, he could have been content with a friendly welcome, a place to lay his head, two or three peaceful days until he could get on his own feet, smile every once in a while, and a chance to work, if anybody needed him. And instead—

O White God! O Silver Prince!

It was embarrassing, perhaps... but it was the kind of thing one could learn to live with. Within three years the course of American architecture had changed, utterly. It was not so much the buildings the Germans designed in the United States, although Mies' were to become highly influential a decade later. It

was more the system of instruction they introduced. Still more, it was *their very presence*. The most fabled creatures in all the mythology of twentieth-century American art—namely, those dazzling European artists poised so exquisitely against the rubble—they were... *here!... now!... in the land of the colonial complex... to govern, in person, their big little Nigeria of the Arts.*

The Silver Prince, naturally, became the chief executive, the governor of the colony, as it were. The teaching of architecture at Harvard was transformed overnight. Everyone started from zero. Everyone was now taught in the fundamentals of the International—which is to say, the compound—Style. All architecture became nonbourgeois architecture, although the concept itself was left discreetly *unexpressed*, as it were. (And Gropius' heart never skipped a beat over that; even in the last of his days at the Bauhaus, when the heat was on, he had no trouble dismissing the notion of socialism, the proletariat, and all the rest of it, three times a day, if that was what was required.) The old Beaux Arts traditions became heresy, and so did the legacy of Frank Lloyd Wright, which had only barely made its way into the architecture schools in the first place. Within three years, every so-called major American contribution to contemporary architecture—whether by Wright, H. H. Richardson, creator of the heavily rusticated American Romanesque, or Louis Sullivan, leader of the "Chicago School" of skyscraper architects

"It was the esoteric, hierophantic fervor of the compound that seized them all."



Ludwig Mies van der Rohe. *White God No. 2.* He put half of America inside German worker housing cubes.

The Ganger Collection

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

—had dropped down into the footnotes, into the *ibid.* thickets.

Wright himself was furious and, for one of the few times in his life, bewildered. It was hard to say what got under his skin more: the fact that his work had been upstaged by the Europeans or the fact that he was now treated as a species of walking dead man. He was not deprived of honor and respect, but when he got it, it often sounded like a memorial service. For example, the Museum of Modern Art put on an exhibition of Wright's work in 1940—but it was in tandem with a show of the work of the movie director D. W. Griffith, who had retired in 1931. Mies made a very gracious statement about what a genius Wright was and how he had opened up the eyes of European architects... back before the First World War... As to just what debt he might have felt to the eighty-odd buildings Wright had designed since then, he didn't say.



HE LATE 1920s and early 1930s had been disastrous for Wright. He was already fifty-eight when a fire destroyed his studio at Taliesin, Wisconsin, in 1925.

Troubles with his mistress, Miriam Noel, seemed to paralyze his practice. His business had fallen off badly even before the Depression. Wright had finally holed up, like a White Russian on his uppers, in his rebuilt redoubt at Taliesin, with a dozen or so apprentices, known as the Taliesin Fellows, his porkpie hats, berets, high collars and flowing neckties, and his capes from Stevenson, the Chicago tailor. Wright himself had been an apprentice of Louis Sullivan and had broken with or been fired by him—each had his own version—but Wright had taken with him Sullivan's

vision of a totally new and totally American architecture, arising from the American terrain and the spirit of the Middle West. We now, finally, in the late 1930s, there was a totally new architecture in America, and it had come straight from Germany, Holland, and France, the French component being Le Corbusier.

Every time Wright read that Le Corbusier had finished a building, he told the Fellow "Well, now that he's finished one building he'll go write four books about it." Le Corbusier made one visit to the United States—and developed a phobia toward America—and Wright developed a phobia toward Le Corbusier. He turned down his one chance to meet him. He didn't want to have to shake his hand. As for Gropius, Wright always referred to him as "Herr Gropius." He didn't want to shake his hand, either. One day Wright made a surprise visit to a site in Racine, Wisconsin, where the first of his "Usonian" houses, medium-priced versions of his Prairie School mansions, was going up. Wright's red Lincoln Zephyr pulled up to the front. One of his apprentices, Edgar Tafel, was at the wheel, serving as chauffeur. Just then a group of men emerged from the building. Among them was none other than Gropius himself, who had come to the University of Wisconsin to lecture and was anxious to see some of Wright's work. Gropius came over and put his face to the window and said, "Mr. Wright, it's a pleasure to meet you. I have always admired your work." Wright did not so much as smile or raise his hand. He merely turned his head ever so slightly toward the face at the window and said out of the side of his mouth, "Herr Gropius, you're a guest of the university here. I just want to tell you that they're as snobbish here as they are at Harvard, only they don't

Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House, Chicago, 1906. Exemplar of his Prairie Style and his dream of a totally American architecture. Dream on, dream on...



ve a New England accent." Whereupon he rned to Tafel and said, "Well, we have to on, Edgar!" And he settled back, and the d Zephyr sped off, leaving Gropius and en- urage teetering on the edge of the curb with beams shining through their ears.⁶

One up for Daddy Frank!—as the Fellows lled Wright, when he was out of earshot. But was oneupmanship of a hollow sort. Daddy ank had just seen the face of the German o had replaced him as the Future of Amer- an Architecture.

Tafel and the other Fellows were Wright's lly followers by now. Among the architect- re students in the universities the Interna- onal Style was all you heard about. Enthusi- sm had been building up ever since the grims had returned from Europe and the useum of Modern Art began touting the mpound architects. When the white gods ddenly arrived, enthusiasm became conver- on, in the religious sense. There was a zeal out it that went quite beyond the ordinary ssions of aesthetic taste. It was the esoteric, erophantic fervor of the compound that ized them all. "Henceforth, the divinity of t and the authority of taste reside *here with* ..." The university architecture depart- ents themselves became the American ver- on of the compounds. Here was an approach architecture that turned the American arch- itect from a purveyor to bond salesmen to engineer of the soul. (With the Depression t, the bond salesmen weren't doing much for e architecture business anyway.)

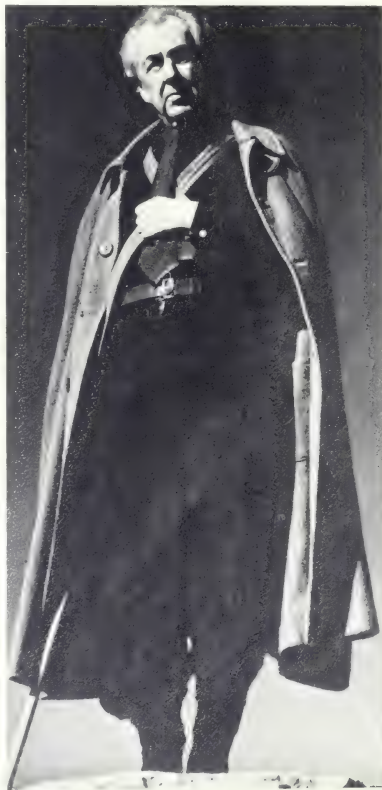
Studying architecture was no longer a mat- r of acquiring a set of technical skills and knowledge of aesthetic alternatives. Before e knew it, the student found himself drawn to a movement and entrusted with a set of violable aesthetic and moral principles. The mpus itself became the physical compound, at the Bauhaus. When students talked about chitecture, it was with a sense of mission. he American campus compounds differed one om the other—to an ever-so-slight degree, ist as de Stijl differed from Bauhaus. Har- rd was pure Bauhaus. At Yale they would periment with variations. At one point the inciple of "the integrally jointed wooden ame" seemed exhilaratingly rebellious—but ould have taken the superfine mind of octor Subtilis himself to have explained why. his, too, was after the manner of the Euro- ean compounds.

Faculty members resisted the compound assion at their peril. Students were becoming nuly. They were drawing up petitions— anifestos in embryo. No more laying down Edgar Tafel, *Apprentice to Genius*.

laborious washes in china ink in the old Beaux Arts manner! No more tedious Renaissance renderings! After all, look at Mies' drawings. He used no shading at all, just quick crisp straight lines, clean and to the point. And look at Corbu's! His draftsmanship—a veritable scribble! A pellmell rush of ideas! His renderings were watercolors in mauve and brown tones, as fast and terribly beautiful as a storm! Genius!—you had to let it *gush out*! *We declare*: No more stone-grinding classical Ren- aissance details!—and the faculties caved in. By 1940, the sketchiness of Corbu's quivering umber bird had become the modern standard for draftsmanship.

At Yale, in the annual design competition, a jury always picked out one student as, in effect, best in show. But now the students re- belled. And why? Because it was written, in the scriptures, by Gropius himself: "The fun- damental pedagogical mistake of the academy

"Among the architecture students in the universities the International Style was all you heard about."




Frank Lloyd Wright, circa 1935. He looked into the future of American architecture—and saw Walter Gropius' face. He was not pleased.

Photograph by Don Wallace from *Apprentice to Genius* by Edgar Tafel

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

arose from its preoccupation with the idea of individual genius." Gropius' and Mies' by-word was "team" effort. Gropius' own firm in Cambridge was not called Walter Gropius & Associates, Inc., or anything close to it. It was called "The Architects Collaborative." At Yale the students insisted on a group project, a collaborative design, to replace the obscene scramble for individual glory.

 AT THIS POINT Buckminster Fuller came into his own. Fuller was an American designer with an endless stock of ingenious notions, one of which was his geodesic dome, a dome created of thousands of short, thin metal struts arranged in tetrahedra. Fuller's dome fit in nicely with the modern principle of creating large structures with light surfaces out of machine-made materials and using tensions and stresses to do the work that massive supports had done for the old (bourgeois) order. But Gropius and the others never felt very comfortable with Fuller. It was hard to tell whether he was an architect, an engineer, a guru, or simply that species of nut known all around the world: *the inventor*. But to American university students he was a guru at the very least. He would give amazing twelve-hour lectures, great seamless geodesic domes of words that youths with supple spines and good kidneys found uplifting, even intoxicating. At Yale, after one of Fuller's amazing performances, the architecture students were swept up into an ecstasy of rebellious and collaborative action. They constructed an enormous geodesic dome of cardboard struts and put it up on top of Yale's stony gray Gothic Revival architecture school building, Weir Hall, and as much as dared the dean of architecture to try to do anything about it. He didn't, and the dome slowly rotted in its eminence.

In 1949, Yale got its own Bauhäusler when Josef Albers arrived from North Carolina to become the head of fine arts instruction. Albers immediately instituted the fabled Bauhaus Vorkurs, except that now he wasn't interested in depositing sheets of newspaper on the table. Now he deposited squares of Color-aid paper on the table and told the students to create works of art. As a painter, Albers himself had spent the preceding fourteen years seeking to solve the problem (if any) of superimposing squares of color, one upon the other. Now he had the Yale students doing it . . . and month after month went by. Yale, simply because it was Yale, attracted outstanding artists from high schools all over America.

Some young lad who could take a piece of marble and carve you a pillow that looked full of voluptuous downy billows you would have willingly tried to bury your head in. . . this reincarnation of Bernini himself would be there with Albers' implacable Color-aid paper in his hands . . . *starting from zero* . . . watch Albers point to some gristle-brained photographer's little playpretty layers of colored squares and hear him say: "But *this* is form sculpted by light!" And the wall of the compound box closed in yet a few more inches.

As for the compound taboos concerning what was bourgeois and nonbourgeois, this soon became the very central nervous system of architecture students in the universities if they had been encoded in their genes. This was a bizarre story in the press at the time about a drunk who had put a gun to the head of an upland Tennessee footwashing Baptist and ordered him to utter a vile imprecation regarding Jesus Christ. The victim was in no mood to be a martyr; in fact, he desperately wished to save his own hide. But he was a true believer, and *he could not make the words pass his lips*, try as he might, and his brains were blown out. So it was with the new generation of architects by the late 1940s. There was *no circumstance* under which a client could have prevailed upon them to incorporate hipped roofs or Italianate cornices, broken pediments or fluted columns or eyebrow lintels or any of the rest of the bourgeois baggage into their designs. Try as they might, they could not make the drafting pencil describe such forms.

O white gods.

An intellectual weakness—and saving grace—of American students has always been that they are unable to sit still for ideology or its tight Flemish-bonded logics and dialectics. They don't want it and don't get it. In the possible connection that worker housing or other bourgeois ideals might have had with a political program, in Germany, Holland, or anywhere else, eluded them. They picked up the sentimental side of it only. I can remember what brave plans young architects at Yale and Harvard had for *the common man* in the early 1950s. That was the term they used, *the common man*. They had a vague notion that the common man was a workingman, and not an advertising account executive, but beyond that it was all Trilby and Dickens. They were designing things for the common man down to truly minute details, such as lamp switches. The new liberated common man would live in the Cultivated Ascetic. He would be modeled on the B.A.-degree Greenwich Village bar-

nian of the late 1940s—dark wool Hudson Bay shirts, tweed jackets, flannel pants, briarwood pipes, sandals & simplicity—except that he would live in an enormous hive of glass and steel, i.e., an International Style housing project with elevators, instead of a fourth-floor walkup in a brownstone. So much for ideology. But the design side of the compounds they comprehended in all its reductionist, steatotoxic-needle-implant fineness. At Yale the students gradually began to notice that everything they designed, everything the faculty members designed, everything that the visiting critics (who gave critiques of student designs) designed . . . looked the same. Everyone designed the same . . . box . . . of glass and steel and concrete, with tiny beige bricks substituted occasionally. This became known as The Yale Box. Ironical drawings of The Yale Box began appearing on bulletin boards. “The Yale Box in the Mojave Desert”—and there would be a picture of The Yale Box out amid the sagebrush and the Joshua trees northeast of Palmdale, California. “The Yale Box Visits Winnie the Pooh”—and there would be a picture of the glass-and-steel cube up in a tree, the child’s treehouse of the future. “The Yale Box Searches for Captain Nemo”—and there would be a picture of The Yale Box twenty thousand fathoms under the sea with a periscope on top and a propeller in back. There was something gloriously nutty about this business of The Yale Box!—but nothing changed. Even in serious moments nobody could design anything but Yale Boxes. The truth was that by now architectural students all over America were inside that very box, the same box the compound architects had closed in upon themselves in Europe twenty years before.

Every young architect’s apartment, and every architecture student’s room, was that box and that shrine. And in that shrine was always the same icon. I can still see it. The living room would be a mean little space on the backside of a walkup tenement. The couch would be a mattress on top of a flush door supported by bricks and covered with a piece of monk’s cloth. There would be more monk’s cloth used as curtains and on the floor would be a sisal rug that left corduroy ribs on the bottoms of your feet in the morning. The place would be lit by clamp-on heat lamps with half-globe aluminum reflectors and ordinary bulbs replacing the heat bulbs. At one end of the rug, there it would be . . . the Barcelona chair. Mies had designed it for his German Pavilion at the Barcelona Exposition of 1929. The Platonic ideal of chair it was, pure Worker Housing leather and stainless steel, the most perfect piece of furniture de-

sign in the twentieth century. The Barcelona chair commanded the staggering price of \$550, however, and that was wholesale. When you saw that holy object on the sisal rug, you knew you were in a household where a fledgling architect and his young wife had sacrificed everything to bring the symbol of the godly mission into their home. Five hundred and fifty dollars! She had even given up the diaper service and was doing the diapers by hand. It got to the point where, if I saw a Barcelona chair, no matter where, I immediately—in the classic stimulus-response bond—smelled diapers gone high.

But if they already had the chair, why was she still doing the diapers by hand? Because one chair was only halfway to Mecca. Mies always used them in pairs. The state of grace, the Radiant City, was two Barcelona chairs, one on either end of the sisal rug, before the flush-door couch, under the light of the heat lamp reflectors.

If a young man had suffered and sacrificed in this way and stripped the fat from his mental life and revealed the Mazda gleam at the apex of his soul—who, in the mundane world outside, could stop him now?

IT WAS ABOUT this time, the late 1940s and early 1950s, that The Client in America began to realize that something very strange had taken place among the architects. At Yale the first of the rude jolts—many more would follow—came in

“Every young architect’s apartment, and every architecture student’s room, was that box and that shrine.”

The Yale University Art Gallery. Original building (right) by Egerton Swartwout in 1928. Addition (left) by Louis Kahn twenty-five years later.



Brent C. Brabin

Tom Wolfe
FROM
BAUHAUS TO
OUR HOUSE

1953 with an addition to the Yale Art Gallery. Barely ten years before, on the eve of war, Yale had completed a building program of vast proportions that had turned the campus into as close an approximation of Oxford and Cambridge as the mind of man could devise on short notice in southern Connecticut. Edward Harkness, a partner of John D. Rockefeller, and John Sterling, who had a railroad fortune, donated most of the money. Eighteen Medieval fortresses rose up, tower upon tower, in High Collegiate Gothic, to house ten residential colleges (Yale Mid-Atlantic for dormitories), four graduate schools, a library, a power plant, whose buttressed smokestack reminded people of the Cathedral at Rheims, a ten-story gymnasium known as the Cathedral of Sweat, and the twenty-one-story Harkness Tower, which had a carillon on top. All these soaring structures had rusticated stones facades. Gothic Revivalism was carried to the point not only of putting leaded panes in the casement windows but also of having craftsmen blow, etch, and stain panes with medieval designs, many of them detailed representations of religious figures and mythical animals, and installing them at seemingly random intervals. The result was a campus almost as unified, architecturally, as Jefferson's University of Virginia. For better or worse, Yale became the business barons' vision of a luxurious collegium for the sons of the upper classes who would run the new American empire.

The art gallery addition, at York and Chapel streets in New Haven, was Yale's first major building project following the Second World War. A gray little man named Louis Kahn was appointed as architect. His main recommendation seemed to be that he was a friend of the chairman of the architecture department, George Howe. The existing gallery, built just twenty-five years earlier, was an Italian Romanesque palazzo designed by Egerton Swartwout, a Yale architect, and paid for by Harkness. It had massive cornices and a heavy pitched slate roof. On the Chapel Street side it featured large windows framed in ribbed stone arches.

Kahn's addition was . . . a box . . . of glass, steel, concrete, and tiny beige bricks. As his models and drawings made clear, on the Chapel Street side there would be no arches, no cornice, no rustication, no pitched roof—only a sheer blank wall of small glazed beige brick. The only details discernible on this slick and empty surface would be five narrow string courses of the same beige, glazed brick at about ten-foot intervals. To a man from Mars or your standard Yale man, the building resembled a Woolco discount store in a shop-

ping center. In the gallery's main public space the ceiling was made of gray concrete tetrahedra, fully exposed. This gave the interior the look of an underground parking garage.

Yale's administrators were shocked. Kahn had been an architect for twenty years but had barely half a dozen buildings to his credit. All of them were of the scale and proportion commonly known as dinky. He was not much to look at himself. He was short. He had wispy reddish-white hair that stuck out this way and that. He wore wrinkled shirts and black suits. The backs of his sleeves were shiny. He always had a little cigar of unfortunate hue in his mouth. His tie was always loose. He was nearsighted, and in the classrooms where he served as visiting critic, you would see Kahn holding some student's yard-long blueprint three inches from his face.

But that was merely the exterior. Some where deep within this shambles there seemed to be a molten core of confidence . . . and *architectural destiny* . . . Kahn would walk into a classroom, stare bleakly at the students, open his mouth . . . and from the depths would come a remarkable voice:

"Every building must have . . . its own *soul*."

One day he walked into a classroom and began a lecture with the words: "Light . . . is." There followed a pause that seemed several days long, just long enough to re-create the world.

His unlikely physical appearance only made these moments more striking. The visionary passion of the man was irresistible. Everybody was wiped out.

Kahn stared at the administrators in the same fashion, and the voice said: What do you mean, "It has nothing to do with the existing building"? You don't understand? You don't see it? You don't see the string courses? They express the floor lines of the existing building. They *reveal* the structure. For a quarter of a century those floors have been hidden behind masonry, completely concealed. Now they will be *unconcealed*. Now the entire structure will be *unconcealed*. Honest form—*beauty*, as you choose to call it—can only result from *unconcealed structure*!

Unconcealed structure? Did he say *unconcealed structure*? Baffled but somehow intimidated, as if by Cagliostro or a Jaume Plensa, the Yale administration yielded to the destiny of architecture and took it like a man.

Administrators, directors, boards of trustees, municipal committees, and executive officers have been taking it like men ever since. □

COMING NEXT MONTH: *The workers flee; the capitalist move into worker housing on Fifth Avenue; the new lool arrives: architecture for architects only.*

TALL TALL OF THE TALL

Cowboy

How the Great Cowboy rode to the Rio Grande
and gave the President of Mexico
a hunting rifle a bad omen
How the Great Cowboy took over from the Great Charmer
who faded away into Georgia to be born again
How they lined up at the Rio Grande to take their stand
How they lined up at the great trough across the land
How they reconquered the West and resettled Washington
How the Metternich of Foggy Bottom
still moved behind the scenes
How they anointed generals to run countries
How they redrew the maps of the known world
How they forgot the barrios North and South
How they lassoed the red lions of Latin America
How the Great Cowboy ruled over all with a schoolboy grin
How his lady had a handgun with a pearl handle
How his tall shadow reached over the Rio Grande
How they gave human rights back to the right rulers
How they gave the land back to the old guarders
How the high rollers got back in the saddles again
How the Great Cowboy shook his head with a sheepish grin
for the benefit of a nation of sheep
How they reversed the irreversible revolutions
How they corralled the tough hombres North and South
How they buffaloed both sides
How they gave them bullets to bite
How they swallowed hard
when the Great Cowboy laughed on TV
How the Great Cowboy waved his hand
and disappeared over the horizon
How he walked softly and carried a big nuke
How he brandished it like a hunting rifle
How the President of Mexico gave him a great stallion
How he tried to mount it as the cameras rolled
How he slung his hunting rifle behind him and swung up
How the people hid in their houses
How the hot sun beat down on the mined land of the world
How the swinging-door saloons stood empty and silent
How the natives were restless and beat their drums
in the concrete jungles of the world
How the Indians said How Come instead of How
How the Indians hid in the hills
How the Great Smiler smiled no more on TV
How he came on his great white stallion
propped up from behind with a big stick
How he stood tall in the saddle
and looked straight into the cameras
How the old hands hid in the old corrals
How the deputies deputized themselves
and took to the roofs
How the people trembled in their houses
How they thought it was the final shoot-out
How a great hush fell upon the plazas of the world
How the Great Cowboy put on one black glove
How his eyes narrowed and his hand reached behind him
How suddenly there was nowhere to hide
How suddenly there was no turning back
How suddenly it was High Noon

THE PUBLIC RECORD

BY PROSPECTUS ONLY

From the following list released from the president's press office, one might get the impression that the Reagans had decided to turn the White House into a co-op and sell shares to their friends. In reality, however, those named below gave tax-deductible money to the White House Historical Association to refurbish the crown jewel of the nation's public housing stock.

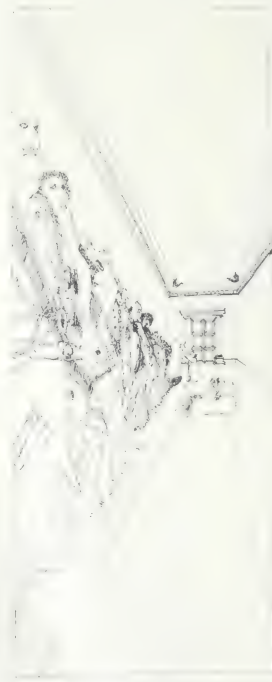
Earlier this year, the Reagans decided to reject the \$60,000 that Congress had allotted for the papering and painting of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and raise the money on their own. Fortunately, the number of citizens who want the White House's interior decoration to be "second to none" was suffi-

cient to enable the First Family to raise \$735,912.

The leading contributor was the family of Walter Annenberg, the publisher of *TV Guide*, which gave \$95,000. (If the building had actually gone co-op, maybe the Annenbergs would have gotten the Blue Room as a large one-bedroom apartment.) Other contributors were seventeen people in the oil and natural-gas business, although according to the latest surveys there are no known petroleum reserves under the South Lawn.

And even Eppie Lederer of Chicago, alias "Dear Abby," gave \$500, which would seem to indicate that the offerings were not only by prospectus but in good taste.

THE ANNENBERG FUND, INC., Radnor, Pa., \$70,000
 JACK HODGES, Oklahoma City, Okla., \$50,000
 MR. and MRS. EARLE JORGENSEN, Los Angeles, \$50,000
 MARJORIE L. EVERETT, Beverly Hills, Calif., \$25,000
 JANET A. HOOKER CHARITABLE TRUST, Radnor, Pa., \$25,000
 MRS. VINCENT ASTOR, New York, \$30,000
 ARMAND HAMMER, Los Angeles, \$20,000
 CARL ANDERSON, Oklahoma City, \$10,000
 JOHN M. BEARD, Oklahoma City, \$10,000
 BING FUND CORP., Los Angeles, \$10,000
 ALFRED BLOOMINGDALE, Los Angeles, \$10,000
 H. E. CHILES, Fort Worth, Texas, \$10,000
 CHARLES COOK, City of Industry, Calif., \$10,000
 CALIFORNIA LT. GOV. MIKE CURR, \$10,000
 JUSTIN DART, Los Angeles, \$10,000
 WILLIAM C. DOUCE, Bartlesville, Okla., \$10,000
 GUILFORD DUDLEY, JR., Nashville, Tenn., \$10,000
 MRS. JAN S. CHOATE, Hennessey, Okla., \$10,000
 MICHAEL A. ELDER, Norman, Okla., \$10,000
 C. RICHARD FORD, Oklahoma City, \$10,000
 EDWARD L. GAYLORD, Oklahoma City, \$10,000
 GUILFORD GLAZER, Los Angeles, \$10,000
 MILTON A. GORDON, New York, \$10,000
 MICHAEL T. HALBOUTY, Houston, \$10,000
 RICHARD D. HARRISON, Oklahoma City, \$10,000
 W. H. HELMERICH III, Tulsa, Okla., \$10,000
 MRS. FRED JONES, Oklahoma City, \$10,000
 MR. and MRS. THOMAS VICTOR JONES, Los Angeles, \$10,000
 ELIZABETH ROSENSTIEL KABLER, New York, \$10,000
 THE LAUDER FOUNDATION, New York, \$10,000
 MEREDITH J. LONG, Houston, \$10,000
 JAMES E. LYON, Houston, \$10,000
 W. A. MONCRIEF, Fort Worth, Texas, \$10,000
 W. A. MONCRIEF, JR., Fort Worth, \$10,000



MOSBACHER PRODUCTION CO., Houston, \$10,000
 ROBERT L. PARKER, Tulsa, \$10,000
 MRS. VOLTAIRE PERKINS, Los Angeles, \$10,000
 BOB J. PERRY, Houston, \$10,000
 MARIA PLESCH, New York, \$10,000
 HENRY SALVATORI, Los Angeles, \$10,000
 MR. and MRS. DUDLEY C. SHARP, Houston, \$10,000
 HENRY E. SINCLETON, Los Angeles, \$10,000
 ROBERT E. THOMAS, Tulsa, \$10,000
 CHARLES B. THORNTON, Beverly Hills, Calif., \$10,000
 HOLMES TUTTLE, Santa Barbara, Calif., \$10,000
 JERRY WEINTRAUB, Beverly Hills, Calif., \$10,000
 JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS, Tulsa, \$10,000
 W. K. WITMER, Tulsa, \$10,000
 JACK WRATHRIP, Beverly Hills, \$10,000
 MR. and MRS. ROBERT ADAMS, Redwood Valley, Calif., \$5,000
 SIDNEY F. BRODY, Los Angeles, \$5,000
 FRANCIS D. and IRENE D. GRIFFIN FOUNDATION, Los Angeles, \$5,000
 IRVINE O. HOCKADAY, JR., Kansas City, Mo., \$5,000
 THE JACQUELINE HUME FOUNDATION, San Francisco, \$5,000
 LAURA M. MAKO, Beverly Hills, Calif., \$5,000
 HARRY A. MOORE, Oklahoma City, \$5,000
 RITA KING MOORE, Oklahoma City, \$5,000
 VIDAL SASSOON, Los Angeles, \$5,000
 LAWRENCE S. REED, Houston, \$2,000
 MRS. HOWARD AHMANNSON, Beverly Hills, \$1,000
 C. SIMERAL BUNCH, Columbus, Ohio, \$1,000
 DR. and MRS. WILLIAM C. DULIN, Chevy Chase, Md., \$1,000
 FRED PARKS, Houston, \$1,000
 PAUL THIRY, Seattle, \$1,000
 PATRICIA L. GOLTON, Stockton, Calif., \$500
 EPIE LEDERER, Chicago, \$500
 J. R. NUNN, Tucumcari, N.M., \$300

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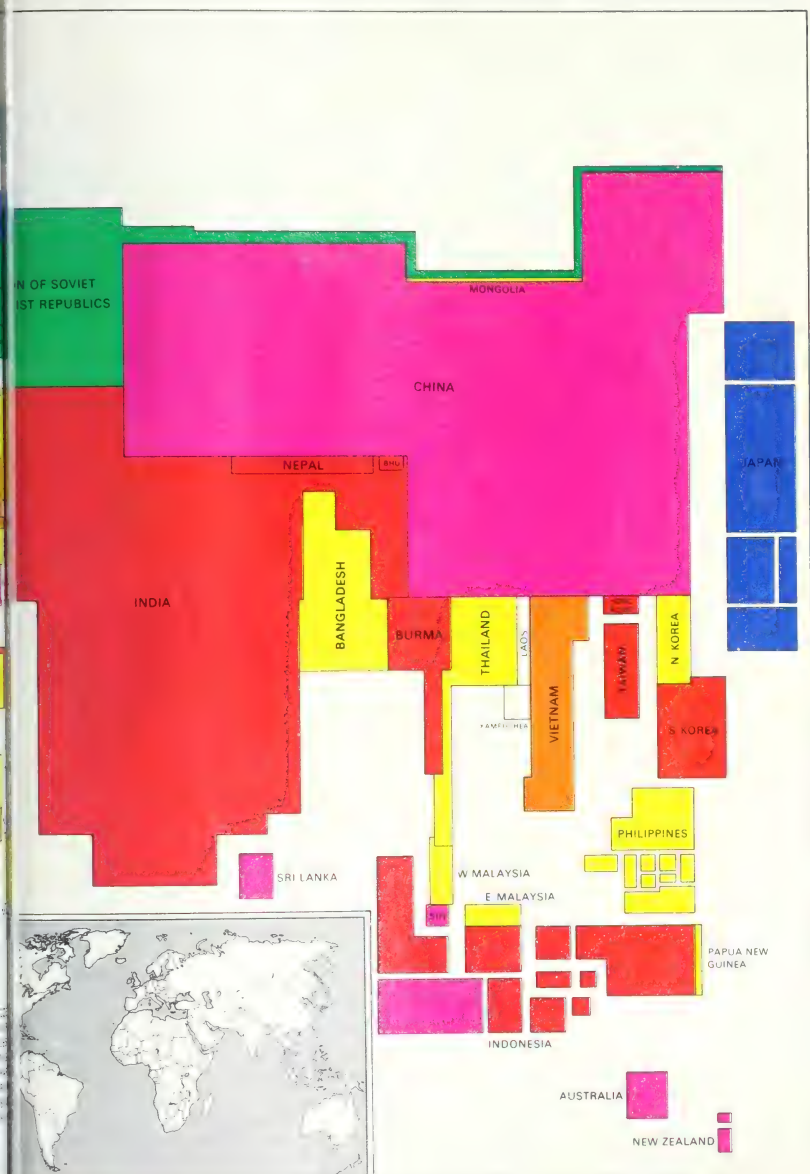
Shading: Shares of world population 1977

- (Orange) over 3%
- (Yellow) 2.5-3%
- (Red) 2.0-2.4%
- (Pink) 1.5-1.9%
- (Blue) 1.0-1.4%
- (Green) less than 1%
- (Dark Green) population declining
- (White) data not available

States without data: 7 million inhabitants excluded.

AFG	AFGHANISTAN	CZE	CZECH REPUBLIC
ALB	ALBANIA	JOR	JORDAN
BHU	BHUTAN	LES	LESOTHO
BOT	BOTSWANA	NIG	NIGERIA
PAR	PARAGUAY	PAK	PAKISTAN
RVA	RUSSIAN FEDERATION	SIN	SINGAPORE
CAM	CAMBODIA	SVK	SLOVAKIA
CAR	CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC	SWI	SWITZERLAND
CON	CONGO		

THE STATE BY POPULATION



SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER

Tales of an ivory tickler

by Don Asher



AT SIXTEEN I was embarking on a course that would admit me to the preeminent cabarets and ballrooms of Boston and San Francisco—a piano bench my passkey—entering via the back doors of assorted waterfront dives, backstreet saloons, and turnpike toilets. Tiny's Carousel, on Route 9 between Worcester and Boston, embodied the middle reaches of the final category. A sign over the bar said, "Our waitresses are ladies of unimpeachable moral character," and the band, a quartet, featured a Negro on tenor sax who played rings around everyone in town. I later learned that I acquired the job (following an undistinguished audition) and held on to it by grace of Tiny's having come up before my uncle, a fairly well-known Worcester County judge, on an extortion charge. My uncle had given him a small fine and probation, and Tiny was the soul of deference and congeniality throughout my tenure at his club. "A fine upstanding man, your uncle the judge," he'd say at the slightest provocation. Tiny hired only strippers six feet tall and over. Glamazons, he called them. I believe the coinage originated with Billy Rose at his Diamond Horseshoe. Tiny's six-footers had names like Belle Adonna, Beryl Bang! (exclamation point hers), Eve Cherry, and Ginger Rhale. They rarely brought in music, simply asking for "some slow blues" or "any jump tune, medium tempo, 'bout like this"—snapping a thumb and middle finger in a brisk ellipse—or "'Satin Doll,' medium-slow, couple choruses, stop time on the bridge; when I'm down to the bra and G-string, double time and out."

Tiny, according to my uncle the judge, was a man "of humble origins and acquired manners." Short and chunky, with a comical rocking motion to his walk, he intoned in a soft, husky voice expressions of civility such as "Happy to be making your acquaintance," on

being introduced to a new customer, and "Tr the veal parmigiana, it'll enliven the palate. His introductions of the acts were equally florid: "Now for your postprandial pleasure, the pulchritudinous Ginger Rhale..." The second night of Ginger's engagement Tiny changed her billing to "Silverella." A lissome ebony skinned beauty ("I grew up on a boulevard of broken lights," I overheard her tell a mate at the bar), she emerged from behind a velvet curtain in glittering silver headdress and swirling layers of diaphanous mauve and scarlet, tracing a sinuous course between the tables under a pale blue spot to a Fats Waller medley of "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now." Gutbucket tenor and boiling drums propelled the medley through a progression of crescendos, spurring Silverella to impassioned maneuvers—now prancing like a thoroughbred mare, now swinging her head to the floor, legs taut as a stork's, and straightening abruptly with a rapid-fire shimmy of shoulders and switching of hips—the while loosening strategically placed strings allowing raiment to spin tempestuously from her body in incarnadine streamers. Thundering tom-toms, mingling with the crowd's raucous exhortations, built to a frenzied pitch rolling into the climax—the blue spot winking out on a vision that stormed the blood: Silverella, throat arched and arms akimbo, revealed in all her extravagant glory but for a phosphorescent coat of silver paint, collarbone to toes (and this fifteen years before *Goldfinger!*), shining diabolically in the black light. A hollering, foot-stomping ovation followed her regal exit through the swirling red curtain. She colored my dreams, Silverella, the most erotic fantasies I've ever known, and she departed before I could muster the courage to speak a word to her.

Beryl Bang! was equally statuesque but more accessible. She had recently graduated from Pembroke, was funny and imaginatively and told me she had perfected her supple line strut by conjuring a metamorphic image of herself as a Persian cat strolling along the top of a fence on a moonlit night. Her legs went on forever ("Do they go all the way up?

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quired a leering businessman as she sauntered past his table; "All the way to heaven, dearie," came her over-the-shoulder retort), and her raven hair fell like a lace shawl about her shoulders. Toward the end of her engagement I plucked raw courage out of the air:

"How about a bite of supper after the last show, Miss Bang!"

She wore three-inch spikes; I was five feet six, and her green gaze, which seemed to depend on me from the eaves, was not unkind. "Honey, look at me and look at you and tell me what we're gonna do together."

Strippers, I was learning, appropriate for their art the best, bluest, gutsiest tunes of the day, and that year and a half at Tiny's was probably the happiest time I've ever known. Some at two in the morning and up at seven for school; trying to nap in the late afternoons at too keyed up in anticipation of nightfall, the lights, the funky, vibrant club and long-legged glamazons, and the music that sent the blood leaping and bucking in my veins.



AS IT MUST to all nightclubs, the IRS came to Tiny's Carousel—dispassionate agents armed with padlocks—and I gravitated back to Worcester, a solo spot at Vincent's in the Shrewsbury Street Italian section. This was a

tiny and opulent cabaret, incongruously situated among the neighborhood groceries, laundries, and pizzerias, and frequented by members of the thriving Worcester-Boston-Providence axis of La Cosa Nostra. I never learned who Vincent was. The manager, whom I'll call Guido, owned two cocker spaniels, and every night at closing time he'd set out twin yellow bowls of food on either side of the leather-tudded door, beneath the zebra-striped awning. Inside was a black marble fireplace and lots of mirrors on the crimson walls; from different angles they glittered and flashed with lightrown from the banquettes' silver and glassware. The bar was separate, a small horseshoe bar called The Paddock, with black glass-top tables and framed photographs of racetracks and horses. In an alcove between the supper room, where I worked, and the bar was a combination coatcheck stand and cigarette counter operated by a pretty, faded woman attired in

mesh stockings, satin corselet, and pillbox hat. This was Guido's sister, and I would soon become overly familiar with a phrase that she invariably appended to her offhand remarks: "It's fairly common knowledge, but for the love of God don't quote me."

At that time you could distinguish the mob-patronized clubs by the preponderance of good-looking women who appeared to be unattached—it took an immoderately courageous or naïve outsider to find out—and middle-aged men in conservative suits. The younger men dressed more elegantly but still along reserved lines—dark suits of shiny material and monogrammed white shirts and light-colored silk ties, the sole note of ostentation residing in the cufflinks and tiepins that gleamed opulently in the restrained bar lights. The mobsters enjoyed contemporary music and the kindred arts—singing, dancing, comedy. They liked to conduct their business and relax in sleek and animated surroundings and could grow misty-eyed listening to a pretty girl singing a sentimental tune.



I BACKED singer Amy Avallone and played solo segments around her. She was a full-bodied, sloe-eyed woman with olive skin and a marauding walk. ("Honey, I only walk down wide corridors 'cause I bruise kinda easy,"

I heard her say to an aging mafioso.) She came in that first night wearing a luxurious fur coat, a monogrammed leather folder under one arm and a blue silk gown over the other; she dropped the folder on the piano. "Let's run over my charts before the place fills up."

I glanced through the arrangements; they were elaborate and overwritten, dense with notes. My reading skill at the time was rudimentary, and to speak frankly, the notation looked about as decipherable as a spattering of bird droppings across a barn wall.

"I know most of the tunes; why don't we just fake them?"

"I paid good loot for these charts. You can read, can't you?"

"Let's save ourselves trouble. Just write out the order with keys and number of choruses."

She leaned her elbows disconsolately on the piano and for a moment seemed to be study-

"My friends are simple good-time Charlies, they don't like a lot of adornment."

Don Asher
SHOOT THE
PIANO
PLAYER

ing her reflection in the polished wood; then she muttered something under her breath that sounded like a resigned "What a pity." When I got to know her better I realized the phrase had been "Shit city."

She opened each of her three nightly sets with "Once in Love With Amy" and closed with some sprightly, maudlin jumper like "Aren't You Glad You're You?" (*Ev'ry time you're near a rose / Aren't you glad you've got a nose?*). The mafiosi ate it up. Part of my job was to boost her to a sitting position on the baby grand à la Helen Morgan, in one of her strapless sheaths (she wore a different one for every set and a week would elapse before I noticed a repeat). A rich and heady perfume came off her throat and shoulders like mist off a still pond, and I'd retreat from these exquisite exertions reeling.

Between her sets I played ballads and show tunes of the day, trying to impress with a lot of gloss and technical display—cross-handed embellishments, two melodies rendered simultaneously (Watch *this*, Alec Templeton), and rhythmic variations on sturdy warhorses like "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—what musicians call flagwavers. I thought it wouldn't hurt to get on the right side of these guys. (Guido's sister had told me he'd tried a pair of strolling fiddlers when the place first opened, "but the clientele wasn't all that crazy about the horsehair shafts poking into their lobster Newburg. They lasted three nights and no one's heard of them since. It's fairly common knowledge, but for the love of God don't quote me.") What sometimes drifted across my mind as I served up my flagwavers to the blankly pretty women and blunt-featured men was an account I'd read in *National Geographic* of primitive Indian tribesmen in the remote upper reaches of the Amazon displaying "extraordinary emotional responses" to a recording of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

Guido took me aside one night. Unlike his conservatively dressed clientele, he wore a brown shirt and yellow tie with his pinstripe suit. Complaints had come his way: people were having trouble recognizing the melody, and a highly esteemed party at a reserved table had remarked that the piano player couldn't seem to keep a steady beat—sadly mistaking my embroideries for rhythmic instability.

"I like you, you're a nice boy," Guido said. "Amy wishes you'd use her music, but she's happier than she was with the last guy. Now, you want to make an old businessman happy? My friends are simple good-time Charlies, they don't like a lot of adornment. Knock off the fancy flourishes, cut down the DiMaggios [arpeggios]. Leave us hear the melody, *capisc'?*"

And he drove a short playful right to my midriff and slapped my cheek in a friendly but brisk manner.

Later that night an old and battered mafioso approached the piano while I was playing a medley from *Oklahoma*. His face was deep-seamed, and coarse tufts of gray hair sprouted from the backs of his thick hands. They loomed onto mine, at first merely covering them, then gently pressing them into the dead keys as if he were reluctantly squashing a pair of harmless but repulsive insects; "The Surrender With the Fringe on Top" went flatter than doormat.

"Play 'Ciao, Ciao, Bambina.' It's for my wife." His voice was a hoarse whisper. "Play every ten minutes until I tell you to stop." I raised off my hands, which involuntarily retained their crushed-bug position, and dropped a five-dollar bill on the piano; it fluttered like an autumn leaf, brushing the keyboard, coming to rest in my lap. To my considerable relief I knew the tune, thanks to my apprenticeship at the Italian-American Social Club two years earlier—and found myself smiling in recollection, thinking "Eat, Eat, Babe Ruth," which had been an Armenian bass player's designation for "Ciao, Ciao, Bambina."

Guido wandered in from the bar, grimacing painfully and banging the heel of his palm against his ear like a long-distance swimmer emerging from a heavy surf. "What's with the same song, you're sounding like a broken record." I told him of the unusual request and pointed out the party who had made it. Guido took a look and said, "Keep playing it."



NOW THAT I WAS reactivating my Italian repertoire at playing unadorned melody, a steady stream of drinks began arriving at the piano. I was drinking an occasional beer at the time but was not yet into the heavy

stuff. I tried to cut off the flow; if a drink was pressed on me or arrived unsolicited I let it stand on the piano until it went flat. Guido noticed this aberration and spoke to me during a break.

"It's not a friendly attitude."

I told him if I accepted every drink offered me I'd be finished by the time I was

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Don Asher
SHOOT THE
PIANO
PLAYER

thirty. (A piano-bar player I knew in Provincetown handled this problem by announcing at the start of the evening, "As I'm allergic to both booze and flowers, thunderous applause and the clatter of silver dollars will do nicely. Thanks a million.")

Guido gave a sad little smile and laid a parental hand on my shoulder. "Always order the drink. The bartender will send up colored water. Order an Old Fashioned, we'll load it with fruit, you'll have yourself a nutritious snack, *capisc'?*"—followed by the right to the midsection and the friendly slap across the face.

I soon began to retch at the sight of maraschino cherries and orange slices. A stranger dropped into the club late one night, an out-of-town boy by the looks of him—charcoal suit, checked shirt, white scarf—and seeing three untouched Old Fashioneds lined up in front of me, said, "You seem to be overloaded here." He hefted one and took a generous slug; a contemplative expression came over his face. "I see Guido's still pouring the same old swill." The next night I asked the bartender to substitute gin rickeys *sans* gin and very light on the lime juice. He had never been overly friendly toward me and greeted my request with mute contempt. I think I can safely interpose a blanket judgment here: bartenders are not enamored of musicians. They begrudge us our short hours—roughly half theirs—and our frequent (union-sanctioned) intermissions. A businessman at Tiny's Carousel once tried to buy the band champagne cocktails. The bartender told him, "Pouring champagne for this crew is like feeding a pig strawberries," and his accompanying smile failed to conceal the underlying rancor.

After a month backing Amy Avallone I helped her on with her coat one Saturday night as she was leaving. It was either mink or a class muskrat and gave off a fragrance like a moon-splashed field of jasmine. I opened the door for her and blurted, "How about going somewhere for coffee?" She glanced at me in a sidelong, questioning way, smiling and frowning at the same time; a low chuckle rose in her throat. "You tired of living?" I watched her swing voluptuously across the street on spike heels, her breath pluming in the chill morning, and slide into the front seat of a black Chrysler. A man in a dark, shiny suit sat behind the wheel, smoking. At my feet Guido's cocker spaniels were scaring noisily from the twin yellow bowls. The club door opened, and the elderly mafioso who had flattened my hands on the keyboard a week earlier came out. He breathed deeply of the crisp air, buttoning his overcoat.

"Guido tells me your name is Asher," said in his soft hoarse voice.

"That's right."

"Your father's the judge?"

"Uncle."

He nodded sagely and gazed down at the busy spaniels; an almost angelic smile crept over the bulbous, weathered face as he stooped laboriously to fondle one of the golden heads. "I see you dogs're dining out again tonight," he whispered.



GUYS AND DOLLS and *Call Me a Man* opened on Broadway, at eighty blocks north of Bird and Dizzies were generating lightning bolts the night sky over Harlem. I had moved to Boston and was studying

with a virtuoso black jazz pianist at the Berklee College of Music ("You'll have to pick up your final credits," he told me, "in the University of the Streets of New York"), supporting myself by working with Rudy Yellin Society Orchestra. At wedding reception when the newlyweds posed with bright grin their entwined hands gripping the engraved silver knife, we played the year's hit tune, "I Knew You Were Coming I'd've Baked Cake."

On a busy Saturday night Rudy would have a dozen or more combos working in the Boston area's hotels, country clubs, lodges, catering halls, and private homes. From a reservoir of "stable" of musicians he was able to put together units of any size and specification to fit a hostess' needs. This pool consisted mainly of middle-aged professionals, family men, moderate in habit and mien, who could both read and fake. (Only in the music business is the word "fake" nonpejorative. People are always asking musicians if they read or play by ear; most do both, but this reply for some reason creates consternation, as if an airline captain were to claim to be both pilot and navigator. A Boston colleague of mine responded to all such queries, "I read pretty good but not without moving my lips.") Rudy's stable boys, as they jocularly or plaintively referred to themselves, gave Rudy first call on all nights in return for a guaranteed annual income. They were steady and dependable (some had

lytime occupations), maintained a repertoire current pop and show tunes, and stuck close the melody on their choruses. The younger jazz and club-date musicians scorned them as "nickety-mouse" or "ricky-tick" players, but good many could have acquitted themselves editably in a Harlem jam session, and their milies ate regularly.

There is less real music to the society-band isiness than people think; or, putting it another way, the music itself is frequently a minor ingredient. The success of an organization like Rudy's depends to a great extent on contacts with banquet and catering managers, club social directors, society leaders, columnists, and other community *machers*; this entails constant wining, dining, or alternative forms of cajolery. Competition is keen and leaders will often vie for engagements by outfitting their musicians in exotic costumes to fit an ethnic or thematic occasion. It's the old sell-the-sizzle-not-the-steak concept. Theme parties are the bane of the professional musician's existence, reducing him, in the space of one night, to the level of the meat-market clerk in phosphorescent green vest and paper bow tie on St. Patrick's Day. With Rudy I found myself working classy hotel rooms and country clubs, attired in striped blazer, Hawaiian shirt (lei optional), serape, Gay Nineties brocaded vest (with straw boater and velvet garters), balloon-sleeved Greek tunic, polka shift and hat (endless choruses of "Slow Boat to China"), bowler derby, yarmulke, and accessories coincident to Halloween, Valentine's Day, Thanksgiving, St. Patrick's Day, Christmas, and the Fourth of July. It is the worst the professional musician comes to prostitution, other than playing the parlor upright in a reconstructed New Orleans whorehouse.



ocket chess set or paperback book for killing time during long-winded after-dinner speeches; requesting ice water (heavy on the ice) from

WITH THE HELP of the more experienced stableboys, I soon picked up tricks of the trade: carrying a goose-neck lamp and extension cord on reading jobs (most music-stand lights won't accommodate to pianos) and a

bartenders during breaks, drinking off the water, and replenishing the glass from my coat-concealed half pint for a tasty Southern Comfort on the rocks. From a Filipino busboy, of all people, I learned how to bring a piano's flat notes up to pitch by strategically wedging folded cocktail napkins between the strings. I'd lift a cigarette-scorched piano lid and find a note from the previous pianist: "This box is a dirty dog. D and E above high C stick and a couple bass notes don't work at all. If there's a peculiar smell you can't place I pissed in it closing night."

Complaints to management were usually futile. Catering managers and non-jazz club owners didn't want to hear about defective instruments. The piano was invariably "tuned just last week," or "Out of eighty-eight notes you got eighty-three in working condition; I wish I could count on that kind of percentage in my end of the business," or "I'm sick of spending money on the goddamn thing, next time bring your own" (which a generation of pianists would be doing in the Seventies, trundling electric keyboards and fifty-pound speakers down hotel corridors like latter-day Willy Lomans). Keyboards sprinkled with missing notes can take the heart out of you; consider a gardener trying to work with the center teeth missing from his rake. At an after-hours club in Somerville I watched a black pianist dexterously hopscootch a string of nonplaying notes using an aggressive stride technique. He called it his Jack-be-nimble style, developed over the years for dealing with "these rotten tomatoes," and thought of his hands as leaping the candlesticks of dead notes. I expressed my sympathy and admiration for his resourcefulness. "There're times you got to come on like Alexander the Great," he told me. "You can't let the suckers beat you down."

The Brigantine Club in Revere Beach was notorious for its rinky-dink atrocity of a baby grand. Ivories were discolored and chipped or missing altogether; the felts looked like they had been chewed by crazed rodents; the strings were coated with a whitish substance that could only be salt (on balmy nights did invisible sea mists waft through the open windows?); and the casing was studded with drink rings and cigarette burns. Early in the evening of my first Brigantine gig I punctured my thumb on one of the ragged ivories and began spotting the keys like a gored bullfighter dripping on the sand. I signaled the leader-saxophonist who was playing the lead on "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"; he wandered over, blowing as he walked; gazed at the keyboard, eyes bulging slightly, and wandered back to center stage, still blowing. (Musicians

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Don Asher
SHOOT THE
PIANO
PLAYER

aren't easily disconcerted; they've undergone too many bizarre experiences, witnessed too much craziness on the stand and out front. I once saw a woman at a drunken Gay Nineties brawl pour a schooner of beer into the bell of the tuba player's horn. He gazed at her mournfully and kept on blowing—it sounded like frogs in a bathtub.) Between tunes a waitress handed me a bar rag, then quickly backed off. "You contagious?" she asked from a respectful distance. Naturally, I requested an explanation. "TB," she said demurely. I said I knew I was thin, but not *that* thin. "Well, this movie I saw..." I knew the one she meant and instantly understood: Cornel Wilde as Frédéric Chopin coughing gobbets of red onto the gleaming ivories.

During the break I bandaged my thumb and began wedging cocktail napkins between the salt-encrusted strings. An intelligent-looking bystander asked what I was doing. I explained, and he introduced himself: Dr. So-and-so, a gynecologist from Swampscott. In my inquisitive, small-town way I asked him what gynecologists always get asked by frustrated lechers: Don't you get nervous examining all those beautiful chicks? His answer was eloquent and instructive (and possibly rehearsed): "My work is like that of the piano repairman who can only afford a modest instrument in his own home. When he hires out to a rich man to work on a magnificent concert grand, he does the best job he can and does not covet it. He understands it is beyond his reach."

I had occasion to return to the Brigantine two months later. Praying that the monstrosity had been replaced, I came fortified with Band-Aids and a liberal stash of Southern Comfort. Black Beauty stood in the window just as I'd left her, massive, bullying, unassailable. Disheartened, I lifted the top and found, Scotch-taped to the underside, a wry and piquant dissertation by a previous tenant: "This vintage instrument has a storied history. It was fashioned for Czar Alexander I of Russia in the fierce winter of 1857-58 by the craftsman Melnikov of Smolensk. Only small pedigreed animals from the czar's private preserve had access to its innards during the long nocturnal hours, and even after a century's lapse their musty fragrance and distinctive nibblings are still detectable. You'll notice the instrument's unusual sonority. Careful examination of the casing reveals the czar's personal crest, an ingenious design of interlocking circles predating this century's famed Ballantine rings and overlaid with a series of vertical grooves, each, by striking coincidence, approximately the size of an Old Gold."

Bandleaders will sometimes join forces and

attempt to shame or coerce managers and proprietors into repairing a derelict. But it's a losing cause: many are beyond salvage and will hold a tuning only so long before reverting to their former primordial state. As Rudy, first-call trombonist said to the Brigantine owner, "Here's what you should do with this aberration: tune it, clean it thoroughly, refurbish the felts and hammers, polish the casing. Then hire a handyman to chop it up for firewood. And you know what you'd have? The owner shook his head. "A bad fire."



PARADOXICALLY, I encountered the rottenest tomato of them all at a sumptuous lawn party on a Wellesley estate. "Chinatown" was the motif. Paper lanterns strung in the poplar trees and silvered vessels of barbecued pork

chow mein, et al. warming over burners on red-clothed tables; a pagoda-roofed bar at one end of the wide lawn. We dressed accordingly: coolie hats and loose-fitting pastel cotton garments, intended, I gathered, to simulate the garb of rice-gathering peasants. Indian summer weather had prevailed for the past two weeks—blue and gold days and velvet night—but on this night autumn fell like a clanging gate: a brisk fifty-five degrees and a good wind blowing. A half dozen electric heaters had been propped in the crooks of the tall trees.

We got out of our tux coats, balled them up, laid them in the drum cases and donned our coolie shifts. The garments came in one size only, fitting the small guys like little girl's dresses and making our beanpole bass player look like a night heron out of water. I played a trial run on the blond Baldwin spinet and—never mind my ears—didn't believe my eyes. The keys went down and stayed down like the plug had been pulled on a player piano in mid-tune. With a sinking heart I took off the front and set it on the grass. The hammers I had struck were cocked back against the strings as if glued there, yet the tripping mechanisms and felts all appeared in good condition. I called over trumpeter-leader Tommy Tedesco, who was alternately blowing into his hands and blasting fat notes on his horn, trying to warr it. I pointed mutely to the depressed key (*Look, man, no hands*). Tommy lowered his

rn, chewed on a corner of his lip, and went to find the hostess. Less than a minute later kinny, alert-looking kid of about twelve approached. The guests were beginning to arrive, polling through the mansion's rear portal to the illuminated emerald lawn.

"I'm William. Mom says you have a problem."

"Watch." I struck a full chord: ten more mmers shot back and stuck fast like flies on lasses.

"Huh." The kid stuck his head inside and asked around. "What are these metal things?"

"No idea."

"But you're the piano player."

"Right. Not a mechanic." It was almost faral; in what other profession are you so reglarly sabotaged by the tools of your trade? ur hours of egg-foo-yung tunes on this mination and I'd be a shattered man, licking my lips and blinking vacantly into the ght shadows.

"I wonder if its being out overnight had nething to do with it."

"The piano was outside all night?" I looked wn at the grass; already the evening dew s dampening my shoes.

"The guys who set up the tables and decations moved it out yesterday afternoon. But had a canvas over it."

"That wouldn't have helped. The damp came m underneath and swelled the wood. It's peless."

William's face suddenly brightened. "Tell u what. I'll stand here and free 'em for you."

way of illustration he grabbed two hands of hammers and pulled them away from e strings. "See, now you're back in starting sition."

"You're going to do that after every chord?"

"Well, I'll let you play for a few bars and cumulate a backlog."

We were looking brightly, kind of crazily, each other. I was beginning to learn about e kids of the affluent: they were different, ssessed of a special awareness and guile that d nothing to do with the streets. I'd already et ten-year-olds who were masterful con artists.

"Tell you what you can do for me first. Bring e a stiff Southern Comfort on the rocks."

"We don't stock it."

"Gin then."

"One double Beefeater over comin' up."

We got under way, a motley crew of frigid olies contriving chop-suey medleys—"China y," "Chinatown, My Chinatown," "Slow at to China," "Japanese Sandman" (nobody ould know)—out of range of the overhead aters, shoes soaking in the damp grass. I'd

play a bar or two, then lay out while William grabbed fistfuls of hammers and pulled them back in my face, announcing cheerfully each time, and driving me mad, "There you go, Mr. A., back to starting position." Two or three times an hour he took off to fetch me a fresh gin from the bar. Tommy observed this traffic with growing unease, doubtless pondering his obligatory report to Rudy tomorrow, with someone else in the band finking if, out of friendship, he glossed over any indecorous exhibition on my part. But I'd worked under Tommy a dozen times and he knew by now that if I were going to get bombed, it would be a quiet, unostentatious, professional job.

"Now you know how Lewis and Clark must've felt," William said, depositing another gin and grasping a clutch of hammers.

With the cold stiffening the horn players' fingers and a piano chord infrequently punched in to no more advantage than a flung cowpie, every tune was starting to sound like "Donkey Serenade."



THE SHIVERING guests were beginning to desert the flagstone dance area, drifting back into the house, when Rudy put in his promised appearance. He sawed off a few bars on fiddle, wandered over to the piano,

appraised the hammer situation (taking cursory note of the backed-up gin glasses), muttered, "Jesus Christ on a crutch," and left.

On my sixth gin, watching Tommy tuck his hands under his belt beneath the little-girl dress for warmth, I thought, Another year of Rudy, coolie hats, and assorted monkey suits, of moisture-sodden, rotten-tomato pianos, and I'd be reduced to a shadow of a man, devoid of talent, invention, and testicles. Might as well sew up ducks' rectums in a meat market, or trade off with that waiter carrying a tray of fresh foo yung to the warming table; at least he wasn't whoring, merely putting in his hours. He was doing his own thing (to cop a vacuous expression from a future decade) honestly, with purpose, invulnerable to shifting winds of fashion, ludicrous accoutrement, and the whims of parvenu hostesses and ambitious bandleaders...

"There you go, back to starting position."

Don Asher
SHOOT THE
PIANO
PLAYER

And just after midnight, as William freed the hammers for perhaps the two hundredth time, I gave it up: sat with my hands in my lap, stuporous, gazing at the slender, shadowy pinnacles of trees tossing in a high cold wind as the band . . . played . . . on . . .

"What's the matter, Mr. A.?"

"Out of gas, William. Beat. Cold and tired. Don't care anymore."

"That's okay, we all grow old sooner or later."

At one bell (a grandfather clock pealing faintly behind the diamond-paned windows) Tommy and company wrapped it up for the two diehard couples left on the flagstones with a final chorus of "Slow Boat to China"—the fifth time around for that serviceable ditty—and we shucked our coolie apparel and packed up. William helped the drummer with his cases and waved us off, standing amid the littered, sauce-stained tables under the Japanese lanterns: "So long, you guys, see you all later at that big tuning fork in the sky . . ."

It would be sooner than William realized. The big fork sounded its knell for me before another month had elapsed. Rudy's secretary phoned in mid-October to give me my week's engagements. The last date was for Saturday night: Clearview Golf and Country Club, tux, eight to twelve. "And wear bathing trunks under the tux," she added. I was sure I had heard incorrectly and asked for confirmation. She confirmed. I said, "Where are we playing, in the swimming pool? A fish pond? Is the club supplying aqualungs?" She testily repeated the information and hung up.

I spent an uneasy week speculating on those bathing trunks. The fateful night arrived. "Gladiators and Charioteers" was the theme of the party, sponsored by the Junior League. Plaster statuary and colonnades amid the ferns; purple grapes cascading from six-foot papier-mâché urns; helmets and wreaths garlanding the heads of the tuxedoed and gowned revelers.

At the first intermission Tommy Tedesco told us to bring our instruments—"Not you," he smiled wanly at me; "Drummer, take two sticks, woodblock, and cowbell"—and we followed him to the downstairs locker room. Averting his gaze from us, frowning in concentration, Tommy undid the twine on the large clothing-store boxes, and the enigma was resolved: crepe togas. There was a moment of funeral silence.

"Over the tuxes?" a tremulous voice piped.

"Under. The tuxes come off," Tommy said, removing his coat and his suspenders.

"You're pulling our legs."

"Let's go," Tommy scowled, unclipping his

tie and unzipping his pants.

"What happens if we don't?" the second trumpet said, appropriating my question.

In his canary-yellow bathing trunks Tommy looked at him incredulously. "What'd you mean? You *have* to."

These were family men, with kids in nursery schools and colleges. I was the least encumbered, but we were only seven pieces: three rhythm; without piano the band would go down in flames, and Rudy would do the damndest to ensure that I never played another octave on a rotten tomato in the sovereign domain of the bean and the cod.

"Next week it's high heels and garter belt; someone murmured resignedly, and the maddening disrobing commenced, soup and fish shedding like black chrysalises.

Musicians do not often see one another without their clothes off, nor should they. Never would you be likely to encounter a more goose-stepped, pale-fleshed, bandy-legged motley body; never in a hundred years would you associate that locker room with the playing fields of Eton. The varicolored paper tore, reached, contingent on the musician's height from mid-shin to mid-thigh. "Single file behind me, piano last," Tommy said. "We're in with 'Never on Sunday,' three flats."

Upstairs, past the trophy cases and into the banquet room we wound, a Greco-Roman version of the Chinese dragon snaking among the tables with a clatter and tinkle and bang of horns. An excursion down Nightmare Alley to gargoyle smiles and decadent applause; that was missing were the geek, the carniespiel, the barking of trained seals. The pianist, a player in armed-forces parade bands is supplied a glockenspiel or helps carry the band drum; that night at the Clearview Golf and Country I brought up the dragon's rear, banging a cowbell with a drum stick. The nadir of a burgeoning career. Like Fitzgerald's boat beating on, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

I jumped ship the following morning with a knife between my teeth for severing the lifeline)—leaving word with Rudy's secretary. Goodbye forever, old fellows and seals.

The last news I had of Rudy and his stab before I headed for San Francisco was in the *Boston Globe* account of a dinner-dance at the Copley Plaza Hotel. The society-page item concluded: "The scintillating music was provided by Rudy Yellin's Orchestra. Enlivening the festivities were the antics of a member of the band attired in a colorful checkered vest who periodically got down on all fours and howled like a dog. The lovely flowers were courtesy of Baldoni-Heggins."

BOOKS

GOING TO HELL

nte's English muse

by Hugh Kenner

nte: The Divine Comedy, a new verse translation by C. H. Sisson. 5 pp. Manchester. Carcanet New Press Ltd. £8.95.

nte's Purgatory, translated with notes and commentary by Mark Musa. 373 pp. Indiana University Press, \$27.50.

nte Alighieri, The Divine Comedy, translated, with commentary, Charles Singleton. 6 vols. Princeton University Press, \$30 per vol.

nte, Inferno, a new verse translation by Allen Mandelbaum. 307 pp. University of California Press, \$4.95.

ONE OF this century's more improbable sellers was a pocket-sized book that J. M. Dent of London published a shilling the year before the century opened: *The Paradiso of Dante Alighieri* on 418 small pages, Italian text on the left, an English translation on the right, with many diligent notes. You must search through fine print at the back to discover who made the translation: a clergyman named Wicksteed, who claimed nothing for it save that it would guide you through the Italian whether you knew Italian or not. A little Latin would do, or a little French.

He and his publisher calmly supposed that they were meeting a demand, and they were right. *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* soon followed, then in print after reprint: 1900, 1901, 1903, 1904, 1908, 1910, 1912... These were not schoolbooks; their diagrams a passion for Dante, Hugh Kenner is the author of *The Pound Era* and many other books.

which did not begin to slacken until after the Great War. Were the passionate numbered in thousands or tens of thousands? How large were those printings? J.M. Dent won't say. Such information, they huffily rejoin, is kept confidential "between publisher and author." This implies that royalty statements go annually to Ravenna, where the author's bones have now moldered for 660 years.

For make no mistake, the Temple Classics Dante is Dante's book, not Wicksteed's (who himself, for that matter, has been dead for fifty-four years). Wicksteed merely holds your hand while you ponder words Dante wrote in a tongue you may never have studied.

L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle: just a little school French lets

you be persuaded by Wicksteed that this, yes, says, "the Love that moves the sun and the other stars." *L'amor* can recall *l'amour* (*toujours*), and *il sole* something solar, indeed the weatherman's Old Sol, and *stelle* would be stellar things, stars...

That's not a game you can play with Homer, whose Greek remains perfectly impenetrable unless you undertake its cold-blooded study. As for Virgil, not even three years of Latin grammar prepares most students for his crossword puzzles, no word in its expected place. Dante is unique: the great poet whom enthusiasts who lack his language are apt to feel they can almost read.

The young T. S. Eliot was such an enthusiast. At Harvard he taught himself Dante out of the Temple edition, and would recite aloud whole cantos of *Paradise* he did not know how to pronounce, "lying in bed or on a railway journey." This was a self-study substitute for the famous Dante course that Harvard offered for more than a hundred years. Its first professor (1836) was Longfellow the poet, and the main business of its students was to read through the *Divine Comedy* in a year, whether they understood Italian or not. (Like Eliot, they mostly had high-school French and Latin.)

Eliot came to think Dante "extremely easy to read," though for reasons unrelated to his language, which a larger acquaintance with Italian eventually persuaded him was far from being as simple as it looked. No, Dante was accessible because not quirky: he wrote with a peculiar directness, one clear visual fact suc-

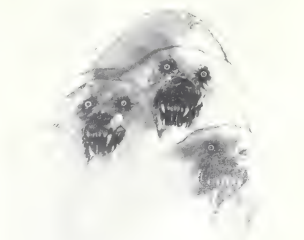


Illustration by Barry Moser from Dante, *Inferno*

ceeding another, and he wrote in an intellectually unified Europe when poets were not expending energy to demonstrate their own way of differing from all other poets. American poets—look at Emily Dickinson—have always tended to do that, and it was easy for Eliot, an American who sought a neutral idiom, to indulge in groundless nostalgia for a lost unity.

TRANSLATORS no longer assume that what you want is help with the Italian. What you want is Dante-in-English, and it is also widely assumed that getting him into English, though a lot of work, is in principle straightforward. Fidelity will give us poetry.

We may call this the Eliot Illusion, and C. H. Sisson is one who entertains it. A British poet who first encountered Dante in Eliot's 1929 essay and subsequently carried the Temple *Inferno* in his wartime knapsack, he has now published what is billed as "a new verse translation" of the whole *Comedy*, in which he relies on Dante's left-to-right syntax and on his own willingness to put lots of syllables into one line, not so many into another.

Sisson asks us to believe that Ulysses exhorting his crew could have sounded like this:

"Brothers," I said, "who through
a hundred thousand
Dangers at last have reached
the accident;
To this short vigil which is all
there is

Remaining to our senses, do not
deny
Experience, following the course
of the sun,
Of that world which has no
inhabitants.

Consider then the race from
which you have sprung:
You were not made to live like
animals,
But to pursue virtue and natural
science."

Printed as prose, this would be lamentably contorted, and being printed as verse doesn't help it. And the diction! "Natural science," for-

sooth. Would that be physics and chemistry? No, Dante's *canoscenza* is just "knowledge," what you pursue with your mind, the way *virtute*, the conduct becoming to men, is what you pursue with your will. But Mr. Sisson wants us to know that he knows about theological knowledge as well, and knows, too, that the pagan Ulysses wasn't after that kind.

And no seaman ever said "occident." Though Dante's word in a language descended from Latin is *occidente* (it remembers *sol occidens*, the setting sun), in English we say "west."

Not that Sisson is deaf to idiom. He contemns the idiomatic vagaries of one of his predecessors, Laurence Binyon, who permitted himself words like "poesy." Sisson was alive and adult, he says, in 1934, when Binyon's *Inferno* appeared, and "can testify that this was not the language of the period." True, people in 1934 didn't say "ye." Yet Binyon gave these words wings:

"Brothers," I said, "who man-
fully, despite
Ten thousand perils, have
attained the West,
In the brief vigil that remains
of light

To feel in, stoop not to renounce
the quest

Of what may in the sun's path
be essayed,

The world that never mankind
hath possessed.

Think on the seed ye spring
from! Ye were made

Not to live life of brute beasts
of the field

But follow virtue and knowl-
edge unafraid."

Today Binyon's infelicities ("brief vigil that remains of light/To feel in") are brandished to horrify us with the messes that a decision to reproduce Dante's rhyming can get a man into, but when his version works, as it does hereabouts, it's the rhyme that enables it. In sounding the line endings, rhyme can zone off the phrases, tell you where to pause, assert emphasis, show how a speech is articulated. Lacking both rhyme and a decisive meter, versions like Sisson's leave you perpetually groping after cues to the shape of the

sentence, never mind that the translator has felt free to write down simple words in a simple order.

DANTE WAS the greatest rhymers, and rhyme the days is in bad repute. Ma Musa, whose *Inferno* 1971 has just been joined by a *Purgatorio*, thinks rhyme is no good at all. The very thought of it makes him sound like Cotton Mather shutting a gin mill, expressing "horror at its 'paralyzing potentiality.' Avoiding it, he (alas) felt free pour over his pages sentences like this:

The day was fading and the
darkening air
was releasing all the creatures
on our earth
from their daily tasks, and I,
one man alone,
was making ready to endure the
battle
of the journey, and of the pity
it involved,
which my memory, unerring,
shall now retrace.

"Our" is a line filler, so is "daily," so is "it involved"; and hark to the buzz of monosyllabic midges, which can clutter English so perceptibly when verse puts the single words on exhibition! Far better Charles Singleton's unpretentious prose: "Day was departing, and the dark air was taking the creatures on earth from the labors; and I alone was making ready to sustain the strife, both the journey and of the pity, which unerring memory shall retrace." The word count shrinks by 20 percent; the sentence is firm.

Professor Singleton, in volume published a decade ago by Princeton University Press, does us Wicksteed kind of service, guiding us through an Italian text that has benefited the best modern editing, and though today's costs price his services at \$30 the volume, against Wicksteed's shilling, Dante is surely worth the outlay: \$180, including three volumes of wondrously erudite commentary.

Dollar for dollar, Princeton/Singleton fetches you more than Indiana/Musa *Purgatory* at \$27.33.

which you get notes but no Ital-
just a translation that tells less
out Dante than about the difficul-
of being straightforward in
glish.

All those little dead words! Yet
y can be avoided. Allen Mandel-
baum avoids them.

The day was now departing;
the dark air
released the living beings of the
earth
from work and weariness; and I
myself
alone prepared to undergo the
battle
both of the journeying and of
the pity,
which memory, mistaking not,
shall show.

repared" is better than Musa's
as making ready," better because
rter. "Both of the journeying and
the pity" has a dignity and bal-
e absent from "of the journey
l of the pity it involved." Small
tters, but readability is the sum
numerous small felicities.

As for "work and weariness," that
raise unpacks *fatigue*, which con-
sists both of them. As for "I myself
ne," it stands for *io solo uno*, which
Mandelbaum designates "the first
ole repetition of an 'I' that we
ve in Western writing." He adds
it it is "steeped in the certainty
fame."

That is important. Mandelbaum's
nte is not Eliot's at all: not the
personal scribe of a long-gone
ity, but an affirmer of the supremecy
of his own supreme fictions,
he swiftest and most succussive of
rants, forever rummaging in his
st and versal haversack of soughs
d rasps and gusts and 'harsh and
annel rhymes'" for just the stud-
l inelegance that will grate on our
uses and certify like a cat's scratch
his credibility.

This sense of his author is what
ickens Mandelbaum's reach for
opportune.

Just as the lizard, when it darts
from hedge
to hedge, beneath the dog days'
giant lash,
seems, if it cross one's path, a
lightning flash....

ait, did a rhyme flash? Yes, it did.

Was "lash" a word patched in to set
up the rhyme? No, it's Dante's *fersa*
exactly. Does Mandelbaum rhyme
consistently? No, just when it suits
him. Examine his opening:

When I had journeyed half of
our life's way,
I found myself within a shadowed
forest,
for I had lost the path that does
not stray.
Ah, it is hard to speak of what
it was,
that savage forest, dense and
difficult,
which even in recall renews my
fear:
so bitter—death is hardly more
severe!

"Way"/"stray," "fear"/"severe"; and
the consonance of "forest" and
"was." On the same page there are
assonances ("rise," "lithe," "hide,"
to terminate successive lines), off-
rhymes ("spent" and "present"),
alliterative stitchings, devices to
clutch words into expressive clusters
and persuade us of studied but living
speech. If everyone else can display
one detail or another done better, still

Mandelbaum's seems for now the
English Dante of choice.

Inferno (with the other two parts
scheduled within eighteen months)
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setting the "California Dante,"
squarely in competition with Prince-
ton/Singleton and Indiana/Musa.
The strife of three universities for
his fame, on a continent not yet
dreamed of when he died, must
gratify Dante's restless, emulous
shade. To augment its fortune in the
quality of its translation, California
offers what it can do, when it likes,
better than any other American press,
a piece of sumptuous book design,
embellished with forty-two splendidly
mannered drawings by Barry Moser,
a New England artist whose "Cer-
berus" can make your flesh creep.

Nothing, needless to say, beats the
Italian. For help with it go to Sing-
leton. For a decent substitute try
Mandelbaum. But do not suppose
that, contrary to Ezra Pound's cau-
tion, by any route you will get
through hell in a hurry. □

HARPER'S/JUNE 1981



Solution to the May Puzzle

Notes for "Devil's Dictionary"

Answers to the definitions from *The Devil's Dictionary* are printed in capitals. Across: 3. FRIENDLESS; 10. ar(M)rests; 11. alto, hidden; 12. sea-son; 13. CANNON; 14. HONORABLE; 18. bare-back, anagram; 22. re(fun)d; 23. f(a)un; 25. do-t(I)M(e); 26. Tucson, anagram; 27. here-si(reversal)-(Prot)es(tant); 28. hobgoblin(anagram)-N; 31. va(can)ti; 32. aspie(ce); 33. Emil, reversal; 34. VIRTUES; 35. SELF-ESTEEM. Down: 1. RESH; 2. cre(tamy casser)ole; 3. Frank-for(t(ea)); 4. RESOLUTE; 5. Etna, reversal; 6. du(C)al; 7. L.A.-NE; 8. stoic, anagram; 9. so(d)ing; 15. BR.-Ute; 16. MAUSOLEUM; 17. arch-Ives; 19. ad-li(anagram)-B; 20. BACKBITE; 21. KINDNESS; 24. no-tices, anagram; 25. DEFAME; 28. half ("me" is half of "game"); 29. ONCE; 30. gait, anagram.

ORPHEUS IN ACADEME

Music's new lexicon

by Leon Botstein

THIS WORK is intended to supply a great and long acknowledged want," wrote George Grove in 1878, in his preface to the first edition of the dictionary that was to become the standard English reference work on music. A century and a year later, a sixth edition, consisting of twenty volumes, has appeared, edited by Stanley Sadie, a British music critic and expert on the eighteenth century. The *New Grove* (as it is called, to distinguish it from earlier incarnations of *Grove's Dictionary*)* is a monumental scholarly achievement, a highly detailed and comprehensive reference work, containing extensive bibliographies, periodical lists, library and instrument-collection lists, lavish illustrations, and technical ar-

ticles on music and musicians of all cultures written by eminent scholars from around the world. The *New Grove* supplants any comparable scholarly compendium in music, especially its German rival and nagging source of inspiration, *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* ("Music in History and in the Present"), which has served students and scholars well since its first appearance in 1949. Now that this new edition of *Grove's* has appeared, after eleven years of painstaking preparation and over seven million dollars in production costs, and at a retail price of just under \$2,000, what contemporary "great and long acknowledged want" does the *New Grove* satisfy?

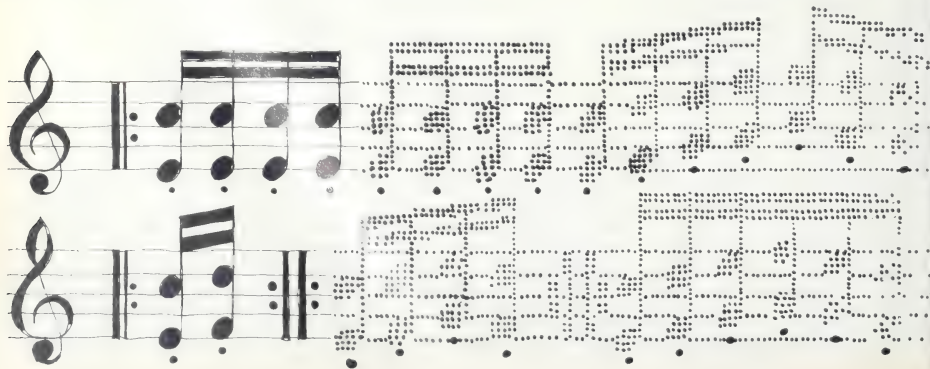
In Stanley Sadie's words, the *New Grove* reflects in part "new attitudes, increasingly scientific and objective. Leon Botstein is president of Bard College and of Simon's Rock Early College.

in character," to the study of music. Sadie argues in his preface that the *Grove's Dictionary* that had sufficed since 1878 through five editions (the last completed in 1954) could no longer do justice to the world of musicology, a world that has changed far more during the past twenty-five years than in the prior seventy-five. Less than 3 percent of the 1954 edition remains intact.

Despite the assertions to the contrary of the publisher, Macmillan, the *New Grove* is not a set of books for the "music-loving layman," nor is it written in terms that are always "intelligible" to him. And even if it were, most music-loving laymen cannot afford to buy it. On the other hand, institutions—the thousands of libraries in England and America alone—certainly can and will, which is a telling indication of the *New Grove's* different purpose.

Stan Stark

* *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, edited by Stanley Sadie. 20 vols. Macmillan, \$1,900.



The *New Grove* was conceived and executed by and for professionals: usicologists, critics, and those few musicians who have the range of lueation and vocabulary necessary comprehend the technical articles musical analysis, the philosophical articles (e.g., on "expression"), the historical digressions such as at on the underlying significance Wagner's aesthetics. In short, the "want" satisfied with merit by a ntury of *Grove* editions—that of usic lovers and musicians with a esire for a lucid, intelligent, and elegantly written reference work, has ven way to a new one, magnifi ntly satisfied by the *New Grove*—e "want" of the academy and the ygnoscent for the finest contempo ry musical scholarship.

But the change that has come over *Grove's Dictionary* since the last edion is neither the result of a con iracy of musicologists nor a his rical anomaly. Rather, it highlights e end of an era in which serious usic and high culture were im rtant issues in the societies of merica and the industrial Western orld. Consequently, in its extensive tries on the European tradition of cred and secular composition, and y composers and the repertoire, the *New Grove* reveals its scholarly pre cupation with music's relation, not politics and society, but to con porary notions of language, logic, uth, and beauty.

Nevertheless, the *New Grove* is t oblivious to the ways in which rtain changes in society, especially science and industry, have affect d the character and perception of usic. By describing in detail jazz, opular music, rock, gospel music, ountry music, blues, and the mus cal theater of Rodgers and Sondi m, the *New Grove* comprehends e gulf between music as art and usic as commerce and entertain ent. And in its systematic explora on of music in non-Western cul ures it sustains the ideal of music's ultiform universality, an ideal not ared by *Grove* himself, who eshewed "the investigation of music f barbarous nations, unless they ave some direct bearing on Eu pean music."

WHEN GEORGE GROVE issued his prospectus for the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* in 1874, Brahms and Wagner were alive and in their prime. The aesthetic conflict between the two views of music they represented—music as an autonomous, absolute art and music as a symbolic means toward redemptive political and futuristic expression—lay at the center of the moral and philosophical character of the European nineteenth century, a character buttressed by Ruskin in architecture, Arnold in literature, and William Morris in art. In his incarnation as music critic, George Bernard Shaw participated in the intense arguments about music chronicled by the contemporary newspapers. Shaw's aesthetic judgments, like those of his fellow critics, were allied to his political principles.

Music's important cultural position was not confined to England, of course. In the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, as in the daily papers of Paris, Berlin, and Leipzig, the debate about and criticism of music shared center stage with politics and social commentary. Moreover, the men in America, England, and continental Europe who led the commercial and artistic boom in music during the late nineteenth century—the building of concert halls, the founding of orchestras, the manufacturing of instruments, especially pianos, for the middle and upper classes—were not professionals, or scholars, or merely businessmen; they were part of society at large. The Steinways, for example, were figures to contend with in New York City politics. In Vienna, the directorship of the opera was a matter of political importance, both mayoral and imperial.

Consider George Grove himself. He was a "savant" but not an "intellectual," as his biographer Percy Young concluded: a civil engineer, who helped build the Britannia Bridge with Robert Stephenson and who figured prominently in the late-nineteenth-century archeological craze for Palestine. Grove conducted his musical studies (which included writing a lasting, eloquent book on

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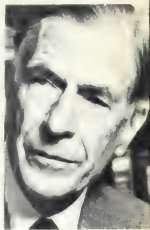


Photo: Tim Kaler

Was "the father of the atomic bomb" a Communist sympathizer... or another tragic victim?

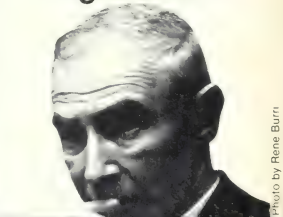


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THE WRECK
OF THE AUTO INDUSTRY



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BOOKS

the symphonies of Beethoven) as a matter of leisure for most of his life. He edited *Macmillan's Magazine*, which was designed for "family reading" on the widest of subjects. As a broadly gauged servant of knowledge and science, Grove believed, in the spirit of his contemporaries (such as J. S. Mill), in the power of education as a force for social progress and in the moral improvement of the burgeoning middle and lower classes of England. For that reason, during his later career as director of the Royal College of Music (as an amateur), he embarked on his musical dictionary.

Grove was impressed by the "immense improvement in the general position of music..." since 1800 and by the fact that it was becoming "an essential branch of education." "A large, important and increasing section of the public" wished to know more, thought Grove, about the rise, progress, and present condition of music, which "is at once so prominent and so eminently progressive." Grove stressed an interest in new music, in the desire of a new public (the growing audience for music) to become a knowledgeable part of the mainstream of civilization.

Grove supported that quest, not to vindicate artistic tradition or to assist in a museum tour, but to sustain a changing and improving world. Music was essential to culture, and culture to social progress. Grove created a work that was "anxiously divested of technicality" and that provided musical illustrations within "the reach" of the amateur. The *Dictionary* was to help keep the public "alive" to music's "many and far reaching associations."

THE EDITIONS that followed George Grove's death in 1900 all stuck to the original premises, including the 1954 edition. Nevertheless, the latter acknowledged the demand for sophisticated scholarship and made allowances for recent advances in musicology, which were considerable. Indeed, by mid-century, musicology—which marks its beginnings from 1898, when Guido Adler, the father

of musicology, succeeded to the chair of music at the University of Vienna—had come into its own. Of course the emigration of many Central European music scholars to England and America in the 1930s and 1940s also affected the 1954 edition of *Grove's*. But even in the early and mid-1950s the traditions of musical culture that inspired George Grove remained intact, despite a growing conservatism in taste, which would have been foreign to him.

Sadie and his fellow editors are therefore correct when they assert that the changes of the past twenty-five years have been more decisive than those of any previous period. But the changes have not only been in musicological professionalization. In the postwar era the musical world of the nineteenth century—the era of the amateur and musically educated layman—has come to dramatic end, shifting musical culture from the center of cultural debate to its periphery.

The evidence for this is all around us. Performing stars today, like Luciano Pavarotti and Daniel Barenboim, do not play a role in the musical world, whether for good or evil, in a manner reminiscent of, say, Paderewski, Richard Strauss, Casals, Furtwängler, and Toscanini. And nowhere is there a new music that can command the attention of the public the way Wagner's did when it was first heard. The concert hall, in fact, has become a musical museum. Pop, rock, and Muzak, on film, radio, and television music together with the classics of the twentieth-century repertoire, have now taken hold of the musical imagination of all but the most self-consciously sophisticated, the professional and the academician—in short the audience for the *New Grove*.

The *New Grove* is a monument to the fact that while the study of music has become more professionalized, the audience for music has suffered from waning passion and sophistication. Contrary to George Grove's hopes, the music-listener public today, even if it is larger as a result of demographic and economic growth, is less musically literate than its counterpart of a hundred

ed, fifty, or even thirty years ago. The *New Grove* marks the enormous shift that has come to separate the world of the expert from the world of laymen in music. It is a symbol of serious music's exit from the tumult of active life and its entry into a solitude and silence of the archives of culture, heavily guarded by academicians.

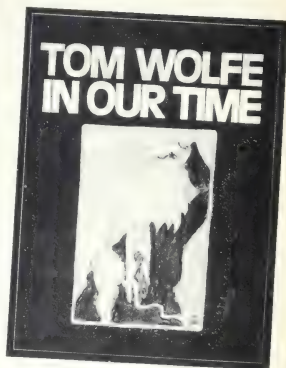
The new edition is not without its virtues, however. Its treatment of medieval and Renaissance composers is superb, and without the condescension with which they have so often been viewed in the past. In particular, Ockeghem, Lassus, Obrecht, Squin des Pres, and Gesualdo are discussed in exemplary biographies. The Baroque and Classical periods do benefit from advances in musical scholarship. Instead of the search for germs of later music, which led to dominate writing on pre-classical composers, for instance, the *New Grove* offers details of composition technique and performance practice. The eloquent, sentimental descriptions of Handel and Bach in the old *Grove's*, cast in a loose "muse-appreciation" style, are missing in the *New Grove*, though it could be remembered that the earlier editions were trying to evoke, through language, the memory of works only occasionally heard, or clung haltingly at the piano. Recordings have changed all that.

When it comes to the nineteenth century, the *New Grove's* treatment is in a way, less complete than that of the old. What was contemporaneous, or nearly so, with earlier *Grove* editions is now more precisely historic, having moved from foreground to background, as it were. This is all to the good when it allows the *New Grove* to be less partisan about various musical debates inherited from the nineteenth century. The myth that Berlioz's composition technique was faulty, for example, is happily absent. (Historical stance does not prevent the editors from passing along disparaging judgments of their own, however—Hugo Wolf and Ernest Chausson, among others.) But, like its predecessors, the *New Grove* gives over much space to living musical figures

(predictably, to more purely performing musicians, or "re-creators" of great music from the past, than performer-composers), at the expense of minor luminaries from the past. As a result, the old *Grove* will continue to be a better reference work for certain musicians from the mid- and late nineteenth century.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY creates its own problems. After all, it is here that the audience for serious music, in contrast to its predecessors, feels itself shut out—primarily by the century's new musical idioms. And here the *New Grove* is both inconsistent and confusing. It treats Arnold Schoenberg—one of the innovators in these idioms—with little technical detail (although it is needed), while its discussions of Alban Berg and Roger Sessions swing too far the other way, and can only be properly understood by the trained theoretician. Not surprisingly, the entries on Debussy, Rachmaninoff, and Prokofiev, whose breaks with the past seem less obviously radical, are lucid and comprehensible.

The new musical idioms among this century's composers naturally account in part for the ascendancy of expertise—of the professionalization that seems to eclipse the lay audience—so evident in the *New Grove*. But there is more to it than that. For the new musical language has its corollary in the academy, in a new language for talking about music; this, too, has made its mark on the *New Grove*. Nowhere are the departure of music from the center of culture and the gap between layman and professional more clear than in the *New Grove's* entries on the theoretical elements and character of music: forms, acoustics, composition techniques, perception, sound, notation, and the materials of musical analysis. The current popularity of structuralism, linguistics, and philosophy of language is everywhere in evidence, as is the work of Heinrich Schenker, whose complex analysis of the structures of music changed music theory in the first decades of this century.



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An "average" training in the perception of forms (e.g., sonata and symphony) or of the distinctions between harmony and counterpoint, or tonality and atonality, is not enough to penetrate the new self-referential vocabulary of these articles. In the article on "Expression," for instance, one is faced with an eclectic discussion of Wittgenstein's notion of expression, including an explanation of expression's transitive and intransitive meanings. Gone is the attempt of the old *Grove* to stick to ways of indicating expression in music. In its place is a complex critique of the commonplace idea that music somehow expresses something. In "Analysis," one finds a polemical discussion of the different techniques of comprehending musical logic and structure rather than a learned but still useful guide to ways of penetrating the character of musical forms.

These arcane presentations of the "language" of music are more than the products of high erudition. They reflect a crisis of understanding within the academy itself, derived from the various kinds of intellectual skepticism that have swept away traditional ways of considering music and other kinds of cultural expression. In the wake of intellectual challenges to historicism, positivism, and objectivity in historical and social-scientific research have come new, obscure theories and ways of talking about texts, meaning, sound, perception, and the like. As surrogate, the academy of the *New Grove* offers virtuoso technical displays of how what one hears is not actually what one thinks is out there; or, alternatively, of how what one hears may not be explicable by referring to a content, style, form, or object that is somehow outside the listener himself.

THE RESULT is that the *New Grove* is a somewhat contradictory scholarly statement.

In the entries on composers, institutions, performers, instruments, and genres, it presents a confident statement about accuracy, evidence, and authenticity. In contrast, in the

entries on the nature of music and musical perception, a far more complex, sophisticated, and confused idea of truth emerges, and with it a skepticism that impedes clarity. The result, for the unsuspecting and untrained reader—the nonacademician, the "music lover"—is that the *New Grove* may pose questions he did not realize existed. It may confuse him; it may draw him into the continuing speculation on the nature of music and how we hear it, which the dictionary's writers are themselves in the midst of.

This epistemological crisis, when strengthened with insights from critical theory, hermeneutics, and the like, and accompanied by an acute awareness of where we are in time (without any confidence in the meaning of historical development), inspires a discussion of music that leaves the old *Grove* far behind, and makes it appear naïve. George Grove believed in historical progress. He thought music was on a path of diverse but comprehensible development. He believed—as did the other editors of *Grove's*, through 1954—that the elements of music could be identified, talked about, and explained in non-technical language, and that whatever subtle analysis might be brought to bear on music, it could never seriously impair its capacity to be understood and enjoyed.

The significance of the *New Grove*, then, is that through its very mastery of scholarship it is symbolic of the protective posture of a new aristocracy—that of the academy—over music. Sir George geared his work expansively to the improvement of the middle classes, because he believed that real artistic understanding and appreciation could be shared widely, without detriment to the subtlety and character of great art. The editors of the *New Grove* are not so certain. This is why the *New Grove* should not be permitted quietly to take its place with its limited audience as merely a work of superb scholarship, a specialty item. In its name, heritage, and scope it retains an echo of the founder's premise that a reference work of its kind can broaden and heighten the public understanding of music. The *New Grove*

betrays the need explicit in its name for a new effort to reach out and establish a broader audience for serious music, and for a culture of the future that is neither philistine nor arcane.

The main function of such an enterprise would be to pierce the self-protection of the academy. If music entertains and delights, if it inspires, it does so as an empowerment to the individual. To shroud the nature and history of music in the mysteries of science and scientific language, to frighten the potentially serious public more than has already been done, is a misuse of scholarship.

Observing the modern audience at the winter concert halls or at summer festivals, one senses an anxiety of ignorance combined with an honest concern ("But I don't know anything about music"). One sees the frightful barriers placed by the self-experts who write pretentiously, jargon-filled music criticism and program notes. One senses still the audience yearning for the explosive experience music can be. Grove attempted to reach that audience, drawn without guile to the seductions of serious music. The new editors of *Grove* spurn that audience with academic arrogance. They make it less likely that it will emerge from its bad habits and ignorance. Yet the scholars say: "Depend on us." Musicologists and music theorists say: "We shall guard the treasury that may delight you. Your predecessors, so well treasured by Sir George, misused the little knowledge provided them. One cannot in the modern world, integrate a serious love of music with anything else. Choose between passivity and professionalism."

In the realm of art, the *New Grove* may represent a new dark age, in which priestlike guardians of culture tower over a mass of cultural illiterates, the modern equivalents of a theologically sophisticated clergy of the past, who led a mass of ignorant body faithful. If so, the brilliance of the musical scholarship evident in the *New Grove* may, by its triumph, hand both the priests and the faithful, scholars and public alike, a truly pyrrhic victory.

A SENSE OF SCALE

arting the world by degrees

by Frances Taliaferro

e Mapmakers, by John Noble
lford. 448 pages, with 39 maps.
opi, \$20.

A PRIDEFUL SMIRK came to rest on the face of the omnivorous reader. "I'm an omnivorous reader," she announced, bloating with smugness. Indeed, there was a paperback in her idbag at that very moment. "You a constant reader," someone observed. "Oh, no, I'm omnivorous," she sweetly replied. "I read everything." "Do you read science, then?" "Well, no, everything but science." "Do you read religion?" "Not since I began to read—everything else." Sensing good sport, they ran her ground. She managed to rustle up biography or two in her defense, she tried Montaigne and Aikenhead and even *In Patagonia*; she had read the letters of Flaubert and Virginia Woolf, and she enjoyed the occasional literary essay. But she would claim no politics or economics. "The dismal science!" she cried lustily; no poetry and no biology, no drama and no philosophy.

Frances Taliaferro writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Jeffrey Rake.

She shuddered when they showed her volumes of unpopularized Braudel and Freud, and squeaked for mercy at the suggestion of Gödel, Escher, Bach. When at last she collapsed, they were able to determine that she had consumed hundreds—perhaps thousands—of novels. The omnivore was perishing of malnutrition.

No true reader can afford such monotony. The novel, even in its current state, is one of the glories of Western civilization; biography thrives, psychology flourishes, and scientific belles lettres show a pleasing vigor. A steady diet of any one of them, however, would be about as sustaining as a steady diet of profiteroles or pot roast. If it were simply a question of ingesting information, one could read condensations and digests—even as one might drink a nice wholesome protein gruel or pop a lunch pill in the sci-fi future. But it's not only the substance that nourishes the well-balanced reader; it's also the writer's world view.

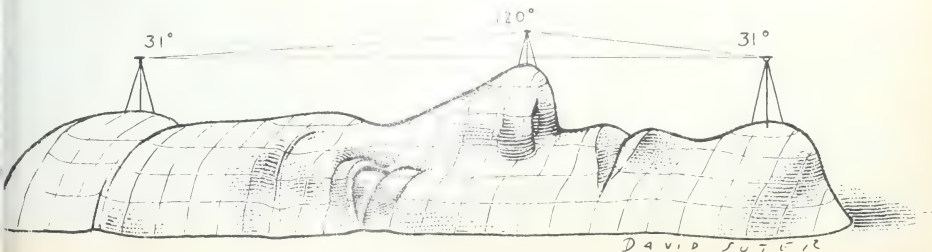
Saints and artists have the sympathetic power to inhabit or imagine the lives of others. The rest of us muddle along in self-limited obscurity, occasionally jarred into a clearer vision by the force of events, but

more often repeating the same old view, too lazy to look for another window. Inertia is our goddess; in her feckless rituals there is comfort.

How invigorating, then, to talk to someone from another sensibility and hear what it's like out there. You have to pay attention, of course, and try not to impose your own feeble limits on the conversation; you may then be repaid with a glimpse of another world. If no such outsider volunteers to shake you up, then you must deliberately choose the alien experience, take a deep breath, and plunge into *reading* something wildly different.

The destructive element turns out to be bracing, after all. Dutifully I made my first tentative dip: two pieces on geology by John McPhee that appeared in *The New Yorker* last fall. Geology still seems impervious, but McPhee dazzled me into curiosity. It was this passage that did it:

Geologists, in their all but closed conversation, inhabit scenes that no one ever saw, scenes of global sweep, gone and gone again, including seas, mountains, rivers, forests, and archipelagos of aching beauty rising in volcanic violence to settle down quietly and then forever disappear—al-



most disappear. If some fragment has remained in the crust somewhere and something has lifted the fragment to view, the geologist in his tweed cap goes out with his hammer and his sandwich, his magnifying glass and his imagination, and rebuilds the archipelago.

A born-again reader? Not exactly, but McPhee's practical, poetic vision suggested that there might be more delight than duty in reading beyond my usual limits. In a spirit of inquiry, then, tentative but fortified, I approached John Noble Wilford's splendid history of cartography, *The Mapmakers*.

WE TAKE FOR granted the very idea of a map. It is possible to argue about the quickest route to Moscow or Zanzibar, but we do not dispute the map itself. The red lines and black, the blue waters and pink lands are conceits as familiar as the curious shapes: booted Italy, tumescent Florida, and South America like a lumpy ice-cream cone. Maps are ubiquitous. Charts and plans instruct sailors and schoolboys, visitors to museums and supermarkets, divers for sunken treasure, and miners of gold; the great globe itself is household furniture. We don't give it a second thought.

I look at a photograph of the earliest extant map, a Babylonian clay tablet of the sixth century B.C. that shows Earth as a flat disk. Assyrians and Chaldeans and some mythical islands decorate the circumference; Babylon, a firm rectangle, occupies the center, an emblem of the solipsism of the early mapmakers. We begin by mapping what we know and center the world on ourselves; the playful mathematician whose azimuthal projections converge at Wall Street, or John Donne, who made his "little room, an every where" for himself and his lover.

*Let sea-discoverers to new worlds
have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on
worlds have shovene,
Let us possess one world, each
hath one, and is one.*

Donne found it poetically useful to dismiss maps, but for ordinary folk those very shapes and names are poetry. Fantasy, too, has been a persistent element in cartography, as with "Terra Australis," the great southern continent imagined by the Greeks and not refuted until the voyages of Captain Cook in the eighteenth century.

Medieval maps charted fantasies of all sorts, starting with the presumed location of Eden. Sir John Mandeville, for instance, writing in the fourteenth century, accepted the notion of the round earth but reported "that Paradise terrestre is the highest lande in all the worlde, and it is so high that it touched here to the cyrcle of the Mone."

Gog and Magog, the dread invaders of biblical prophecy, were later thought to have been sealed in the bleak north by Alexander the Great, who imprisoned them behind a wall of iron and brass. Should they break free, western Christendom would need the aid of the mighty (and mythical) Prester John. His fabled empire was variously reported to occupy "the extreme Orient," "the Three Indias," and Africa; as late as 1573 Ortelius could actually map Prester John's African kingdom, with much detail on the Abyssinian side and monumental elephants filling the blank spaces to the west.

These fantasies offer no serious challenge to the timid humanist; they are quaint but manageable, for most of us start from a concept of the world that is primitive enough. In our universe, still Ptolemaic, it is not the earth that turns but the sun that rises and sets. The great age of exploration, however, began to shift the balance from myth to technology. It is here—at last!—that the hesitant reader's mind begins to expand, as it is forced to recapitulate the history of science.

Take, for example, latitude and longitude, matters of conceptual certainty even to those who have to think twice about which are the parallels and which are the meridians. The world seems as harmoniously divided as an orange is sliced or sectioned; who knows how it got that way?

With great patience and no cunctation, Wilford traces the history of geodesy from its beginning with Eratosthenes in the third century B.C. Ancestor of a long line of practical visionaries, this mild-mannered librarian of Alexandria calculated the circumference of the earth by means available to a sensible fourteen-year-old geometry student today. (He estimated the distance at 250,000 stadia, or about 46,000 kilometers. Close enough. We now know it to be a little over 40,000 kilometers.) Belief in a spherical earth vanished for a millennium or more, but by the thirteenth century it was assumed by navigators, who fixed latitude by determining the angular height of the sun or the polestar above the horizon.

Longitude was another matter. Simply stated, it is the angular distance east or west of the prime meridian, wherever that may be. (The second-century astronomer Ptolemy, who had never heard of Greenwich, placed it in the Fortunate Islands.) One could solve the problem by establishing the time difference between the unknown longitude and the prime meridian, but until the eighteenth century there was no chronometer equal to the task.

French astronomers had devised a method of longitude calculation that depended on observation of the satellites of Jupiter, but in the age of increasing trade and navigation the cumbersome reckoning were dangerously unreliable. In 1714, Parliament voted to offer a reward "for such person or persons as shall discover the Longitude. The reward would vary from £10,000 to £20,000 according to the accuracy of the method, whether astronomical or chronometric.

John Harrison, a self-taught country clockmaker and a man of earthly persistence, entered the competition in 1723. The marine clock he produced over several decades represented great advances in clockmaking, but were not accepted by the Board of Longitude. In 1761, his fourth version, a marvel of accuracy, took him to the edge of poetry: "I think I may make bold to say that

re is neither any other Mechanism Mathematical thing in the World it is more beautiful or curious in nature than this my watch or Time-sper for the Longitude." Scientific reaucracy so frustrated Harrison it at last, in 1773, he took his se to George III. "By God, Haron, I'll see you righted," was the ig's response; at the age of eighty, ongitude" Harrison received the lance of his long-overdue £20,000 ze. His chronometer marked the zinning of accurate mapping and vigation.

THE MAPMAKERS is full of such stories. They command admiration for the power of human tenacity and common use, but one must also marvel at the terrible and generous universe self, so rewarding to discovery, so nderfully and so fearfully made. re is John Wesley Powell, leader a mapping expedition in 1869, as

he approaches the Grand Canyon:

We are three quarters of a mile in the depths of the Earth, and the great river shrinks into insignificance as it dashes its angry waves against the walls and cliffs that rise to the world above; the waves are but puny ripples, and we but pigmies.

Perhaps, then, the best reason to read a history of cartography is to develop a sense of scale. These are stories of admirable ingenuity, of marvelous devices and techniques, of frontiers crossed and extended. But cartography is more than reliable information. It is a heroic discipline, not because of what we know but because of what remains to be ascertained. Cartography is the partner of metaphysics, and as such it requires our awe.

The Mapmakers instructs and entertains. Wilford, a lucid, tactful guide, assumes an ignorant but intelligent reader and manages to explain everything without patronizing

or pirouetting. *The Mapmakers* is essentially a history of science itself, and the slow, cumulative nature of the process, vividly detailed, is as much of a revelation as the amazing space machinery of the present age.

To read this book is to make the acquaintance of triangulation, sonar, and Bilby towers; plumb-bob and gamma ray, George Washington the surveyor and the pundit explorers of Tibet; Mason, Dixon, and the Cassini family, who mapped France. One cannot but feel new respect for the daily miracle of the Landsat weather photograph. The persistent miracle is Earth herself—the pear-shaped ellipsoid, the bumpy geoid—as she yields her character to the mapmaker's scrutiny. Continent and archipelago, canyon and seamount witness what Hannah Arendt called "the surveying capacity of the human mind." *The Mapmakers* rewards the adventurous reader with a brave new world. □

HARPER'S/JUNE 1981

"This timely and important book

shows how far we have drifted from protecting basic liberties that the Framers of the Constitution sought to secure. I recommend it highly."—**Edwin Meese**, Counselor to the President

ECONOMIC LIBERTIES and the CONSTITUTION

Bernard H. Siegan

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**Economic
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Bernard H. Siegan

STATING THE OBVIOUS

The cliché crisis

by Alexander Cockburn

YOU COULD TELL, pretty soon after the initial spasm, that the U.S. press did not really have its heart in the assassination story that began on March 30. It is true that by the end of the first week in April a few die-hard editorial writers and columnists were still trundling out the artillery for some salvos at the gun lobby, but these were only isolated pockets of resistance, soon snuffed out by that seasoned veteran, General Apathy.

Some journalists seemed almost to delight in offhandedness in the immediate wake of the event. "Perhaps," wrote Harrison Rainie in the *Daily News*, just four days after the shooting, "the worst we will endure in this episode is yet to come. There will be mounds of analysis about what the assassination attempt means about American society and the national psyche, and most of it will be blather. Blame will fall roughly in this order: The* country's gun mania, alienation, television violence and sex, the gun lobby's ability to prevent gun control, the breakdown of the criminal justice system, and the breakdown of the family."

All true, of course, but Rainie was forgetting the indispensable function of the press at such moments—which

* Note the capitalized "The" following the colon. This abominable habit is now widespread, fostered by the stylebooks that sustain copy editors in their autocratic onslaughts on common sense. The capital-after-colon disease even further degrades that excellent punctuation to the function of a serving boy; merely, as Fowler put it, "delivering the goods that have been invoiced in the preceding words".

is to tranquilize the public with copious infusions of cliché, to assuage private indifference with public demonstrations of concern, however specious, for the nation's spiritual well-being.

The public does not care about most of what is presented as disturbing or affecting news: famine, earthquakes, massacres, assassinations, wars, plagues (unless the bacillus has been cleared through customs at

The public likes to be confirmed in its prejudices, not surprised by the unexpected. As Lord Northcliffe, founder of the popular press in Britain, once wisely advised his employees, "Never lose your sense of the superficial." (Advice my father passed on to me when I entered the trade, along with what he deemed to be two other helpful admonitions that time: never bring your girlfriend to the office; always establish good relations with the accounting department.)

Some journalists knew their duty and did not shirk the task. "Fit comes cold shock," began the *New York Times's* lead editorial, published the day after Hinckley's tempt, "deep in the pit of the mind. Not again. Not again. Not another one of those days of grim unity, w



JFK). This is where the press comes in, as the licensed dispenser of moral concern. Rainie's paragraph, widely echoed by others in those days, is high treason to this vital role.

Once the press starts agreeing with the proposition that "there's nothing left to say," we might as well surrender what little is left of editorial space to the advertising industry and the Mobil copywriters.

There is, after all, nothing much new to say about most things and what little there is should, as a general rule, be avoided by the press.

Alexander Cockburn is on the staff of the *Village Voice*, writing weekly about the press and—with James Ridgeway—about politics.

everyone remembering where they were [sic] when they [sic] heard the news. . . . The mind, unbidden, wonders what people elsewhere might think of us. . . . Then comes a feeling of raging helplessness. . . ."

Expert stuff, and very soothing to the average reader with one half of his mind on his tax returns and the other tending toward the sports page. At least someone, somewhere, is still capable of cold shock. But even in those sentences there is a suspicion of the nonchalant: "not another day of those days of grim unity." Is that nagging backache again, doctor?

George Will, not a writer whom I have vast esteem, began

ely in his column published in the *Washington Post* on A-day plus two; gain, Americans have glimpsed skull beneath the skin. Something as fragile and precious as fine porcelain, something Ronald Reagan, striven to strengthen, has been cracked: the nation's sense of social lthfulness." You could argue that Reagan got into the White House by ing the voters that the nation was diseased and defenseless cripple, this is to cavil. Words like "frag," "precious," and "porcelain" ng the readers face to face with amn prose, equivalent to the soln music less advanced nations y on television at times of catastrophe.

Will went on to write: "But president, acting intuitively, as a rural leader can, limited the damage, even while in an extreme situation and in pain. He bore his pain with elan, even jauntiness. . . . Ronald Reagan was, in a word, presidential, and then some."

Admiration for Reagan's one-liners is virtually unanimous in the press, it seems to me that he was making the same blunder into nonchalance as Harrison Rainie and the . . . (This assumes that Reagan, in effect, simply could not help making errors. I've heard war correspondents ascribe similar levity on the part of desperately injured soldiers.) Additionally, a wounded chieftain allowed one jocular remark. In Reagan's case the best would probably have been his reply to Nofziger's report that the government was acting as usual, "What makes you think I'd be happy about that?"

s would have alerted an anxious scribe to the fact that the president, though ailing, was himself. The constant flow of one-liners, never, was—at least in the minds of many citizens I talked to—dismissing rather than consoling, like scuffling rabbits in Beatrix Potter who disturbed "the dignity and ease" of their mother's tea party. Instead of controlling the joke flow, Reagan's staff kept bursting out of the room with another armful of papers, as though they thought the situation was in constant need of updates, rather than the more appropriate

posture of merely sitting quiet for a while.

ALARGE AMOUNT of what appears in the press is ritual, miming and echoing the innumerable rituals with which governments seek to persuade the populace that something is being done. Every evening of network news should have at least one cabinet member climbing up the steps of a plane at Andrews Air Force Base, purportedly bound on a mission of high purpose. That is, as a general rule, all that is required of him, and in a rational world he would climb straight back down the gangway as soon as the cameras were switched off and go home to bed. This would save energy and the upheavals that inevitably follow an actual visit, such as Haig's in April, to some foreign land. All the viewer needs is the intimation, not the dangerous reality.

Similarly, much of the content of newspapers and the press in general is not really designed to be read but is merely proffered as a token of duty, like the message from the Surgeon General on cigarette packs. This important function of the press was brought sharply home to me in February and March of this year, during which period Time, Inc. presented special issues of its publications—*Time*, *Fortune*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Money*, *People*, and *Discover*—devoted to the high theme of "American Renewal."

I ordered up the series and settled down to peruse the analyses and prescriptions of Henry Grunwald's stable of scribes.

It was all familiar stuff. "It is painful but true. The U.S. armed forces have been neglected. . . . nation's interests is [sic] in jeopardy. . . . two basic remedies: a lot more money. . . ." (*Time*) "There is some doubt whether OSHA, in making an expensive nuisance of itself these past ten years, brought a worthwhile net gain in the safety of American workplaces. . . . On a more practical level, egalitarians have neglected the truth that equality must live in tension with other values just as cherished." (*Fortune*) What values?

My eyelids began to close. The anthology slipped from my fingers. After a soothing nap I read on: "There are regions of the U.S. where more fiber is being harvested than is being replaced, and this overharvesting may limit future expansion of the forest industries in such areas. Companies like ours that have already acquired land and built mills in the South should be in a strong competitive position in the years ahead. . . ." *Companies like ours?* What was this? Then I found out that, post nap, I had picked up the Time, Inc. 1980 annual report by mistake. There was little variation in the prose style of the two documents—both of them glossy corporate adornments to the realities of the bottom line, a line where the interests of Time, Inc. and the nation appear nicely to coincide.

Time, Inc.'s stockholders may have derived some practical encouragement from the figures in the annual report. It is hard to imagine what function the "Renewal" series in the magazines was supposed to serve, until one comes to the simple understanding that no one was intended to read the stuff. The purpose was to register concern, to indicate to the readers that if they were pondering the future of America, the men and women of Time, Inc. were, with all due emotions of responsibility, pondering even harder.

It's rare that one has the good fortune to have symbolic journalism so totally unreadable as in this Time, Inc. series. Millions must have noted it and passed over with the same joyous relief as they skirt *New York Times* seven-parters on defense or energy policy.

But the press reaction to the attempt on Reagan's life hammered the message home: it is the duty of the fourth estate to state the obvious, be it familiar and be it false. Assassination in America, even one merely attempted, should be presented as a traditional yet still terrible ceremony. The alternative is a descent to the humdrum, and the laconic prose customarily reserved for a small earthquake in Chile or a bus plunge in Brazil. □

BEHIND THE HINDSIGHT SAGA

S. J. Perelman remembered

by Paul Theroux

HUMORISTS are often unhappy men and satirists downright miserable, but S. J. Perelman was a cheery soul who, when he flew into one of his exalted rages, seemed to have the

gift of tongues. He gave his mockery a bewitching style. In his stories, or feuilletons, as he liked to call them, he represented himself as a victimized clown. He was "button-cute, wafer-thin" and reared turkeys ("which

he occasionally exhibits on Broadway"); or Dr. Perelman, "small boy in Africa"; or a mixture of S. Sack and Pierre Loti, haplessly sampling the pleasures of out-of-the-way places; or, finally, as a sort of boulevardier and roué who, at the moment of sexual conquest, is defeated by wayward bedspring.

When I first began reading him in the 1950s—I was in junior high school—I was excited by his malicious humor, his huge vocabulary and what I took to be his lunar fantasy. I sensed a spirit of rebellion in him that stirred the anarchy in my schoolboy soul. After I started traveling, it struck me that much of what he wrote was true: Perelman's Africa was the Africa no one else had noticed. His stories were bizarre because he sought out the bizarre. He cherished oddity and, being truly adventurous, was willing to put himself to a lot of trouble to find it. He strolled around Shanghai in 1937 (looking for it). Then I met him. He was button-cute, and also a bit of a roué, and accident-prone. If he had been writing fantasies, we would think of him as a humorist, a writer

Paul Theroux's most recent books are *The Old Patagonian Express* and *World's End*, published by Houghton Mifflin. This article forms the introduction to *The Last Laugh* by S. J. Perelman, to be published by Scribner & Schuster in June. Copyright © 1988 by Cape Cod Scrivners Co.



Richard Merkin

gags, whose object was merely to entertain. But he wrote about the world, and his intensity and his anger made him into a satirist.

A satirist seems a sour and frowning figure—a mocker, a pessimist, a grudge bearer, a smirker, mething of a curmudgeon, perhaps with a streak of cruelty; a man who, inviting the reader to jeer at his victim, never misses a trick or withholds a nudge. How does one suggest at such a man may also have a great deal of charm? Perelman's friends liked him very much. He was generous, he was funny, he was enormously social, he didn't boast. Travel is the effect of turning most people into monologists; it made Perelman an accomplished watcher and an appreciative listener. When he talked his croaky drawl, he did so in the elaborate way he wrote, with unlikeliest locutions and slang and precise descriptions diverted into strings of subordinate clauses. He was small and neatly made; he wore very handsome clothes, usually of an English cut, and in his pockets he carried clippings he tore from newspapers—where he showed me was about the movie *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*, which he eventually worked out into a story. He read the *London Times* every day (he had an airmail subscription)—more, I think, for the unusual names than for anything else. In today's *Times*, Sir Ranulph Kipling-Wykeham-Fiennes has just reached the South Pole; Captain Sir Eldon Dalrymple-Champneys has just died; and both Miss C. Inch and Miss E.L.F.I. Lunkenheimer have just gotten married. Perelman welcomed news of this kind.

IN HIS WAY, he was a man of the world. A man of the world, almost by definition, is never content anywhere. Perelman was a man like that. He had a great capacity for pleasure, but he was restless, always active, game for anything; he liked himself on change. He began studying at Brown University, where his fellow classmate was Nathaniel West (Perelman married West's sister Laura in 1929), and at the age of twenty-five, with the success of his

first book, *Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge*, he was invited to Hollywood to write jokes for the Marx Brothers. He went, and he liked to say that Hollywood reminded him of a novel he had read in Providence as a boy, *In The Sargasso Sea*, by Thomas Janvier (anyone who has the luck to find this 1899 story of marooning and murder in the nightmare swamp will immediately see the connection). From time to time, throughout his life, Perelman returned to Hollywood, struggled with scripts, and then fought free. At the age of seventy-four, fresh from the travels he recounted in *Eastward Ha!*, he tried to drive his vintage 1949 MG from Paris to Peking, commemorating the trip of Count Something-or-other. It was not such a crazy scheme. He had been around the world a dozen times. He was in good health, his car had recently had a tune-up, he had a generous sponsor and many well-wishers, and he liked to say (though joshing himself with his chain-smoker's chuckle) that he knew Malaysia and Hong Kong like the back of his hand.

In a Thai restaurant in London, on Christmas Eve, he told me about his drive to Peking. He had just flown in from China. The trip, he said, had been a total disaster. The glamour girl he had chosen for navigator had been fired at the outset for selling her story to a magazine. He had quarreled with his fellow drivers all the way through India. There had been kerfuffles with customs men in Turkey. The car was not allowed through Burma, and as there was no room on a ship to Malaysia, it had to be air-freighted to Hong Kong. There were more scenes in Hong Kong. "The others freaked out," Perelman said, but with the old car now parked in Kowloon, he flew to Peking and spent two weeks in a Chinese hospital, with a severe case of bronchitis, aggravated by double pneumonia.

"Now I have to write about it," he said. "It'll be horrible."

Frankly, I thought the subject was made for him. Nothing is more Perelmanesque than a marathon drive across the world interlarded with setbacks, blown gaskets, howling

Turks, and long delays in flea-ridden Indian hotels. And pneumonia in Peking was the perfect ending for someone who always racked his brain for grand finales. (His editor at *The New Yorker*, William Shawn, told me recently, "He always had trouble with endings.") But this last collection of Perelman pieces contains nothing about that Paris-to-Peking trip. This is odd, because he had made his reputation by describing the complicated orchestration of fiascos.

A month before he died, he wrote me a letter in which he said, "I myself have spent altogether too much time this year breaking my nails on the account of the Paris-Peking trip I made . . . and after a lot of bleeding cuticle, I decided to abandon it. I guess there are certain subjects—or maybe one's subjective reactions to them—that in spite of the most manful attempts are totally unproductive. The one I picked certainly was, and it took a lot of *Sturm und Drang* to make me realize that my Sisyphean labors were getting me nowhere."

This was the only gloomy paragraph in an otherwise chirpy letter. His letters were long, frequent, and sensationally funny—indeed, so funny that after receiving a few, Raymond Chandler (always a hoarder and procrastinator where writing was concerned) replied worriedly, warning Perelman against squandering his wit: "You shouldn't give the stuff away like that when you can sell it, unless of course your letters are just rough notes for articles."

But they weren't "just rough notes for articles." They were generous and intelligent expressions of friendship and most of them far too scandalous to be retailed. Here is the opening paragraph of a letter Perelman wrote me on Christmas Eve, 1976:

Between the constant repetition of "White Christmas" and "Jingle Bells" on Station WPAI and the increasing frenzy of Saks' and Gimbels' newspaper ads as these fucking holidays draw near, I have been in a zombie-like state for weeks, totally incapable of rational thought or action. I must have arrived at near-paralysis

yesterday afternoon when I was in the 4th-floor lingerie section ("Intimate Apparel") in Saks 5th Avenue. I had just purchased two such intimate garments for gifts to a couple of ladies of my acquaintance, a tall blonde and a somewhat shorter brunette. For the former, I had chosen a black lace chemise in the style known as a teddy back in the Twenties (familiar to you as the scanty garment worn by Rita Hayworth in the war-time pin-up). For the shorter brunette, a similar peach-colored job. Both of these real silk, parenthetically, and as I signed the charge slip, I knew that when the bill comes in after January 1st, I would kick myself for my prodigality. Anyway, while the hard-featured saleslady was wrapping them up with appropriate mash-notes to each bimbo, I went upstairs to the men's dept. to buy myself a cheap tie-tack. When I returned for the feminine frillies, I found (a) that the saleslady had forgotten to identify which box was which, and (b) that she had switched the notes. In other words, the blonde Amazon would find herself with the brunette's undershirt and some steamy sentiment addressed to the latter, and vice-versa. I broke out into a perspiration—it's tropically hot in those department stores anyway—and insisted on the saleslady clawing open the boxes, which meant destroying all the fake holly berries, silver cord, and mish-mash they were entwined in. This of course put her in a foul temper, and meanwhile a waiting queue of customers became incensed. The upshot was a group shot of seven or eight people leering and cackling obscenely as I stood there holding the two chemises and the notes appropriate to the recipients. Given the *savoir-faire* of Cary Grant I might have risen above it, but the only *savoir-faire* I possess is Oliver Hardy's, and little enough of that...

WHEN PERELMAN'S letters are collected, as they surely deserve to be, they will comprise the autobiography he promised and began, but never got around to fin-

ishing. Three chapters are all we have of *The Hindsight Saga*—anyway, with a title that good you hardly need a book; or did its promise of disclosures intimidate him? He was always more personal and ruminative and risqué in his letters than he was in his stories, and he heartily disliked people who boasted by reminiscing about the past. "I see Scott Fitzgerald's gossip-columnist mistress has been cleaning out the contents of a thimble," he wrote me when Sheila Graham's *The Real Scott Fitzgerald* appeared.

Perelman knew Fitzgerald as a sober, hardworking scriptwriter who had gone to Hollywood for the money, much as today's writers accept tenure at universities. Fitzgerald believed himself a failure, but Perelman was one man (Faulkner was another) who used Hollywood to fuel his other projects; his scriptwriting career coincided with his first appearance in the pages of *The New Yorker*.

It seems extraordinary that he was able to keep his enthusiasms separate, but to California and New York he added the world. From the Thirties onward he traveled widely, first in the Pacific and then in Africa, Europe, and Asia. I cannot think of another writer who was so adept as Perelman in prevailing over such vast cultural incongruities and whose appreciations included B-movies, pulp magazines, *Ulysses*, Hollywood dives, the societal norms in Bucks County, Manhattan, and Nairobi, detective fiction, English country-house weekends, vintage cars, dogs (once, on a whim, he bought a bloodhound), cantankerous producers, and pretty women. He talked with passionate energy about Fellini's *Satyricon* and Alfred Russel Wallace's *The Malay Archipelago*. He knew Dorothy Parker well and was a close friend of Eric Ambler's. He was the only person I have ever known who dropped in on J. D. Salinger, whom he called "Jerry."

His greatest passion was language. In "Listen to the Mockingbird," he wrote: "As recently as 1918, it was possible for a housewife in Providence, where I grew up, to march into a store with a five-cent piece,

purchase a firkin of cocoa butter, a good second-hand copy of Bowditch, a hundredweight of quahogs, a shagreen spectacle case and sufficient nainsook for a corset cover and emerge with enough left over to buy a balcony admission to 'The Maquerader' with Guy Bates Post, and a box of maxixe cherries." He was prodigal in inflation, but it is impossible to read "cocoa butter," "Bowditch," "quahogs," "shagreen," "nainsook" and the rest without a sense of mounting hilarity.

He worked hard for a kind of sane exactitude in his prose, as would not settle for "sad" if he could use "chappfallen." I think his travels were bound up in his quest to find odd words or possible puns. They were more than mere souvenirs of travel: they were the objects of his arduous jaunts. The uniqueness of his writing depends for its effects on linguistic virtuosity, finding room for "oppidan" or the verb "swan" or the weirder lingo he attracted in India and Africa. E. White once wrote about how Perelman, after crashing his car in Florida, savored the phrase, "We total it!" and how his pleasure in being able to use it took the sting out of the accident.

His interests and his travels swelled his vocabulary and gave him his style. But none of this would have been accessible without his memory, which was flawless. That, too, is a distinguishing feature in his fiction. A good memory is one of the most valuable assets a writer has, and Perelman's memory amounted to genius. One day, years ago, he was passing through Shropshire, and I glimpsed that green countryside stayed with him. He plotted to return to Shropshire and rent a house to live there like a squire; but though he visited England often, he always became restive. Apart from the precincts of *Punch*, where he was *fête*, he found England tight and dry and a little dull. And the house rents in Shropshire were too high. He was too much of an Anglophile to live in England greatly. He died on October 17, 1979, in New York City, where he was born.

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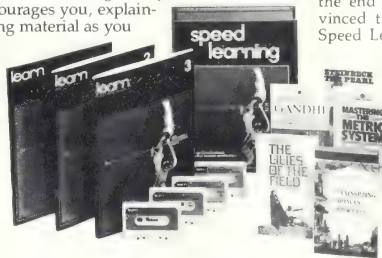
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PUZZLE

HEAD-HUNTING

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgements to Zander of *The Listener*)

This month's instructions:

The first letter of the solution to every clue is out of place in the diagram. Thus, if the answer to a clue were HEAD, it would be entered as EHAD, EAHD, or EADH. Ten entries are unclued; the five unclued Across words and the five unclued Down words have a similar relationship, which is to be discovered. They are entered in the diagram in correct letter sequence.

Clue answers include two proper words. As always, re-punctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 71.

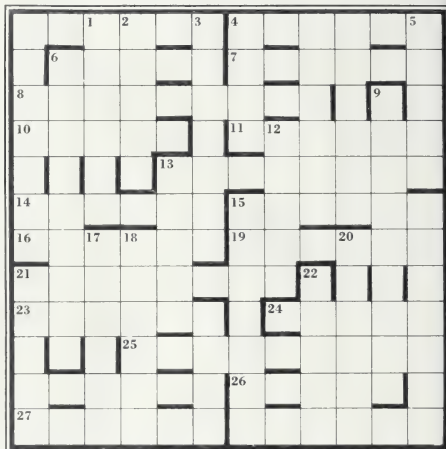
CLUES

ACROSS

4. Prior's one who gets things into shape (6)
6. Cook's covering jar or pan (5)
7. Calling for a ruler with a curve in it (6)
8. Whining about the Frenchwoman's beating (9)
10. Nut's one bad joke (5)
11. Beguiled after starting off baffled (6)
14. When there's no girl around it's a toss-up all over the world (6)
15. It's obvious I would have to be inside to be willing to wait (6)
16. Yards are not so big—half my trees chopped up (6)
19. Tap dancing or Bach (6)
23. Homespun is harsh clothing. Correct (6)
24. Old Italian or Byzantine manor (5)
25. Make love, eat dinner, and deliberately give out the news (5-4)
26. Tenor shows tear after lead in *Tosca* (5)
27. Some of Chopin's music teed us off (6)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Head-Hunting, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to



DOWN

1. European government agent captures the Queen (6)
2. Makes lots of holes bigger? (5)
3. "Beans" Leonard, cut-up (7)
4. The fifth note about me is dirty (4)
5. Drags off people identified by degrees (5)
6. Seasonable work in Spain for a song (9)
9. Recorded the movie's sound ahead of time—Reagan took the heart out (9)
12. Ready to fight (3-2)
13. Streetcars' raised trim (5)
15. To fight about ten, train fighter (7)
17. Electrician's unit is tampered with—casing removed (6)
18. Either half of dotage? (6)
20. Sailor drove away (6)
21. Pigeon without tail takes time to settle illegally (5)
22. Not the uniform fit after tailoring. Nu? No, just before it... before it... (5)

Harper's. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "April Fool II," are Bessie Simpson, Lakewood, Ohio; Blanche Yuenger, Chicago, Illinois; and Mrs. C. T. Dalziel, Gaithersburg, Maryland.

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